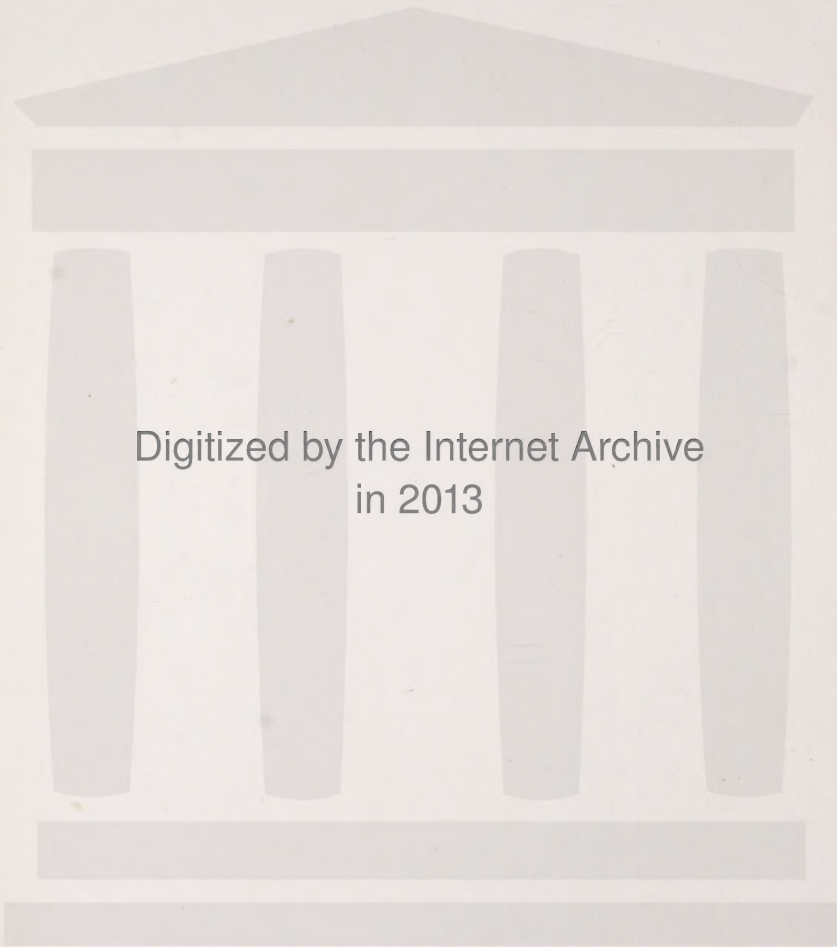
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"No longer shall they call upon me unheeded," she said. "I will go down to earth and still their longing."

Her sisters sighed and were silent. They had made the pilgrimage when the world was young; but while experience with them, as with us, is a treasure that cannot be willed away, lent in friendship, or bestowed as gift, unlike men they never ask that the inexperienced shall cede her right to gain knowledge for herself. When earth-longing seizes one of their sisters, they sigh in silence. Only when she has learned, as did they, and returns, do they smile together at their wanderings in the land of error. They bade their sister a loving farewell as she left heavenly joys to found upon earth a Kingdom of Truth.

"Mayest thou speedily reach the goal of thy pilgrimage!" sighed the oldest sister. "Only from the place where they bid thee rest and hear thee gladly is it given to thee to ascend to thy home."

"Farewell forever," whispered the departing one.

"Nay, but welcome back!" came the response from the fairies' land.



II

THE King of the Thousand Valleys sat upon his throne in the great palace hall, leaning upon a golden shield, from which flashed the words, in letters of light, "The Truth above all — all for the Truth." Round about his courtiers sang the praise of the truth.

When the song was ended, the Daughter of Heaven stood among them in earthly robes.

"Who art thou, strange young woman?" asked the King, in wonder.

"I am the one whom thou lovest above all, and for whom thou wouldst give all, though thou knowest me not. I am the Truth," said the fairy.

"The Folly art thou, and not the Truth," replied the King, "since thou knowest not who I am, and that I never failed yet to discern the Truth."

"I know who thou art and what thou art,' persisted the fairy, and stood forth in sight of all. "Fool art thou once because thou knowest not the truth, fool twice in that thou persuadest thyself that thou dost know, and fool once again that thou wilt not learn it."

Never before had such speech been heard in that palace hall. The King turned to the courtiers and cried, "Ye elect of the truth, tell this mad woman what the truth is."

They fell upon their faces and cried, "This, O King, is the truth, that thy lips spake wisdom when thou didst call her words folly."

"Hast thou heard, woman?" thundered the King.

"I heard it," said the fairy. "Thrice in one breath I heard them lie: first when they meant that thou art a fool, yet said it not; next when they said that thou art wise, yet meant it not; and lastly when they called her fool who said what they themselves thought."

With these words she turned her back upon the King and his men. Proudly the Truth strode out of the King's hall. It is not known that she has ever since set foot there.



TRUTH BEFORE THE KING

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III

THE Daughter of Heaven had now begun her pilgrimage on earth. She knocked at the doors of the great, but not one was opened to her. They denounced her as a disturber who would not bow to the royal, the established truth. She came at last to a great pagoda. It was the Temple of Sincerity, the sanctuary in which were kept the three golden scrolls, upon which the Wise Men, the Spirits, and the Gods had graven the words of truth.

Here she but spoke her name, and the temple servants bowed to the ground before her, the Chief High-Priest had silken rugs spread for her feet, the ten high-priests made the holy sign of reverence as she passed them by, the one hundred ordinary priests bade her welcome in a festive hymn of praise, and the thousand lay-brothers beat their drums with such sincere enthusiasm that not one word of the song could be heard.

Within the temple walls unnumbered hosts of the faithful were gathered from the Thousand Valleys for the feast of sacrifice. They crowded about the heavenly soothsayer, hungry to see and hear; but as she opened her lips to speak to them, the priests intoned once more their song of praise, and her voice died away in the uproar. While they sang they took up the throne upon which she sat and bore it with joyful acclaim into the great marble hall, the doors of which were closed against the people. There the eleven hundred and eleven priests and lay-brothers sat at her feet, while she told them what had occurred in the King's hall.

When she had finished, the Chief High-Priest raised his eyes toward heaven and sighed.

"So it is ever with the kings, the great ones of the earth," he said. "To them the truth was never welcome. Happy the day which guided your feet to the Temple of Sincerity, where the voice of truth is ever heard by all with humble gratitude."

"Well, then, you who love the truth, you shall hear it. Bring hither the three golden scrolls!" demanded their guest.

"To the sanctuary!" commanded the Chief High-Priest. "Follow me!" And she was borne into a hall, smaller, but more gorgeous. Its walls were of ivory. Here the one hundred and eleven initiated priests took their places about her.

The thousand lay-brothers who had not received the initiation turned at the threshold and went back to receive the offerings of the people.

Two of the priests now brought forward a golden scroll, inscribed with great care.



TRUTH IN THE TEMPLE

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The writing was the word of the Wise Men. Of the three sacred scrolls, it was the first.

Scarce did the eye of the Daughter of Truth rest upon it, when she exclaimed:

"The half of the written word has been changed. Thus spake not the Wise Men."

There was silence then in the sanctuary.

The young priests looked at one another in wonderment; the old sat with downcast eyes. At last one of these spoke.

"Honor to the truth!" he sighed. "Now that none of the uninitiated hear, let it be confessed; some of the written words are ours, not the Wise Men's. Centuries ago the writing had been worn away so that one must needs guess at half of it to read the other half with understanding. So that the uninitiated should not stumble because each of us read it in his own way, new words were graven in the stone where the old could no longer be read. But this was done by the one among the high-priests who knew best the wise words of the second scroll."

"Where have you the other scroll—the words of the Spirit?" asked the Daughter of Truth.

"In the Holy of Holies," answered the Chief High-Priest, and beckoned. The high-priests lifted the throne upon their shoulders.

When they set it down again they were in a hall smaller yet, but of far greater splendor than the others. The walls not only, but the floor and the roof, were of shining silver. Eleven seats were set for the Chief High-Priest and the high-priests.

The hundred priests of the lower order, who dared not approach the Holy of Holies, staid without.

From the arched roof hung suspended the second of the golden scrolls.

It was covered with many characters, strangely interwoven, in an unknown tongue.

"How read you this writing?" asked the soothsayer.

The ten high-priests lifted up their eyes and read as with one voice. Before they had read the first line to end she arose from her seat, stepped forth into the midst of them, and bade them cease.

"Those are not the words of the Spirit," she said.

The high-priests sat silent long. At length the oldest spoke:

"Honor to the truth! Now that the hundred brethren who must believe in our wisdom are not here to hear us, be it confessed: there is not among us one who is able to interpret the writing upon the sacred scroll. The tongue of the Spirits has been lost from time out of mind.

"We read only what we have learned from those who went before us, and they from those who preceded them. But that the forgotten writings were once read and understood by those from whom they have come down to us, that we know from the Chief High-Priests, who have read the writing upon the third scroll, the word of the Gods, in which is no error or fault."

"Show me the third scroll," commanded the heavenly maiden.



The aged Chief High-Priest arose, took her hand, and led her to the end of the hall.

He struck the silver wall with his staff, and it parted. The marble tiles upon which they stood slid forward and bore them through the cleft. When it closed behind them they were alone in a vaulted chamber, the glory of which outshone that of the others as the sun outshines the stars.

There was nothing there but gold and precious stones — nothing at all. The chamber was empty. They stood in the holy place, repository of the revealed law of the Gods under their own hand and seal.

"The third scroll! The word of the Gods!" demanded the maiden.

"Daughter!" spoke the aged priest. "We stand alone now in the inner sanctuary.

"Therefore, honor to the truth! Let me whisper to you what he who bore this sacred staff before me whispered in my ear when he surrendered it into my hand: The third golden scroll exists only in the faith of those who have never crossed this threshold. As long as the word has been handed down from priest to priest, they have heard it even as you now receive it. None of them has known the God-written scroll except as a tradition. But all have understood that if the word of the Gods did not stand surety for the word of the Spirits, and if the word of the Spirits did not witness for us as keepers of the seers' visions, then the uninitiated would not believe the initiated, the godly would not follow the uninitiated, and godliness would vanish from the earth with faith. Therefore have I done as did the men who bore this staff before me. Only here have I believed what only one may know here. Out yonder I have believed what all must there believe."

"Lie upon lie! all lies!" sighed the Daughter of Truth. "You lie to your brothers in your life and with your tongue; to yourself when you say that you believe that which you know to be untrue; to me when you claim to believe in your own faith. Were I to bring you the divine scroll, tell me, what would you do with it?"

"I would hide it here in the innermost sanctuary, and never let word of mine rob the faithful of their faith by showing them that it was grounded in falsehood; for piety is dearer to the Gods than the truth."

"But if now I went out in the marketplace and proclaimed the fraud to the people?"

"Then all believers would say that you denied the word of the Gods, and the faithful would drag you to the stake, vying with one another to pile high the fagots. But I shall spare them the trouble."

As he said this, he struck the floor with his staff. It split open, and the maiden sank into a yawning abyss at his feet.

But no dungeon on earth is deep enough and dark enough to be a grave for that which is at home in heaven.

The fairy maiden Truth went on her pilgrimage unharmed. Whether she ever returned to the temple, no one knows. The priests say that she has never left it, and the uninitiated among them even believe it.

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IV



EYOND the walls of the city dwelt the aged seer. The sun and the storms had burned his skin the color of copper. His hands were covered to the finger-tips and his face to the eyes with shaggy white hair. His beard hung weirdly to the knees as the gray moss from giant forest trees. Rough mats were his clothing, the bare ground his bed; never had he tasted other food than the roots of the field and its wild fruits. The spring that bubbled under the hill gave him to drink.

Fourscore years he had made his home in the forest with the holy hermits and had drunk in their wisdom. When he had buried his teachers he came back to offer the last and the saddest penance of all: to heal the ills and strive with the follies of suffering mankind. The people called him the Father of Wisdom.

He stood leaning on his crutch at the door of his hut when the Daughter of Truth passed by.

"What seek ye, young woman?" he asked.

"A hearth that dare shelter the Truth," she made answer. "A sanctuary where they do not scorn it as at the King's castle, or bury it as in the temple."

"Then enter here and be welcome," said the old man. "To me have kings bent the knee, and priests have sought refuge from death here. I fear nothing in the world, least of all the friend for whose coming I have longed ever since I learned what life was. To me speak freely the words of truth, be they harder than flint, sharper than thorns, and cut they deeper than the jagged leaf of the saw-palm. I know well that healing brings suffering.

While he spoke, three sufferers approached the cabin praying for help—a sick boy, an angry man, and a trembling woman. The boy begged for a charm to rid him of evil sores which covered his body. The patriarch considered his infirmity, made a sign in a shell, and bade him hang it about his neck when he had thrice filled it at the spring and drunk from it.

The man cried out wildly that his wife had left him, and begged the seer to tell him where he should seek her.

"Seek her not," he replied. "But now she went to make offering to the Goddess of Peace, whose grove no angry man's foot may tread."

The woman had been frightened by an evil dream, which she wished the wise man to interpret.

"When the moon yonder has waned and waxed full once more," he said, "come back, and I will tell thee what thy dream portends."

The three thanked him, and were going their way, when the Daughter of Truth stepped forward.

"Stay," she cried, "and hear the truth. The sign that is written in the shell does not make it a charm. A drop of snake venom is dried in the shell. This, in the draught of water, is to heal thy body. The lost wife has not gone to the Grove of Peace with her gifts, but to her husband's enemy to make peace between them. And think not, wretched woman, that he will declare your dream in the full moon. He has read in your eye that before the moon turns the swart hollow of its shield to your sight, madness will have darkened your mind and put out its light forever."

At this speech, the three ran away, shrieking. But the old seer extended his staff over the fairy's head and cried:

"May thy lips be stricken dumb forever, thou daughter of cruelty! Dost thou not know that truth, which is life to the strong, is death to the weak? With these words thou hast undone these three poor wretches. The child will die of his distemper. With fear of the draught in which alone was healing thou hast bereft him of hope. The man will slay his wife in wrath when he finds her in his foeman's house; and the desperate woman goes to seek death in the river to escape the horror which thou hast discovered to her. Hence! Thy home is not in the house of mercy, but with those who know not compassion."



TRUTH BEFORE THE SEER

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V



NWARD went the outcast on her weary pilgrimage. When night came she rested at the well in the great square. The dawn found her there still. Before her stood a man of gigantic stature. His glance was as the swift flight of the night-hawk, his hair like a lion's mane. A tiger's skin was his mantle. He carried a war-club on his shoulder, and in his belt two long knives.

"Why do you sit here?" he asked.

"Because I have no home."

"And why do they refuse you shelter?"

"Because I speak the truth."

"So, too, did I; hence to-day I have no door to open to you. Like you I am an outcast with no place to lay my head, and never sleep twice in the same bed. But if you seek ears that can bear to hear the truth, then speak to mine. I am he whom they call 'the Foe of Liars.' I am the captain of the great brotherhood—the Thralls of Truth."

She told him what she had heard and seen at the castle, in the temple, and at the old seer's hut. He heard her in silence, but when she had told all, he shook his mane and said:

"Come here to-night when the stars are kindling. I will show you that the Truth has both servants and friends."

With that he was gone, and the Daughter of Truth went on her way alone. When the torch of day was quenched and night hung out its starry lamps, they met again at the well. The Foe of Liars took the hand of the maiden and led her forth without waste of words. Soon they stood in a desert plain, shut in by towering cliffs. Some hundreds of armed men were there. They were the tried yeomen of the brotherhood. They made a ring around their chief. Forthwith a multitude swarmed from the mountain gorges until the plain was filled.

Now the torches were lit, and the captain, who stood head and shoulders above the crowd, spoke. His voice was like rolling thunder, and those who heard it shook with fear at the sound.

"Brothers," he cried, "is it not so that you have all loved the truth from your childhood, and desired to slake your thirst from its sacred fount?"

"Aye!" they shouted, each louder than his neighbor.

"Is it not so that the King's men, the priests, and the sages have sealed this fount, and that for every drop they have measured out to us poor devils they have made us pay with our sweat—yea! with our blood?"

"Aye, aye!" came from every side, louder than before.

"Is it not so that for the truth they have sold us the fable that the gods made them to command, us to obey; them to feast, us to toil; them to have, us to want?"

"Aye, aye! It is even so," they yelled, until the very hills shook.

"Rejoice, then, you Thralls of the Truth, and all who have shared our thraldom. To me, bondsman of the lowest among you, heaven has sent a messenger who has revealed to me that all that which the kings, the priests, and the sages sold us for truth is but fraud and lies."

He repeated what the maiden had told him at the well, but so that they heard but her words, not the sense of them.

"Hear now what I have told you, out of her own mouth," he cried, when he had done. At that two of his men lifted her upon a shield and placed it upon their shoulders.

When the multitude saw her standing there in the torch-light, the uproar that arose was as of a mighty tempest advancing.

"Speak, heaven-sent one, speak! We will do your bidding," they cried.

"Hear, then, misled men!" Her voice sounded loud and clear. "It is true that falsehood held sway in the King's house; that they knew not the words of the Gods in the temple; and that even the pious seer did not speak the truth. But now, now you shall hear it—"

"Heard you that?" shouted their captain.



TRUTH WENT ON HER WAY ALONE

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"Aye! we heard it. Woe to the liars! Death to them all!" the response came from far and near.

The fairy was about to continue her speech, but at a sign from the captain the men who had held her up on the shield dropped her out of sight. They bound and gagged her. She was seen and heard no more.

"Why tarry longer?" cried the Foe of Liars, brandishing his club. "She has told you to hear me, and I tell you to follow me. To the castle, then, to kill the armed liars who have oppressed us; next to the temple, to lift the treasures out of which they have cheated us and our fathers—"

"To the temple, the temple!" howled the mob.

"To the castle," roared their leader, but all the rest yelled "the temple, the temple!"—for the gold was there, and the legions were not. And upon the temple the mob moved, carrying its leader with it in its wild rush.

On the way they passed the old seer's hut. The mob burned him in it, and set fire to every house on its way in which anybody lived who was accused of knowing more than the rest.

"We are the torch-bearers of the truth," they cried. "Death to the liars, the blood-suckers!" And where they went the people ran together and followed.

The mob scaled the temple walls and stormed into the great marble hall where the thousand lay-brothers were gathered. They slew them without mercy, because none of them could show them the way to the golden sanctuary.

But one escaped. He had seen the mob coming, and had carried news of the rising to the castle.

The summons had gone out to the legions, and while the rioters were massacring the priests, the King's hosts surrounded the temple.

When the captain of the Thralls of the Truth saw his forces outnumbered, he gathered the most trusted men about him and said: "The legions are coming, and the people will desert us when they attack. Therefore let us escape with what plunder we have. We shall not find the golden vault now."

They threw their torches into the chamber where the priests kept the sandal-wood for the sacrificial fires, and fled through the back doors of the temple yard.

The flames made night into day. The King's men fell upon the mob. The people's leaders had fled, and the few who had arms threw them away and begged for their lives; but the soldiers cut them down, and when they sought to escape, drove them back, with their women and children, into the burning temple.

They perished by thousands, and the despairing cry rose above the roar of the flames: "Woe, woe! upon the lying woman who led us to a fiery death!"

VI

HEAVIER now grew the journey and the heart of the wanderer. From every door at which she knocked she was turned away with curses.

"Away," they cried, "shameless jade, who spurned the King and his men!"

"Away, murderess! who slew our faithful priests and the wise men who lived to do us good."

"Be off! wicked seducer, who betrayed innocent thousands to their death."

Thus she went from house to house, from town to town, in every land.

At last she came to a city far away, by the furthest mountains.

It was early dawn when she passed through the gate of the city. Before her, in the market-place, was a booth with a carpet spread at the door. A little hunchback sat cross-legged upon it. He was decked out in a garment of many-colored rags, stitched with glass beads and gay parrot feathers.

"Will you give shelter to a pilgrim whom all men disown because she speaks the truth?" asked the fairy.

"Gladly, if you will share the home of a poor fool who lives by telling lies," he



TRUTH IN THE FOOL'S LODGE

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replied, and drew the door-hangings aside.

"Hear first to whom it is that you open your door." And she told him all that had happened to her.

Her story was not yet ended when a tumult arose in the market-place. It was the town crier, who proclaimed that on that day a notorious outlaw, a woman, was coming to the city. The official astrologer had predicted it, and the Prince offered a hundred pieces of gold to any one who brought him word of where she was to be found.

"I am the one they seek," said the exile.

"Then rest easy in my hut. Ill did I know my trade were I not crafty enough to befog your enemies with lies."

So the Daughter of Truth slept upon the juggler's bed. It was the first place on earth where she had found welcome and rest.

At noon came the judge, attended by a captain and four armed men, to the booth. The Fool, who kept vigil outside, threw himself upon his face when he saw them, crossed his legs over his hump, and cried, as he kissed the dust before their feet: "Now, blest be the bright face of the sun that casts two such venerable shadows athwart my threshold! When such honor is mine, no marvel shall be too great for me to show you."

"We came not to witness your tricks—" began the judge.

"Truly your condescension is great. You will even deign, then, to listen to my poor minstrelsy!"

"Not so," retorted the captain, testily. "We came to seek an alien miscreant who has come to town to-day from the East. You, living here at the gate, should have seen her."

"I crave your pardon, noble lords! The good wife has been telling me fairy-tales, and if you but knew her you would understand how that for listening I could neither see nor hear another woman this day. Ah, most reverent masters! I make no doubt you have listened to the greatest story-teller of the land, but her like you have never met. She imagines it all herself, but, as she tells them, her stories grow real. When she speaks the words of the enchanted princess, then it is no longer her, but the princess herself one hears. If only you, who are the most clear-sighted men in all the land, would lend an ear to her a few moments, I offer my two ears as a pledge that even you would take her word to be the truth. With such plausibility have the gods gifted her."

"Then they have given her more than has fallen to your share," replied the judge, "for no one is tempted to believe a word of what you say."

"Judge, then, for yourselves, most sapient masters," exclaimed the clown, and bustled into his cabin. He awoke the fairy and bade her tell them her story. Seating himself at her feet, he accompanied the tale upon his lute.

She told them what had happened in the King's castle.

"By the gods!" exclaimed the captain, "there is truth in that story. So were kings and courtiers ever—in *other* lands."

Next she related her wanderings through the sanctuaries of the temple.

"True! true!" cried the judge; "the ministers of the gods have been thus everywhere—in *former* days."

Then she described the flight of the three stricken ones from the old seer, the meeting with the Foe of Liars, and the midnight gathering in the mountains.

"Splendid!" they both cried; "splendidly told! Just so are the people and their seducers—*always and everywhere*."

When at last she had told of the burning of the temple, the murder of the priests, and how the mob was outdone, she ended with the words:

"Then I went from door to door, barred out and disowned by all, until I came here to this Fool. He gave me shelter, and, when you came seeking me, he told you I was his wife, and made you believe I was a story-teller, because he knew that I would declare—I am the woman you seek."

The captain started, and his armed men made as if to seize her; but the clown struck a brisk chord upon his lute and looked at his visitors, smiling. The judge nodded graciously and arose, loud in his praise of the artful ending of the tale.

"Of a truth, woman, it is given to thee to clothe thy fancy in the garb of truth. It is a great gift. We have heard thee gladly, and as thy meed I give to thee

the pair of ears which thy husband forfeited when he laid the wager that I could not discriminate between fable and fact."

With these words he strode proudly away, followed by the captain and his men.

When they were gone, the Fairy turned to the clown and said: "Now is my journey at an end. Only when I had reached a place on the earth where they bade me rest and heard me gladly, could I return to the land whence I came and where my home is. That place I have found here with you. What do you crave of the Fairy of Truth, in return?"

The cripple threw himself upon the ground before her.

"Give me," he prayed, "a token by which to bear ever in mind the hour when the Fairy of Truth found rest in the Fool's cabin."

"See this," said the Fairy, and plucked a peach from the tree at the door. "In it you will find a stone containing two seeds, a large and a small one. When I have returned to my home and again wield my magic wand, lay them upon the couch yonder where I slept while you sat here called me your wife. I will give them growth."

Even as she spoke, she vanished and was gone.

The clown did as she had bidden him. When on the following morning he went into his booth, two babies lay on the pallet of straw. One was an ill-favored little boy, who, as he grew up, came to be the very picture of his foster-father; the other, a comely girl, who grew more and more like the vanished fairy.

From them descend the two tribes by whom alone the children of earth have borne to be told that which they refused to hear from the Daughter of Heaven.

The poets spring from the little girl; the fools from the little boy.

So ends the fable of the Pilgrimage of Truth.

ABOVE ALL HEIGHTS

BY MARRION WILCOX

Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh.—GOETHE.

I.

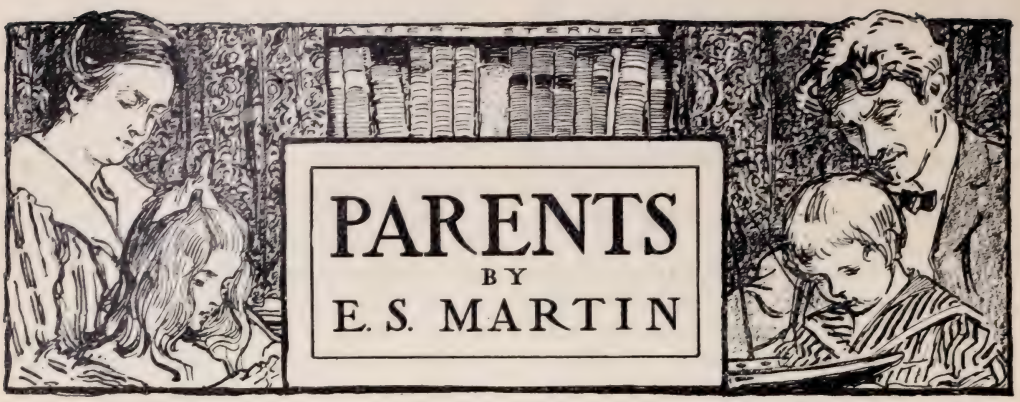
WORK for work's sake, and for our art, I say:
Not for ourselves—no, not for our best friends,
Nor heart's content when our brief day's work ends;
A thousand times less for men's praise or pay.

II.

To crown the finished task, rest comes unsought;
But seems it finished, to the Power above
And Master even of rest, until with love—
For no reward, but as God made—we've wrought?

III.

"Above all heights is rest." At set of sun
Spirits perturbed in darkening valleys moan,
"Because we strove for wealth and fame alone,
Our work unfinished and ourselves undone!"



PARENTS

BY

E. S. MARTIN

IT is a theory in our family that discipline is a maternal function. It found expression the other night when we were playing whist. As we cut for a new deal the clock struck eight, and eight o'clock still being bedtime in our family, all three children furtively looked around at their mother, who lay on the sofa with her eyes closed. Then it was that one of the family maxims first clothed itself in language. Some one said, softly, "Let a sleeping mother lie!" and the new deal proceeded.

We have realized the existence of that maxim for years past, and lived up to it so far as it promoted our own comfort. It would be a good deal more to our credit if we had practised it more thoroughly and unselfishly. Unhappily the sleeping mother in our abode lies undisturbed just about so long as it better suits the aims and purposes of the younger members of the family to let her rest. When Jaqueline wants to know, she can't wait; and when Jonas teases Blandina beyond the very moderate limits of her patience, Blandina retorts with due outcries, and if Discipline happens to be dozing, it has to rouse itself and supervene. How fierce it is! How excoriating in censure! How adamantine in injunction! Oh, a real lion!—lo the claws and the tawny mane and terrifying eyes! Nothing less could reduce Jonas's vociferous defence to tearful and somewhat injured meekness, and drive Blandina to the sugar-bowl for solace, and make Jaqueline careless for the moment whether she knew or not. Poor children, to be caged with so fierce a creature! And yet they are fairly efficient tamers. Look at them all, in the same cage, half an hour later. What! That a lion that they are all sitting on at once? That creature fierce? That a tawny mane? No, no! A fleece, a woolly fleece; and yet—odd phenomenon—the creature doesn't bleat, she purs.



Almost any kind of a parent will do at a pinch, except a liar. If we are exceptionally commendable persons, as people go, so much the better for our children, for like not only breeds like but trains like, and "good father, good child," is a fairly reliable rule, though "good mother, good child," is a somewhat surer one. But even if we are not notably exemplary we may hope to get along as parents

if only we are honest. We may as well make up our minds in the first place that in so far as we are reproduced in our children, and in so far as we influence them, it is what we really are that is reproduced and that has influence, and not what we pretend to be. Judicious grafting and training do some curious feats. Families of figs — somewhat prickly, but still figs—are sometimes raised from what seems thistle stock. In such cases it will be found that there was more fig in the stock than appeared, or else that the young shoots fell into very good hands and had excellent culture, or else that the parent thistles themselves yearned sincerely to be figs, and tried to, and transmitted their aspirations and the fruits of their efforts. But parents who are thistles at heart, and in intention and practice, won't raise figs merely by cloaking their truer inwardness with occasional fig leaves. Like begets like. Gentleness is not induced by stormy exhortation, nor manners by precept alone. Conduct in children is the resultant of various forces of training, instinct, and imitation, and of the three the last is not the least.



Every parent who allows himself the luxury of his children's society may expect to be imitated in such measure as each child approves. Such imitation is a form of obedience, even though it may accord very imperfectly with the word of the paternal command. When I set Jonas an example, I count with fair confidence on his appreciation of it. He will imitate me, not perhaps in my exemplary action, but in setting an example. He will set an example on fit occasion to Blandina and Jaqueline, and the example he sets will bear about the same relation to the general line of conduct which his fallen nature prompts as the example I set does to mine. That is why I do not hold very closely to the Sunday-school injunction to set good examples. With fairly clever children it cannot be trusted to work well. Their instinct of imitation is too quick and thorough. Unconsciously they pick up the parental hypocrisies and adopt them, and pass them along. I don't pretend not to subject myself to some reasonable restraints of conduct on account of Jonas and his sisters. They are all, for example, so intelligently critical as to



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quality in food that I try to restrain, when they are at the table, a propensity to grieve audibly if the plates are not hot or the soup lacks flavor. Even if Jonas feels as I do about hot plates and tasteless soup, I trust he will imitate my exemplary self-restraint, which is really too imperfect as yet to be more than moderately exemplary. I do not expect him to reproduce all my faults, for he has an intelligence of his own, and discriminates, but I do expect him to discern and realize them. Many of them, with his mother's help, he has already been able to appreciate as faults, and I am glad to say that the more I fall into them, the more deplorable they seem to him, and the less inclined he is to adopt them. That propensity which I have of being a little behind the stroke of the clock, of which all the family—under maternal tuition — have come into so vivid and constant an appreciation, is really likely to be a blessing to Jonas, for he is by nature inclined that way himself, and observation of the ignominy and suffering that procrastination and dilatoriness bring upon me has strengthened a good deal in him the purpose to thwart his natural leaning towards these evils. So in the matter of the practice I follow occasionally of adding a suggestion of spirits to my water at dinner. I am not sure it is a commendable practice; neither is Jonas. He has a sensitive throat, and one of the finest natural gifts of abstemiousness I ever saw. I am somewhat less gifted in that particular than he, and he watches my potations with mathematical attention, insisting, when I get more than two table-spoonfuls of whiskey at one sitting, that I am on the downward grade, and likely to come to grief. On the whole it is probably more advantageous to Jonas that he should feel anxiety about my drinking habits than that I should be anxious about his. If I should set him an example by never drinking whiskey in his presence, I would deprive myself of the benefit of his valuable warnings, and he would lose whatever advantage there is for him in observing how little spirits a man may consume without becoming a teetotaler. What the parental example should be in this matter of drink is a good deal mooted. I trust my course may be blessed to Jonas, and if it isn't I shall be disappointed. At any rate, I am not sure that a course ctically exemplary would be some of the most deplorably ns I have ever grieved over e offspring of parents who ely abstinent.



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house or worse, or at least bring us into disfavor with society. The reason they haven't wrecked us is that counter-tendencies, and obstinate compunctions that would not be denied, have existed along with them. My hopes for the future usefulness of Jonas are largely based on the activity of his compunctions. He responds to appeal, and if he is somewhat impatient of direction in matters of detail, he has fairly lucid ideas of his own about what it is expedient to accomplish, and how. The swift succession of his aspirations, and his propensity to be on with a new love before he seems fully justified in abandoning the old, would cause me more misgiving if I could not hope it was based on a rather unusual faculty for getting the available meat off most bones in exceptionally short time. If Jonas is to become a compendium of superficial and inaccurate knowledge —jack of all sciences, and master of none— it will truly be rather a sore fate, and he may never make as good a living as I hope he will. But after all he is growing up in a generation whose specialty promises to be the development of specialists, and perhaps a lad who reads a hundred different books in a hundred days, and has fifty violent interests annually in as many forms of amusement, will be pinned down soon enough to a dominant occupation. If Jonas is discursive, he is also energetic and aspiring, and by no means content to be satisfied with second best if his powers of attainment can readily do better. After all there are a lot of things in the world that are worth tasting, and of a good many of them a taste is enough. Moreover, it is by tasting and subsequent comparisons that the eventual preference which we call taste is developed.



I hear it suggested in the family that Jaqueline has no natural manners; that the instincts of grace are not as ready in her as they might be; that her communications tend to brusqueness; that her salutations are somewhat short and careless; and that when she condescends to blandishments they incline to be overwhelming. Nevertheless, there has never been any doubt in the family about the expediency of raising Jaqueline. She lives in a measure behind defences, but they are worth passing. If she is in any wise deficient in her courtesies to her own species she makes up for it in lavishing attentions on dogs, cats, rabbits, squirrels, and horses. If she is somewhat chary of letting her affections go out overmuch, I suspect it is the protecting instinct that guards a nature that does nothing by halves. No member of our family is so tenacious of her preferences as Jaqueline. None of us loves clothes so much, or has such positive notions of the fashion of them; none of us has more advanced opinions about trimming hats, or deeper convictions about dressing hair. Curls are satisfactory to Jaqueline; braids are not. None of us is so obstinate in



her detestations as she, or so candid in expressing them. Her likes and dislikes are serious matters. Just at this writing she is raising green shoots from an onion in a glass of water in the library window. It is a trial to the family. We all wish she were less attached to the onion, which is not handsome nor sweet-smelling, but Jaqueline's griefs are too heart-rending and too impervious to solace to be lightly incurred. It is quite well understood in the family by what inheritance she happened to be its most shy, erratic, helpful, and in some respects reliable member. She has in herself, more obviously than most of us, a warring community, whereof antagonistic members strive pretty constantly for the upper hand. But there is no tragedy about it, for she is equal to every conflict, even that which rages daily between her fatal gift of beauty and her contempt for soap.

Children are unquestionably useful to parents. So, as a rule, are parents to children. To be sure, some babies are raised on bottles, colic notwithstanding, and some children cared for in institutions grow up to strength and usefulness. But persons who know most about institutions—even some of those who have the most to do with managing them—are agreed that it is distinctly to the advantage of children whose parents are at all tolerable to worry along with them. The use of mothers, particularly in early life, is rather more obvious than that of fathers. Children must be fed, clothed, washed, scolded, kissed; manners must be taught them; medicine must be put in or kept out of them; their health must be watched; they must be kept in or sent out judiciously, and presently their education must be seen to. The bulk of all this work falls on mothers. Fathers are consulted at times on such questions as what doctor or which school. In a good many families an appeal lies to the father in difficult cases of discipline. Fathers sympathize, advise, spoil, and provide, but it is remarkable how much a normal father, who has stood over the raising of several children, can manage not to know about the details of it. He may be a fair judge of results, and really an important contributor to the happiness of his family, but unless he happens to be a doctor, what is his opinion worth about foods and their qualities, times, and amounts, or about what weight of clothing a given child needs by day, and what by night? Is the average father of any real use when a child is sick, except to amuse it, to encourage the mother, and to go on errands? The primary duty of the father of a young family is to go out daily and get an adequate supply of money. When he attends faithfully and successfully to that, it is considered that he has done well, and great, verily, is his reward. The other details of management fall to the mother.

Now mothering is a complicated matter, and to be good at it is a very pretty gift, and one not always as closely allied with other abilities as one might expect. Some good women are pretty bad mothers, and some women that are not nearly so exemplary are good ones. Some obtuse women are good at raising children, and some very clever women are no better at it than institutions. There seems to be a good deal of animal instinct and animal capacity about it; and yet there is the same difference in various animals. I was never so much impressed with the difference in mothers as in viewing a collection of families of pug-dogs. "Here's a good mother," said their owner. "She always raises most of her puppies. That one's a poor mother. Hers are apt to come to grief." They all looked alike to me; but some had this talent for taking care of puppies and inducing them to grow up, and others hadn't. So it is with women. Mother-sense is a subtle matter. Some women lack it who have the most admirable theories about raising children, and the most outspoken views as to the errors and

delinquencies of other mothers. Therefore, when you are looking for it, if you want to be particularly sagacious, look not at the mother, but at the children. The proof of the mothering lies in them; but even that is not infallible, for sometimes a good deputy does wonders.

The apparent severity of some mothers has scandalized me a good deal. Their household laws are so Draconian, and the enforcement of them seems so relentless, that at times I am torn with sympathy for the children. But children seem to judge the maternal tree more by its fruit than its bark, and they have their compensations in kind. You usually find that the children of vociferous mothers talk back. The parental inwardness moves them more than the parental clamor. You may see soft-voiced women maintaining an easy but very effective discipline in their families by very gentle means.

Fathers, too, have their uses in families, uses besides that of providing. They are not so indispensable as mothers, but even in cases where the wage-earning usefulness of the father is not of vital moment, getting along without a father seems no better than a making the best of things which are not as they ought to be. Under present conditions in this world we seem to need practising fathers up to the age of twenty-five or thirty, and consulting fathers for an indefinite space beyond that. It is remarkable over what a protracted period a proficient father who keeps himself in fairly good order can continue to be useful and generally popular in a family. Fathers who are unduly modest and disposed to underestimate their domestic value may often draw conclusions flattering to themselves from what they observe of the experience of fatherless families, and especially of fatherless boys. Indeed, it is universally admitted that there are not enough competent fathers to go around, and there are few that are competent, or seem so, on whom outside jobs of fathering are not pressed. Undoubtedly it is the duty of every father to do what he can to supplement the schoolmasters, doctors, ministers, and others on whom the protection and guidance of the fatherless devolve.

There is solace and reassurance for all



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parents in the thought of the large charity of children, and the allowances they make for their parents' errors. Walking a chalk line and posturing as a model of conduct is not easy even for a grown-up person. Parents who entertain the theory that it is their province always to appear to their children the embodiment of abstract right, cut out hard lines for themselves, and entertain ambitions doubtful in value, and still more doubtful of realization. Being godlike is a condition that doubtless has its justifications, but being tin-god-like yields neither sport nor emoluments. Much safer is the state of the erring parent who tries to shape his conduct so that it will bear reasonable scrutiny as it really is, and trusts to his children's love to make them tolerant of his defects. After all, love is the most indispensable element in the relation between parent and child. It is lucky it is so common, for raising families without it is hard work and ill done. The great detail in which parents most excel institutions in bringing up children is that they love them more.



BY-AND-BY

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

AT last, somewhere, some happy day,
The bliss will round us lie;
For all a joyous way
To follow, by-and-by.

'Tis promised by the bird, the brook,
The wide, unsyllabled air;
Whither I chance to look,
I see it written there.

I learn it from each star that wheels,
From every flower that blows,
From all a young heart feels,
And all an old heart knows.

ENTER A DRAGOON

BY THOMAS HARDY

I LATELY had the melancholy experience of going over a doomed house with whose outside aspect I had long been familiar—a house, that is, which by reason of age and dilapidation was to be pulled down during the following week. Some of the thatch—brown and rotten as the gills of old mushrooms—had, indeed, been removed before I walked over the building. Seeing that it was only a very small house—what is usually called a "cottage residence"—situated in a remote hamlet, and that it was not more than a hundred years old, if so much, I was led to think in my progress through the hollow rooms, with their cracked walls and sloping floors, what an exceptional number of abrupt family incidents had taken place therein—to reckon only those which had come to my own knowledge. And no doubt there were many more of which I had never heard.

It stood at the top of a garden stretching down to the lane or street that ran through a hermit group of dwellings in Mellstock parish. From a green gate at the lower entrance, over which the thorn hedge had been shaped to an arch by constant clippings, a gravel path ascended between the box edges of once trim raspberry, strawberry, and vegetable plots, towards the front door. This was in color an ancient and bleaching green that could be rubbed off with the finger, and it bore a small, long-featured brass knocker covered with verdigris in its crevices. For some years before this eve of demolition the homestead had degenerated, and been divided into two tenements, to serve as cottages for farm-laborers; but in its prime it had indisputable claim to be considered neat, pretty, and genteel.

The variety of incident above alluded to was mainly owing to the nature of the tenure, whereby the place had been occupied by families not quite the kind customary in such spots—people whose circumstances, position, or antecedents were more or less of a critical, happy-go-lucky cast. And of these residents the family whose term comprised the story I wish to relate was that of Mr. Jacob Paddock, the market-gardener, who dwelt there for some years with his wife and grown-up daughter.

I.

"My old Love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste."
—O'Shaughnessy.

An evident commotion was agitating the premises, which jerked busy sounds into the front plot, resembling those of a disturbed hive. If a member of the household appeared at the door, it was with a countenance of abstraction and concern.

Evening began to bend over the scene, and the other inhabitants of the hamlet came out to draw water, their common well being in the public road opposite the garden and house of the Paddocks. Having wound up their bucketfuls respectively, they lingered, and spoke significantly together. From their words any casual listener might have gathered information of what had occurred.

The woodman, who lived nearest the site of the story, told most of the tale. Selina, the daughter of the Paddocks opposite, had been surprised that afternoon by receiving a letter from her once intended husband, then a corporal, but now a sergeant-major of dragoons, whom she had hitherto supposed to be one of the slain in the battle of the Alma, two or three years before.

"She picked up wi' en against her father's wish, as we know, and before he got his stripes," their informant continued. "Not but that the man was as hearty a feller as you'd meet this side o' London. But Jacob, you see, wished her to do better; and one can understand it.

However, she was determined to stick to him at that time; and for what happened she was not much to blame, so near as they were to matrimony when the war broke out and spoiled all."

"Even the very pig had been killed for the wedding," said a woman, "and the barrel o' beer ordered in. Oh, the man meant honorable enough. But to be off in two days to fight in a foreign country—'twas natural of her father to say they should wait till he got back."

"And he never came," murmured one in the shade.

"The war ended, but her man never turned up again. She was not sure he was killed, but was too proud, or too timid, to go and hunt for him."

"One reason why her father forgave her when he found out how matters stood was, as he said plain at the time, that he liked the man, and could see that he meant to act straight. So the old folks made the best of what they couldn't mend, and kept her there with 'em, when some wouldn't. Time has told us, seemingly, that he did mean to act straight, now that he have writ to her that he's a-coming. She'd have stuck to him all through the time, 'tis my belief, if t'other hadn't come along."

"At the date o' the courtship," resumed the woodman, "the regiment was lying in Casterbridge Barracks, and he and she got acquainted by his calling to buy a penn'orth of rathe-ripes off that tree yonder in her father's orchard; though 'twas said he sent *her* over hedge as well as the apples. He declared 'twas a kind of apple he much fancied; and he called for a penn'orth every day till the tree was cleared. It ended in his calling for her."

"'Twas a thousand pities they didn't jine up at once, and ha' done wi' it!"

"Well, better late than never, if so be he'll have her now. But, Lord, she'd that faith in en that she'd no more belief he was alive, when 'a didn't come, than that the undermost man in our church-yard was alive. She'd never have thought of another but for that—oh no!"

"'Tis awkward, altogether, for her now."

"Still, she hadn't married wi' the new man. Though, to be sure, she would have committed it next week, even the license being got, they say, for she'd have no banns this time, the first being so unfortunate."

"Perhaps the sergeant-major will think he's released, and go as he came."

"Oh, not as I reckon. Soldiers baint particular, and she's a tidy piece o' furniture still. What will happen is that she'll have back her soldier, and break off with the master-wheelwright, license or no—daze me if she won't!"

In the progress of these desultory conjectures the form of another neighbor arose in the gloom. She nodded to the people at the well, who replied, "G'night, Mrs. Stone," as she passed through Mr. Paddock's gate towards his door. She was an intimate friend of the latter's household, and the group followed her with their eyes up the path and past the windows, which were now lighted up by candles inside.

II.

"And shall I see his face again,
And shall I hear him speak?"

Mrs. Stone paused at the door, knocked, and was admitted by Selina's mother, who took her visitor at once into the parlor on the left hand, where a table was partly spread for supper. On the "bowfett" against the wall stood probably the only object which would have attracted the eye of a local stranger in an otherwise ordinarily furnished room: a great plum cake, guarded, as if it were a curiosity, by a glass shade of the kind seen in museums—square, with a wooden back, like those enclosing stuffed specimens of rare feather or fur. This was the mummy of the cake intended in earlier days for the wedding-feast of Selina and the soldier, which had been religiously and lovingly preserved by the former as a testimony to her intentional respectability in spite of an untoward subsequent circumstance which will be mentioned. This relic was now as dry as a brick, and seemed to belong to a pre-existent civilization. Till quite recently Selina had been in the habit of pausing before it daily, and recalling the accident whose consequences had thrown a shadow over her life ever since—that of which the water-drawers had spoken—the sudden news one morning that the Route had come for the —th Dragoons, two days only being the interval before

departure; the hurried consultation as to what should be done, the second time of asking the banns being past, but not the third; and the decision by her father that it would be unwise to solemnize matrimony in such haphazard conditions, even if it were possible in the time, which was doubtful.

Before the fire the young woman in question was now seated on a low stool, in the stillness of reverie, and a toddling boy played about the floor around her.

"Ah, Mrs. Stone!" said Selina, rising slowly. "How kind of you to come in. You'll bide to supper? Mother has told you the strange news, of course?"

"No. But I heard it outside: that is, that you'd had a letter from Mr. Clark — Sergeant-major Clark, as they say he is now—and that he's coming to make it up with 'ee."

"Yes; coming to-night—all the way from the north of England, where he's quartered. I don't know whether I'm happy or—frightened at it! Of course I always believed that if he were alive he'd come and keep his solemn vow to me. But when it is printed that a man is killed—what can you think?"

"It *was* printed?"

"Why, yes! After the battle of the Alma the book of names of the killed and wounded was nailed up against Casterbridge Town Hall door. 'Twas on a Saturday, and I walked there o' purpose to read and see for myself, for I'd heard that his name was down. There was a crowd of people round the book, looking for the names of relations, and I can mind that when they saw me they made way for me—knowing that we'd been just going to be married—and that, as you may say, I belonged to him. Well, I reached up my arm and turned over the farrels of the book, and under the 'killed' I read his surname, but instead of 'John' they'd printed 'James,' and I thought 'twas a mistake, and that it must be he. Who could have guessed there were two nearly of one name in one regiment?"

"Well—he's coming to finish the wedding of 'ee, as may be said; so never mind, my dear. All's well that ends well."

"That's what he seems to say. But then—he has not heard yet about Mr. Miller; and that's what rather terrifies me. Luckily, my marriage with him next week was to have been by license, and not banns, as in John's case; and it was not so well known on that account. Still, I don't know what to think."

"Everything seems to come just 'twixt cup and lip with 'ee, don't it now, Miss Paddock? Two weddings broke off —'tis odd! How came you to accept Mr. Miller, my dear?"

"He's been so good and faithful! Not minding about the child at all; for he knew the rights of the story. He's dearly fond o' Johnny, you know—just as if 'twere his own—isn't he, my duck? Do Mr. Miller love you or don't he?"

"Iss! An' I love Mr. Miller," said the toddler.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Stone, he said he'd make me a comfortable home, and thinking 'twould be a good thing for Johnny, Mr. Miller being so much better off than we, I agreed at last, just as a widow might do—which is what I have always felt myself, ever since I saw what I thought was John's name printed there. I hope John will forgive me!"

"So he will forgive 'ee, since 'twas no manner of wrong to him. He ought to have sent 'ee a line, saying 'twas another man."

Selina's mother entered. "We've not known of this an hour, Mrs. Stone," she said. "The letter was brought up from Lower Mellstock post-office by one of the school-children only this afternoon. Mr. Miller was coming here this very night to settle about the wedding doings. Hark! is that your father? Or is it Mr. Miller already come?"

The footsteps entered the porch; there was a brushing on the mat, and the door of the room swung back to disclose a rubicund man about thirty years of age, of thriving master-mechanic appearance and obviously comfortable temper. On seeing the child, and before taking any notice whatever of the elders, the comer made a noise like the crowing of a cock, and flapped his arms as if they were wings, a method of entry which had the unqualified admiration of Johnny.

"Yes—it is he," said Selina, constrainedly advancing.

"What—were you all talking about me, my dear?" said the genial young man when he had finished his crowing and resumed human manners. "Why—what's the matter?" he went on. "You look struck all of a heap." Mr. Miller spread an aspect of concern over his own face, and drew a chair up to the fire.

"Oh, mother, would you tell Mr. Miller, if he don't know?"

"*Mister* Miller! And going to be married in six days!" he interposed.

"Ah—he don't know it yet!" murmured Mrs. Paddock.

"Know what?"

"Well... John Clark—now Sergeant-major Clark—wasn't shot at Alma, after all. 'Twas another of almost the same name."

"Now that's interesting! There were several cases like that."

"And he's home again; and he's coming here to-night to see her."

"What ever shall I say, that he may not be offended with what I've done!"

"But why should it matter if he be?"

"Oh, I must agree to be his wife, if he forgives me—of course I must!"

"Ah! But why not say nay, Selina, even if he do forgive 'ee?"

"Oh no! How can I, without being really wicked? You were very, very kind, Mr. Miller, to ask me to have you; no other man would have done it after what had happened; and I agreed, even though I did not feel half so warm as I ought. Yet it was entirely owing to my believing him in the grave, as I knew that if he were not he would carry out his promise; and this shows that I was right in trusting him."

"Yes....He must be a goodish sort of fellow," said Mr. Miller, for a moment so impressed with the excellently faithful conduct of the sergeant-major of dragoons that he disregarded its effect upon his own position. He sighed slowly and added: "Well, Selina, 'tis for you to say. I love you, and I love the boy; and there's my chimney-corner and sticks o' furniture ready for 'ee both."

"Yes, I know! But I mustn't hear it any more now," murmured Selina, quickly. "John will be here soon. I hope he'll see how it all was, when I tell him. If so be I could have written it to him in a letter, it would have been better."

"You think he doesn't know a single word about our having been on the brink o't. But perhaps it's the other way? He's heard of it, and that may have brought him."

"Ah—perhaps he has!" she said, brightening. "And already forgives me."

"If not, speak out straight and fair, and tell him exactly how it fell out. If he's a man, he'll see it."

"Oh, he's a man true enough. But I really do think I sha'n't have to tell him at all, since you've put it to me that way!"

As it was now Johnny's bedtime he was carried up stairs, and when Selina came down again her mother observed, with some anxiety, "I fancy Mr. Clark must be here soon if he's coming; and that being so, perhaps Mr. Miller wouldn't mind—wishing us good-night?—since you are so determined to stick to your sergeant-major." A little bitterness bubbled amid the closing words. "It would be less awkward, Mr. Miller not being here—if he will allow me to say it."

"To be sure; to be sure," the master-wheelwright exclaimed, with instant conviction, rising alertly from his chair. "Lord bless my soul!" he said, taking up his hat and stick, "and we to have been married in six days! But, Selina—you are right. You do belong to him, since he's alive. I'll try to make the best of it."

Before the generous Miller had got further there came a knock to the door, accompanied by the noise of wheels.

"I thought I heard something driving up!" said Mrs. Paddock.

They heard Mr. Paddock, who had been smoking in the room opposite, rise and go to the door, and in a moment a voice familiar enough to Selina was audibly saying: "At last I am here again—not without many interruptions! How is it with 'ee, Mr. Paddock? And how is she? Thought never to see me again, I suppose?" A step with a clink of spurs in it struck upon the entry floor.

"Danged if I baint catched!" murmured Mr. Miller, forgetting company speech. "Never mind—I may as well meet him here as elsewhere; and I should like to see the chap, and make

friends with en, as he seems one o' the right sort." He returned to the fireplace just as the sergeant-major was ushered in.

III.

"Yet went we not still on in constancy?"
—DONNE.

He was a good specimen of the long-service soldier of those days: a not unhandsome man, with a certain undemonstrative dignity, which some might have said to be partly owing to the stiffness of his uniform about the neck, the high stock being still worn. He was much stouter than when Selina had parted from him. Although she had not meant to be demonstrative, she ran across to him directly she saw him, and he held her in his arms and kissed her. Then in much agitation she whispered something to him, at which he seemed to be much surprised.

"He's just put to bed," she continued. "You can go up and see him. I knew you'd come if you were alive! But I had quite gi'd you up for dead! You've been home in England ever since the war ended?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why didn't you come sooner?"

"That's just what I ask myself! Why was I such a sappy as not to hurry here the first day I set foot on shore! Well, who'd have thought it—you are as pretty as ever!"

He relinquished her to step up stairs a little way, where by looking through the balusters he could see Johnny's cot just within an open door. On his stepping down again Mr. Miller was preparing to depart.

"Now—what's this? I am sorry to see anybody going the moment I've come," expostulated the sergeant-major. "I thought we might make an evening of it. There's a nine-gallon cask o' Three-Mariners' beer outside in the trap, and a ham, and half a rawmil' cheese; for I thought you might be short o' forage in a lonely place like this; and it struck me we might like to ask in a neighbor or two. But perhaps it would be taking a liberty?"

"Oh no—not at all," said Mr. Paddock, who was now in the room, in a judicial, measured manner. "Very thoughtful of 'ee. Only 'twas not necessary; for we had just laid in an extry stock of eatables and drinkables, in preparation for the coming event."

"'Twas very kind, upon my heart," said the soldier, "to think me worth such a jocund preparation, since you could only have got my letter this morning."

Selina gazed at her father to stop him, and exchanged embarrassed glances with Miller. Contrary to her hopes, Sergeant-major Clark plainly did not know that the preparations referred to were for something quite other than his own visit.

The movement of the horse outside, and the impatient tapping of a whip-handle upon the vehicle, reminded them that Clark's driver was still in waiting. The provisions were brought into the house, and the cart dismissed. Miller, with very little pressure indeed, accepted an invitation to supper, and a few neighbors were induced to come in to make up a cheerful party.

During the laying of the meal, and throughout its continuance, Selina, who sat beside her first-intended husband, tried frequently to break the news to him of her engagement to the other—now terminated so suddenly, and so happily for her heart, and her sense of womanly virtue. But the talk ran entirely upon the late war; and, though fortified by half a horn of the strong ale brought by the sergeant-major, she decided that she might have a better opportunity when supper was over of revealing the situation to him in private.

Having supped, Clark leaned back at ease in his chair, and looked around.

"We used sometimes to have a dance in that other room after supper, Selina dear, I recollect. We used to clear out all the furniture before beginning. Have you kept up such goings-on?"

"No—not at all!" said his sweetheart, sadly.

"We were not unlikely to revive it in a few days," said Mr. Paddock. "But howsomever, there's seemingly many a slip, as the saying is—"

"Yes, I'll tell John all about that by-and-by!" interposed Selina; at which, perceiving that the secret which he did not like keeping was to be kept even yet, her father held his tongue with some show of testiness.

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The subject of a dance having been broached, to put the thought in practice was the feeling of all. Soon after the tables and chairs were borne from the opposite room to this by zealous hands, and two of the villagers sent home for a fiddle and tambourine, when the majority began to tread a measure well known in that secluded vale. Selina naturally danced with the sergeant-major —not altogether to her father's satisfaction, and to the real uneasiness of her mother, both of whom would have preferred a postponement of festivities till the rashly anticipated relationship between their daughter and Clark in the past had been made fact by the Church's ordinances. They did not, however, express a positive objection, Mr. Paddock remembering, with self-reproach, that it was owing to his original strongly expressed disapproval of Selina's being a soldier's wife that the wedding had been delayed, and finally hindered — with worse consequences than were expected; and ever since the misadventure brought about by his government he had allowed events to steer their own courses.

"My tails will surely catch in your spurs, John!" murmured the daughter of the house, as she whirled around upon his arm with the rapt soul and look of a somnambulist. "I didn't know we should dance, or I would have put on my other frock."

"I'll take care, my love. We've danced here before. Do you think your father objects to me now I've risen in rank? I fancy he's still a little against me."

"He has repented, times enough!"

"And so have I! If I had married you then, 'would have saved many a misfortune. I have sometimes thought it might have been possible to rush the ceremony through somehow before I left; though we were only in the second asking, weren't we? And even if I had come back straight here when we returned from the Crimea, and married you then, how much happier I should have been!"

"Dear John, to say that! Why didn't you?"

"Oh, dilatoriness, and want of thought, and a fear of facing your father after so long. I was in hospital a great while, you know. But how familiar the place seems again! What's that I saw on the bowfitt in the other room?—it never used to be there—a sort of withered corpse of a cake—not an old bride-cake, surely?"

"Yes, John. Ours. 'Tis the very one that was made for our wedding three years ago."

"Sakes alive! How time shuts up together, doesn't it, and all between then and now seems not to have been! What became of that wedding-dress that they were making—in this room, I remember —a bluish, whitish, frothy thing?"

"I have that, too."

"Really!... Why, Selina—"

"Yes?"

"Why not put it on now?"

"Wouldn't it seem— And yet, oh, how I should like to! It would remind them all, if we told them what it was, how we really meant to be married on that bygone day!" Her eyes were again laden with wet.

"Yes.... The pity that we didn't— the pity!" Moody mournfulness seemed to hold silent awhile one not naturally taciturn. "Well—will you?" he said.

"I will—the next dance—if mother don't mind."

Accordingly, just before the next figure was formed, Selina disappeared, and speedily came down stairs in a creased and box-worn but still airy and pretty muslin gown, which was indeed the very one that had been meant to grace her as a bride three years before.

"It is dreadfully old-fashioned," she apologized.

"Not at all. What a grand thought of mine! Now let's to't again."

She explained to some of them, as he led her to the second dance, what the frock had been meant for, and that she had put it on at his request. And again athwart and around the room they went.

"You seem the bride!" he said.

"But I couldn't wear this gown to be married in *now!*" she replied, ecstatically, "or I shouldn't have put it on and made it dusty. It is really too old-fashioned, and so folded and fretted out, you can't think. That was with my taking it out of my box so many times to look at. I have never put it on since fitting it—never—till now!"

"Selina—I am thinking of giving up

the army. Will you emigrate with me to New Zealand?—I've an uncle out there, doing well; and he'd soon help me to making a large income. The English army is glorious, but it ain't altogether enriching."

"Of course—anywhere that you decide upon. Is it healthy there for Johnny?"

"A lovely climate. And I shall never be happy in England... Hah!" he concluded again, with a bitterness of unexpected strength; "would to Heaven I had come straight back here!"

As the dance brought round one neighbor after another, they were thrown into juxtaposition with Bob Heartall, among the rest who had been called in, one whose chronic expression was that he carried inside him a joke on the point of bursting with its own vastness. He took occasion now to let out a little of its quality, shaking his head at Selina as he addressed her in an undertone:

"This is a bit of a topper to the bridegroom—ho, ho! 'Twill teach en the liberty you'll expect when you've married en!"

"What does he mean by a 'topper'?" the sergeant-major asked, who, not being of local extraction, despised the venerable local language, and also seemed to suppose "bridegroom" to be an anticipatory name for himself. "I only hope I shall never be worse treated than you've treated me to-night!"

Selina looked frightened. "He didn't mean you, dear," she said as they moved on. "We thought perhaps you knew what had happened—owing to your coming just at this time. Had you—heard anything about what I intended?"

"Not a breath—how should I?—away up in Yorkshire. It was by the merest accident that I came just at this date to make peace with you for my delay."

"I was engaged to be married; yes; to Mr. Bartholomew Miller. That's what it is! I would have let 'ee know by letter, but there was no time, only hearing from you this afternoon.... You won't desert me for it, will you, John? Because, as you know, I quite supposed you dead, and—and—" Her eyes were full of tears of trepidation, and he might have felt a sob heaving within her.

IV.

"And their souls wer a-smote wi' a stroke,
As the lightnen do vall on the oak,
And the things that were bright all around 'em
Seem'd dim...."—W. Barnes.

The soldier was silent during two or three double bars of the tune. "When were you to have been married to the said Mr. Bartholomew Miller?" he inquired.

"Quite soon."

"How soon?"

"Next week— Oh yes—just the same as it was with you and me! There's a strange fate of interruption hanging over me, I sometimes think. He had bought the license, which I preferred, so that it mightn't be like—ours. But it made no difference to the fate of it."

"Had bought the license! The devil!"

"Don't be angry, dear John. I didn't know!"

"No—no—I'm not angry."

"It was so kind of him, considering!"

"Yes.... I see, of course, how natural your action was—never thinking of seeing me any more! Is it the Mr. Miller who is in this dance?"

"Yes."

Clark glanced round upon Bartholomew, and was silent again for some little while; and she stole a look at him, to find that he seemed changed. "John, you look ill!" she almost sobbed. "It isn't me, is it?"

"Oh dear no. Though I hadn't, somehow, expected it, I can't find fault with you for a moment—and I don't.... This is a deuce of a long dance, don't you think? We've been at it twenty minutes if a second. And the figure doesn't allow one much rest. I'm quite out of breath."

"They like them so dreadfully long here. Shall we drop out? Or I'll stop the fiddler."

"Oh no, no. I think I can finish. But although I look healthy enough, I have never been so strong as I formerly was, since that long illness I had in the hospital at Scutari."

"And I knew nothing about it!"

"You couldn't, dear, as I didn't write. What a fool I have been, altogether!".... He gave a twitch, as of one in pain. "I won't dance again when this

figure is over. The fact is I have travelled a long way to-day, and it seems to have knocked me up a bit."

There could be no doubt that the sergeant-major was unwell, and Selina made herself miserable by still believing that her story was the cause of his ailment. Suddenly he said in a changed voice, and she perceived that he was paler than ever,

"I must sit down."

Letting go her waist, he went quickly to the other room. She followed, and found him in the nearest chair, his face bent down upon his hands and arms, which were resting on the table.

"What's the matter?" said her father, who sat there dozing by the fire.

"John isn't well.... We are going to New Zealand when we are married, father. A lovely country!.... John, would you like something to drink?"

"A drop o' that Schiedam of old Owlett's that's under stairs, perhaps?" suggested her father. "Not that nowadays 'tis much better than licensed liquor."

"John," she said, putting her face close to his and pressing his arm, "will you have a drop of spirits, or something?"

He did not reply, and Selina observed that his ear and the side of his face were quite white. Convinced that his illness was serious, a growing dismay seized hold of her. The dance ended; her mother came in, and learning what had happened, looked narrowly at the sergeant-major.

"We must not let him lie like that; lift him up," she said. "Let him rest in the window-bench on some cushions."

They unfolded his arms and hands as they lay clasped upon the table, and on lifting his head found his features to bear the very impress of death itself. Bartholomew Miller, who had now come in, assisted Mr. Paddock to make a comfortable couch in the window-seat, where they stretched out Clark upon his back.

Still he seemed unconscious. "We must get a doctor," said Selina. "Oh, my dear John, how is it you be taken like this?"

"My impression is that he's dead!" murmured Mr. Paddock. "He don't breathe enough to move a tomtit's feather."

There were plenty to volunteer to go for a doctor, but as it would be at least an hour before he could get there, the case seemed somewhat hopeless. The dancing party ended as unceremoniously as it had been begun; but the guests lingered round the premises till the doctor should arrive. When he did come the sergeant-major's extremities were already cold, and there was no doubt that death had overtaken him almost at the moment that he had sat down.

The medical practitioner quite refused to accept the unhappy Selina's theory that her revelation had in any way induced Clark's sudden collapse. Both he, and the coroner afterwards, who found the immediate cause to be heart failure, held that such a supposition was unwarranted by facts; they asserted that a long day's journey, a hurried drive, and then an exhausting dance, were sufficient for a fatal result upon a heart enfeebled by the privations of a Crimean winter and other trying experiences, the coincidence of the sad event with any disclosure of hers being a pure accident.

This conclusion, however, did not dislodge Selina's opinion that the shock of her statement had been the immediate stroke which had felled a constitution so undermined.

V.

"For Love's sake kiss me once again!
I long, and should not beg in vain."
—Ben Jonson.

At this date the Casterbridge Barracks were cavalry quarters, their adaptation to artillery having been effected some years later. It had been owing to the fact that the —th Dragoons, in which John Clark had served, happened to be lying there that Selina made his acquaintance. At the time of his death the barracks were occupied by the Scots Greys, but when the pathetic circumstances of the sergeant-major's end became known in the town, the officers of that regiment offered the services of their fine reed and brass band, that he might have a funeral marked by due military honors. His body was accordingly removed to the barracks, and carried thence to the churchyard on the following afternoon, one of the Greys' most ancient and docile chargers being blacked up to represent Clark's horse on the occasion.

Everybody pitied Selina, whose story

was well known. She followed the corpse as the only mourner, Clark having been without relations in this part of the country, and a communication with his regiment having brought none from a distance. She sat in a little shabby brown-black mourning carriage, squeezing herself up in a corner to be as much as possible out of sight during the slow and dramatic march through the town to the tune from *Saul*. When the interment had taken place, the volleys been fired, and the return journey begun, it was with something like a shock that she found the military escort to be moving at a quick march to the lively strains of "Off she goes," as if all care for the sergeant-major were expected to be ended with the late discharge of the carbines. It was, by chance, the very air to which they had been footing when he died, and unable to bear its notes, she hastily told her driver to drop behind. The band and military party diminished up the High Street, and Selina turned over the bridge and homeward to Mellstock.

Then recommenced for her a life whose incidents were precisely of a suit with those which had preceded the soldier's return; but how different in her appreciation of them! Her narrow miss of the recovered respectability they had hoped for from that tardy event worked upon her parents as an irritant, and after the first week or two of her mourning her life with them grew almost insupportable. She had impulsively taken to wear the weeds of a widow, for such she seemed to herself to be, and clothed little Johnny in sables likewise. This assumption of a moral relationship to the deceased, which she asserted to be only not a legal one through two most unexpected accidents, led the old people to indulge in sarcasm at her expense, whenever they beheld her attire, though all the while it cost them more pain to utter than it gave her to hear it. Having become accustomed by her residence at home to the business carried on by her father, she surprised them one day by going off with the child to Chalk-Newton, in the direction of the town of Ivell—and opening a miniature fruit and vegetable shop, attending Ivell market with her produce. Her business grew somewhat larger, and it was soon sufficient to enable her to support herself and the boy in comfort. She called herself "Mrs. John Clark" from the day of leaving home, and painted the same on her sign-board.

By degrees the pain of her state was forgotten in her new circumstances; and getting to be generally accepted as the widow of a sergeant-major of dragoons, an assumption which her modest and mournful demeanor seemed to substantiate, her life became a placid one, her mind being nourished by the melancholy luxury of dreaming what might have been her future in New Zealand with John, if he had only lived to take her there. Her only travels now were a journey to Ivell on market-days, and once a fortnight to the church-yard in which Clark lay, there to tend, with Johnny's assistance, as good widows are wont to do, the flowers she had planted upon his grave.

On a day about eighteen months after his unexpected decease Selina was surprised in her lodging over her little shop by a visit from Bartholomew Miller. He had called on her once or twice before, on which occasions he had used without a word of comment the name by which she was known.

"I've come this time," he said, "less because I was in this direction than to ask you, Mrs. Clark, what you mid well guess. I've come o' purpose, in short."

She smiled. "'Tis to ask me again to marry you?"

"Yes; of course. You see, his coming back for 'ee proved what I always believed of 'ee, though others didn't. There's nobody but would be glad to welcome 'ee to our parish again, now you've showed your independence, and acted up to your trust in his promise. Well, my dear, will you come?"

"I'd rather bide as Mrs. Clark, I think," she answered. "I am not ashamed of my position at all; for I am John's widow in the eyes of Heaven."

"I quite agree—that's why I've come. Still, you won't like to be always straining at this shopkeeping and market-standing, and 'twould be better for Johnny if you had nothing to do but tend him."

He here touched the only weak spot in Selina's resistance to his proposal—the good of the boy. To promote that

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there were other men she might have married off-hand without loving them, if they had asked her to; but though she had known the worthy speaker from her youth, she could not for the moment fancy herself happy as Mrs. Miller.

She said something about there being far better women than she, and other natural commonplaces, but assured him she was most grateful to him for feeling what he felt, as indeed she sincerely was. He went away after taking tea with her, without discerning much hope for him in her good-by.

VI.

"Men are as the time is."—KING LEAR.

After that evening she saw and heard nothing of him for a great while. Her fortnightly journeys to the sergeant-major's grave were continued whenever weather did not hinder them; and Mr. Miller must have known, she thought, of this custom of hers. But though the church-yard was not nearly so far from his homestead as was her shop at Chalk-Newton, he never appeared in the accidental way that lovers use.

An explanation was forth-coming in the shape of a letter from her mother, who casually mentioned that Mr. Bartholomew Miller had gone away to the other side of Shottsford-Forum to be married to a thriving dairyman's daughter that he knew there, his chief motive, it was reported, being less one of love than a wish to provide a companion for his aged mother.

Selina was practical enough to know that she had lost a good, and possibly her only, opportunity of settling in life after what had happened, and for a moment she regretted her independence. But she became calm on reflection, and to fortify herself in her course of fidelity started that afternoon to tend the sergeant-major's grave, in which she took the same sober pleasure as at first.

On reaching the church-yard and turning the corner towards the spot as usual, she was surprised to perceive another woman, also apparently a respectable widow, and with a little boy by her side, bending over Clark's turf, and spudding up with the point of her umbrella some ivy roots that Selina had reverently planted there to form an evergreen mantle over the mound.

"What are you digging up my ivy for?" cried Selina, rushing forward so excitedly that Johnny tumbled over a grave with the force of the tug she gave his hand in her sudden start.

"Your ivy?" said the respectable woman.

"Why, yes! I planted it there — on my husband's grave."

"*Your* husband's!"

"Yes. The late Sergeant-major Clark. Anyhow, we were going to be married in a few days—twice over!"

"Indeed. But who may be my husband, if not he? I am the only Mrs. John Clark, widow of the late sergeant-major of dragoons, and this is his only son and heir."

"How can that be?" faltered Selina, her throat seeming to close up as she just began to perceive its possibility. "He had been—going to marry me twice—and we were going to New Zealand."

"Ah—I remember about you," returned the legitimate widow calmly and not unkindly. "You must be Selina; he spoke of you now and then, and said that his relations with you would always be a weight on his conscience. Well, the history of my life with him is soon told. When he came back from the Crimea he became acquainted with me at my home in the north, and we were married within four weeks of first knowing each other. Unfortunately after living together a few months we could not agree; and after a particularly sharp quarrel, in which perhaps I was most in the wrong—as I don't mind owning here by his grave-side, poor man!—he went away from me, declaring he would get his discharge and emigrate to New Zealand, and never come back any more. The next thing I heard was that he had died suddenly at Mellstock at some low carouse; and as he had left me in such anger, to live no more with me, I would not come down to his funeral, or do anything in relation to him. 'Twas temper, I know; but that was the fact.... Even if we had parted friends it would have been a serious expense to travel three hundred miles to get here, for one who wasn't left so very well off.... I am sorry I pulled out your ivy roots; but that common sort of ivy is considered a weed in my part of the country."



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Hayman

"WHAT ARE YOU DIGGING UP MY IVY FOR?"



BETHLEHEM.

BY

RUTH Mc ENERY STUART.

OH, BETHLEHEM, STARRED BETHLEHEM,
BRIGHT WITH THE CORONATION GEM
UPON THY BROW THROUGH HISTORY,
WHOSE EYES HAVE SEEN THE MYSTERY.
HAIL BROW AND EYES AND DIADEM—
HAIL, BETHLEHEM!

DEAR BETHLEHEM, OLD BETHLEHEM,
'TWAS THINE THE TIDE OF TIME TO STEM.
THE WORLD WAS TIRED; ITS GRIZZLED FOLK
HOPE-WEARY, HEARD THE CENTURIES' STROKE,
WHEN CRY OF BIRTH SALUTED THEM
FROM BETHLEHEM.



HENCE, BETHLEHEM, YOUNG BETHLEHEM,
THINE ANCIENT DAYS THOU MAYST CONTEMN
WHILE ALL THE CYCLES SINCE ENGAGE
TO CELEBRATE THY YOUTHFUL AGE.
EARTH'S YEARS ARE YOUNG; SHE COUNTETH THEM
FROM BETHLEHEM.

OH, BETHLEHEM, QUEEN BETHLEHEM,
OF HALLOWED LAP AND DIADEM,
THY KOHINOOR, IT IS A STAR;
THY HANDS ARE WHITE AS LILIES ARE;
THY SONG IS SORROW'S REQUIEM,
QUEEN BETHLEHEM.

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THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL

"Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it."
—THE SONG OF SOLOMON, viii. 7.

I

A LOW white stone bench stood at the end of a long, olive-shaded walk that led from the door of the old Dominican monastery. Beneath, at the foot of the cliff which descended abruptly from the garden, shone the brilliant blue waters of the Adriatic, so still and clear that you could see the darting bodies of the fish in the cool depths in the shadows of the rocks. The clouds in the western sky were glowing with the fire of the setting sun. Toward the north, a little group of islands cast long purple shadows toward the Dalmatian coast, where, nestling close at the foot of the bare, sterile mountains which rose so abruptly behind that they seemed to be pushing the houses into the sea, lay the old, gray-walled city of Ragusa, its strong towers and battlements, touched by the gold of the sinking sun, reflecting in the still blue waters beneath the ancient walls. Further on was the grim old rock fortress of San Lorenzo—the Gibraltar of Ragusa—and beyond the walls a cactus-lined road shaded by tall mulberry-

trees led from the sally-port over the moat and drawbridge of the old mediæval town to a little point of land stretching out into the sea, which formed the luxurious gardens of the Conte Pozza, green with myrtles, olives, agaves, and date-palms, and blossoming with roses.

Centuries ago the Crusaders who had conquered Zara, in spite of its massive walls and almost impregnable defences, had come sailing down from the north, flushed with their victory, to attack the strong towers of Ragusa; and later, Richard Cœur de Lion, nearly shipwrecked on his way home from the Crusades, had built a little church on the island of Lacroma, as a thank-offering, on the spot where he first touched land, and so founded the old monastery of San Marco.

As the sun declined, a little sail drew near the rocky beach of the island. I had watched it all the afternoon—a white speck on the broad blue Adriatic—flitting first one way and then another, like a tiny bird furtively seeking to escape, but finally its flight grew steadier, and then, as though reluctantly, it slowly turned and sailed a straight course for the island from which it had come.

As the keel grated on the beach below, a young monk, in the white robe of the Dominican order of the monastery of San Marco, sprang from the boat, and after dragging it high up on the beach, furled the little sail, and then, tightening the heavy white cord about his robe, climbed slowly up the cliff to the path which led from the stone bench where I was sitting to the monastery. As he came up he saw me, and crossed over and seated himself at my side. I had seen him before on a previous visit to the island, and had been impressed by the fine athletic figure and the strong face, full of character, denoting a vigorous personality, which I could hardly help thinking would have found a larger sphere of usefulness in the great outside world, where there were battles to be fought and won, and temptations to be met and overcome, rather than in the monotonous seclusion of this little monastic island. I had observed an expression of unrest in his face before, and now as he gazed toward the purple islands in the northwest, his face grew hard and set with a look of discontent.

"Do you know the islands in the sunset there?" he asked. "The one nearest the land is Calamotta, which is said to be the legendary island of Calypso. When I was a boy I used to row over from the mainland in search of the goddess whom Ulysses found there, and of the 'meadows of softest verdure purpled o'er with violets,' described by Homer. I had read Byron's lines as well:

'But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
The sister tenants of the middle deep;
There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long has ceased to weep.'

And although I never found the goddess or the purple meadows, still the place always held a great fascination for me.

"That other little island has a story," he continued after a pause, "which to me seems even more romantic than the Homeric legend. I can tell it to you if you wish, for it finds no place in histories or legends, and the tale has only been passed down from mouth to mouth among the people.

"Two hundred years ago the Scoglio S. Andrea or Donzello, which is the name of the little rocky island you see to the northwest of Calamotta, belonged to an order of Dominican monks, who had carried their renunciation of the world so far that they were regarded even by the monastic brotherhoods as excessively rigid in their absolute self-denial and strict observance of the self-imposed stern and inflexible rules. No monk from the monastery of S. Andrea ever returned to the mainland, which although only a trifle over a mile away, was separated as effectually from it as though the Seven Seas rolled between. Coming there as young men filled with religious fervor, they took their vows, and from that time their whole world was marked and defined by the shores of their little island, and, when death found them, they were buried where they had lived, within sound of the evening prayer.

"Only twice in the whole year did they come in contact with the outside world. The devotion of these holy men, and the severity of their lives, had made their church a place of pilgrimage, and in the autumn, and again in the spring, the people from the towns and little villages on the mainland came out in boats, bringing

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THE PILGRIMS CAME UP THE PATH

fruit and flowers and a store of things to eke out the frugal and scanty fare of the brotherhood. There was a service in the church on these days, and after each pilgrim had knelt at the confessional, they re-embarked, and as the boats got under way, separated, some going toward the north and some to the south, to the little villages and towns from which they had come, leaving the peaceful island to the quiet devotion of the brothers for another half year.

"One year, a month or two before the autumn pilgrimage, a small boat approached the island, and when it touched the shore a young man jumped out, and after a few moments' hesitation, seized the boat by the bow and gave it a vigorous push out into the sea, where the wind took it and drifted it out into the broad Adriatic. He stood for some time watching the little craft until it had almost disappeared, and then turned slowly, and finding his way to the door of the monastery, pulled the bell-cord which hung there. In a few moments a brother came to the door. The young man asked for the Abbé. His story was short. His soul was bitter. He had been disappointed in the world, and he wished to escape it and find a haven of peace. His mind was made up, his boat was gone. He wished to become a lay-brother, and when he had passed the period of his novitiate, to take the final vows which would immure him from the world while he should live. This was all that he would say. He wished to leave his name and his former life behind him and commence a new life of peace on this little island in the sea. His evident sincerity impressed the Abbé. He was questioned no further, and from that day he was received among the lay-brothers, and was given the name of Brother Gerome. His duties were simple and homely. After the matins in the early dawn he worked in the little garden which provided a part of the simple fare of the brothers. In the open confessional of the brothers he did not accuse himself, but in his cell he did severe penance, the knots of his scourge were often wet with blood, and his fasts and vigils were prolonged to such extent that the old Abbé was forced to caution him that he would overtax his strength and endurance if he persisted in such severity. Gradually he became less hard and austere in manner, and seemed to have gained some peace and comfort from his devotion.

"Two years had passed. It was the day of the autumn pilgrimage. In old Ragusa people had been stirring long before daybreak. Matins had been held in S. Biagio. Long streamers waved from the Venetian masts, on which were fastened pictures of the saints decorated with garlands of flowers. In front of the palace of the Rectors of the Republic, groups of pilgrims were gathered, and as the bronze warrior in the clock tower over the town gate struck the hour with his sledge, the procession moved. It was a picturesque sight. Monks and choristers from S. Biagio and Mala Braça headed the line, carrying richly embroidered banners. Behind them came the grandees of Ragusa, clad in rich silks and brocades, owners of argosies whose vessels brought the wealth of the Orient from Turkey and Asia Minor to lay at the feet of Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic. Peasants from the surrounding country in picturesque costumes, dark-haired girls in richly embroidered dresses, with baskets and aprons filled with fruit and flowers, all passed up the narrow Corso, past the bazars of the Turkish silversmiths and Eastern merchants, who sat cross-legged in their open windows, smoking their narghiles and calmly contemplating the parade, which, passing through the length of the town, filed out from the narrow Porta Pille under the shadow of the enormous mediæval fortification and through the grove of mulberry-trees to the shore. Here boats were waiting, and all embarked for S. Andrea. In all directions up and down the coast small boats could be seen, all making their way slowly to the little rocky island. Shepherds and herders from the valley of the Ombla, with women at the oars and young girls in holiday costumes, villagers from Canosa who had left the shade of their great plane-trees for the day, islanders from Calamotta and Mezzo, in boats with gay sails, long galleys with sturdy oarsmen from Ragusa, were all converging toward the place of pilgrimage with their contributions.

"On the island itself there were signs of unusual activity. The sweet tones of

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the monastery bells floated over the waters to welcome the approaching boats, and the brothers had come to the landing-place to greet the pilgrims. Brother Gerome was the last of all to appear, but finally took a stand at a rock at some little distance from the landing, where he could see the boats as they came in.

"He was reflecting upon how little interest this glimpse of the world—which some of the brothers looked forward to so eagerly—had for him. His world had been put behind him, and he rather resented than welcomed this intrusion on his peaceful life. On this very day before the high altar he was to take the final vows which would make him a priest, and shut him off forever from any participation in the vast uneasy world without his little island.

"He watched the pilgrims as they came up the path from the shore, laden with gifts to lay before the altar. Presently there came a group of girls with happy faces, holding out the corners of their white aprons laden with flowers, behind followed some of the grandees of Ragusa clad in silks, and then a girl in black with a single flower in her hair, and her black lace apron held before her filled with great rich red roses. Her face was turned from him, but something in her step and carriage sent a thrill to his heart and made the blood run cold in his veins. He tried to rise and go away, but just then she turned and saw him, and her eyes met his in one look of melting tenderness which seemed to beseech forgiveness; but in his eyes there was no answering kindness, but a set and stony glare which terrified her, and with a little cry she caught her roses closer to her and fled up the path to join the group of flower-laden girls who had preceded her.

"For a long time he gazed with unseeing eyes straight ahead of him, and then arose to go into his cell to pray before going to the church to take his vows. On the ground before him was a great red rose which she had dropped in her flight. He caught it up from the ground and pressed it to his lips. Then, with a low cry of 'Too late,' he was about to throw it from him, but could not, and glancing hurriedly around, he thrust it beneath his robe in his bosom, where the thorns made wounds in his breast.

"With great effort he reached his cell and threw himself upon his straw bed in an agony of uncertainty. In a few minutes he was to take his final vows. Had he been mistaken in thinking that he could find peace by avoiding the world? It had hurt him, and he had turned from it, but had he chosen the nobler path—would it not have been better for him to endure even its heaviest inflictions, and to win from it a measure of respect—to be a man among men, to meet its trials and temptations and disappointments face to face, as best he could, and not shrink like a whipped dog at his first hurt—to bury himself in a living death where neither joy nor sorrow could reach?

"The bell of the monastery tolled, it was the signal for the service. Mechanically he rose and moved toward the sacristy. Weak from days of preliminary fasting and penance, his senses had almost deserted him in his agony of mind. Without knowing what he was doing he found himself before the altar. They were beginning the service that would shut him out forever from the world. He meant to cry out against it and to say that he could not take the vows, but his tongue refused to speak. The deep notes of the organ, the smoke from the burning censers, and the solemn assemblage of the brothers seemed to cast a spell over him. His brain whirled, the words of the responses were all that would come to his lips. Mechanically he repeated them. He could feel that there were two eyes in the throng behind him that were burning into his very soul. With a great effort, at the completion of his vows, he turned and met a gaze full of unspeakable reproach. He tried to call out, to protest that he had not meant to take the vows; but his voice failed him and he fell to the floor.

"'Poor Gerome,' said the Abbé, 'he has been too severe in his penances, and overtaxed his strength.'

"'See!' said the brother who was loosening his robe at the throat to give him air. 'He has filled his bosom with thorns. They have torn him cruelly and he has fainted.'

II

"After weary months came the spring pilgrimage. Father Gerome was much

changed. Long vigils and constant fasting had weakened and aged him, and his face bore a look of constant pain. Peace did not come to him. The brothers shuddered as night after night they heard the sound of the knotted scourge cutting his flesh; but no penance brought comfort or consolation to that pain-haunted face. He had no wish again to encounter the outside world, and so kept to his cell throughout the day of the pilgrimage, until the Abbé summoned him to sit in one of the confessionals. He listened in sad weariness to the troubles that were poured in his ear—they seemed so trivial and inconsequent in comparison with his heavy burden that it seemed hardly necessary that he should pity their bearers and absolve them.

"Then came a voice that thrilled his heart. In low tones that stirred his very soul a girl was telling him how through pride and unkindness she had driven the man she loved away from her. She did not know then that she loved him, and had only found it out when he had gone never to return. She had sought him out again, hoping to tell him; but he had scorned her proffered kindness and would not speak to her, and had taken the vows of priesthood even before her very eyes, and so was lost to her forever; but she loved him yet. What was she to do?

"He could bear it no longer. 'Margherita, it is I, Cyrian!' he cried. 'God help us, for I love you still!' Then there were eager whispered words. They could not live without each other, nor with each other under the shadow of this terrible religion which forbade him to see her or think of her. His vows must be revoked. A way of escape must be planned for him. Her brothers' ships were even now returning to Ragusa from Venice, where they had recently arrived after a prosperous voyage, laden with the wealth of the Orient, which they had safely brought to the great merchants of the city of the sea. They loved her, and could refuse her nothing. They would place a ship at her disposal. Then with her small fortune they would sail away and seek one of the happy islands in the Aegean Sea, where all was sunshine and flowers, and happiness and love. Tomorrow night he was to come to the point of the island nearest the mainland, and she would find some means of getting there to meet him that they might arrange for his escape later. Until all their plans were perfected he must remain at the monastery, for in the history of the order no monk had ever left the island, and the few who had tried to escape, or had broken their vows, had mysteriously disappeared, and were never heard of again.

"Under the cliff he knew of a small cave where one of the large candles from the sacristy could be placed, and, lighted there, protected from the wind, it would serve as a beacon for her.

"The pilgrims were leaving the church. In a moment more she was gone, leaving Father Gerome in the confessional stunned and bewildered by the sudden change that had come over him. He had gone into the church but an hour before a broken man, with his narrow life so plainly mapped before him that he had no hope or desire of changing its monotonous course. Now all was changed. The ritualism and form of the Church fell from him like a garment as he realized what was in his heart. He knelt on the stone floor and prayed earnestly for guidance; but none came. He felt that there was only one thing that he must inevitably do, and that was—her bidding.

"The next night, the moment his duties were over, found him at the cliff, and the candle soon sputtered in the cave, sending a feeble ray of light out across the water toward the mainland.

"For an hour he waited without detecting any signal or sound from the water or the shore, but just as he was despairing, and his heart was growing heavy within him, he heard a soft splash—a something steadily cleaving the waters—and then out in the candle's single ray he caught the gleam of bare arms, and rushing to the beach, he clasped Margherita in his arms as she came dripping from the sea, exhausted from her long swim in the dark waters.

"This was the first of many nights. Her brothers' ships had been driven back to Venice by a storm, and no one else could be trusted with the secret, and so fearlessly she swam the long distance from the mainland, under cover of the protecting night, to the dark rocky shore, where a little finger of light pointed the

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spot where her anxious lover awaited her coming.

"In the monastery Father Gerome's changed appearance and manner occasioned some surprise. He was growing younger again day by day. His eyes shone with a light that they had not seen there before, the scourge was abandoned, and his penances and vigils grew less severe. He avoided the evening meal in the refectory, and on one or two occasions, when they had looked for him after in his cell, he was not to be found. One night, a brother, strolling to the end of the island, spied a faint light cast on the water, and going to the edge of the cliff to see if some stray fisherman had taken shelter there for the night, he saw a swimmer coming from the sea; and then a dark form, crouching low upon a jutting rock, reached down a hand and drew the swimmer to the shore, and as the two came up on the little beach, the rays of the candle lighted the face of a woman with long wet hair streaming over her shoulders, and against this dark background shone for a moment the clear-cut, unmistakable profile of Father Gerome. Stunned and distressed by the vision, Brother Antrim fled to the monastery. Father Gerome's cell was empty. For an hour he sat watching the path that led to the end of the island. Then he heard the firm, resolute tread of Father Gerome, and saw his dark figure muffled in his robe enter the monastery, and heard his cell door close sharply behind him. There was no longer any doubt. He aroused the Abbé, who listened amazed and speechless to his tale, and then refused to credit it. In the years that Father Gerome had been there, he had become like his own son to him. His youth, his vigor, his enthusiasm, and his devotion had rekindled the heart of the old man, and he loved him as though he had been his own child. He would believe nothing against him. The following night he would have a watch set at the end of the island in order to dispel the hallucination which had seized Brother Antrim, but for no other reason; his suspicion was not even aroused.

"The next night a storm was threatening, the sky was dark and angry, and the water suspiciously black and still, as though saving its strength to buffet with the coming gale. Earlier than usual Father Gerome hastened to the cliff. If Margherita were coming over she must reach there before the storm broke, and then they could find shelter in the little cave until it had spent its fury, and it was safe for her to venture back. Hurriedly he fastened the candle in its socket, and lighted it, and then sat in unmoving silence gazing with apprehensive eyes across the black water. The storm came nearer, the waves were dashing angrily against the rocks, the minutes slowly passed like hours, he strained his eyes until they seemed to be starting from his head. At last he saw a white gleam in the dark sea. He rushed to the water's edge with an eager cry of 'Margherita.' Then all was darkness, and he was engaged in a fierce struggle with six dark-robed figures, who drew his hood over his head and stilled the cry on his lips. The candle was overturned and extinguished, and then a faint distressful sound, like the cry of a lost soul, came to his ear from the water. With almost superhuman strength he made one more convulsive effort to free himself, but, cruelly choked in his own hood, he fell unconscious to the ground.

"When he recovered his senses he found himself locked in his cell. Slowly, like a terrible dream, the consciousness of what had happened came to him. His silent grief was terrible, and he prayed for death. Then, cleaving his heart like an arrow, came the mournful notes of the miserere on the organ, and he threw himself on his face on the stone floor and wept. When the dawn came, the brothers had found the dead body of Margherita Spoletano, which the storm had washed high up on the beach. They had brought her to the chapel and were chanting the absolution. The burden of the chant grew clearer and clearer until he could distinctly hear the words: 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

"Then the alarm-bell, which had hung silent for years, pealed out to summon a boat from the mainland, and a little procession of the brothers bore the fair dead girl to her last voyage across the sea.

"A narrow window in Father Gerome's cell looked toward the land, and the next day, straining his face against the iron

bars, he saw a little slow-moving line of people wind along the shore to the little city of the dead beneath the plane-trees, where they left their burden and wound sadly back.

"A few weeks later a small white cross was placed above the fresh-turned earth, and the narrow stone window in the island cell across the water looked on it.

III

"For a year Father Gerome kept to his cell. At first at the council of the brothers a more severe penalty had been recommended, but the heart of the old Abbé was so wrapped in his favorite disciple that to condemn the one to death would be to kill the other, and so his sentence was made one of solitary confinement for a year. Long before it had expired they had revoked it, realizing that no punishment that they could bestow could equal in severity the unutterable grief and self-reproach of the poor broken man; but nothing could induce him to forego the decree that they had imposed. Consolation he could not find, but he clutched at any form of penance with an eagerness born of desperation and despair, hoping against hope to find in it some tithe of relief for the bitterness of his soul. The little white cross on the mainland became his religion. Struggle as he would, the form and ritual of the Church could never overcome the thing that was in his heart. Year after year he devoted to self-reproach and severest penance; but the love that was in his heart only burned the more spiritual and pure under the refining influence of the torture which he inflicted upon himself.

"As the years passed by the monastery showed signs of decay. The story of Margherita's love for Father Gerome and of her sad death had spread abroad, and the little island began to be considered of ill omen. The pilgrimages from the mainland grew smaller each year, and finally ceased entirely. No young men came as novitiates to take the place of the brothers as they passed away, and as from year to year age and disease claimed victims among them, the chant of the miserere grew more and more feeble as their circle narrowed. Their fare became more and more meagre as the supplies from the mainland failed them, and finally they were reduced almost entirely to the product of their little garden and to a scant supply of dried fish which they procured from the fishermen who were now their only visitors.

"At last there were but two left, Father Gerome and Father Antrim, poor helpless old men, who day after day went through the form of worship which long habit had made a second nature to them. The bell for matins tolled sadly under Father Antrim's feeble hands. The garden, tilled and tended by their weak efforts, produced barely enough to keep the spark of life within their bodies.

"One night in the winter a great storm broke upon the little island. They could gather no driftwood from the beach from which to make a fire to keep the searching chill from their poor shelter.

"In the height of the storm the little life that Father Antrim feebly held departed, and Father Gerome, too weak to do more than cross the hands of his dead brother upon his breast, sat watching him and waiting for his own release, which he felt with joy was close at hand. Outside the wind shrieked in fury, and the waves dashed themselves upon the rocks in thunder. Suddenly there was a sound at the door. Some fishermen who had been driven ashore had taken shelter in the monastery, and finding all the other rooms deserted, had come to the chapel in search of the brothers. It was a pathetic sight that met their eyes. There at the foot of the altar lay Father Antrim, with a look of peace upon his face, and near by, watching the dead face wistfully and regretfully, as though envying the peace that he saw there, was Father Gerome.

"Gently they led him away, and with all tenderness they made such disposition for his comfort for the night as they could. In the morning the storm had abated, and gently rousing him they told him that they were going to take him to the mainland, where he could be cared for.

"At this he protested and begged pitifully to be left to die on the island. His time was short, he had but a few days to live at the most. He had taken a vow that he would never leave the island while he lived, and when he died his desire was to be buried in the garden where he had passed his life.

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"The fishermen hesitated, but common humanity forbade them to leave the dying man, and so against his feeble protest they carried him gently to their boat, and brought him across the still-angry sea to the mainland, and conveyed him to the Dominican monastery.

"The brothers did all that was possible for the old man. A draught of red wine revived him somewhat, and when they had chafed his poor limbs and wrapped him warmly in blankets in a quiet cell, he seemed much restored, and ate some of the nourishing food which they had prepared for him, and so, after seeing everything was provided for his comfort, they left him till the morning.

"In the night some of the wakeful brothers heard a sound of scourging in one of the cells, and the faint moans of the sufferer under the self-inflicted torture; but as this was not unusual, they merely muttered a prayer for the peace of mind of the penitent, and turned to sleep on their straw couches. The morning was cold and fair. A light snow had fallen at the end of the storm, one of the few snows of the year. Two of the brothers went to Father Gerome's cell to see how he had fared in the night, but to their surprise it was empty. A scourge, the knots of which were moist and stained, lay on the couch. They searched the other cells, but nothing could be found of him. At last they opened the door at the end of the corridor. Footprints and a few crimson spots on the thin blanket of snow, which was fast melting away as the sun grew higher, showed his path. They followed it as it went uncertainly toward the water, and then undeviatingly toward the plane-trees that marked the resting-place of the dead, and here they found his lifeless body stretched on the little grave which lay under the white snow, with his poor weak hands around the cross.

"The years of penance had not sufficed to put her image from his heart. With his last strength he had fought against the desire of his soul, and then renouncing Paradise, if must be, for her sake, had sought her grave to die."

The young monk's story ended. The gold and purple had faded from the sky. The still air was fragrant with the perfume of the orange and citron trees. The sad, plaintive note of a sea-bird sounded once from the rocks below, then all was silence. Over Calypso's island shone the evening star, hanging low in the sky like a great beacon. As the sky darkened behind it, it seemed to glow with an intense light. In imagination I could hear the strains of *Tannhäuser* and the divine music of Elizabeth's prayer.

I looked at the face of the young monk beside me. The spirit of unrest was there; the strong chin was purposeful and set.

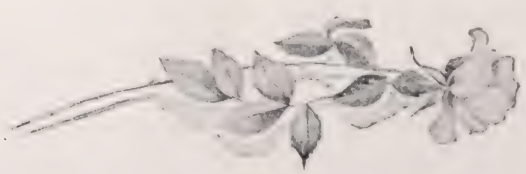
"Do you remember Tennyson's Ulysses?" he said, musingly. "I have always thought that the happy isle he wished to return to was Calypso's, when he said:

> "'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
> Push off, and sitting well in order smite
> The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.'"

A step sounded on the gravel path, my boatman stood before me.

"If monsieur wishes to get to Ragusa before the city gates are closed for the night, we should start immediately."

I said good-night to my friend, and as I left he rose and looked down at his little boat, hauled high up on the beach below him, and then stood gazing far out at sea, a solitary figure outlined against the darkening sky.



LOVE-LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO

(1820–1822)

WITH COMMENT BY M. PAUL MEURICE

PART II

HIS mother's death was a deep grief to Victor. His capacity for affection, to which he sometimes makes allusion in his letters, had need of family ties, and the adoration he bestowed upon his mother had given this to him, with the sweet consciousness that he too was infinitely beloved by her. He had twice owed her his life, and now he felt twice orphaned. He was estranged from his father, who was indifferent to him, to say the least of it. He was coldly treated by his brothers, who were jealous of his superiority, and separated from Adèle, whose hand was refused him. He felt himself all alone in the wide world.

His wretchedness was increased by an unhappy incident. He will tell it in one of his letters; we will only allude to it here. On June 29, the evening of the day when his mother was buried, he left the house, unable to bear its emptiness and solitude, and instinctively, as he often did, found his way into the neighborhood of the Hôtel de Toulouse. Its windows were a blaze of light; it was M. Foucher's fête-day; there was a ball going on there. Victor knew all about the place; he went up to the second story, went into an empty room, from which a little inside window looked into the ball-room, and from thence he saw Adèle dancing and gay. Subsequently she proved to him that the news of his mother's death had been carefully concealed from her, and assured him that had she known of his presence she would have risked everything to leave the ball-room and come to him to share his sorrow. But at the time he was absolutely overwhelmed by this fresh blow.

His father showed him little tenderness. He sent him word that he would make him an allowance on condition that he would give up literature. Victor refused. He had only eight hundred francs in his possession, but such was the strength of his will that this little sum seemed to him enough with which to face the future.

M. Foucher thought it proper to pay him a visit of condolence, and Victor returned the visit, but he was not allowed to see Adèle. M. Foucher even assured him that it would be better for him to leave Paris for a time. We know already that the Foucher family was in the habit of hiring during the summer some small place in the country; generally it was in the suburbs, and three or four leagues would not have kept Victor away. On July 15, however, M. Foucher, with his wife and daughter, went to Dreux, twenty-five leagues away from Paris, and twenty-five francs besides. On the 16th of July Victor set out, and in three days reached Dreux, having walked all the way.

The next day he was walking about the town when he suddenly met M. Foucher, who was accompanied by Adèle. He took care they should not see him, but he sent M. Foucher a letter, a manifestly fictitious letter; its falsehood seems almost touching from its frankness. He wrote:

> MONSIEUR,—I had the pleasure of seeing you to-day here in Dreux, and I asked myself, could it be a dream?...

Then, to explain what he called "a most extraordinary chance," he relates that he had come down from Paris on the invitation of a friend living between Dreux and Nonancourt. However, this friend, by a strange fatality, left home for Gap the evening before he arrived. Victor would have returned at once to Paris, but being well acquainted in Dreux, he had received invitations, made engagements:

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and what is very remarkable is that I left Paris with much reluctance. The wish you showed to have me absent myself for some time contributed to my decision. Your advice has had a singular result.

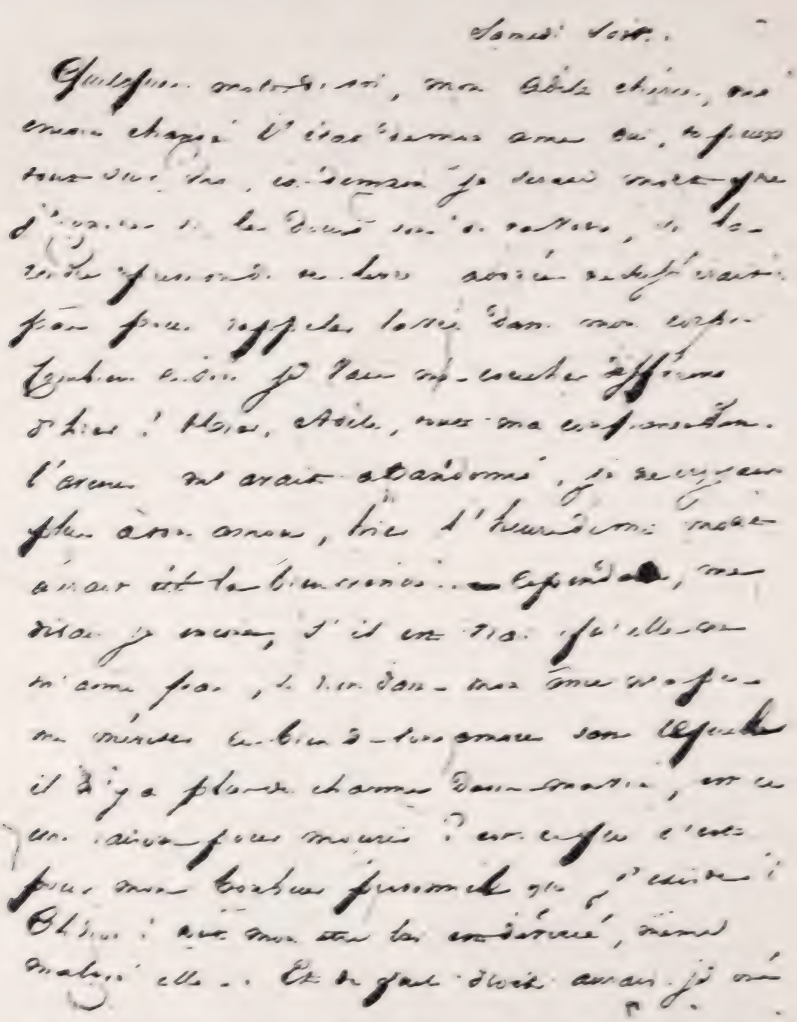
The letter, however, ends with what is true and sincere:

I should not be candid if I did not tell you that the unexpected sight of mademoiselle your daughter, gave me great pleasure. I venture to say boldly that I love her with all the strength of my soul, and in my complete isolation and my deep grief nothing but thoughts of her can give me joy or pleasure.

Good M. Foucher may well have smiled over Victor's narrative of "extraordinary coincidences." But what could he do to checkmate a lover so persistent, and such an indefatigable pedestrian? He felt that he must believe in the sincerity and firm purpose of the young man.

He let him come to his house, and had an explanation with him, in the presence of his daughter.

Victor boldly asked him for Adèle's



FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE FROM VICTOR HUGO'S LOVE-LETTERS.

hand. He of course set forth his position in the best light he could, but it was terribly uncertain. He said that he had money enough in hand to live upon while awaiting developments in the future. He said he had partly written a romance in the style of Walter Scott, which he hoped might bring in a good sum; and that because of services he had done to certain

persons he had received positive promises of a government place, or a pension. As to the consent of his father, he felt sure of obtaining it if he did not proceed too incautiously. But he did not say that he was very doubtful of obtaining this consent from the General, who was completely under the influence of a woman who was opposed to him; nor did he say that if he had all possible claims to a pension from the King's government he was too proud to push forward such claims, however incontestable. At present he only wanted time, and, without taking his extreme youth into account, he looked to what he might do himself to achieve independence.

M. Foucher, only half convinced, but very much moved when he thought of the young man's courage, gave his consent to allowing Victor once more to visit at his house. The engagement of the young people was not to be officially acknowledged, nor made known to the public. That could not be until Victor's financial situation was put upon a surer basis. Till then they might see each other once a week, but never alone; they might meet in the Luxembourg Gardens; they might go to the theatre in a family party. Victor, as he could not do better, accepted these conditions. There was nothing more to be done at Dreux, and they all went back to Paris.

Correspondence was renewed, but, alas! it was only with Adèle's father. Victor could not write to him about the ardor of his love, but what he wrote showed the firmness of his character. He addressed M. Foucher thus:

. . . The dearest thing I have at heart, is it not the happiness of mademoiselle your daughter? If she can be happy without me, I will be ready to retire, although the hope of being hers some day is my sole trust and expectation. In any case, however, I will not attain happiness by any road that is not straight and honorable. I would not that she should ever blush for her husband. I think, without presumption, I shall end by attaining happiness, because I have a firm will, and a firm will is very powerful. Whatever may be the result of my efforts, though obtaining her may be necessary to my happiness and my life, to have deserved her must be balm to my conscience and my feelings. (*Letter of July 28.*)

. . . A little check will not annihilate great courage. I do not conceal from myself the uncertainty or even the possible dangers of the future; but I have been taught by a brave mother that a man can master circumstances. Many men walk with uncertain steps upon firm ground; a man who has a good conscience and a worthy aim should walk with a firm tread even on dangerous ground. (*Monfort d'Amaury, August 3.*)

At the end of this month of August he was staying at the château of his friend the young Duc de Rohan, but his spirit of independence would not let him stay there long. He writes thus:

Madame la duchesse de Berry, who is at Rosny, is to come and stay at the château in a few days' time. M. de Rohan wants to keep me here at least until she comes, but I do not like to take advantage of his kindness. I do not like the thought that my exceptional pecuniary position should lead to my becoming the dependent of a man whom my social position enables me to consider my friend. I have a strong regard for the duc de Rohan for his own sake, for his noble soul, and for his courtly manners; but I do not care for him in view of the material services he might be able to render me.

Thereupon Victor came back to Paris, where his great attraction awaited him. The lovers saw each other very frequently in September. But soon these interviews, being always in presence of a third person, were not enough for him. He induced Adèle to give him an occasional meeting out-doors, and their sweet correspondence was once more renewed.

1821

FRIDAY, *Oct. 5.*

I wrote you a long letter, Adèle, but it was too sad: I tore it up. I wrote it because you are the only creature in the world to whom I can speak freely of all I suffer and of all I fear. But perhaps it might have given you some pain, and I will never voluntarily make you suffer by my troubles. Besides, I forget them at once when I see you. You do not know—you cannot imagine—how great my happiness is when I see you, hear you speak, and feel you near me! Now that I have not seen you for two days, I think of it with an excitement that seems almost convulsive. When I have passed a few moments beside you, I feel much better. There is something in your very glance so noble, and so generous, that it seems to exalt me. When your eyes meet mine, it is as if your soul passed into me. And then—oh, then! my beloved Adèle, I feel capable of accomplishing anything: I am strengthened by being endowed with all your gentle virtues.

How much I wish that you could read all

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that there is within me; that your soul could be infused into mine, as your smile infuses itself into my whole being! If we could be alone together, just for one hour, Adèle, you would see how much I should need your pity, were it not that I possess the greatest of all happiness, the sweetest of all consolations, in the thought that you love me.

I had written to you about all my troubles, without reflecting that I was writing to you about things that could only be told in speech, and told to you alone... I see I am now falling back into the same reflections which made me tear up my former letter. Remember, my Adèle, that all my troubles count for nothing as soon as I have the indescribable happiness of seeing you; what, then, does it matter that the rest of my day should be sad; and when at last I have won you, my beloved Adèle, what shall I care for those years of trial which now seem so long and so painful to me?

Adieu. Write to me, and increase as far as possible, I implore you, our brief interviews. They are my only consolation, for I do not think that you will wrong me so far as to imagine that the pleasure derived from *amour-propre* and pride in my literary success are anything to me. You only are my joy; in you is all my happiness; in you my life. You are all your sex to me, because I find concentrated in you all that is most perfect in women.

Adieu, my dearest Adèle. *Je t'embrasse bien tendrement et bien respectueusement.*

YOUR FAITHFUL HUSBAND.

THURSDAY, *Oct. 11.*

I have thought much and long, Adèle, over this answer. Ought I—can I satisfy you? There was more of compassion than of tenderness in your letter. I thank you for taking some pity upon me; I am indeed very much to be compassionated for more than one reason. It seems to me, if I must tell you what I hardly dare say to myself, that your letters are becoming colder and colder. At one moment it seemed as if you were once more what you had been two years ago; but this moment— Ask yourself seriously. I fear lest this fatal trial of eighteen months* may have destroyed the happiness of my whole life by diminishing your first affection. For my part I cannot be happy if I am only half loved. See, look into yourself and tell me if you can candidly say that during this long absence *you have never forgotten me a single instant.* I have several times asked you this question, but have never obtained a direct answer. Answer me now truly, I implore you. I shall guess the truth if you do not tell it me, and it is from your own mouth, and not my own conjectures, that I would receive death or life.

Adèle, you see that a cold glance or an indifferent word from you suffices to renew all my insupportable doubts, and assuredly of all my sufferings that would be the greatest; it would go to my very heart. All other griefs might pass away, but what could console me for that one? And who knows if even after death we could forget what it was to have been no longer loved?

If you were only an ordinary woman, Adèle, I should do wrong to show you how deeply your image is engraven in my heart. I should do wrong to let you see the slavish love which makes my whole being submit itself to yours; an ordinary woman would not understand, and would only see in my unconquerable passion an advantage given her to be indifferent, and to do anything she pleased with a man of whom she felt herself secure. A man devoted to an ordinary woman whose attachment he was anxious to increase would find it is best plan to treat her carelessly and inconsistently, sometimes affectionately and then again with indifference. He would pretend to have other fancies; he would leave her, come back to her, alarm her vanity that he might excite her jealousy—in short, he would play a part to win her love. But I am not an actor, and you are very far from being an ordinary woman.

What value, indeed, could be attached to the passing affection of such a being? Would it be worth the trouble of putting on a mask, and degrading one's self by admitting petty, vile arts and calculations into the most noble of all feelings? I would never act thus with thee, Adèle; I love you with self-respect, because I love you truly. I think that a trick would lower us both, and that your heart is noble enough to understand and to appreciate an overpowering love. Answer the question I have put to you with all frankness and confidence. All depends upon what you tell me....

FRIDAY, *Oct. 12.*

Hear me, my Adèle; forgive me what seems bitter in the last two pages. The least thing irritates me, dearest. It is because I am constantly assailed by painful fancies. All my days are passed in sadness, except the few delicious hours when I may see you. Forgive me—oh! forgive me. It would seem very sweet, my dear Adèle, to pour all my sorrow into thy soul, which is so kind and so generous; but I must repeat that that can only be *viva voce*, and I fear, as you do, that for a long time that must be impossible. I will suffer alone. It is not that I fear for your letters. All that I have to tell you I might tell before the whole world without having cause to blush for myself. But there are a number of little things which it would be too trivial to commit to writing, and which, nevertheless, constitute our cares from day to day.

Here is one last consideration. I have fancied, Adèle, that I could remark that you thought I had self-love—well, not to mince the word, *vanity*. When I perceived this it could not but give me pain. If you are right, if I am really *vain*, I ought to be

* The separation in fact had been only for nine months, but it seems that these months counted double.

sorry that among my many faults there is one that I detest and despise more than any in the world. If you are wrong, if you mistake for self-conceit a proper pride—a feeling I acknowledge, and that I am even glad is mine—I must deplore more than ever that I am misjudged by the only being without whose esteem I could not exist—above all if what seems to her a fault (and the meanest of all) is in my opinion the highest quality in any man who recognizes the dignity of his own soul. You should realize, my Adèle, how much I wish to efface this idea from your mind, if you have really entertained it. It is, in that case, only by making the least possible mention of myself that I can succeed in dissipating it. Now, with respect to the confidence you ask of me, I should have to tell you a crowd of things which you do not know, and if I did, your prejudices might make you think I was wanting in modesty, however I might try to veil my account with simplicity. So I have resolved to continue to keep my troubles to myself, and this partly because I see no necessity for annoying you with them until that time when I may find consolation for all my griefs by pouring them at all times into your bosom.

Meantime I see my future impeded in every way by a crowd of selfish men who think only of their own interest; but my future is yours only. I defend it because it belongs to you. You know me very little, Adèle, you little understand my character, if you never see me except under the constraint of the presence of some third person. But wait, I implore you, before passing judgment on me. Some one must have had some purpose a year since in inspiring you with unfavorable impressions concerning me, and I—what I should most earnestly have asked of God, and do ask of Him, is to have had you always, as well as now, the invisible witness of all my actions, when important or only trivial.

The testimony of a pure conscience is very dear to me; it is the sole ground on which I claim to be worthy to be loved by you; it is the only thing about which I feel pride. All other things are smoke, about which I care little; and the truth is, that if ever I should wish for what they call fame, it would be only for your sake.

I must end, and yet I have many things still to say! Never speak of yourself again to me, my beloved Adèle, as an *ordinary woman*. Be as modest as you will, but do not force me to be so in anything that concerns you.

Adieu. Keep well. I embrace you tenderly. Adieu, adieu. Above all, keep well.

YOUR FAITHFUL AND RESPECTFUL HUSBAND.

MIDNIGHT, MONDAY, *Oct. 15.*

I cannot read a word you write, my dear Adèle, without its filling me with joy or sadness, and sometimes with both at the same time. That is the effect produced on me by your last letter. I saw that my injustice was as great as your generosity, and although you were perhaps a little too severe in that part of your letter in which you pointed out how wrong I had been, it is my duty to acknowledge my faults, and my happiness to be able to ask you to forgive them. You know, my Adèle, that if I sometimes worry you, it is only because I so dearly love you, alas! and I worry myself a great deal more. I am mad, but mad for love, and, my dearest, ought not that to make me find grace in your sight? All my soul is consumed in loving you. You are my sole thought, and it is impossible for me to find—I do not say happiness, but the smallest pleasure when apart from you. All the rest is hateful to me.

The end of your letter, Adèle, greatly moved me. You despair of our mutual happiness, and yet you say that it is in my hands. Yes, my Adèle, my beloved, promised wife, it is; and I am certain, if you love me, to attain it, or else die. And what, after all, are the obstacles to be overcome? Whose will will dare to oppose mine when it relates to you? Do you not know that there is not a drop of blood in my veins which is not ready to flow for you? And can you doubt still? Ah! my Adèle, love me as I love you, and I will take care of all the rest. A strong will can mould destiny; and when one has learned how to suffer, one has learned how to will. Besides, the man who risks his life in the game he plays to win his future is almost sure to win in the long-run; and I . . . will marry no one but you, or sleep in a pine coffin.

We need so little to make us happy, Adèle! A few thousand francs a year, and a *yes* granted either by indifference or from paternal affection—give us but these two things and my dream of happiness will be reality. Does it really seem to you so difficult?

No, my Adèle, you are mine, and I am yours, through all eternity. Can you picture to yourself such happiness? Tell me, do you think of it with all the rapture and delight that your virginal and tender soul is so fitted to experience? Can you picture the felicity of your Victor passing his whole life at your feet, pouring all his griefs into your bosom, enjoying everything because you take part in it, breathing the air you breathe, loving with your heart, living only in the life you live? When, dearest, I think of the deliciousness of our lives being in common, I cannot help thinking that God would not have given me the power to imagine it if He had not also in store for me its future enjoyment. Come—*you were born to be happy*, or else I shall have been good for nothing in this world.

I want you to have a little esteem for me, Adèle. It is the dearest reward of all I may be able to do to make myself more worthy of you. I earnestly thank you for the assurance you have given me, for if you did not esteem me, could you love me? and if you did not love me, what should I do?

Adieu for this evening, or rather for

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this night. Adieu, my beloved Adèle; it is very late, and it is bitterly cold. You are asleep at this moment, and nothing will make you conscious of the burning kiss that your poor husband is about to press upon your lock of hair in your absence. It will not always be so; and some day his kisses will awaken you softly. Adieu, adieu; sleep, and know no sorrow.

TUESDAY, *Oct. 16.*

This morning I received a note from your father. Then I may see you this evening, Adèle! I have thought of nothing else all the morning. The thought makes me happy, especially when I think the same thought may make you so too. My happiness would be perfect, dear Adèle, if I could only sometimes see you alone, and enjoy all the charm of intimacy. I would lay before you all the opinions for which you seem so strongly to blame me; it is only you who could make me change them. I should also try to alter some of the ideas which seem to me unsuited to your happy nature. You tell me, for example, that you are not able to appreciate poetic talent. This assertion is so strange to me, who know you better than you know yourself, that I should laugh at it if I felt like laughing. I reply (putting myself, you must understand, quite out of the question), and you will certainly not do me the injustice to think that any feeling of personal vanity enters into these general reflections.

In two words, then, poetry, Adèle, is the expression of all goodness. A noble soul and real poetic talent are almost always inseparable. You see, then, why you ought to comprehend poetry. It comes from the soul, which can manifest its nobleness by a good action as well as by a fine poem. It would demand some time and pains to develop this idea, but you may see how in a quiet talk with you alone I could reveal to your own heart treasures that as yet you have never known. This happiness is for the present denied to me. I can only hope for it hereafter, together with many more.

Adieu, my beloved Adèle; think of me, and write me a very long letter, though no doubt it will seem to me very short. Let your husband embrace you tenderly. Adieu, adieu.

SATURDAY, *October 20th.*

Behold me alone in this melancholy apartment, counting the hours that divide the morning from the evening. What am I going to write to you? My heart is full, but my mind is a blank. My desire is to speak only of yourself, of our love, of our hopes, or of our fears; and did I do this, words would fail me in which to express my thoughts. But it is necessary for us to discuss trivialities, importunate nothings, which are a source of annoyance to you, and for that reason are odious to me. I must make it plain to you that all this gossip is as worthless as the idle moments that it occupies. I must reassure you and console you in regard to trifles which ought not to occasion you either uneasiness or alarm.

What can I say to you seriously, my Adèle? That I am resolved to marry you? Ah, well, are you ashamed of that, or are you in doubt about it? Perhaps you are afraid to own that you love me? If this is so, it is because you do not love me. When one really loves, one is proud of loving.

Do not misunderstand the intention of these words, dear love; I do not intend them to convey the idea that you ought to be proud of the object of your affection—that is an honor which I am far indeed from meriting—but you should be proud of possessing a soul capable of experiencing love, that elevated, noble, and chaste passion. Of all the passions which torment men in life, it is the only one that is eternal. Love in its true and divine conception creates in the being who experiences it all good qualities, as it does in thee; or else it creates in him the desire to possess them, as in myself. A love such as I feel for you, my Adèle, raises every sentiment above the miserable sphere of humanity. It is a union with an angel who draws us steadily upward towards heaven. These expressions would, perhaps, strike an ordinary woman as extravagant; but you are created to understand them, since it is you yourself who inspire them.

We seem to have travelled far from the absurd gossip which was the subject of our discussion. If we were not pledged to each other, Adèle, I would put an end to it by my own withdrawal. It would be the only means of closing people's mouths, and even so it is not always successful. In our case it is for you to determine whether such a step is necessary; if you decide in favor of it, I will come less often, or I will cease to come altogether, until my fate shall be decided. Your decision in favor of this arrangement will afford me convincing proof that I alone shall suffer in consequence of it, and I will resign myself to do so until such time as the suffering shall cease. I have already told you that only two great events have any place in my future: one is happiness, the other is neither happiness nor misery. In either case I shall no longer suffer.

These are serious and solemn thoughts, upon which I often reflect, but which I make the subject of our conversation with reluctance, because they are only ideas, and ideas, so long as they are not put into action, are only a more or less sonorous assemblage of words. Some day my last, most exquisite hope, that of being yours, will either vanish or be fulfilled; in either case you will read these lines again, and you will then be able to judge whether I have spoken truly or falsely. It is in this conviction that I write them.

I see that I am digressing at each moment from the subject of your letter. I am grateful to you, my Adèle, for communicating to me the distress occasioned you by unkind reports repeated with no less malice than foolishness. They serve only to show me more plainly that, if you think it right for me to

continue to see you. I must use my utmost efforts to hasten the longed-for day of our marriage. This would in itself be enough to supply a stimulus to exertion, even if my own impatience was not far more than sufficient. Alas! is it possible to desire this happiness more ardently than I do?

If it is within my power to hasten the longed-for moment by abstaining from all unworthy action, I shall have a strong motive for restraint. There are moments, my Adèle, when I feel myself capable of stooping to anything which would enable me to reach this wished-for end more quickly; and then I recover myself, shocked at my own thoughts, and I ask myself whether I should indeed really attain my goal if I reached it by a road unworthy of my better self. Dear love, the position of a young man, independent by his principles, his affections, and his desires, who is nevertheless dependent upon others by reason of his age and his lack of means, is a cruel one. Yes, if I come out of this experience as pure as I entered into it, I shall feel that I am entitled to some measure of self-esteem....

Adieu, dearest love; I embrace thee tenderly.

VICTOR.

THE SAME NIGHT (*November*).

This letter is very important, Adèle, for the impression that it makes upon you will decide all our happiness. I am about to make an effort to collect some calm ideas, and I shall have no difficulty in contending with sleep to-night. I am going to have a serious and intimate conversation with you, and I wish earnestly that it could be face to face, for then I could at once receive your answer (which I shall expect with the utmost impatience), and I should be able to observe in your countenance the effect that my words may produce upon you—that effect which will decide the happiness of us both.

There is one word, Adèle, which we seem, up to the present moment, to be afraid to pronounce. It is the word *love;* and yet the feeling that I experience for you is undoubtedly genuine *love.* It is of importance now to ascertain whether the sentiment that animates you is likewise *love.*

Listen! There is within us an immaterial being, in exile, as it were, within our bodies, which it will survive to all eternity. This being, which is the essence of all in us that is best and purest, is the soul. It is the soul that is the source of all enthusiasm and all affection, and upon it depend all our conceptions of God and of heaven.

I am treating of matters beyond our knowledge, because it is necessary to do so in order to make myself fully understood: but, lest this talk should strike you as unusual, let us speak of things which require only simple but elevated language. So I continue. The soul, being superior to the body, with which it is united, would remain on earth in an unbearable isolation, were it not that it is permitted to choose among other human souls a companion with whom it may share the misfortunes of life and the happiness of eternity. When two souls, which for a longer or a shorter time have sought each other amidst the crowd, at length find each other, when they perceive that they belong to each other, when they understand each other, when, in short, they comprehend their affinity, then there is established between them a union, pure and ardent as themselves, a union begun upon earth in order that it may be completed in heaven. This union is *love;* real and perfect love, such love as very few men can conceive of in its reality: love which is a religion, adoring the being beloved as a deity; love that lives in devotion and ardor, and for which to make great sacrifices is the purest pleasure. It is such love as this that you inspire in me, and it is such love that you will some day assuredly feel for me, even though, to my ever-present grief, you do not do so now. Your soul is formed to love with the purity and ardor of the angels, but it may be that only an angel can inspire it with love, and when I think this I tremble.

The world, Adèle, does not understand this kind of affection, for it is the appointed lot only of those who are singled out either for happiness or misery; like yourself, for the first, or the latter, like me. Love, in the eyes of the world, is either only a carnal appetite or a vague fancy, which possession extinguishes or absence destroys. That is why it is commonly said, with a strange abuse of words, that passion does not endure. Alas! Adèle, do you know that *passion* means *suffering?* And do you seriously believe that there is any suffering in the ordinary love of men, so violent in appearance, so feeble in reality? No; immaterial love is eternal, because that part of our being which experiences it cannot die. It is our souls that love, and not our bodies.

Notice here, however, that nothing should be pushed to an extreme. I do not intend to say that the body has no place in this, the first of our affections. A gracious God perceived that without an intimate personal union the union of souls could never be made perfect, because two persons who love each other must spend their lives in a community of thought and action. This is, therefore, one of the ends for which God has established that attraction of one sex towards another which, in itself, shows that marriage is divine. Thus it is that in youth personal union serves to ratify the union of souls; and it is our souls, in their turn, which, being ever young and indestructible, maintain the union of persons in their old age and perpetuate it after death.

Do not be alarmed, then, Adèle, in regard to the duration of a passion which it is not within the power of God himself to extinguish. It is this profound and enduring affection that I feel for you; it is not based on personal charms, but on moral qualities; and it is an affection that leads to heaven or to hell, and which fills life, the whole of life, with delight, or with misery.

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I have laid bare my soul to you; I have spoken a language that I speak only to those who can understand it. Inquire of yourself, in your turn; ascertain if love expresses for you what it does for me; find out whether my soul is really a sister soul to yours. Do not pause to consider what is said by a foolish world, or what is thought by the little minds that surround you; search your own heart, and listen to its voice. If the thoughts expressed in this letter are real to you, if the affection that you entertain for me is indeed of the same nature as that which I feel for you, my Adèle, then indeed I am thine for life, thine for eternity. If you fail to understand my love, if I seem to you extravagant, then adieu. Nothing but death will be left to me, and death will have no terrors when I have no longer any hope upon earth. Do not imagine, however, that I should take my own life without regard to others; so long as there are the stricken to heal, and sacred combats to sustain, suicide is the act of an egoist and a coward. I shall take care that the sacrifice of my life shall be as useful to others as it will be sweet to myself.

These thoughts, perhaps, seem to you a little gloomy, addressed as they are to one for whom my lips have always worn a smile, to one who does not know the tenor of my habitual reflections.

Adèle, I tremble in saying so, but I believe that you do not love me with such love as I offer you, and a love only such as that can satisfy me. If you loved me thus, could you keep asking me, as you do, if I have confidence in your conduct? You do this so lightly that it seems to me to indicate indifference. Yet you are offended at the most natural questions, and you ask me whether I am under any apprehension that your conduct is blamable. If you loved me as I love you, Adèle, you would understand that there are a thousand things that may be done without criminality, even without real error, which, nevertheless, are of a nature to alarm the sensitive jealousy of my affection. Such love as I have described to you is exclusive. I myself wish for nothing, not even a glance, from any other woman in the world; but I desire that no man should dare to claim anything from the woman who is mine. If I desire her alone, it is because I wish for her wholly and entirely. A glance, a smile, a kiss from you are my greatest happiness; do you really believe that I can patiently endure to see them bestowed on some one else as well? Does this sensitiveness alarm you? If you loved me, it would delight you. Why do you not feel thus towards me?

Love is jealous, and ingenious in self-torture in proportion as it is pure and intense. I have always found it so. Some years ago, I remember, I shuddered instinctively when your little brother, who was then a mere child, chanced to pass the night with you. Age, experience, observation of the world, have only confirmed this disposition in me. It will be my undoing, Adèle, for I perceive that, while it ought to increase your happiness, it does but render you uneasy.

Speak without constraint. Make it plain whether you wish me to be such as I am or no. My future as well as yours depends upon this, and while my fate is nothing to me, yours is everything. Remember that, if you do not love me, there is a sure and speedy way of releasing yourself from me; you have only to agree to it. I shall not oppose you. There is one kind of absence thanks to which we are soon forgotten by those who regard us with indifference. It is an absence from which there is no return.

One word more. If this long letter seems to you sad and depressed, do not be astonished; your own was so cold. You are of opinion that between us *passion is out of place!* Adèle, . . . I have read over again some old letters of yours, in the hope of consolation, but the difference between the old and the new was so great that in place of being consoled— . . . Adieu.

FRIDAY.

Your little note, my Adèle, occasioned me a joy which I shall not try to describe. When it is a long time since I have seen you, as it is to-day, I am sad, cast down, indifferent to everything, oppressed by all. But now, it is only necessary for me to read again your charming note, which I already know by heart, to feel almost happy. Yes, my dearest Adèle, your own assurance is all that is needed for me to believe that you love me as I love you; you are incapable of deceiving either yourself or me. It does not cause me a moment's astonishment that you have at once understood such unconventional opinions as I wrote you regarding the things of this world. How should you not understand them, you who were created on purpose to inspire them and to call them into existence? There is nothing generous, chaste, or noble to which your soul can be insensible; for it is itself the essence of all that is noble, generous, and chaste. Dear Adèle, these words are not the commonplace flatteries with which the deceitfulness of men so often abuses the vanity of women; do not let us sink, either of us, to such conditions. It is a profound appreciation of your worth alone which moves me to speak thus to you, and the only defect of which I am conscious in you is ignorance of your own angelic nature. I earnestly wish that you could fully recognize the dignity of your own character, and that you would bear yourself more proudly amongst those women, vulgar at their best, who have the honor to approach you, and who seem to abuse your excessive humility, even to the extent of believing themselves to be your equals, if not, indeed, your superiors. It is needless to discuss this at length, but you must believe, my Adèle, that no one in the world is your superior, and that you confer a favor upon all other women by condescending to treat them as your equals.

It is right to despise perishable advantages, such as beauty, rank, fortune, etc.,

but in the same measure that we do this we should respect in ourselves the imperishable gifts of the soul. They are so rare. Vanity is as contemptible and unreasonable as proper pride is just and useful. The latter is in no sense external; it does not injure others; on the contrary, it creates a sort of pity which inspires us with kindly feelings. It elevates the soul in such wise as to render it inaccessible to all aspirations for rank or fame. When one's thoughts are wholly occupied with an eternity of love and happiness, one regards all the things of this earth from a height at which they seem very insignificant. One accepts prosperity with calmness, one confronts misfortune with serenity, because all such things pass away, and are, as it were, only accessories of a union which remains.

It is this union, my adored Adèle, which exists between us, and it would be impossible for you to comprehend the intoxication, the delirium, with which I look forward to the day when that union, ratified in public, will permit me to possess you altogether, and to belong entirely to you. Oh! my Adèle, my wife, what does it not mean, even now, to be able to speak of this immense happiness, to form enchanting projects for the future, to dwell together in hope, to— Oh God! in the presence of that future what are all the troubles of the present time?

Adieu; I embrace thee tenderly.

THY HUSBAND FOR ETERNITY.

I have just read your letter, and I add a word more, my Adèle, to thank you for it. How much happiness I owe you! Yet why are your letters always so short? You complain of continual preoccupation: if it were otherwise, my Adèle, you would not love me. Are you aware that in the long eighteen months in which I did not see you I did not pass a moment without thinking of you? Do you realize that you are my end and aim in all I do, and that without that aim I should do nothing? Whenever I am called upon to endure mental grief or physical suffering, I represent to myself that it is in honor of you, or for love of you. And then everything seems sweet to me. What matters all else if my dearest Adèle *is only gracious enough to love me?* Whenever this becomes her only occupation, I shall be the happiest of men.

SATURDAY, *24th November, 1832.*

I stand in need of a lively faith, Adèle, to enable me to believe that this correspondence does not weary you. This is the last time that so long a letter shall follow so short a note. Beneath the reasons that you give me I have discovered another which they are intended to conceal: it is the effort experienced in writing of which you ought to complain, rather than the difficulties which prevent you from doing so: then you would at least be sincere. You appear to attach importance to relinquishing a visit. I do not feel, Adèle, that this kind of a loss involves any sacrifice. I never dreamed up to this moment of boasting of all the sacrifices in this respect which I make daily in order to see you or to write to you. It is true, however, that if I have not enumerated them, it was because they cost me nothing. . . .

I do not know what I write; I am oppressed by gloomy thoughts, the cause of which I do not understand. Do not be surprised at this. There is a certain frame of mind in which a vague sadness overpowers us, a sadness that the soul does not comprehend, and against which it has no protection. The remembrance of past misfortunes, or the presentiment of evils to come, are as the smoke of a fire that has just been extinguished or is on the point of bursting into flames. These remembrances and these forebodings pass like clouds between us and our ideas; they assume the undefined forms of the future or of the past; for in the world of imagination, as in the world of reality, all that is distant is vague. The soul believes itself to be suffering, and it is so indeed. All its joyous imaginations fade away; all sad impressions are intensified. But let happiness on a sudden reappear, the clouds disperse, all things are restored to their true shape and color, and we are surprised at our own depression.

This is what will happen to me on the day that I see you again. I shall no longer think of anything but the happiness of being near you, and the hope of being some day altogether your. . . .

I sometimes fear, my dearest, that you have not wholly pardoned my mother's memory. I wish that you had known her; I wish that she could have known you. For a long time she caused me great unhappiness, because she carried to an extreme her desire to see me happy. Her only fault lay in her failure to understand and to appreciate the beauty of your character; but she was, nevertheless, entirely worthy to understand it. Ah! why is she lost to me, and to you? Some day, perhaps, we shall all be united. My prolonged grief, my deep depression, had begun to move her; she had perceived that everything else failed to interest me, and she would certainly not have refused me the only happiness that life had to offer me. Moreover, her reluctance to my marriage was wholly independent of your personality, and she had too much respect for her son not to esteem highly the person to whom he was so deeply and so firmly attached. Some day we shall be happy with her; in the mean while our faith in the eternal remains with us. . . . I will not finish what I have just written. It is sweet to me to speak of my mother to my wife, but it is profoundly sad. . . .

THINE FAITHFULLY.

FRIDAY, *December 7th.*

You see that I am faithful to my promise, Adèle, and it is, indeed, no effort to me to be so; for when I have not seen you for four days, what can give me greater plea-

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sure than employing myself in writing to you? I have very little idea of what I am going to write. I can only express myself when I see you, and when I write to you I do not see you. In your absence all my thoughts are sad, and if I wish to relieve myself from the present that oppresses me, I am obliged to transport myself in memory to the last time that I saw you, or else in hope to the next time that I shall see you again. I recall what you said to me, how you smiled at me, and I endeavor not to complain when I imagine how you will speak to me and smile at me once more.

In spite of all this, dear love, you cannot imagine the multitude of cares that assail me. Aside from my own sorrows and my domestic annoyances, I am forced to endure all the vexations of literary spite. I do not know what evil genius drove me into a career in which every step is hindered by some secret enmity or some base rivalry. This is pitiable, and it makes me feel shame for the profession of letters. It is discouraging to awake each morning exposed to the paltry attacks of a mob of enemies, whom one has never done anything to injure, and who, indeed, for the most part one has never seen. I should like to inspire you with a respect for this great and noble profession of letters, but I am constrained to admit that it affords a singular study in the various forms of human baseness. It is, as it were, a great slough, into which one must descend, unless, indeed, one has wings by which one is enabled to rise above its mire. I myself do not possess these pinions, but I am a man apart, made so by an inflexible character and incorruptible principles, and I am sometimes tempted to laugh at all the little traps that are laid for me; but more often, to the shame of my philosophy be it spoken, I am moved to anger. You will perhaps think, dear Adèle, and with some show of reason, that I ought to be insensible to such trivialities, in the presence of the important interests that occupy me; but my present irritable condition is exactly what renders them unbearable. Things which would be but a passing annoyance, if I were happy, are just now unendurable. I really suffer when these miserable insects come and light upon my wounds. Do not let us discuss them further; it is treating them with too much consideration; they are not worth the pen that I waste or the paper that I spoil in speaking of them.

SATURDAY, *8th.*

You have reason to scold me, dear love; I have been almost stupefied the entire week, preoccupied as I was by the remembrance of that delightful evening spent with you at the ball. I say delightful, notwithstanding that I was very jealous, and very much exasperated. I wish you would dress as you were then dressed, only for me. You see how extravagant I am, but do not laugh at it, for if you laugh, it will be an acknowledgment that you do not love me as I love you. When I see you beauty so adorned for others, I lose my head, and I could not give you any idea what infernal emotions I go through. I am so insignificant beside all those young men who dance so well! On the other hand, there is so much nobleness and simplicity in your character that it reassures me against the coquetry which your mirror might inspire, and beauty is so great a gift when modesty and beauty are united. You are so charming in your grace and innocence. Ah, my adored Adèle, I entreat you preserve always that angelic virtue, without which the dignity of the soul and the chastity of love are forever lost! Remember that you are my type of perfection upon earth, that it is you who have fulfilled the ideal of womanly virtue that my highest imagination can create, and that in you I find realized the companion of my life as she was first revealed to me in my youth in dreams. These are not idle words. Consider what an influence you have exercised over me ever since I have known you; think of what I have done, of what I do now, of what I shall always do to keep myself worthy of you in the longed-for day of our marriage, and you will see how high a place you occupy in my esteem and affection.

My adored Adèle, when I transport myself in memory to those short moments, during our return from the ball, in which I held you in my arms, I am beside myself. Why must I be separated from you? What would it matter to the whole world if your entire life expended itself thus in my arms? What harm did we commit? Adèle, explain to me, I beg you, how I could have done wrong in holding my wife to my heart. Why should these moments end? And why should a man, who has two arms and a will of his own, allow such moments to be snatched from him? Who knows if they will ever return? and what human power can restore a lost happiness? . . .

I perceive that I am wandering. Have pity on my folly, you who constitute all my happiness and all my joy. *Adieu*, adieu; I am but a simpleton. Pity me, and love me; my soul, my heart, my life, all is thine. I embrace thee.

THY HUSBAND.

WEDNESDAY, *December 12, 4.15* P.M.

Oh, how the time lags, until I shall be your husband in the sight of all! They torment you, they distress you, and yet I have not the right to snatch you away from suffering, to protect you from tyranny! This expression is not too strong, Adèle. On the contrary, it is very feeble. Those persons who act towards *you*—the sweetest and most lovable of human beings—as they do, must have a self-conceit which is incomprehensible to me. My Adèle, do not fancy I am again exaggerating. These are simple truths drawn from the deepest recesses of my heart. You must recognize them as such, in spite of your humility and your submissive spirit.

Dear love, I would not in any way lessen your respect and affection for your parents. In your husband's eyes that respect and

that affection are among your most appealing charms. Nevertheless, I wish that you could learn to resist unjust vexations, and that you would not allow yourself to be sacrificed so quietly to opinions which to me are inexplicable.

Great heavens! why am I not already your husband? No matter: I am so in your eyes, and in the sight of God. I am your protector, your support. Rely upon me, my dearest. Who should raise his voice in your behalf, if not your Victor? Ah yes, rely always upon me; be very sure that this support at least will never fail you. My own happiness, my own repose, are not the object of my life; it is your repose and your happiness which it is incumbent on me to secure at the cost of any sacrifice, to preserve by every kind of devotion. You are weak, but I am strong, and all my strength is for you. Yes, I am yours entirely; all that is in me belongs to you, both that which is earthly and that which is immortal.

Adieu, my adored Adèle; adieu, my wife. I embrace thee most tenderly.

SUNDAY, *December 16th.*

My last words yesterday were: *Sleep well.* Yours were: *Adieu, Monsieur Victor.* But to-day I write to you, to-day I am ready to throw myself at your feet, to accuse myself of everything, to ask pardon of you for all the faults that I have undoubtedly, but unconsciously, committed. You will not find in this letter, my adored Adèle, anything that resembles a reproach or a recrimination. You were suffering yesterday evening. I was undoubtedly in the wrong, and I alone. I should have liked to write you a letter that very night, in which I should have related to you some proofs of attachment which I have given you, and of which you are in ignorance, in order to show you that if signs of indifference during unhappiness have been shown by one of us to the other, it is not I who have done so. Yesterday you brought a very grave accusation against me. It may have been a little thoughtlessly. *I laughed whilst you wept!* My Adèle, I will not give vent to angry explanations; I will impose silence on all that rises within me in revolt against such an accusation. Since you were ill, I will submit to your punishing me for an involuntary error as if it were a premeditated injury. Dear love, I will confine myself to assuring you that I did not see you weep, that I was in ignorance of your distress, and that I do not even now undersand its cause.

My Adèle, I want to repeat to you how I love you, even at the very moment that I suffer, through you, and for you. I hope to see you to-day at church. You will find me always the same as if you had yesterday bidden me a tender and loving adieu. Forgive me, forgive me, for you are gentle, kind, and generous, and I am none of these things.

My adored Adèle, can I embrace you here?

YOUR FAITHFUL AND GRATEFUL HUSBAND.

Dear love, I ask nothing of you, not even an embrace, nor a smile, nor a glance. All I desire is that you should no longer suffer, and that you should no longer be angry with your Victor.

MONDAY, *December 17th.*

My beloved Adèle, I must throw myself at your feet to sue for pardon. If you knew how deeply I repent of having disobeyed you yesterday! I came away much dissatisfied with myself, because, in spite of your sweet and gracious words, I had not read my pardon in your face. You were right and doubly right. I will not tell you, dear love, that you were angry for a trifle, because I do not consider it so. It is not the subject of the disobedience, but the disobedience itself, which is of importance. I know that in your place I should have been extremely displeased, and I will not disguise from myself that I should not, perhaps, have been as sweet-tempered about it as you were. It is written in your destiny, my good and generous Adèle, that you should surpass me in everything, except, indeed, in the love that I bear you. Dear love, I have been to blame only through thoughtlessness: but a thoughtlessness that is a source of distress to you is very blamable. Forgive me, oh, forgive me! I have thought of nothing since yesterday but the pain that I have caused you. I cannot understand how it is that I, who would not willingly occasion you the slightest annoyance, should have been guilty of distressing you so much, without any object, and purely from carelessness.

Adieu, adieu. I adore you because you are an angel, and I embrace you because you are my wife.

FRIDAY, *December 21st.*

Adèle, there is an insupportable idea from which I wish to escape, but which has constantly returned to beset me, ever since the last time I saw you, four days ago.

Great heavens! suppose that our marriage should ever result in your unhappiness! ... Adèle, do you realize the extent of my jealousy? Did you sufficiently consider all its exactions, and my excitability, before deciding to unite your life with mine? I should not know how to tell you what took place within me when your mother mentioned before me the other day that you had accepted the arm of some man who is unknown to me. The idea that this favor, in my eyes so immense, had been granted to a stranger; that this privilege of approaching you so nearly, which belongs to me only by right, might every day, perhaps, be shared by others—this privilege which is so innocent and which fills me with such delight—the very idea of this, I say, altogether overcame me. It still seems to me that you must be indifferent in regard to what occasions me cruel distress. Adèle, this torture joined to the necessity of keeping a restraint upon myself, threw me into a condition that is difficult to describe. I came away, and ever since then these ideas which possess me have poisoned everything, even the pleasure of thinking of you.

I have examined myself severely, and I

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find that I do not agree with the opinion commonly expressed that jealousy is ridiculous. I have asked myself if I was to blame, and not only have I found myself unable to condemn my jealous passion, but I am convinced that it is actually a part of the chaste, pure, and exclusive love that I feel for you, but with which I seem unable to inspire you. Dear Adèle, if you do not feel this love, you are at least designed by nature to comprehend it. For this reason I am sure that you will not laugh at what has caused me such exquisite pain. Ah! how happy I should be if I were beloved in the same measure that I love!

It is evident that I must have a blind confidence in you, dear, thus to unveil before you the most intimate secrets of my soul. If I were speaking to an ordinary person, I should fear that my jealousy would appear only a failing. With you I have no such apprehension. Whatever constitutes my entire happiness naturally cannot be a trifle in my eyes, and it will not surprise you that it is impossible for me to discuss this subject with those who regard it in a trivial light.

Under ordinary circumstances, jealousy is a suspicion insulting to the person who excites it, and degrading to the person who indulges it. Dear love, I do not do you the injustice of supposing that you confound the delicacy of an imperious love, which you are born to inspire, with the coarseness of vulgar minds. My jealousy may be extreme, but it is respectful. I believe that it does me honor, because it proves the purity of my tenderness. If my wife ever gave me cause for jealousy through lightness of conduct, I should die of it, but I should never suspect her for a single moment.

I have spoken at length of all my ideas on this subject, because the matter is of importance. Such jealousy as mine, dear Adèle, ought to give you pleasure. If it frightens you, you do not love me. If you met me, who am a man, giving my arm to a young girl, or to any woman, would it be a matter of indifference to you? Reflect upon this, for if it is really something that you would not care for, I am lost—you do not love me. These are my unvarying sentiments. Love that is not jealous is neither true nor pure. Be very sure that those who are without a feeling of jealousy concerning one woman are in love with them all. My dear, my beloved Adèle, you have once told me that you loved me, and until you tell me to the contrary I intend to believe it; I intend to cling to this delicious conviction as the only belief that binds me to life.

Adieu. Only a great love for you could have written the pages that I have just concluded. *À demain.*

SATURDAY, *December 22d.*

I have just read over these two pages. I tremble lest they should strike you as strange. That would prove to me that you neither understand me nor love me. Adèle, dear love! Ah, no! I *will* believe that our souls understand each other, for is it not true? And if it is true, then, my adored Adèle, what happiness is in store for us! Come, let us not be like others who fear to feel, or to express what they feel. Let us be open, we who are innocent and pure. Do not let us hide from each other any of our impressions; let us tell each other all our thoughts, for in this way we shall be safe against those false interpretations that so often destroy confidence, and even affection.

I have sometimes perceived with pain, Adèle, that you draw back from some of my opinions; but this is because you do not enter into my ideas, and you exaggerate the meaning of my words. I am in ignorance as to whether you esteem me more or less than I deserve; but, for pity's sake, be indulgent to me. Some unknown voice within me tells me that I should lose nothing if you could know me exactly as I am. This testimony of my own conscience is dear to me; it represents—together with the little atom of affection that you grant me—the only comfort I possess. Numerous as my faults are, there is nothing degrading in them; and although I know that I am full of imperfections, I know also that you are full of goodness.

Time and paper fail me, and yet how many things I have yet to say to you! I talk to you so rarely; I see you so seldom! Dear love, how much I am to be pitied, and how happy are those who are permitted at all times to enjoy your presence, your smile, your words! I am but an exile. When I go to your house, everything oppresses me, every one watches me. I am obliged to put a face upon myself, to disguise my own feelings, and there is no one in the world who wears a mask or fetters with more difficulty that I do.

Oh, when will all this end? When shall I attain the unique and immense happiness that the future holds out to me? Excuse this letter, hurriedly written. My ideas are as much disordered as my writing.

SATURDAY, *December 22d.*

Still a few words. I should have answered your preceding letter, my love, but that which you sent me yesterday evening has thrown my whole mind into confusion. I do not know what ideas will fill this paper. The only one which remains clear to me is the same that always possesses me—that of my inexpressible tenderness for you.

I smiled when I read that you imagined you saw around you persons *more worthy than yourself* of being loved as I love you. I conjure you for the thousandth time to do no one the honor of comparison with yourself. You say, Adèle, that some day I shall become aware of your *lack of knowledge*, and that this will be a disappointment to me. Understand, my dearest, that you possess the rarest and most beautiful kind of knowledge, a knowledge of all the virtues. Yet more, the useless and purely relative accomplishments which you wish to possess would in no wise add to my happiness. Much that we learn is not worth the trouble of learning.

You once told me, with a charming simplicity, that you did not understand poetry, but that is as much as to tell me that you do not comprehend virtue. Adèle, poetry is the soul; genius is the soul; that which people call *my talent* is nothing else than *my soul*. You are, therefore, no stranger to it, dear love; for, if I may venture so to believe, our two souls have never failed, up to this time, to understand each other. The most ignorant being in the world can feel poetry, that pure poetry of thought to which positive acquirements add nothing whatever, a poetry which weaves its imaginative fancies around living images, which feeds on love, devotion, and enthusiasm, and which reveals to generous natures the most secret mysteries of our souls. Such poetry as this, Adèle, you will always comprehend, because you are good, gentle, noble, and sincere. What matters all else? In the presence of these divine inspirations, these revelations of the ideal, what are the laborious acquirements of men, uncertain and often false as they are? They do but drain the springs of life, while poetry, that poetry which I draw from your look and from your smile, is at once its delight and its consolation. Pardon me: I do not know whither this subject will lead me, but speaking of poetry is almost the same thing as speaking of yourself.

Yesterday, Adèle, I passed a delightful evening. Let me go over it with you. How sweet it is to pardon one's self when one loves! Adèle, a feeling of remorse remains with me, notwithstanding. You wept! I caused you to weep! Great Heavens, dear love! Oh, forgive me! What would I not give to atone for those tears which you shed in silence beside me, and because of me! Alas! what cause ought you to have had to weep—you who are all my happiness? No, I will not pardon myself, and the more I consider it, the more do I feel myself to blame.

But if I have wounded you, my poor dear love, it is only from excess of affection. I had suffered so much myself in believing that you put up with me only from politeness, and that my presence was displeasing to you... Oh, tell me that you forgive me, and grant me a smile to console me for those tears.

Adieu, my adored Adèle; you will not tell me that this letter is short. I add some verses,* which I composed for your *fête* during my hours of sadness and depression. I ought not, perhaps, to send them to you, but they bear witness how much I think of you.

Adieu, adieu; write me a long letter, and fill up the lines completely. I embrace you, and I swear to you that you shall not again weep on my account.

YOUR HUSBAND.

SUNDAY, *23d.*

What a letter you have written me, Adèle! You yourself seem, in sending it me, to have foreseen and regretted the effect which it might produce upon me. Therefore I will not complain. I should not, indeed, even answer it, for fear of distressing you by the pain that you have given me, were it not of importance to reassure you, and in so doing to reassure myself as well as you. Moreover, how can my time be better employed than in writing to you? To what greater pleasure, or to what more important duty, can I devote it?

Do you know, *Adèle*, that some words in your letter have completely upset me, and I would have given all the blood in my veins to have an immediate explanation of them? What was in your mind when you wrote that sentence—that insupportable sentence—in which you seemed to say that *your reputation was not without stain, nor your conscience without reproach?* Speak, oh, speak now! tell your whole thought to him who would give the happiness of his life to procure you a moment's pleasure, a single flash of joy. Do not disguise from me any part of the truth, whatever it may be: you yourself know whether I have ever hidden anything in my soul from you. Listen, I am going to give you an example of the unbounded confidence that you owe me; I am going to tell you what a terrible suspicion, what an intolerable idea, this cruel sentence has caused me. Answer me, my Adèle, my beloved, my adored Adèle, answer me as you would answer God! Have pity on me if some demon of jealousy has, happily for me, misled me. Consider that I have tossed all night in torturing sleeplessness, sometimes accusing myself of having so easily taken alarm in a matter injurious to you, sometimes seeing suspicions increase and multiply in my heart to the whole extent of my tenderness for you. Speak to me, then, with that sincerity which in your beautiful soul is the inexorable truth. Answer, yes or no, to this question, or else I shall die: *Have you ever at any time loved any man but me?*

Oh, my Adèle, if when you read this sentence your heart cannot restrain its indignation, if in your sincerity and in your anger you answer *no!* then with what joy, with what unutterable delight, I shall kiss the ground under your feet, in thankful recognition of my own senselessness and culpability in having, even for a moment, so completely misunderstood one of your letters, and for having entertained a suspicion of you, the being whom I respect, whom I admire, whom I esteem, more than all else in the world. Oh, tell me, my Adèle, it is true, is it not, that you have never loved any man but me?

Alas, God is my witness that ever since my infancy you have been my only thought. However far back I search my memory, I meet with no image but yours. Absent or present, I have loved you always; and it is because I have, from the first, resolved to offer you a worship as pure as yourself that I have remained impervious to the temptations, the seductions, to which my sex and my age are too often permitted to yield by the immoral indulgence of the world.

* "A Toi."—*Odes et Ballades.*

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When I reflect upon all this, Adèle, and think of all the chaste and angelic qualities of your nature, I foresee that my alarms are chimerical. Nevertheless, I have told them to you, because I ought to tell you everything; and, moreover, if I must own my weakness, I wish that you should be so kind as to reassure me yourself, and to answer my question. For, after all, what is this *reproach*, this *stain*, of which you speak? Perhaps (and why should I not be as ingenious in reassuring myself as in self-torture?)—perhaps it is on my account that your angelic conscience is alarmed, and you believe your reputation to be injured by the attentions I have paid you. If this be so, my dearest Adèle, it will be I who am to blame, not you. All the fault will be mine; and if one of us is unworthy of the other, it will be myself. How dare you, then, tell me that you desire for me a wife more *worthy* than yourself?

Great Heavens, Adèle! What am I beside you? Oh, I beg you—and I wish you were here, for I should kneel before you as before a divinity—show a little more appreciation of yourself. If you knew how far you are above all others of your sex, if you could see yourself morally, could know, as I do, all the nobleness, all the simplicity, all the greatness of your character, you could not wish me, even in your wildest imagination, any other wife than yourself. It is I, Adèle, who am very far from your standard. All my efforts are devoted to raising myself towards you; and if I have ever seemed ambitious for fame, it was only because my desires habitually turn towards you; if I have ever sought to earn distinction, it was because I thought that you would some day bear my name.

Come, then, believe a little more in yourself. I should like the entire universe to know that I love you, that one look of yours is more precious to me than all the fame in the world, and that I would willingly submit to see all my blood spilled, drop by drop, if this would spare your eyes one tear. Why is it not within my power to prove to you my devotion by actions instead of words? Ah, you are far above all other women in the realms of virtue and of generosity. Their heads do not even reach your feet. Do not let your conscience reproach you for a kiss or a letter; they are the only comfort enjoyed by your husband in his bereavement and isolation. Fear nothing as regards your reputation; it is dearer to me than my life. I should have to be a miserable coward if it were to cease to be as pure as yourself, and that time will never come.

Adieu. You are to me as my own life.

YOUR HUSBAND.

FRIDAY, *December 28th.*

It is just two years to-day, my dearest Adèle, since I passed an intoxicating evening, the remembrance of which will always remain amongst my sweetest memories. We went together for the first time to the play.

It was at the Théâtre Français—do you remember? They gave *Hamlet*. Tell me, dear love, have you preserved any remembrance of that delightful evening? Do you recall that we waited a long time for your brother in the street near the theatre, and that you told me *women were more loving than men?* Do you remember that during the whole performance your arm rested lightly upon mine? That I spoke to you of an unhappiness that was imminent, and which, in truth, was not long delayed? That I told you a great many times that so happy an evening would not occur again for a long time? . . .

Oh, my Adèle, when I think that two years have passed since those delicious moments, and that the smallest circumstances connected with them are like those of yesterday in my heart, I ask myself whether it is the same with you, if your memory has been as faithful as mine, and I tremble in asking it, for it would be presumption to believe it; and yet, if you have forgotten all this, you do not love me. Oh, tell me that you have not forgotten; tell me, I pray you, that you have sometimes, during my long absence, thought with regret of those moments that were so quickly flown. . . .

Dear Adèle, how many times I thought of that time when I was in despair! But of what moment is that painful experience now, since you at last belong to me, belong to me at least in hope, and in the future?

SATURDAY, *December 29th.*

I often read over your charming letters. They are to me, in some sort, like your presence. I am astonished, dear love, that this correspondence, which is so sweet to me, should still occasion you any scruples, for the manner in which you blame yourself for not having scruples shows me that you still feel them. Do you not, then, remember that I am your husband; that I ought to be the only confidant and the legitimate depositary of all your thoughts; that this intimate mutual communication which is only permitted us through letters is one of my rights, as it is one of my duties? Oh, my Adèle, do not speak to me again, I entreat you, of your dread of being overesteemed by me! Must I never cease repeating that when you do so you occasion me the utmost distress? I beg you to be very sure of your Victor, and to have confidence in one who lives entirely in you and for you. Do not oblige me to do what you yourself express with so much grace—defend *my wife against my wife.*

Yes, I am proud of my adored wife, of my good and charming Adèle; and this is not *vanity*, it is pride, and pride of the purest description. Your virtues are my treasure, your perfections are my wealth, and I will defend them against your own attacks with the jealousy of a mother and the spirit of a husband.

When I told you that your soul comprehended poetry, I revealed to you only one of your heavenly faculties. You ask: *Are not verses poetry, then?* Verse *in itself* does not

constitute poetry. Verse is only an elegant vestment for a beautiful poem. Poetry can express itself in prose, but it does it more perfectly under the grace and majesty of verse. It is poetry of soul that inspires noble sentiments and noble actions as well as noble writings. A poet who is a bad man is a degraded being, baser and more culpable than a bad man who is not a poet.

This is enough of indifferent things, things upon which you feel, moreover, more than I can tell you of. I only wish that you could know how beautiful, elevated, and poetical is your soul. When we are married, dear love, it will be you who will inspire me, you with whom I shall take counsel concerning all I do, and thus, in addition to having owed you already all my happiness, I shall also owe you my success, should I achieve it.

Be satisfied with yourself without ceasing to be modest. Humility becomes you so well! But you should distinguish between the modesty which consists in ignoring one's own advantages and that which is displayed in attributing them in some sort to others, being grateful to God for the gifts of nature, as well as to our parents for the advantages of education. This last is the only real, the only enduring, modesty. It preserves us against false pride, and leads us to a just sense of our own value....

Adieu! tell me of your health, and permit your husband to embrace you.

1822

We have seen Victor Hugo resume his sweet habits of love, restored to him after a long and painful separation. He was again able to see Adèle at her own home, but in the presence of her parents, with considerable frequency, and sometimes he met her alone elsewhere. He accompanied her and her mother to the theatre, or in walks, and, above all, he wrote to her, and she answered him. These were precious joys in comparison with that sad year of solitude, but they were alloyed for Victor by one mortal uneasiness.

More than six months had passed since the death of Madame Hugo, the new year, 1822, had just opened, and as yet no change had taken place in his worldly prospects. His father had not yet given to his marriage the necessary consent, and, indeed, remained in entire ignorance of his son's love-affair. As to a position under government, or the promised pension, his hopes of either seemed constantly to recede. How long was this state of things likely to last?

M. Foucher, worthy man, would, perhaps, have had patience, but he was not alone. Uncle Asseline and his wife, Victor Foucher, the elder brother, and the cousins—above all, the cousins—expressed themselves astonished at the delay, blamed the affection of the lovers, and spoke of Adèle's reputation as compromised. They threw the blame on poor Adèle herself, who in her turn threw it upon Victor—a cruel anxiety for his susceptible poetic soul.

In vain he postponed the supreme moment. It became necessary to put an end to this clamor, to take some decision, —to *act*. He only half believed in the pension; he worked at his romance; he worked at a drama; he already felt his power. Money he knew would be forthcoming in the end. His greatest difficulty would, he feared, be to obtain the consent of his father.

This difficulty, which had already caused him so much suffering in his mother's case, was now of far greater gravity. If General Hugo refused his consent, it could only legally be dispensed with by waiting five years for Victor's full majority. Victor could not dream of asking the Foucher family so far to extend their patience. Would he himself be able to endure the suffering caused by solitude and hopeless separation? When Adèle no longer existed for him, what then? . . .

When we consider how strong love was in the heart of this young man, when we remember the gravity and even gloom of his ardent temperament, it is evident that the question which he proposed to put to his father would be one of life or death to him.

FRIDAY EVENING, *January 4, 1822.*

I should have done well to leave you the day before yesterday at your own door, for I should not then have embarked on that discussion which must have been a matter of indifference to you, and which, nevertheless, procured for me so chilling a farewell. For I can only attribute that icy adieu to the conversation in which we had just been engaged. An hour before we were in such perfect accord! Would that I had quitted you then! I should have come home with a glad heart, and now a thousand bitter thoughts refuse to mingle with the pleasure of writing to you. It does not seem to me that I can have said anything in our discussion which should have offended you. My words were certainly not words of scandal or of envy, and I fail to understand how I can have displeased you by taking up the defence of the only man in France who is

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worthy of enthusiasm.* If I myself am destined ever to achieve an illustrious career, it seems to me, dearest Adèle, that admiration bestowed on me by fresh minds and youthful souls would be, after yours, my sweetest recompense. But let us leave all this.

I must say frankly, however, that I seldom have the pleasure of finding you in accord with my opinions. Whatever opinion I advance, even if I express before you one in opposition to my own (and it is strange that this seldom happens except when I am talking to you), you are much more ready to agree with the other side that with me. It seems to be only necessary that a remark should pass my lips for it to be an error in your eyes. I never adopt an opinion until I have inquired of myself whether it is noble and generous—that is to say, whether it is worthy of a man who loves you. Alas! when I express this opinion, it may be that it hurts the feelings of some other person who is present, it may be by some one opposed, and then I naturally look for some assurance of your approval, yours being the only one for which I am ambitious, or which gives me satisfaction. It is always in vain! You look at once dissatisfied, your brow is overcast, your words are brief. Sometimes you even impose silence upon me. Then I am obliged to hold my peace, and to appear like a prophet who disbelieves in his own prophecies, or, if I continue the discussion, I retire at last discouraged, because I have displeased you by maintaining ideas which I had believed to be worthy of you, but which, according to all appearances, turn out to be contrary to your own.

I believe, dear love, that all I am saying is simple and natural. Yet I have no certainty that you will not consider it self-conceit. And even if it is self-conceit, it will be your own fault. Have you not permitted me to believe myself loved by you? Dear love, a small and narrow self-confidence will never enter into a soul which has the audacity to love you. My pretensions are very much higher than the pretensions of self-conceit. What I hope is to make you happy—perfectly happy; to associate my obscure and earthly mind with your luminous and heavenly one, my soul with your soul, my fate with your fate, my immortality with your immortality. You may consider all this as mere poetry if you will, for poetry is love. What is there real in this world if it is not poetry? This language may strike you as singular; but reflect, my Adèle, that poetry and virtue in my mind are synonyms, and then it will appear quite simple to you. When love fills up a man's whole nature, self-conceit cannot easily find a place there. It is true that I have not invariably shown a very profound respect for the common run of men. My consciousness does not tell me that I am better than they are, but that I am different from them....

Do you know, my Adèle, the coldness of your farewell has preoccupied me so painfully during these last two days that I have not been able to accomplish anything. Thus the fear of having displeased you is added to remorse at having wasted my time. Every day is now precious to me, when all should be devoted to working for you.

There is one idea which often occurs to me that I must communicate to you. It is that all the promises of service from men in power may not be of so much use to me as one might suppose. I rely only upon myself, because only of myself am I secure. I greatly prefer, dear love, to work for a dozen nights in succession than to spend one hour in soliciting assistance from other people. Do not you feel the same? I am sure of it. And how proud I shall be when I can offer you a competence that is due only to my own exertions!—when I am able to say: "No one but myself has contributed to the welfare of my Adèle"!

When, oh, when will all these delightful hopes be realized? But I do not complain. If I have not as yet entered into the joys of life, my capacity to do so remains in reserve for the bliss in store for me. My dearest, all those who love me should rejoice on the morning that I wed you before the eyes of all men, for then my cup of happiness will be more full than that of any other man. Marriage will open for me a new existence. It will be, as it were, a new birth. How sweet it will be, after so long experiencing an intense virginal passion, to have it fulfilled, through the enjoyment of delights before unknown, by a chaste, healthful, satisfied, and not less ardent affection!

Oh, my Adèle, forgive me! I do not know whither my imagination leads me, but sometimes, when I reflect that no one except myself has any right in you, that you are exclusively my own, I am amazed at my unworthiness, and I ask myself what is there in me to deserve such great good-fortune? If you could know, dear love, with what an agony of prayer I implore God to have pity on my solitude, and to grant me the angelic being who is promised me, you would, perhaps, be able to conceive what power an immortal love can exercise over a mortal being. It is this love, Adèle, that has me completely under subjection. My intense temperament, my proud spirit, my ambitious soul, have all been dominated by my love; they are all concentrated on you alone, all changed into one desire, one idea, one aspiration; and this desire, this idea, this aspiration, which together constitute my entire life, are altogether yours.

At present I live an imperfect life. You are lacking to me—that is to say, everything is lacking to me....

Adieu, my good, my noble Adèle. Love your Victor, imperfect as he is, for he at least appreciates the completeness of his Adèle's perfection.

THY FAITHFUL HUSBAND.

END OF PART II.

* Chateaubriand.

BERNHARDT AND COQUELIN

BY HENRY FOUQUIER

I

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT and Monsieur Constant Coquelin, who have not acted together for twenty years, are now entering upon a prolonged tour in America, extending over several months. The moment is therefore a suitable one for a comprehensive glance at the careers of the two great French actors.

Sarah Bernhardt is of Dutch extraction, but by race an Israelite; she is, however, French by birth, having been born in Paris, and educated there at a Roman Catholic convent. An irresistible vocation impelled her towards the stage, and she followed the conventional course by entering the Conservatoire at Paris. There she became the pupil of two illustrious instructors, Provost and Sanson. She was awarded the prize in tragedy, and was at once engaged, although still very young, at the Comédie Française, where she made her first appearance in the part of Iphigénie. In this she achieved a great success, but the regulations of the Comédie, which gave to its associates the right to reserve for themselves the leading parts in their own lines, pressed heavily on the young artist's enthusiasm. She left the Comédie Française for the Théâtre du Gymnase, where, however, she made only a temporary stay. She was engaged in 1867 to play leading parts at the Odéon Theatre. Her real career before the Parisian public dates from this time. She acted either in tragedy or in comedy —for her talent even at this time was marvellously versatile—and she appeared successively as Armande in *Les Femmes savantes,* as Cordelia in *King Lear,* and as Zavietto in *Le Passant.* She assured the success of Monsieur Coppée's work, in the character of the young poet, and became the most popular of actresses. It was not until after the war of 1870 that she returned to the Comédie Française.

Sarah Bernhardt remained for seven years at the Comédie Française. It was there that she established her reputation as the greatest of contemporary tragédiennes. Her classic répertoire included all the great characters of Racine, Phèdre and Andromaque being those in which she excited especial admiration. Francisque Sarcey, the critic, said of her that she understood how to add the beauties of interpretation to those of her own personality. Her genius shone in the quiet impersonations of Zaire and of Alcmene. The romantic dramas of Victor Hugo, which have now become classic in France, furnished her with the occasion for reappearing as the Queen in *Ruy Blas,* and for presenting in *Hernani* an ideal Doña Sol. She created the part of Berthe in *La Fille de Roland,* the finest tragedy of the last quarter of a century, and for that of the old blind woman in *Rome vaincue* she was content to lay aside all the charms of youth. She created a number of other parts in dramatic comedy at this time, amongst which she excelled in Octave Feuillet's *Sphinx,* and in Dumas's *L'Etrangère.*

Chafing under the annoyances which for years, in spite of her brilliant successes, embittered her career in the Comédie Française, Sarah Bernhardt began a series of foreign tours. She appeared first in London and in Copenhagen as Frou-Frou and as Adrienne Lecouvreur, and afterwards in the United States and in Russia. Her reappearance in Paris was at the theatre L'Ambigu, of which her son, Monsieur Maurice Bernhardt, was at that time manager. She also acted at the Trocadéro, where she appeared—and in doing so excited much curiosity—as Pierrot in a pantomime of Monsieur Richepin; and she then established herself temporarily at the Vaudeville, where she produced *Fédora,* which Monsieur Sardou had written expressly for her. But Sarah

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Bernhardt had always wished to have a theatre of her own. She therefore rented that of the Porte Saint-Martin, which, however, she only retained a short time, although she continued to appear there upon the stage after she had retired from the management. Here she produced *La Dame aux Camélias,* and established her own interpretation of the character of Dumas's heroine, in doing which she caused Madame Doche, who had created the part of Maria Duplessis (and who was just dead), to be entirely forgotten. She also appeared in Monsieur Richepin's drama *Nana Sahib,* the great poet being himself her coadjutor, for he had made himself a comedian in order to interpret his own work, and also, it is said, from the promptings of affection. Ever since Sarah Bernhardt's great success in *Fédora,* Monsieur Sardou had selected her as his favorite interpreter, and it was at this time that she produced *Théodora* and *La Tosca,* both of which were written for her by Monsieur Sardou. After she left the theatre of the Porte Saint-Martin, Sarah Bernhardt, who was still desirous of possessing a theatre of her own, undertook the management of the Renaissance. During the interregnum, which lasted nearly a year, she made various tours in Europe and elsewhere, in the course of which she travelled nearly round the world. At the Renaissance Sarah Bernhardt appeared in a great variety of parts. *La Dame aux Camélias* and *Phèdre,* together with Dumas's *La Femme de Claude* and Monsieur Lemaître's *Les Rois,* were plays in which the public were never tired of seeing her. Monsieur Sardou wrote for her a new historical drama, *Gismonde,* and Monsieur Bardés followed his example in *Medée.* Sarah Bernhardt extended the hospitality of the Renaissance to the Italian actress Duse and her troupe, it being an attraction to the public to see the latter in the *Dame aux Camélias,* while Sarah Bernhardt in her turn borrowed Magda from Duse's répertoire. A taste for novelty and for foreign art made her also interest herself in a remarkable and interesting work by an Italian poet, Signor d'Annunzio; it was, however, only a partial success, in spite of its own merits and her fine interpretation. But Sarah Bernhardt's greatest successes were yet to come in the poetical works of Monsieur Rostand, into which she threw herself with passion, playing successively the Biblical drama *La Samaritaine* and that delicious *conte* entitled *La Princesse lointaine.*

But it was evident to Sarah Bernhardt that the theatre where she was then established, although it was one of the prettiest in Paris, was too small for her répertoire. She negotiated with the city of Paris for the possession of the Théâtre municipal des Nations, which then received the name of the Théâtre de Sarah Bernhardt; and this she at once restored and decorated with the luxurious taste that is part of her character. In this theatre, thus transformed into one of the most elegant in the capital, Sarah Bernhardt gave some plays from her immense répertoire, and revived Octave Feuillet's *Dalilah.* All these, however, were but the prelude to her appearance in *Hamlet,* and in Monsieur Rostand's *L'Aiglon,* in both of which she achieved a magnificent success. This success, indeed, was so great that during the intense heat of last July, when all the fashionable theatres, such as the Variétés and others, were closed, or were kept open only as a matter of form with the smallest possible receipts, the Théâtre de Sarah Bernhardt was every evening the scene of dispute for places, the number of them being too few to satisfy public curiosity.

II

It is impossible not to feel surprise at the spectacle of all that this distinguished actress has accomplished in many and different directions. This is the more remarkable because her health was for a long time exceedingly feeble, and although it has now become robust, its present improvement is apparently due to the force of will power, which in an energetic nature has triumphed over physical weakness. Even if we limit our consideration to such matters as concern the general public, we find Sarah Bernhardt pursuing occupations which would sufficiently occupy a robust man—and this aside from her artistic creations, which are continually renewed.

As manager of a theatre, she permits no one but herself to select the plays in which she appears, nor does she resign



BERNHARDT AS HAMLET

BERNHARDT AS LA SAMARITAINE

to others the task of putting them upon the stage. The restoration of her new theatre, which is the only one in Paris where the decorations are purely in the Italian style, is according to her designs. She directs the decorators and costumers with perfect taste; she herself chooses the draperies and the accessories. In matters such as these money is of no consequence to her; she may be said to throw it out of the window to see it re-enter by the doors. At the time that *L'Aiglon* was being prepared for the stage, she thought it would be desirable to order the expensive uniforms required in the play from Vienna. Upon their arrival she did not consider them sufficiently well made. She sent them to a shop, therefore, and ordered others to be made in Paris. These prodigalities have been the means of securing for her theatre the well-deserved reputation of presenting a *mise en scène* which at once is the most complete, the most artistic, and the most beautiful. The care of this *mise en scène*, which in our day has become an essential, is kept by Sarah Bernhardt entirely in her own hands during her foreign tours; and on that account she carries with her entire warehouses of supplies. This does not prevent her being an adventurous traveller with much curiosity, nor does it hinder her from exploring in the character of a tourist the country to which she comes as an actress. She is everywhere welcome, and the relations that she establishes with illustrious persons often develop into permanent friendships. She is also a sportswoman, and has at one place brought down a crocodile, at another a deer, the spoils from which are added to the collections at her hôtel on the Boulevard Perière, which is full of *souvenirs*, of works of art, and of rare books. She has even been successful in displaying to her friends some live pumas which she brought from America, and has had the audacity to keep in her court-yard.

It is well known that Sarah Bernhardt was married to the distinguished artist Monsieur Damala, since dead. She lives in a very simple manner, having with her her son, who is the object of her passionate devotion. The house is always hospitable, and is frequented by her chosen and faithful friends. On certain days of

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the week they breakfast there, but the actress invariably dines in her *loge* at the theatre. It is here that Sarah Bernhardt employs herself with her pen and with her modelling tools. Occasionally, and especially on her return from her first visit to America, she has displayed a contentious spirit, which was oblivious of politic restraints. All this, however, is but a faded memory, in common with the foolish and stupid stories with which an attempt has been made to surround Sarah Bernhardt's early life. She has written her *Mémoires,* which are of the utmost interest. She has published her impressions of a balloon voyage, in an exquisite little volume of most graceful fancy. She has produced her own drama *L'Aveu* at the Odéon, and she has published in the *Globe* a criticism of the Salon de Peinture, which is remarkably adequate. Sarah Bernhardt is also an accomplished sculptor. For twenty years she has exhibited in the Paris *salons,* both pictures and sculptures, busts of bronze and marble, and portraits remarkable for their bold simplicity. An extremely lifelike bust of Monsieur Sardou is now in Sarah Bernhardt's studio, and her work is also represented at the Exposition. Some years ago she purchased an old ruined fortress in the island of Belle-Isle, which she transformed into a summer dwelling. The fish, the corals, the sea-weed, and the sponges which she finds there upon the beach furnish her with a supply of original ideas and novel conceptions; and it is her recreation to make use of these in creating objects of all kinds, each one of which is a work of art. Everything, in short, serves as an outlet for her prodigious activity.

III

It is a proof of the genius which is universally accorded to Sarah Bernhardt that her manner has undergone a constant modification corresponding to the development in her own conception of dramatic art, which has become increasingly more elevated and comprehensive. In her youth she was a very pretty woman with a fair complexion and a charming countenance, at once sweet and expressive; she possesses that musical voice which has been called *la voix d'or*, and which a poet, in speaking of her, once described as "*une voix blonde.*" Her physical advantages are all made subservient to her ends. She acts, as it is the fashion to say, with all the forces of her being, but her gifts, which were very evenly developed in her education at the Conservatoire, have made her as great in tragedy as in comedy; or, to speak more exactly, she ignores those limitations of genius to which custom and precedent confine the artists of our day—limitations which only result in an excessive restriction of talent from over-specialization. Sarah Bernhardt, then, is by nature an interpreter of the French classics, and in particular of the works of Racine. The phrase "psychological stage" is modern, but the conception is very old. Racine's dramatic art is limited in incident, and is satisfied with very simple situations, but it excels all others in its marvellous analysis of the emotions, and of the struggles to which they give rise in the human soul. Sarah Bernhardt's genius, in my opinion, found the essentials of its evolution in the study of this particular author's dramatic art. At the beginning of her career she was a comedian, led thereto by her natural gifts, by which, however, she was, as always happens in such cases, very little governed. She developed into a thoughtful and accomplished actress, possessing psychological insight in the highest degree, and manifesting it in complete detail, at the same time that she depicted sentiment and passion in all their delicacy or violence, and invariably sustained the character of the heroine, or of the hero, whom she represented. I say hero, as well as heroine, because of late years Sarah Bernhardt has taken pleasure in acting men's parts. They afford her an opportunity, not to be found elsewhere, of satisfying her desire for psychological study. The parts of Lorenzacchio, of Hamlet, and of the Duc de Reichstadt are complex in their nature and very different in character; nevertheless they have one trait in common—that of dissimulation of thoughts, which are not, however, forgotten for an hour. Audacity, vengeance, ambition, vacillation—what a variety of emotion is to be found in these minds! The genius of their interpreter furnishes her with a full comprehension of their emotions, and displays



BERNHARDT IN ROSTAND'S "L'AIGLON"

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itself by enabling her to make them known to us in turn. By her they are all penetrated, analyzed, and expressed. She lays bare the essential truths of life. Her acting is the demonstration of the soul, and she surrounds it always with her own peculiar gift—romantic color. Her impersonations are thus rendered entire and complete, whilst they are enveloped in an atmosphere of poetry. Sarah Bernhardt possesses in the highest degree the endowment of romance, and it is to this gift that she is in great measure indebted for another attribute, which she has developed and intensified by art, the faculty of pose. For it is required of an actress that, in addition to all else that she achieves, she must interpret both painting and sculpture. And Sarah Bernhardt, when she appears before us as Hamlet, calls Delacroix to our minds.

These exquisite effects, where general movement, particular gesture, and definite word are all in perfect harmony, are attained by Sarah Bernhardt through her wonderful pliancy of form. When she first played a man's part in *Le Passant*, she had already a reputation for ease and grace. But in spite of this, when she appeared as Zavietto her disguise was at once revealed, and her acting occasioned that peculiar amusement which arises from the detection of a woman wearing the costume of a man and displaying in it a laughable degree of awkwardness and embarrassment. In her later parts, on the contrary, Sarah Bernhardt conveys the most dignified and noble impression of being in reality the man whom she impersonates. Her ease is extraordinary. For a long time before appearing as Lorenzaccio or as Hamlet she accustomed herself to her costume by wearing it in her own house, thus adapting to it her gestures and familiar movements. It was an amusement of a very piquant character to hear the Prince of Denmark allude during breakfast to the latest incidents of Parisian life. But custom, art, and expression are not in themselves sufficient for the attainment of plastic beauty and appropriateness of gesture; they must be accompanied by a movement of the mind acting in unison with a group of especially harmonized bodily motions. It is not necessary to say that Sarah Bernhardt possesses this endowment. She gives evidence of it even in involuntary action. I was one day speaking of her to Pavissier, the cultivated and artistic manager of the Comédie Française, and he remarked: "I have never seen anything more beautiful than one occasion upon which Sarah Bernhardt, who was then in ill health, fainted upon the stage in the costume of Phèdre, and Mounet-Sully, distressed at the illness of his colleague, to whom he was much attached, carried her into her *loge*, he himself being attired in the costume of Hippolyte. No painter or sculptor ever composed such a group. Sarah Bernhardt remained a tragédienne even when unconscious." I ventured to make a little sketch of this anecdote, which the great actress herself confirmed.

It would be easy to spend a long time upon the discussion of what Sarah Bernhardt owes to her artistic education; to the character of her intelligence, which is open to impressions from all sides; to her labors in sculpture and in painting, which have developed in her the capacity for plastic expression; to the good fortune which has enabled her to be the interpreter of the whole range of modern, classic, and romantic drama, a privilege which she owes to the versatility of her talent: not any of these, however, is of as much value to her as the power that belongs to her of the exteriorization of all beauty by which she herself has been touched or impressed. In this lies the genius of her dramatic art.

IV

Nothing can be more regular than the life of Monsieur Constant Coquelin—or Coquelin *aîné*, as he is called, in order to distinguish him from his brother, who is also an actor, and who, like himself, is an associate of the Comédie Française. Monsieur Coquelin's life is that of a hard-working *bourgeois*; and I use the word *bourgeois* deliberately as a eulogistic term, opposed to the absurd idea which regards all actors as a bohemian and disorderly class. Monsieur Coquelin is a self-made man. He is the son of a baker at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and owes nothing to his birth and early education. There are in France a number of families in which the theatrical profession is hereditary, and who on that ac-



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. C. [illegible].

M. CONSTANT COQUELIN AS "CYRANO"

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count are called *les enfants de la balle:* with Coquelin, however, the vocation was intensely individual and spontaneous. It led him to Paris, to the Conservatoire, where he entered a class instructed by Régnair, who was a perfect master and an accomplished actor, and for whom Coquelin always entertained the deepest respect. In spite of his natural gifts, the most essential of which is an admirable voice, Coquelin obtained only the second prize in comedy: and this, we may observe in passing, shows how large a part chance plays in the competitive examinations in the *Concours,* and what uncertainty is connected with them. Upon being engaged, however, at the Comédie Française, he required only four years to enter the *Sociétariat.* It was in the part of Figaro that he attained the first rank, and became—although the expression is a trifle absurd when applied to a man—"a star comedian." He played successively in all Régnair's rôles, particularly in those which belong to the classic répertoire in comedy, and which are known as *les grands manteaux,* and soon became, in the opinion of the public, a great authority even in the sacred precincts of Molière. As an actor of independence, however, he did not achieve this important place without encountering difficulties. A period of misunderstandings and reconciliations was followed at last by a definite rupture, which, however, I will not call final, for it is not impossible that Coquelin may, at some not very distant date, return to the theatre where nearly the whole of his career has been passed, and where he achieved his reputation.

Coquelin made numerous foreign tours while attached to the Comédie Française, and has done so still more since his departure from it gave him more liberty of action. Those which he made in America have not been forgotten there. He has travelled all over Europe on different occasions, stopping at all the capitals in England, Russia, and Austria. He has even been in Turkey, where he acted before the Sultan, and in Egypt. Success has everywhere attended him. His powerful energy has not been entirely absorbed by his studies of the innumerable rôles in which he plays—although they are always very conscientious—nor by the heavy labors of his foreign tours, in which he always acts as director if not as *impresario.* He has devoted a great deal of time and pains to the formation of a choice collection of paintings, from the stand-point of a distinguished amateur. He has also written some remarkable essays, in which he has displayed scholarly and original criticism. In connection with these he has spoken in public on certain contemporary poets, such as Sully-Prudhomme and Manuel; and he has made a special study of certain great parts in Molière's dramas, such as Tartuffe, Alceste, and Arnolphe, from his own point of view, which is not always in accordance with the traditional one. He is wholly devoted to his art, and equally devoted to the development of a dignified conception of the theatrical profession amongst those who follow it—a dignity of which he himself affords a constant example; and he defends the stage with ardor against unjust attacks. It was in recognition of his attitude in this respect that his colleagues, quite recently and only a short time after he had undertaken the management of the Porte Saint-Martin, chose him to preside over their powerful association. The fact that he thus took possession of a theatre in Paris, where he himself acted, together with his son, who is an excellent artist, involved Coquelin in a lawsuit with the Comédie Française, a lawsuit in which the most delicate questions were involved. Monsieur Waldeck-Rousseau was his adviser and his advocate. In another affair, of less gravity (concerning a difficulty with an *impresario*), Coquelin appeared himself before the court and pleaded his own cause in the happiest manner.

He enjoys the active side of public life, and there is no great event which does not interest him, or to which he can be indifferent. He is a stanch and thoughtful republican, very patriotic in his sentiments. It is well known that he enjoyed a warm friendship with Gambetta, and was a constant guest at the breakfasts at the Presidency. Gambetta loved the theatre passionately, and especially the Comédie Française, where the private box reserved for him was rarely left unoccupied. There is a touch of malice in the comparison which is sometimes made between this friendship and that of Napoleon for Tal-



COQUELIN IN THERMIDOR



COQUELIN AS JEAN BART



COQUELIN AS
DON CESAR de BAZAN



COQUELIN IN LES ORIGINAUX

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ma, for a jest at the expense of France is always popular; it is said that the great public orator did not disdain to consult the great comedian upon the effects that he wished to produce in the tribune. At all events it is known to me that this friendship was mutual and sincere, and that the great actor displayed no lack of dignity in forming it. Perhaps if Gambetta had lived he might have drawn Coquelin into politics. I should have regretted this for his own sake. I have suffered from the like myself, and I know by experience that of all the comedy and tragedy enacted by men, that presented on the stage contains the least sorrow.

V

Coquelin had not been more than five or six years at the Comédie Française when it became evident that his talent had reached full maturity, and that the artist was in complete possession of a finished technique. This result had been attained almost entirely in classic parts, such as the valets and other comic characters of Molière, the so-called *rôles à manteaux*. But a process of evolution had gone on in Coquelin's own mind, which made itself felt in the ultimate aims of his professional life. His mind is naturally a serious one, and he considered that to laugh or to create laughter was not the highest end of man. His keen susceptibility to emotion attracted him towards the contest between passion and duty, a contest which constitutes the whole of life, and of which the theatre presents the reflection created by art. He wished to represent upon the stage a more varied range of sentiments and ideas, and to devote himself to the study of characters more complex than those to which he had hitherto given expression and representation. It has been a great exaggeration to say that he turned his thoughts in the direction of tragedy, and in so doing defied nature, which has not gifted him with the physique of a Mounet-Sully. But it is true that he very soon aspired to play parts involving mixed feelings, where emotion and tears mingled with mirth and fancy.

During the period in which his mind was undergoing this transition, Coquelin's literary taste, which is eclectic, was attracted towards the highest order of romantic poets by the remembrance of the great actors who have interpreted them. Thus it happened that the Comédie Française beheld him pass from classic to modern parts, that is, from purely comic characters to those of a semi-heroic nature, and by this transition he attained to the interpretation of the great social works of Dumas in the character of the Duc de Septmonts, which was, for him, an entirely new development. He has utilized the greater liberty afforded him by his occupation of the Porte Saint-Martin to advance in the direction towards which he has been so long inclined. He has wished to be, and he has been, an actor who remained purely comic in some parts, as, for instance, in the nose of Cyrano, or the stammering of Latustière in *Thermidor,* but who in simple and popular characters of a soldierly caste, such as Jean Bart, Du Guesclin, or La Tulipe, as well as in the portrayal of souls of such simplicity as the *forçat* Jean Valjean, was the impersonator of emotion and tears arising from the interpretation of heroism, of tenderness, and of goodness. Certainly, even those persons who, by reason of a commonplace order of mind, appear to consider that Coquelin, having attained perfection in one style of acting, should remain forever restricted to it, cannot deny that in him the power of depicting emotion is fully equal to the gift of exciting mirth.

VI

Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Monsieur Coquelin are to-day the most distinguished of modern actors, and by the variety of their talents they have become the most finished representatives of the French stage. Their artistic education has been very different; their gifts are wholly dissimilar. A certain romantic passion in the nature of one, and a certain concentration in the nature of the other, have seemed to be occasion of revolt against the restraints of classic tradition. By different paths they have reached the same end. They have introduced upon the stage the greatest form of human truth which it is possible to present there: truth appearing in varied forms of expression, as it does in life itself, where poetry, imagination, and reality, have their time and place.



A Garden of Childhood

BY

SARAH S. STILWELL



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The Spirit of Faëry.

THERE is a garden where the dream-thoughts of children sometimes go, and whither they carry none of their troubles with them.

It is a garden full of bright sunlight, but the sunlight is not of our world. As it slides between the leaves and flowers down upon the grass, it shapes itself into wonderful objects as of shining gold, and the children play with them.

In the garden there are myriads of tender breezes, but they are not the breezes that blow over the earth. Each is a small creature knowing many new games that it is ever ready to play with the children.

In the garden is a great choir of tuneful birds, but they are not the birds of the earth. They understand the child language, and the children understand the bird language, so the little winged creatures are not afraid.

In the garden are infinite quantities of gorgeous flowers, but they are not such as grow in earthly soil. They never fade or die. When the children have pulled as many as they desire, have made them into wreaths and garlands, and have hung them wherever is most beautiful, there the blossoms grow and bloom forever.

There is a lady who lives in this garden. She is the Mother of Wisdom. When the children tire of playing, they come to her and sit among the crocuses in the grass at her feet. She tells them many wonderful things. When she talks they hear nothing else, for the radiant sunshine and the lady's smile, the brightly colored flowers and the rainbow hues of the lady's garment, the clear songs of the birds and the gentle whispering of the winds, and the lady's voice—are all one.

What she tells the children they understand perfectly. She knows all there is to know, and tells them what she knows. That is why children are so much wiser than grown-up people.





Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

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The Sleeping Garden

In the languid warmth of the summer afternoon the garden lay sleeping, and the child slumbered in the midst of it.

The many brightly hued flowers nodded their heads dreamily.

The honey-bees, as they clung to the white clover blossoms, droned lazily.

The insects, in the cool, short grass, hummed with drowsy monotony.

Now and then the soft chirping that proceeded from the nest full of young robins in the tree above broke into a louder clamor, betokening the silent arrival of the parent birds.

A gentle breeze blew through the garden. It rustled among the leaves of the trees, and drew strange notes from the pine-needle strings. It tilted the lazy butterflies as they hovered over the flower-beds. It wafted the flower odors through the sleepy air. It caught the golden drops of sunshine in the fountain-basin and shook them over the dark shadows below. It brushed together the dry grass-cuttings and whirled them to the edge of the garden walk. It wove the round patches of sunlight in and out among the grass blades, and waved the fringe of the hammock in which the child lay sleeping. By-and-by it caught the ribbon in the little one's hair and tapped it against her cheek. She opened her eyes and blinked for a moment into the checkered green and gold above. Then she sprang from the hammock—and the sleeping garden was awake.





Half-tone plate engraved by G. J. Smith.



The Pine-tree House.

During the long summer afternoon the children played amid the branches in the pine-tree house.

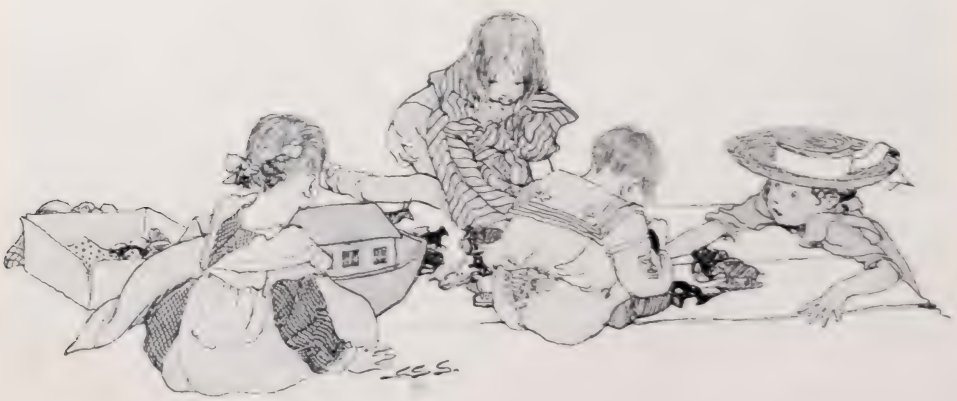
Through the green roof overhead they could see the big white clouds drifting quietly across the blue sky that glittered behind the dark pine needles.

From the many green-curtained windows they could look down upon the garden far below, where the gravel paths twinkled in the sunlight, where the gayly colored butterflies sailed slowly from blossom to blossom, where the birds hopped about on the short, cool grass, and where the flowers swayed before the breeze that wove in and out the thin shadows lying upon the garden and against the walls of the house. The shadow up in the pine-tree house was broad and dark. It spread over the children, and, sliding down from the edge of the platform floor, rested among the pine needles in the remote depths below.

In their lofty dining-room the children played tea party. The bright tin dishes and pieces of broken china-ware were spread out on the boards. There was water for the tea, a pine cone for the bread-loaf, grass for the salad, and a dish of cherries for the dessert. What the children ate tasted very good, in fancy, to them, and they thought the doll enjoyed it quite as much as themselves.

Through the noise of their play they heard the cheery song of the robin and the call of the blackbird mother as she flew back and forth to her nest in one of the outer branches.

It seemed to the children that their play was very real, and they inclined as seriously to it as grown-up people are serious about the things of their life.





Halftone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit.

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Halftone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

MOTHER AND CHILD

SHAW'S FOLLY

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

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MANY years ago an old friend of mine named Shaw made an experiment which, though it failed lamentably, has a kind of interest attaching to it as an early attempt to do in a small way what has since been successfully accomplished on a large scale. My account of the experiment referred to would doubtless have taken the shape of a sober essay on economics, were it not for certain collateral happenings which might have seemed out of place in a serious paper. As I am unwilling to suppress the lighter material, the presentation of the matter must necessarily be in a different form.

I.

On West Fifteenth Street, and midway between two of those great arteries which stretch up from the commercial heart of the city, stands a block of brownstone English-basement houses of that monotonous style of architecture peculiar to New York. From the cornice of the flat, tin-plated roof down to the escutcheon at the key-hole of the area door, these houses are so exactly alike that it has chanced to more than one occupant, returning home late at night, to try his pass-key on the wrong domicile. I imagine that families residing here might gradually come to resemble one another morally and physically, until at last it would make very little difference which front door they used. This would be the natural result, if the said families did not occasionally pile their household belongings into huge vans, and move themselves to another row of buildings of the same enervating uniformity.

Such complete fusion of identities as I have hinted at as possible had certainly not taken place in this particular block at the moment the present record opens. The three persons who were seated, one May evening long ago, in the rear parlor of the centre house in the series bore slight resemblance, I fancy, to any other three persons assembled under the roofs which impartially covered the various cells of that human hive.

The individuals in question were seated near a round table, upon which stood a drop-light from the chandelier, and consisted of one man and two women. Their relations described themselves at once as those of father, mother, and daughter. The father, a person in the early autumn of life, was reading, or pretending to read, the evening newspaper. The mother, also in her sunny prime, held a piece of sewing-work in her hand, held it listlessly, letting the needle take long vacations. The daughter, a handsome girl of eighteen or nineteen, was bending over a novel, from whose pages she lifted her eyes at brief intervals, glancing in a hurried, evasive way at her two elders in turn.

There was something indefinable in the atmosphere of the richly furnished room—a constraint, an anxiety, an air of reticence and hesitation, which seemed to communicate itself to the ormolu clock as it slowly and with apparent effort measured out eight strokes, holding back the eighth as if it were deliberating whether or not to tell the whole truth about the hour.

The timepiece had not ceased vibrating (with suppressed emotion, as it were) when the gentleman began to fold up the journal into a small compass, to which he gave a final twist, preparatory to laying it on the table. This he presently did. The elder of the two women let the needle-work slip into her lap, and looked at him anxiously across the newspaper, which now lay writhing and trying to untwist itself on the marble slab.

"Yes, my dear," he remarked, intercepting the interrogation that flitted across her features, "I think I'll drop down to the club for an hour."

The words were pronounced lightly,

but there was somehow a false note in the lightness. The wife mechanically resumed her sewing, and remained silent. The young girl, who had raised her head quickly, again bent over the page which she had not been reading.

As the man crossed the apartment and stepped into the hall, the women glanced at one another with an enigmatical expression on their faces; but neither of them spoke or moved. The clock, breathing heavily on its black-walnut bracket, seemed the only thing alive in the room, until the street door was heard to close, when the young girl immediately left her seat, and passing swiftly to a window in the front parlor, lifted one corner of the gray holland shade. As she did it her face showed anxiously in the flare of the street lamp opposite the house.

"Which way has he gone?" asked the elder woman. She had risen, and was standing beside the rocking-chair.

"Toward Sixth Avenue."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, mother."

"And the club is in the other direction?"

The girl nodded her head.

"I can't bear it," said the woman; "I had no sleep last night. I cannot stand it any longer."

"You mean to follow him, mother?"

"I mean to know what is going on. It is useless for you to argue with me, Elizabeth. I intend to follow him."

The words were spoken in a manner which showed that some action in this sort had previously been opposed by the daughter. The daughter offered no opposition now, but with her lips tightly compressed left the room. She shortly reappeared, bringing some wraps thrown over one arm. A moment afterward the two women descended the brownstone steps of the house, and paused an instant on the sidewalk.

II.

When Augustus Shaw retired from business he was forty-five years old. His withdrawal from the firm of Shaw, Woods, and Company was a surprise to the world, that is to say, to such fraction of the world as had had commercial intercourse with him. It was more than a surprise to his father, Elijah Shaw, a remarkably well preserved old gentleman of eighty, who had not ceased to look upon his son as an immature youth still requiring the oversight of the paternal eye. Shaw senior, who resided in Vermont, was at the time visiting a married daughter in the city.

"I don't approve of it," said the old gentleman. "Augustus has thrown up a business that was coining money like a mint; and that's not the worst of it. What will become of the boy, with nothing to do from morning till night? He'll be sure to tumble into some sort of foolishness. It's very dangerous at his age to have no regular employment. A country life is the only thing for Augustus now. He ought to buy some of those neglected lands up in New Hampshire, and become an abandoned farmer. A big city full of pitfalls like New York is no place for him. It's no place for anybody. If a man's poor, he can't live here; and if he's rich, he'd better not."

Augustus's view of the case was this: For twenty years and upward he had been a slave to business, a supremely successful slave as it happened, and he had extracted a certain kind of satisfaction from success merely as success; but the process had tied him down and involved many self-denials. He was now in the prime of life, with a fortune far beyond the dream of the sixteen-year-old Vermont boy who had walked into New York with twenty dollars in his pocket and the determination suffused throughout him to be a rich man some day. Why should he continue to heap up money until he was a spavined old fellow incapable of getting any comfort out of his accumulations? What was the use of wealth to a man who was obliged to soak his toast in tea, and could not ride in his carriage without taking his rheumatism along with him? A good dinner is a mockery when you have no digestion left. He purposed to dine before such calamity should befall him, and to drive out unaccompanied by anything less agreeable than Maria.

Indeed, his plans were in a special manner designed with reference to Mrs. Shaw. During the acquirement of his fortune his home life had been a mere episode; he had never leisurely warmed his hands at his own fireside. He was to open a new account with life. He

would take Maria and his daughter to theatres and concerts and picture exhibitions, as he had seldom been able to do when his evenings were his only hours of rest. He would make visits, and give little dinners, and read what's-his name's novels, and see something of the social world. The supervision of his investments would give him as much occupation as he desired to have in a business way.

"Augustus has made a mistake," persisted old Mr. Shaw, "and he'll discover it when it's too late. Before twelve months are over he'll assemble and vote himself a fool, mark my prediction, Maria"—for it was to that lady these reassuring words were addressed after having vainly been placed at the disposal of Augustus.

The younger Mr. Shaw's dream of domesticity did not come true at once, nor, indeed, did it ever materialize precisely as he had anticipated. In settling his relations with the firm a hundred points arose, each entailing some vexatious delay; but finally matters were adjusted, and Augustus Shaw became one of those *rarae aves* in our busy American life—a gentleman of leisure.

Immediately on his retirement, Mr. Shaw and the family moved to their cottage at Long Branch. The summer passed pleasantly; but Mr. Shaw had never before had so much sea-side at one time, and as the season drew to a close he became impatient to get back to the city. The family left Long Branch somewhat in advance of the general exodus, and the first week in September saw them again established in West Fifteenth Street.

After the bloom of novelty was brushed off, Mr. Shaw found that amusement as a permanent occupation was a rather complex matter. In order to achieve even a moderate success in it, it is indispensable that one should have a long line of ancestors austerely trained in the art of doing nothing. Augustus Shaw could not comply with this requisition. He had come of plain New England people who believed in the gospel of toil, and had practised it to the end, some on the land and some on the sea. There had been rich Shaws before his time, ship-captains, and farmers, and lawyers; and they had nearly always made a bee-line from the quarter-deck, the plough, or the judicial bench to the family burial-ground. He was the first of his race to withdraw from active life without the special intervention of Providence.

The Shaw family had few acquaintances and no intimates that were not in a manner dependents. Mr. Shaw was a wealthy man for those days—the days just preceding the period when millionaires were to become monotonous—and with a little social tact the Shaw family could easily have made their way. But social tact is an inborn faculty, and the Shaws were without it. On the edge of the great world they continued to live simply and quietly, and, perhaps with the exception of Mr. Shaw, not unhappily. He was the only one of the three lacking internal resources. Mrs. Shaw's heart was in her housekeeping, and Elizabeth led a busy and variegated existence in the realms of fiction. Mr. Shaw was no great reader outside of newspapers. Politics interested him deeply; but he had no personal aspirations politically, and remained a spectator. When he cut himself adrift from his counting-room he was stranded. It is not to be deduced from all this that Mr. Augustus Shaw was a nonentity. He was a man of unusually keen perceptions and great executive capacity in certain lines. A lapse of judgment had thrown him out of his proper groove.

The Shaws now gave little dinners, according to the programme, and went much to the theatre—too much for Mr. Shaw, who seldom cared for the play, and would vastly have preferred his evening journal and that ten minutes' after-dinner nap which long years of nightly fatigue had crystallized into a custom. But this was a thing of the past; for even on off nights—the nights of no theatre—the evening journal failed to soothe the restlessness he had generated during the day. At first he went down town in the forenoons; but a man of leisure in Wall Street is a solecism. Mr. Shaw speedily gave up his visits to the Merchants' Exchange and the outlying dingy offices where his presence once had some meaning; and then the heaviness of the forenoon differed in no respect from the heaviness of the afternoon. Mr.

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Shaw had got himself elected one of the vice-presidents of a benevolent society. The days when there was a directors' meeting were red-letter days to him. In a word, he was dreadfully bored.

Mrs. Shaw was struck by the surface changes that had taken place in her husband, and presently detected the cause. Home life was plainly insufficient for a man like Augustus, who had been used to managing large enterprises, and he must have outside interests to distract his mind. For one thing, he must have his club to go to—not a literary or an artistic club, nor a mere lunching-place, like the place downtown, but an all-round club, with a predominant sprinkling of bankers, lawyers, and men of affairs generally. Such an organization was not difficult to find, and nothing was easier than to obtain membership. Mr. Woods, Mr. Shaw's late partner, arranged it with his own club, into which in due time Mr. Shaw was handsomely received.

"Maria never had a better idea," said Augustus, discussing the subject later with his father, whose mind was somewhat disturbed by certain aspects of the case. "Of course, governor, there is card-playing, for those who like it, and the members have their something-and-soda, but all in a reasonable way, you understand. Oh, no wildness at all. Quiet, comfortable rooms, with easy-chairs, and newspapers, and good company. I am very glad to meet a lot of my old business acquaintances again."

"Well, Augustus, I hope it is all for the best."

"Maria," observed Mr. Shaw, after Shaw senior had taken his departure, "father is a dear old boy, and the soul of honesty. I owe him everything. If it hadn't been for him I should probably have been somebody else, and then I mightn't have married *you*. Yes, father is a dear old boy; but when he runs down from Vermont for a few weeks' visit to Sodom and Gomorrah, as he calls New York and Brooklyn, I am glad that he stays at my sister's."

The success of Mrs. Shaw's expedient met her desires. The cloud was lifted from the evening fireside. Augustus had somewhere to go. Occasionally he would drop into the club of an afternoon to look over the papers, and twice a week he joined a sedate whist party there. Ultimately, the drama and the opera having more or less palled on the entire family, Mr. Shaw fell into the habit of passing an hour at the club after dinner whenever nothing else intervened. Just as the clock chimed eight he would fold up his journal, smile pleasantly on Maria and Elizabeth, and depart from the Shaw mansion, leaving the two women wholly contented, one with her hem and the other with her book or magazine. Sometimes the Delaney girls, of Waverley Place, or young Simson, from over the way—he was suspected of sentiment in connection with Elizabeth—would drop in on them. Life flowed smoothly and sunnily with the Shaw family.

But nothing lasts in this mutable world. There is always a little rift ready to develop itself in anybody's lute. One night Elizabeth had a slight faint turn, which alarmed her mother unnecessarily, and Mr. Shaw was sent for. He was not to be found at the club, and the messenger, on inquiring at what hour Mr. Shaw had left, was informed by the hall-boy that the gentleman had not been in the club-house since Monday afternoon—it was then Friday. This singular statement distracted Mrs. Shaw's attention for an instant from Elizabeth's faintness, which, moreover, had passed. Of course the hall-boy was mistaken, the stupid hall-boy! Two minutes later, when Augustus returned—seeming to show that he must have started for home just before the messenger reached the club—the matter had faded out of Mrs. Shaw's mind in her relief at Elizabeth's recovery. It did not occur to her until three or four days afterward, as she was sitting alone in the back parlor.

It was one of Mr. Shaw's whist evenings, and Elizabeth had gone to the theatre with the Delaney girls. Mrs. Shaw's needle came to a dead stop in the hem as the recollection of the hall-boy's statement suddenly drifted into her thought. She ought to have told Augustus about it immediately. She would tell him the moment he came in. How odd of her to have forgotten the circumstance, and with what persistency it seemed to obtrude itself upon her now! All the details of the trivial incident grew curiously vivid. She recalled the expres-

sionless face of James, the in-door man, and the very intonation of his voice as he said, "The hall-boy says, ma'am, as Mr. Shaw hasn't been in the club-house since last Monday."

It was eleven o'clock when Elizabeth returned, and Mr. Shaw had not appeared. He never remained out so late. Something unusual must have happened. Visions of apoplexy and garroters flitted through Mrs. Shaw's imagination. The papers at the time were full of accounts of night assaults on belated pedestrians. It had become fashionable, in a way, to be garroted. Elizabeth had been taken to and from the theatre in the coupé, and Dennis was on the point of turning to drive off to the stable when he received an order to call at the club for Mr. Shaw.



IN A CHAIR NEAR THE HAT-RACK

"You needn't sit up, Elizabeth," said her mother, lowering the gas in the hall. "I'll wait for your father. You look tired."

Having sent the servants to bed, Mrs. Shaw seated herself at the parlor window, where the half-drawn shade gave her a view of the deserted street, and watched for the carriage. After what seemed an interminable lapse of time the coupé came back — empty. Mr. Shaw was not in the club-house, and had not been there that night!

"That's all, Dennis," Mrs. Shaw managed to say; "the servants don't appear to know Mr. Shaw by sight."

Then she closed the street door, to which she had hastened, and sat down in a chair near the hat-rack. Her first fear for the safety of Augustus had vanished. The idea of apoplexy or garroters would have been welcome if it could have dispelled the unformed apprehensions that now possessed her. Augustus had not gone to the club that night, and he had not gone there the night Elizabeth was taken ill! The hall-boy's report had been correct—it was a part of his duty to take note of the coming and going of members. Augustus was deceiving her in some way. He had got into some dreadful trouble. His mysterious conduct was inexplicable on any other grounds. These secret movements could mean nothing else. Old Elijah Shaw, at

whom they all had laughed, had been right in his dismal forebodings. But in what shape had they come true? A hundred fancies started up in her mind, like spectres indistinct and conjectural. Mrs. Shaw was not naturally a jealous woman; to be sure, she had never been tested; but jealousy is a trait that betrays itself without provocation, it crops out in countless illogical directions. She had never given the faintest sign of it, but at this moment Mrs. Shaw, like Othello, was "perplexed in the extreme," and a strange spasm contracted her heart as she sat there in the dimly lighted hall.

Elizabeth must be told; indeed, the matter could not be kept from her. Hastily shutting off the gas on the lower floor, Mrs. Shaw groped her way up to Elizabeth's room, and a few minutes afterward the two repaired to Mrs. Shaw's apartment, where they engaged in animated conversation while the elder woman was undressing. Elizabeth had come back from Wallack's sleepy and fatigued, but now her expression was animated, and her eyes in the subdued light of the chamber had the bloom of sapphires. The girl's excitement, however, was very much less than her mother's. The odd impression that all this was like something in a novel blended itself with the reality of Elizabeth's trouble, and probably modified it. Her relative composure under the circumstances somewhat piqued her mother.

"You will at least admit, Elizabeth," said Mrs. Shaw, tossing her rings into a small jewel-box on the toilet table, "that your father is acting very strangely."

"Yes, mother; I don't understand it."

"He pretends to go to the club every night, and never goes there, it seems. Where, then, *does* he go?"

"Why don't you ask him, mother, when he comes home? I should, if I were you."

"Would you?"

"Yes, mother."

"As he is clearly trying to keep it from us, that would simply put him on his guard."

"But suppose he isn't guarding anything? It is so unlike papa."

"You are talking nonsense, Elizabeth. He *is* guarding something. Do you think it likely he'd tell us what, if we questioned him, since he's doing all he can to hide it? He doesn't like to be questioned, even at the best of times. It's one of his peculiarities. He seems to be cultivating some new ones that I haven't got used to. 'So unlike papa!' Elizabeth, anything is like any man. No, I shall say nothing to your father," continued Mrs. Shaw, whose lips had grown thin and white. "I shall wait, and find out for myself what it all means. I don't intend to be put off with prevarications and half-truths. I intend to discover everything."

"But how will you discover—everything, mother?" said the girl, with a perceptible thrill.

"You can help me, Elizabeth, if you choose. If you don't, I shall do it alone."

"Do what?"

"To-morrow night when he goes to his club"—and Mrs. Shaw lingered on the words with a wan, ironical smile—"I shall follow him."

"Oh, don't do that, mother!" cried Elizabeth. "If what seems so mysterious should turn out to be something easily explained, papa would never forgive you. Dear papa! he has never been so nice to us as he has been these last three or four months."

"That's a very unfavorable symptom," replied Mrs. Shaw, with a worldly cynicism so foreign to her that Elizabeth gave a little start.

At that instant the click of a pass-key was heard in the lock at the street door. Elizabeth gathered her pretty night-wraps about her and fled. Mrs. Shaw reduced the dressing-table gas-jet to a mere speck, and was almost instantly sound asleep.

After an appreciable interval the staircase began to creak, in the ingenious and malicious fashion of staircases after midnight. On the second landing somebody appeared to have run against something, presumably a three-footed stand with a pot plant on it, and a repressed remark was faintly audible. Then Mr. Shaw, carrying a shoe in each hand, passed noiselessly into the conjugal chamber. He at once extinguished the gas, and proceeded to lay aside his habiliments with that scrupulous care to avoid



MR. SHAW PASSED NOISELESSLY INTO THE CONJUGAL CHAMBER

disturbing anybody which characterizes the man weakly conscious of having staid out too late. Nevertheless, one or two *contretemps* occurred: a coat was carefully laid over the back of a chair that was not there, and, later, a silver half-dollar slipped from his trousers pocket, and rolled along a strip of inlaid flooring not covered by the Turkish rug. It seemed as if the coin was never going to stop rolling. Finally it slapped itself down, and then indulged in a series of spasmodic efforts to get up on its rim again. But even that did not awaken Mrs. Shaw.

The breakfast next morning was a gloomy ceremony, attended by two female headaches and one male conscience ill at ease. On the completion of the meal, Mr. Shaw disappeared, probably went down town, and was not seen again until half an hour before dinner. The dinner consisted of the breakfast gloom served in five courses. Mr. Shaw made several overtures to be gay, but meeting no encouragement, fell silent. Mrs. Shaw still showed traces of the previous night's agitation, and Elizabeth's theatre headache still lingered. Dinner over, Mrs. Shaw automatically picked up her needle-work, Elizabeth began a new chapter in *Lady Audley's Secret,* and Mr. Shaw ostentatiously unfolded the evening newspaper.

Thus were the three members of the Shaw family occupied at the moment of our first glimpse of them, and then ensued that brief scene, already rehearsed, in which Mr. Shaw was represented as setting forth for his club, followed rather dramatically by his wife and his daughter Elizabeth.

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III.

The two women paused an instant at the foot of the steps, then walked rapidly down the street toward Sixth Avenue. West Fifteenth Street was not then a crowded thoroughfare even by day, and after nightfall the passing was infrequent. Mrs. Shaw and Elizabeth met no one until they were within fifty paces of the avenue, when the elder woman grasped the girl's wrist, and they both halted abruptly. Near the corner was a small confectionery-shop, from the door of which Mr. Shaw was leisurely emerging. In his hand he held a white paper parcel tied with ribbon. The glare of light falling upon him from the shop window revealed this detail. He walked to the curbstone of the crossing on the avenue and stopped. The constant stream of pedestrians flowing in two opposite directions hid him for a moment from the mother and daughter. Though he had had the advantage of only a three minutes' start, they would have missed him if he had not stepped into the shop to make a purchase.

"He is waiting for a car," said Elizabeth, in a low voice; "an up-town or a down-town car. I wonder which?"

"It doesn't matter," answered Mrs. Shaw, with an accent of disappointment; "if he takes either, we may as well go home. You don't see a cab anywhere, Elizabeth?"

There was no cab in sight, and the nearest carriage-stand was several blocks away. The jingling bell of an approaching horse-car was now heard. It passed on unhailed, and Mr. Shaw was seen crossing the track to the opposite curbstone, on reaching which he turned to the left and proceeded down the avenue.

The side of the street he had selected was comparatively deserted, there being few or no shops, and Mrs. Shaw and Elizabeth, hidden by the throng on the parallel sidewalk, could observe unperceived all Mr. Shaw's movements. There was nothing mysterious about them, so far. He walked with the air of a man who had a predetermined destination, but was in no special haste to reach it. Of the three, Elizabeth and her mother were the more likely to invite notice. They were unused to being on the streets alone at night, and the novelty of it, together with the nature of their purpose, gave to them a faltering, half-terrified manner calculated to attract attention. A policeman on a corner stared them out of countenance, and wheeling partly round, watched the receding figures until he lost them in the crowd.

Indeed, other eyes than those of policemen took casual note of the pair. Their costume and gait differentiated them from the frequenters of the Sixth Avenue, for almost every avenue in the great city has its own type; and then Elizabeth's beauty was not of a kind to pass unchallenged anywhere. Twice she was aware that some one turned and followed them for half a block or so: and once she was ready to drop when a beggar-woman lightly touched her on the shoulder. The sidewalks lay in a glare like that of noonday. Drug-stores, with gaudy purple and orange jars, and drinking-saloons, with knots of hard-featured men lounging at the stained-glass doorways, took turns in accenting the fatal commonness of the street. The two women passed these latter places shrinkingly. Years afterward, when Miss Shaw was Mrs. Rush Simson, she could not relate the story of that night expedition without throwing a little shiver into the narrative.

Meanwhile Mr. Shaw tranquilly continued his promenade, which threatened to last forever. He had gone perhaps six or seven blocks when he turned to the right into a cross-street. Proceeding a short distance down this, he again turned to the right, and entered a narrower and less well-lighted thoroughfare. Here his pace slackened. It was evident that he had nearly reached the desired point. A few steps farther on he stopped. Mrs. Shaw and Elizabeth, who had not lost sight of him for a second, were within a dozen yards of the spot where he halted. If Mr. Shaw had suspected their presence, he would not have been able to distinguish the two trembling figures blotted out by the black shadow thrown from the high board fence enclosing some vacant lots just opposite. Mr. Shaw himself, standing in a square of light, was distinctly visible.

The street was of seedy aspect—one of those streets which seem to have started out in life with some pretensions to gen-



Illustration poorly engraved by W. A. Mein.

THEY WERE UNUSED TO BEING ON THE STREETS ALONE AT NIGHT

tility, but have been unfortunate, and become despondent, and have finally relinquished the struggle. Here and there the old-fashioned moulding of a doorway indicated that the dingy red-brick house to which it belonged had once known happier days, perhaps as the residence of some prosperous Pearl Street merchant in the early forties, who was laughed at for erecting a mansion so far up town.

It was in front of such a building, though it had recently been painted and otherwise smartened up, that Mr. Shaw halted — a tall building four windows

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wide, with heavily carved stone lintels. The basement was occupied by a grocery-store rather brilliantly lighted. On each of the three succeeding floors the closely drawn yellow shades were also illuminated—evidently a well-filled tenement-house of the better class. At the left of the shop a steep flight of stone steps, with iron railings of a bygone pattern, led up to a double door, a wing of which was open. Mr. Shaw mounted these steps and passed into the dusky vestibule without hesitation, like one to whom the topography of the place was perfectly familiar.

Elizabeth and her mother, who had not exchanged a word since they quitted the avenue, stood huddled together, gazing with wonderment at the façade of the house into which Mr. Shaw had disappeared so unexpectedly. Oblivious to everything but the fact that he had crossed the threshold of this strange house as if it had been the threshold of his own home, they crouched there in the dark, holding their breath, dumb and motionless, like a group of statuary. Over the way a drunken man reeled by singing: "When Johnny comes marching Home"; but they neither saw nor heard him.

Possibly five minutes had elapsed when Mrs. Shaw suddenly loosened her hand from Elizabeth's and pointed to a window—a window in the second story. A sharp silhouette of Mr. Shaw's head and bust had fixed itself against the yellow shade. The grotesque shadow was so lifelike that it might have spoken. The slight tuft of hair standing up from the forehead would have made Elizabeth smile if the circumstances had been less sinister and bewildering.

"What can Augustus be doing there?" whispered Mrs. Shaw, finding her voice.

"I can't imagine, mother," Elizabeth whispered back. "It certainly is papa."

"Unless there are two of him. Why is he in that room? Look, Elizabeth!—he seems to be laughing at something."

The lips of the profile were parted for an instant, but no sound issued from them audible to the outsiders. That laugh was all the more uncanny and phantomish for being unheard.

"What *does* it mean!" exclaimed Mrs. Shaw.

As she spoke, a second shape joined the first—the silhouette of a woman wearing some sort of cap and holding a child, which she tossed up several times, and then placed in the arms of the other shadow, and then the whole picture vanished like a flash, leaving the bright square of yellow cloth a blank. The little drama had not lasted sixty seconds. The two spectators in the street below still stood with uplifted faces, incredulous of their own eyes.

"Oh, tell me that we dreamt it, mother!" cried Elizabeth. "Tell me that we're asleep in our beds at home, and this is only a nightmare, the beginning of some horrible dream!"

"I am afraid it is the ending of a happy one, Elizabeth," answered her mother, who had grown strangely calm within the minute. "Let us go back. We will take a car on the avenue. Come!"

IV.

When Mr. Shaw returned home that night, Elizabeth, half disrobed, was walking aimlessly about her bed-room; but Mrs. Shaw was seated as usual near the round table in the rear parlor. From its mural bracket the little clock, which appears to perform the rôle of Greek chorus in this recital, announced the hour of ten as Mr. Shaw entered the apartment. Mrs. Shaw was seated stiffly, and her face, turned three-quarters away from the light, remained in shadow. She was very composed and very pale. Her pallor apparently did not escape Mr. Shaw.

"Isn't your headache any better, my dear?" he asked, reaching out to take a chair.

She did not reply for several seconds, then she lifted her face, and said, "Augustus, have you brought home the confectionery?"

Mr. Shaw started, and a touch of color came into his cheek. "The confectionery!" he repeated.

"Augustus," said his wife, rising from the chair, a trifle paler, but retaining her curious self-possession, "I know everything."

"If you know everything, then there is nothing more to be said."

"There is much more to be said. You made believe that you spent your even-

ings at the club. I followed you to-night."

"You followed me!"

"I followed you to the tenement-house, and saw you holding the child in your arms, the child for whom you bought the candy—if it was not for the mother."

"The mother!—the candy!—why, Maria—"

don't get excited. There's no need for it. I am sorry about this."

Silence.

"I'm very sorry. You've managed to frustrate a little plan of mine. I meant to give you a surprise, Maria."

"You succeeded!"

"No; I've made a muddle of it—with your assistance. You have spoiled every-



"AUGUSTUS, I KNOW EVERYTHING"

"Mr. Shaw, I didn't know until now that I had married an echo. I didn't know," added the woman, wearily, "*what* I had married."

"Maria," said Mr. Shaw, recovering himself, "if I'm behaving like an idiotic echo, it's because you upset me with your suddenness."

"My suddenness?"

"Now *you* are doing it. Suppose you

thing. I didn't understand at first what you were driving at; but now I do. You think I have gone wrong in some way. Well, I haven't gone very far this time; but I won't answer for the future. Do you know what is carved on the slab let into the wall over the front door of that tenement-house?"

"I don't want to know."

"But you must know. The inscrip-

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tion on that stone cost me two shillings a letter, and the words are—THE MARIA HOME."

Mrs. Shaw gave a start in her turn.

"It's a model tenement-house for poor people, and the plan and purpose of it are among the few things in my life that I'm not ashamed of. I'd an idea of trying to do a little good before I died. There's no money in the thing; but I wanted you to own it, and I gave your name to it, and I intended to give you the deed of the property to-morrow morning for your wedding-anniversary present."

"Augustus!"

"I didn't mean you to suspect a thing about it until then. I can't conceive how you came to. Maybe my staying out so late last night set your wits to work. It was after eleven, wasn't it? I had a hundred and one small odds and ends to finish up. I staid longer than I ought to have done; but they make a great deal of me down there, the children and all, and I have to step in and say a word to each of the tenants, or there'd be trouble. To-night I paid my wind-up visit, as proprietor, to The Maria Home. I didn't dream that the new proprietor was around."

Mrs. Shaw made a movement as if to speak, but restrained herself, and stood silent, with one hand on the back of the chair from which she had risen.

"Since I got out of business," continued Mr. Shaw, "nothing has interested me like the fixing up of that tenement-house. I have been two months doing it. I've spent whole days watching the workmen. I was in such a hurry to get the place in running order that I hired the carpenters and painters to do inside work evenings. The nights I went there to superintend the job I made believe I was at the club. I had to do it, or show my hand. You will have to tell me how you discovered that I wasn't at the club. And you thought I had gone dead wrong!"

"We thought something bad gone wrong, Augustus. What else *could* we think when we found out that you were deceiving us?"

"And you actually followed me, both of you?"

"Yes, Augustus," faltered Mrs. Shaw—"Elizabeth and I."

"Perhaps you were too old not to know any better; but I am ashamed of Elizabeth."

"Don't, Augustus! don't laugh at me, and don't blame Elizabeth. She begged me to speak to you the moment I suspected—I hardly know what. I didn't mind a word she said; and oh, I am so sorry! Elizabeth was the only one that had a grain of reason. But even she, when we stood in that horrid street and saw you—saw you"—and the silhouettes on that yellow window-shade flashed before Mrs. Shaw's vision.

"And you were jealous of me, were you?"

Mrs. Shaw nodded her head, but nodded it only slightly, not wanting to spill any tears.

"Madly jealous, Maria! You may as well say it."

"Yes—madly."

"Maria, what was the name of that fellow in the play the other night—that colored fellow that didn't have sense enough for an end-man in a negro-minstrel show?"

"Othello," said Mrs. Shaw, with a half-hysterical laugh.

"Well, my dear, if I were to write a play I should call it *Mrs. Othello*."

"You are not very angry with me?"

"No, I am not angry. I'm a little mortified, I confess, and a good deal amused. Perhaps on my side I made a mistake in trying to keep anything away from you. It wasn't a very wise piece of business. A man shouldn't hide things from his wife, nor she from him. If I ever do go wrong, Maria, I shall let you know in advance: I'll drop you a telegram. Where's Elizabeth? She hasn't gone to bed yet, for I saw a light in her room as I came along. I wish you'd run up stairs and tell her that she hasn't kissed anybody good-night."

But Mrs. Shaw, who had meanwhile sunk into her chair, rested one arm on the edge of the table, and laid her cheek on the arm, and did not move.

V.

Late that night, just as Elizabeth had drifted into a doze through sheer weariness of waiting, she was vaguely conscious of some one standing at her bedroom door. Dim as was the impression,

it awakened her, and she distinctly caught the rustle of skirts and the light sound of receding footfalls. It was her mother, who had come to tell her what had taken place. Elizabeth hurriedly opened the door and looked out into the black hallway; but by this time Mrs. Shaw had gained her own apartment, and the girl did not dare follow her.

The next morning as she descended the stairs Elizabeth's eyes were troubled and her face was nearly colorless; but at the threshold of the breakfast-room, where she had paused, the blood suddenly came into the pale cheeks and the anxious expression vanished. She stood brightening, with a motionless hand on the unturned knob. Her father and mother were chatting gayly over the breakfast! Then Elizabeth flung back the door, and entered the room with a joyous laugh, not waiting for any explanation to lighten her heart.

The three lingered long at table that morning, and when the happy conference came to an end, Elizabeth could hardly wait for the hour appointed for Dennis to drive them together to the shabby street with its mysterious house, which had been so wrapped in blackness overnight and now stood in a flood of sunshine.

"Why, it's like a story in a magazine!" cried Elizabeth. "A silhouette of papa, with that dear tuft of hair standing up straight against the window-shade, would make a delightful illustration."

Thus the oddly composed cloud which had gathered over the roof of The Maria Home floated away. But it was the precursor of other and different clouds not so easily dissipated. It seems an unfair dispensation of destiny that an amiable middle-aged gentleman engaged in a work of benevolence should have as many tribulations befall him as if he had been pursuing evil courses.

Mr. Shaw's idea of establishing a model tenement-house sprang from a purely philanthropic impulse. As vice-president of the benevolent society, referred to elsewhere, he had come to an intimate knowledge of how the poor were housed in a great city. His official work on committees had opened up to him vistas of wretchedness until then not dreamed of. The miserable folk of the slums, so degraded as to be unaware of their own misery, moved his pity; but this was not the class that interested him the most deeply. It was the class one or two removed above—the men and women who would like to live cleanly lives in cleanly homes, but whose poverty condemned them to haunts of filth and darkness. Sorrow's crown of sorrow is not, as the poet says, the remembering of happier things, but the bitter consciousness of never having known them.

In vast congeries of human beings light and air, which seem the common inheritance of man, have their price, like coal and bread, and the very poor may purchase them but sparingly. To effect a radical change in this matter, or, indeed, in any appreciable degree to alter the general condition of the great masses, struck Mr. Shaw as a task for dreamers. One might nibble at the edge of such an endeavor, but that was all. Still one might nibble, and turning the problem over in his mind he resolved that somewhere in the great distracted city there should be a little nook where light and air, for a few at least, could be had at panic prices.

His plan was to construct a moderate-sized apartment-house, very plain in its inside and outside finish, but embracing every device of ventilation and sanitary plumbing that money could compass. There should be a bath-room to each suite, and an elevator, and separate front-door bells, and conveniences in the way of closets hitherto unthought-of in the economy of tenement-houses. The apartments were to be let to worthy and respectable families at a rental just sufficient to keep the premises in repair. The interest on the investment and the taxes on the property were to be items in Mr. Shaw's personal contribution; and he would call the tenement The Maria Home, in order that a good woman's name might bring good luck to it. Mr. Shaw had always signalized the anniversary of their marriage by a gift to his wife. This year it should be something better than a jewel from Tiffany's.

A short search resulted in his finding a building adapted to his purpose, and he at once set to work on the necessary

renovations. Mr. Shaw did not overstate the case when he told his wife that nothing had so absorbed him since he retired from business; it was the one thing that had absorbed him. This tenement-house was his yacht, his race-horse, his private salmon-stream. The money which other men spent on pleasures that had no attraction for him, he spent on this.

When The Maria Home was ready for occupants, Mr. Shaw issued a series of judiciously worded advertisements in daily journals read by working-people, stating at what hour applications for rooms could be made on the premises. He set aside two nights in the week on which to confer with his prospective tenants, who were necessarily not at liberty during the day. The most explicit and unquestionable references were required of them, for Mr. Shaw had no intention that undeserving persons should reap the benefits appertaining to inmates of The Maria Home. One of these benefits was in connection with the grocery-store already established in the basement. The proprietor was a German named Swartz, a feature of whose contract was to furnish the tenants with certain necessities, like flour, tea, and sugar, at a trifle above actual cost, Mr. Shaw making up the natural deficit thus incurred by a rebate in Swartz's rent.

The five or six suites constituting The Maria Home were not long in the market. Five families and two detached elderly females were installed before the end of a week.

The little world which Mr. Shaw had set agoing was a mixed and busy little world, the inhabitants of which were not so numerous as their occupations. To begin at the top, architecturally speaking, Mrs. Malone, in the attic, was charwoman, sick-nurse, and plain sempstress. Mrs. Ward, on the same floor, took in fine sewing, but depended chiefly on a brother in Chicago. Of the two Downey girls, the floor beneath, one was under-saleswoman in a small millinery-shop on Sixth Avenue, and the other worked in a paper-box manufactory across town: Downey, the father, did something in the old-iron and junk-bottle line. The employment of Mr. Morrison, directly over Mr. Swartz, was multifarious, and not easily to be defined—an employment that exacted eccentric hours; the son was porter in a Broadway dry-goods house, and the daughter assisted her mother. A machinist, a sign-painter, and a tailor, with their respective fledglings, completed the census.

There was an element of pathos in the intense interest which Mr. Shaw took in his scheme. He could not keep himself away from the place, and no longer having any valid reason for frequent visits, improvised important business interviews with Mr. Swartz. Presently Mr. Shaw's appearance came to be hailed with an enthusiasm that spread from Germany in the basement to Ireland in the sky-parlor. "It's proud I am to see his Honor," Mrs. Malone would cry from the top of the staircase; and the children would gather about him on the landings, divining a friend, with the curious instinct children have. It was rarely that a paper of bonbons did not lie nestled in Mr. Shaw's coat pocket, where such delicacies were supposed to generate spontaneously.

This was the situation, and The Maria Home had been running nearly a month, the night Mrs. Shaw and Elizabeth made their discovery.

At the breakfast table the following morning Mr. Shaw told the story which I have given only in outline. He had not finished before the two women fell to making a thousand sympathetic plans. Mrs. Shaw would have a supervisory eye on the housekeeping, and a Christmas tree for the children, with some useful gift pendent from every twig, instantly took root and grew six feet high in Elizabeth's determination. Among her own acquaintances Mrs. Shaw would solicit work for the sewing-women. There was to be no measure to her interest in everything to do with the Home. Unconsciously to herself, perhaps, Mrs. Shaw was subtly atoning for the injustice she had done her husband.

With the passing of the title the duty of managing the property did not pass from Mr. Shaw. The duty had none of the disagreeable features of perfunctory matters. It was mere recreation to keep the building in repair, collect the rent, and look after the general welfare of the tenants. The very limited amount they were called upon to expend for shelter would of course enable them to lay by

something. Later he would advise them how to place their savings to the best advantage. No smallest thing escaped him. He took deep pride in the neat outside appearance of the house, setting an example to the squalid environments. The little yellow patch of canary-bird, in a cage hung at the entrance to the grocery-store, seemed to him to light up the whole street; and he would have condoned many a shortcoming on the part of the third-floor tenants—the Downeys—because they kept a box of mignonette on one of the window-ledges. The corn-doctor's tin sign, next door, with its ghastly parody of a foot which appeared to be trying to stamp out whatever spark of respectability lingered in the neighborhood, was a dreadful eyesore to Mr. Shaw.

"I should just like to extract that corn-doctor!" was his reflection.

VI.

Up to this moment Mr. Shaw's pleasure in The Maria Home had been unalloyed. The monthly rents were to be collected in advance, and those for May had been paid. But on the 1st of June, when the second month's rent fell due, affairs were not quite satisfactory. Mrs. Malone was full of explosive explanations and promises, and Mrs. Ward frankly admitted her inability to pay at present. She was a fragile little woman, and had come there ill. Mr. Shaw had taken her in because of her gentle manners and the something sad about her. The Downeys could produce two-thirds of the required sum, and no more. Two other families begged an extension until the following Saturday. Mr. Morrison, a silent man with heavy brows, and Mr. Swartz the grocer, were the only tenants who paid in full and promptly.

Meanwhile the Shaws had migrated to Long Branch—reluctantly on the part of Elizabeth and her mother, who regretted this interruption of their personal labors. Several commissions had been obtained for the needle-women, and further orders were promised; and Elizabeth was in the midst of forming the nucleus of a small library for the inmates of the tenement. But these and other matters had to be left in abeyance.

The necessity of going to the city now and then to attend to the business of the Home was an agreeable break in the dull routine of Mr. Shaw's sea-shore life. The 1st of July brought him to town for a day. He had come with the hope of finding an improvement in the financial world. Mrs. Ward, who had heard from her brother, made up for the previous month; she could not, however, discharge the current term. In the case of Mrs. Malone, history repeated itself. The rest of the lodgers, with the exception of the sign-painter, met their indebtedness. This was not wholly disheartening. But on the following month the Morrisons and the Swartzes were the only ones not behindhand.

Mr. Shaw's patience under these unlooked-for set-backs was not exhausted. The New England methodism of his youth had not hardened a very soft spot in his heart for all sorts of unfortunates, whether culpable or not. "Every man hasn't had my chances," he would say. His tolerance and point of view were expressed in Newton's comment on an outcast that once passed him on the street: "Excepting for God's grace, there goes John Newton."

Mr. Shaw, however, was disappointed and perplexed, and his perplexity increased as time went on. Mrs. Ward presently fell into a chronic state of not having heard from her brother in Chicago; but she was a sick woman, and could not be put out on the sidewalk. Of Mrs. Malone, whose general suavity veiled a temperament not to be trifled with, Mr. Shaw was candidly afraid; and the September forenoon when he tapped at her door and found that charming person absent for the day, he was not half sorry. On this same occasion the Downeys might as well have been in the moon as in The Maria Home, so far as any rent was concerned. They were simply luckless, inoffensive persons, whose improvidence would have run them ashore had they possessed the wealth of the Astors. They would willingly pay if they could. The family on the second floor had just lost a child, and the bread-winner of another little flock, the machinist, was sympathetically off his job in consequence of a strike on the part of the paper-makers. And so on to the end of the chapter.

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How other owners of tenement property would act in such emergencies Mr. Shaw did not know; but he had a clear perception of his own helplessness. To proceed to extreme measures was repugnant to him. To let things go on as they were going meant the collapse of his scheme. Mr. Shaw began to feel that he was not of the stuff out of which energetic and successful landlords are made. He was not, and the inmates of The Maria Home were aware of it. They belonged to a class which, however lacking in other gifts, does not lack the gift of character-reading. Mrs. Malone, for illustration, had not required four weeks, or four minutes, to discover that she need not pay her rent regularly. She settled that point the instant she laid eyes on him. "It's a soft-natured man he is entirely," was her rapid diagnosis; "he looks like a born tyrrant, he does, but he's no sand."

We shall not follow Mr. Shaw in his various troubles and embarrassments growing out of the financial problem. It was October, and the family was again in town. At the end of this month wholly new complications had arisen. Mrs. Malone and the Downeys were quarrelling. The Downeys, having a harmonium, could not stand her assumptions of social superiority. One day, happening on the ground at the juncture, Mr. Shaw overheard this fragment of dialogue:

"I've a cousin in the insurance," Mrs. Malone was saying, haughtily, "a cousin once removed."

"Yes," retorted Delia, the younger Downey girl, "the police removed him!" —and Mr. Shaw with a heavy sigh hastened from the field of conflict. Whenever Mrs. Malone and any of the Downeys now met on the stairway there was sure to be a lively interchange of incivilities. This was annoying, and still more annoying was a case of musical intoxication that broke out on the third floor rear. The man kept everybody awake all night —singing national anthems and informing the neighborhood that Columbia was "the germ of the ocean."

"Here am I," reflected Mr. Shaw, "trying to ease the burdens of these people a bit, and there's hardly one of them will lend a hand. It's difficult to help the poor, but it is the poor that often make it difficult. They're a blessed study. I don't see but they have just as good a time as anybody."

Bickerings upstairs and sporadic outbreaks of conviviality downstairs were greatly distressing Mr. Shaw, when a real disaster befell The Maria Home. Mr. Morrison, the silent and punctual Mr. Morrison, was arrested for complicity in a bank-robbery over in Newark, and taken handcuffed from the house by a couple of detectives. A group of street arabs sent up a derisive cheer as the convoy descended the steps, and little Jimmy Dowd, the bootblack, with one suspender, gave expression to his ecstatic delight by standing on his head on the curbstone. The Maria Home figured in the morning papers, and Mr. Shaw passed a sleepless night. A reporter had wanted to interview him! The unfortunate affair could not be concealed from Mrs. Shaw and Elizabeth, as other disagreeable occurrences had been. It was too flagrant. While reading the police report, that morning, the young girl felt a heavy blight creeping over her Christmas tree.

"Fancy that quiet Mr. Morrison being a bank-robber!" cried Elizabeth, not untouched by the lurid romance of it. "He must have broken into a great many banks, papa."

"I don't doubt it, my dear. That enabled him to pay his rent punctually, so perhaps we oughtn't to complain. I almost wish Miss Delia Downey would blow up a safe or two," added Mr. Shaw, with bitter cheerfulness. "The firm of Maria and Company will go into insolvency if she doesn't."

"Why, papa, I thought everything in that way was going just lovely."

"It looks it—at a distance. Looked at close to, everything is going to the dogs as fast as it can," and Mr. Shaw vaguely passed one hand over what Elizabeth called his scalp-lock, a gesture always indicative of extreme discouragement.

It had become plain to Mr. Shaw that his only course was to put the Home into the hands of some agent who could run it properly. He himself had not been able to do so. In spite of all his precautions as to references, he had filled the house with a set of irresponsible and reckless persons, who, in addition to dis-

gracing the place, paid little or nothing for the privilege. He was meditating the step when he was forced to immediate action by the illness of Mrs. Shaw, who had been ordered to spend the coming winter in a warm climate as the sole remedy. The Shaws had never been abroad, and the south of France was suggested. The south of France! There was a magic medicine in the very words.

Mr. Shaw looked about for some one competent to take charge of The Maria Home, and found him close at hand in the person of Mr. Swartz, the shrewd and not unkindly German grocer, who, belonging to the class with which he had to deal, would know how to manage them. In fact, the man had already been tacitly accepted by Mr. Shaw as a sort of agent. It was Mr. Swartz who secured occupants for the suite vacated by the Morrisons. Mr. Shaw instructed him to use the tenants with every consideration and kindness, but not to allow any one to remain who had fallen two months in arrears, unless it happened to be Mrs. Ward. Mr. Swartz promised to follow all instructions to the letter, and assured Mr. Shaw that he would have no non-paying tenants when he got back.

"Der rent is scheap, and dose peoples should pay on der top of der nail, vasn't it?" said Mr. Swartz, plunging recklessly into an alien idiom.

"Yes, Swartz, they should pay on the nail, as you say; but I'm afraid that they won't contrive to do it always. You mustn't press them too hard. Give them a little time. Good-by, Swartz."

"Gott in Himmel!" said Mr. Swartz, looking after Mr. Shaw as he went down the street, "vot a man! vot a lan'lordt!"

Mr. Shaw drew a deep breath of relief that bleak December morning as he stepped into the carriage that was to take him and Mrs. Shaw and Elizabeth to the steamer. Of their winter on the Continent this record makes no note.

The Shaws returned to New York early in the following spring. They reached West Fifteenth Street in the forenoon, and as soon as lunch was over Mr. Shaw set forth for The Maria Home, touching which he had had a sudden relapse of anxiety; for, from the moment Sandy Hook melted out of sight on the horizon until the moment when it came mistily into view again, he had troubled himself little about the tenement-house. Though his agent's reports had at first been regular, if not always lucid—Swartz was the master of a phenomenal English prose style—Mr. Shaw had scarcely glanced at them. But now he remembered that it was more than two months since Mr. Swartz had given any signs of life, and the reflection brought a swift sense of uneasiness.

When Mr. Shaw found himself in front of The Maria Home he stood transfixed with amazement. The house was shabby almost beyond recognition, and apparently unoccupied. There was not a window-blind remaining above the first story, the door of the grocery in the basement had been boarded up, and theatre posters decorated the dead spaces of the lower brick-work. What had happened? What had become of Swartz? What had become of everybody?

In such neighborhoods the corner drug-store is the vital centre of information. There was one on the next block, and thither Mr. Shaw hurried. A communicative clerk was engaged at the moment in coating a batch of aromatic pills by rolling them in fine powder scattered on a glass slab. Did he know anything about the vacant tenement-house down the street? Well, yes, he knew all there was to know. About a week ago the police turned out the whole precious menagerie, neck and heels. The keys were at the precinct station. The building belonged to a man named Shaw—a philanthropic freak. The clerk himself had never seen him. He was supposed to be abroad somewhere. The place had been left in charge of a Dutchman called Swartz, who fired all the old tenants because they didn't pay down, and replaced them with a tough set. There were junketings and rows every night, and the patrolman on that beat had a sweet time of it. Swartz took to drink, and was as bad as any of them. The street wasn't what might be called a Sunday-go-to-meeting street, but the neighbors couldn't stand the racket, and lodged complaints. Then the circus was closed. Two days before the raid Swartz had disappeared, and the shebeen was running itself. Couldn't say what had become of Swartz; he drank up his grocery-store; didn't leave

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"AH! THEY CALL THE TENEMENT 'SHAW'S FOLLY,' DO THEY?"

anything but a bushel of potatoes and a canary-bird. Did hear that he'd gone back to Germany. The police were waiting for the owner to put in an appearance. They hadn't bothered themselves much over the matter; it had rather amused them; but then "Shaw's Folly" had always amused the neighborhood.

"Ah! They call the tenement 'Shaw's Folly,' do they?" and Mr. Shaw, paying no heed to the clerk's answer, muttered, "I shouldn't wonder if it was!"

In listening to the drug-clerk's off-hand discourse Mr. Shaw had run through a whole gamut of emotions. The "philanthropic freak" had brought a faint smile to his lips, but the characterization of The Maria Home as a "shebeen" made him wince. He was by turns pained, mortified, and indignant. Was it not a high-handed proceeding on the part of the authorities to evict his tenants and shut up the house? Then he had to admit that the circumstances justified the step. What else could they have done? Thanking the clerk for his obliging information, Mr. Shaw walked thoughtfully down the street.

At the police station Mr. Shaw obtained the keys after some delay, and retraced his steps to The Maria Home. The interior of the house was in keeping with the dilapidated outside. The mystery of the missing window-blinds was explained by the absence of the balusters and the baluster-rails of all the staircases. They had probably been used for firewood during the winter. In some places even the mop-boards were stripped off. Everywhere were dust, rubbish, and confusion. The musty air of the silent rooms, whence the huddled life had so lately departed, seemed palpitant with ghosts. Mr. Shaw looked round him with a rueful smile.

"Swartz has kept his word. He told me I shouldn't have any non-paying tenants when I got back!"

Mr. Shaw did not pursue his investigations beyond the second floor. He had seen all he cared to see, and learned all he cared to know. Swartz had fled, with or without the two months' rental; it didn't matter. The happy refuge, builded for a few of the unhappy, had been destroyed by the hands of those it had meant to shelter. It is seldom that a man has his wrecked dream presented to him in so tangible a form.

"If ever I try to start another tenement-house on a philanthropic basis," said Mr. Shaw to himself, "may I be—caught doing it and stopped, by Maria or somebody! 'Shaw's Folly'—well, yes, that describes it. Yet some man will do this thing some day. The idea was there all right, though I haven't seemed to know how to work it out."

Mr. Shaw locked the front door and slowly descended the stone steps, which were littered with handbills and dried scraps of orange peel. Reaching the sidewalk, he lingered an instant, glanced up at the looming red-brick façade, and then turned his back on The Maria Home.

It was a failure, but it was one of those failures in which lie the seeds of success.

That same afternoon old Mr. Elijah Shaw dropped down from Vermont as if on purpose to say: "I told you so! I knew that Augustus would tumble into some sort of foolishness sooner or later. There's an abandoned farm up in New Hampshire waiting for Augustus."

TO A CYNIC

BY MAY BROWN LOOMIS

TELL me why music stirs my soul with bliss,
Stay the deep waters of the restless sea,
Fathom the mystery in a baby's eyes,
Then bid me cast out faith and follow thee.

Shall I shrink cowed beneath thy mocking glance
Who canst not tell how grows a blade of grass?
Since thou art powerless their place to fill,
Leave me my dreams, and onward let me pass.

Ah faith, hope, love, and even chastened grief!
They ne'er shall vanish at thy stern command.
Thou wouldst have taken from me all Life's best,
In leaving only what I understand.

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The Royal Coach

VICTOR HUGO AS AN ARTIST

BY BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

This article, by M. Constant, the celebrated painter, is intended as a brief introduction to the extensive collection of Victor Hugo's original drawings and paintings. Those who know the works of this master-poet and novelist will be surprised by the power and wealth of his imaginative production in another field, and it gives us pleasure to lay before our readers some remarkable examples from the vast collection placed at our command. M. Constant's article is comprehensive in its scope, and thus refers to many examples of Victor Hugo's artistic work not presented in this number. Some of these will appear in a later issue, with comment by M. Paul Meurice, the chief custodian of Victor Hugo memorabilia. In the mean time several drawings are here reproduced not directly mentioned by M. Constant.—THE EDITOR.

THE word artist is not usually regarded as descriptive of Victor Hugo in its technical sense, that is to say, in relation to his imaginative sketches, executed during the evenings and the wakeful hours of his long nights in Guernsey. It is commonly applied to that crown of art, that stamp of peculiar beauty, which distinguishes the thought of every man of genius, whether its expression be written, spoken, or drawn. In this general sense Victor Hugo was a great artist; but he was an artist in a special sense as well, when he took up his pen deliberately, and abandoned himself with heart-felt enjoyment to portraying poetic landscapes, or to making weird silhouettes of feudal castles, with strokes of the pen. And when ink seemed to him too feeble for his original conceptions, he heightened his imaginations, as some one has said, by the use of café au lait. He availed himself of all means for the expression of his descriptive thought, for the presentment of his dreams. No instruction was needed to enable him to represent a tree, a house by the way-side, or a prospect of distant hills encompassed with clouds.

It is no stretch of imagination to say that these sketches or souvenirs of nature recall the little etchings of Rembrandt; certain faces, very roughly drawn, remind us of Callot and of Goya; and the larger compositions in the style of "Burg de la Croix" might bear, not unworthily, the signature of Turner. To be convinced of what I say it is only ne-



CHÂTEAU DE MEULAN

cessary to spend a morning at the house of Paul Meurice, the life-long friend of Victor Hugo, who was—together with Vacquerie—the great man's confidant, and the executor of his last wishes.

But Victor Hugo was the solitary example of a writer of genius capable of expressing in drawing the scenes of which he wrote, and for this reason he understood our art, not only as a connoisseur, but almost as a professional artist.

It is remarkable that we find men of genius who are accomplished word-painters possessing absolutely no comprehension of painting; and this ignorance is sometimes manifested very plainly in their writings. How does it happen that



THE OLD SUBURB

they see Nature only through the medium of books, and fail to comprehend the interpretation of her by a painter upon canvas? One is tempted to regret that Victor Hugo, to whom all things were possible, did not write some technical observations on painting.

He was, however, better employed. He amused himself in the twilight at Guernsey by tracing the flying forms of the tempest in the spray dashing upon his



A FANTASTIC CASTLE

window-panes, with the sea gleaming white amidst the blackness of the surrounding night, or in some dismal fortress surmounted by a gibbet. All this was expressed in the romantic taste of his earlier life, which was imaginative to excess, and overstepped the border-line between dream and nightmare.

At the present day we employ a different method: we excite ourselves in cold blood, we analyze our novel sensations, and, in default of experience, this method is not without value. But strong souls are invested with power to raise themselves above the sickly puerilities, and the real or imaginary disquietudes of art. No poet has ever gazed more undeviatingly at the sun than Victor Hugo; and no great lyrist has ever led us to greater heights, or nearer to the gods.

The hand of the master in artistic genius may be seen in his drawings as in his books. Let us look over this remarkable collection and notice briefly some of his exquisite sketches.

An Outline of Fortification.—This is a souvenir of the Rhine, in which the reality of vision is wonderful; it might have been drawn from nature; the dominant perspective is absolutely perfect in its optical illusion. The foreground is occupied by a ruined, crumbling tower, rising erect in a soft and melancholy light, amidst the loneliness of a vast plain enveloped in shadow; far off in that shadow, gleaming like a sword blade, flows the great German river, feeding the moat surrounding a fortress of robbers—birds of prey whom the approach of night finds always on the alert—while the last pale rays of a wintry sun gleam upon its battlements.

Don Gébraldiablos.—A romantic and jocund fancy. Is this the devil who appears disguised in *Don César de Bazan?*

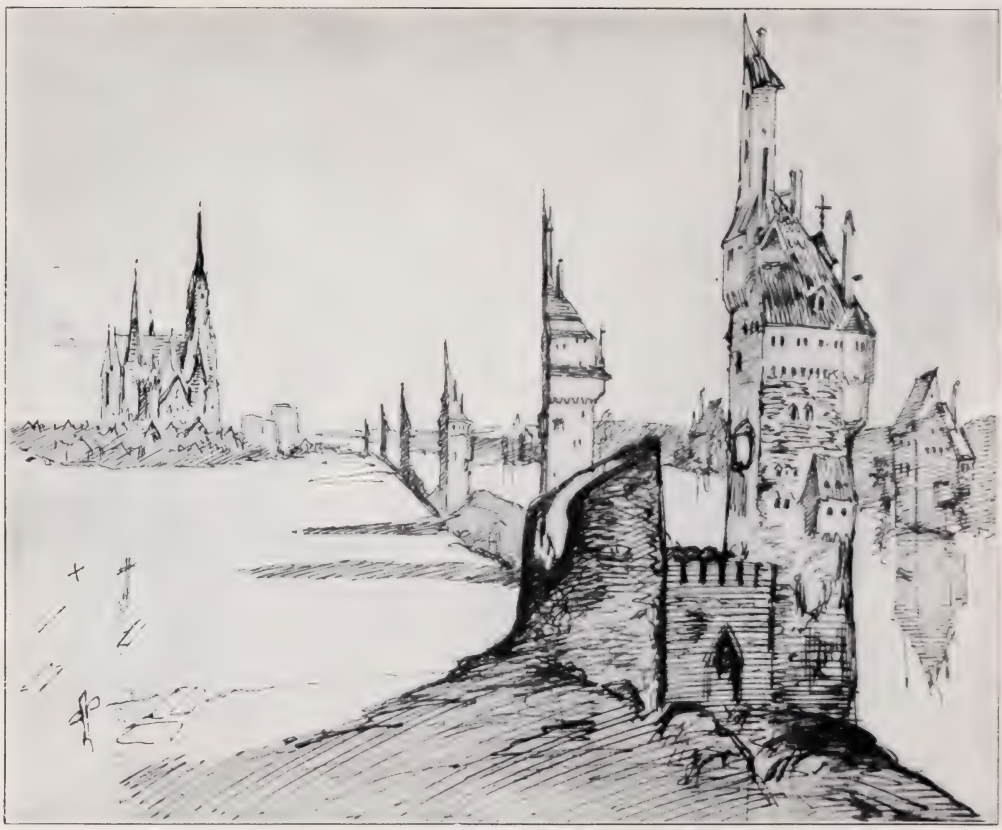
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Torquemada.—A sinister heap of whitened bones, towering under an inky sky. By this means, no doubt, Torquemada, the Inquisitor, the Titan, proposed to attain heaven by main force, and in despite of God.

A Deserted Thoroughfare.—A shapeless tract of land, enclosed by wooden barriers—a disreputable corner of the suburbs, gloomy and dangerous; to the

The Cock.—One actually hears him crow. His feathers quiver, straight from his crest to his spurs; he calls the Dawn, which seems to wait upon entreaty, or to be asleep. Ah, that cock! Rembrandt would have made an etching of him, and Millet as well.

A Fantastic Castle.—This is a marvellous gothic conception. The sky is wonderful in tone and weird in shape;



ALONG THE RHINE

right a paved way, where the paving-stones are executed with a patience truly Japanese; farther off is the outline of walls in a black silhouette; and on the horizon, under a murky cloud, lies Paris; the sun (or is it the moon?) passes across the storm-ridden sky, in which the fading orb seems to have forever lost its way. Gustave Doré himself has never gone so far in fantastic realism. Salvator Rosa alone possessed a hand equal in power and a vision as clear and stern. He only could have created such a sky.

on the near side of a moat is the town in ruins, crumbling under the ravages of time, and desolated by all the scourges of earth and heaven. It grovels at the foot of a castle fit for Beelzebub, which threatens itself to overwhelm the ruins that surround it at the first onslaught of the tempest.

Tempestuous Weather.—Clouds bursting with rain; an immense wave, uplifted by the wind, erects its crest and falls backward, breaking on a sea-wall, the outline of which seems to mingle with the



THE BRIDGE, VIANDEN, LUXEMBOURG. RESIDENCE OF HUGO

horizon; and amidst the fury of the heavens and the raging of the sea appears a life-boat.

Farther on is a very small sketch, no larger than one's hand. It represents the moonlight seen through a screen of trees. The execution is of rare accuracy; in fact, it is nature itself.

A Little Water-Color.—On a sea-green background a steamer moves before the wind, escaping from the shore. One feels one's self to be at sea. The sketch is washed in broadly, with justice of tone and of values. It could not have been better executed by a professional water-colorist.

The Castle of the Cross.—Richness and precision of detail, manner, color, effect, all are here. The sky is heavy, lowering, and charged with moisture; the clouds are sweeping across it in long black rifts. The castle, built on piles and colossal in size, rises erect above the smooth waters of a lake, in which can be seen the reflection of its crumbling walls and discrowned turrets. A tottering bridge, fearful to behold, with disjointed stones falling asunder, serves as an entrance to



A LITTLE WATER-COLOR

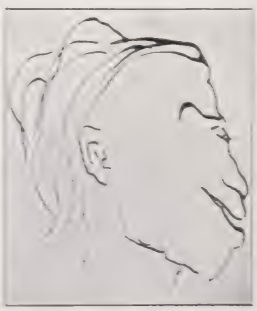
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NEAR THE RAMPARTS

a town of demons. It is a town dead as those which we might expect to find could we reach one of the extinct worlds revolving in space, or in our pallid neighbor the moon. When a nightmare takes us by the throat in the darkness, stifling and overwhelming us—when we feel ourselves pursued—when we strive to fly, then it is by a bridge such as this that we are forced to escape, and in so doing we awaken. But at the entrance to this bridge stands a cross, and this cross is a masterpiece of gothic architecture, of artistic execution, of decorative imagination; it might have been designed by a goldsmith of the tenth century.

Glance for a moment at The Light-house, at The Wreck, and at The Octopus—the famous Octopus, the marvellous Octopus, which plays so large a part in the manuscript of the *Toilers of the Sea*.



A Grotesque

Look at the souvenirs of Belgium. The blackness of the manufactories, the blazing furnaces of this land in flames, the entrance to the craters of the infernal thing called Progress, the cities of the Cyclops.

Observe the Japanese work upon the frames; it is the pastime of an amateur worker in ebony. Victor Hugo carved furniture as Louis XVI. turned locks.

Turn to the three light-houses of the *Man who Laughs*; to Morning, and to Evening; to The Undergrowth; and to that humorous series of pen caricatures entitled Gavroche Dreaming, Gavroche in Distress, a Little Comforted, Gavroche a Flatterer, Gavroche Envious, A Vocation awakening to Itself, As a Shipwrecked Bourgeois made King amongst Savages. These are playful and grotesque sketches which the illustrious grandfather executed with his mighty hand during winter evenings in his chimney-corner, at the entreaty of Jeanne and



IN THE ORIENT

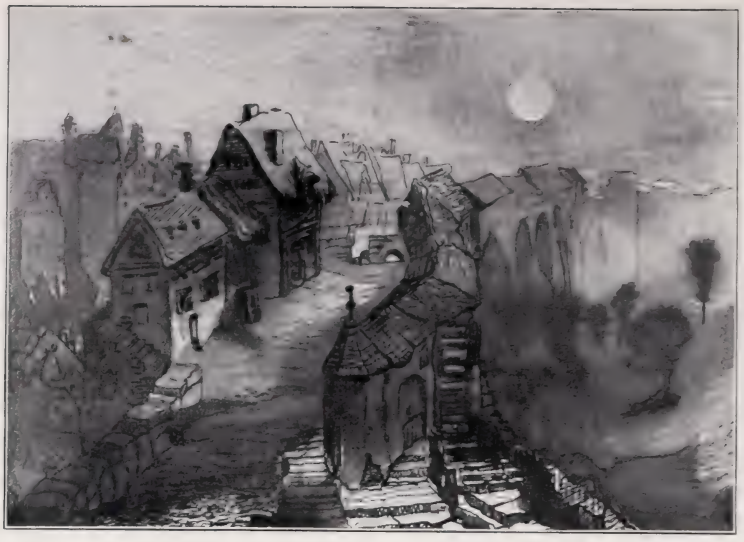
Georges, who nestled at his side. This was the sweet hour when the great man gave himself up to the pleasures of his home.

All these works, whether charming, powerful, graceful, or terrible, reveal to us a creator of incredible imagination, possessing by instinct the technique of an experienced artist, one who might, perhaps, have been as great as Delacroix or Géricault, if his genius had not led him to select the pen as a more forcible means of expression—that golden pen with which the manuscripts of *Notre Dame de Paris,* of *Ruy Blas,* of *Les Misérables,* and of *La Légende des Siècles* were written. But these sketches bear witness to that herculean temperament, having all



FLOWERS AMONG OLD RUINS

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A DESERTED THOROUGHFARE

the arts at its command, but in especial that one which approached nearest to his poetic visions, and by means of which he could express a second time in a different form, and without being too remote from the original thought, the subjects of which he had already written.

In short, Victor Hugo in all his sketches comes near to being a master among masters. Salvator Rosa, Callot, Goya, or Delacroix might have signed more than one of these. The master of drawing who loses, alas, by comparison is Gustave Doré. His invention, brilliant and prolific as it is, has not the compass, the power, the audacity of Hugo's—for the mark of the beast is everywhere met with upon his ink-stained papers, sometimes raging, sometimes laughing, but always evidencing a violent romanticism, where the pencil is as revolutionary as the idea. Victor Hugo belonged to a period when men were permitted to reach the stars. How instinct with life, therefore, is his figure, and how it recalls the year 1830, that epoch in literature which succeeded the military epoch of Napoleon.

Was not the struggle occurring between Romanticists and Classicists at that period an echo from the battle just fought? Some there were who, moved by the spirit of revolt, loved life with passion; others, governed by the spirit of tradition, would have imprisoned life itself in a pedantic and frigid frame. Then followed the clash of swords, and the mightiest of these was wielded by Victor Hugo. The havoc wrought by that Durandal was profound, and through the space thus cleared by the hand of Roland, between Classicists and Romanticists, the philosophic spirit of the second half of the century glided in, preserving still a little of the Biblical poetry of Renan, of the living psychology of Balzac, of the penetrating analysis of Taine.

The year 1830 will stand above all things else for a revolution in art, for an era of lyric enthusiasm.

But gunpowder remained in the air—minds were inflamed, and eloquent words yet vibrated to the distant echoes of artillery.

Heroism passed like a whirlwind across those who wrote, who painted, or who modelled. Delacroix inscribed his name upon the "Convention Invaded," Turgrès depicted Homer, Gros celebrated Napoleon. Géricault represented the terror of battle-horses, and Rude sculptured the singing of the "Marseillaise" on the stones of the Arch of Triumph.

And all this has now passed away with the worship of greatness, each having its own stormy apothesis.

THE MONKEY

BY MARY E. WILKINS

THE Monkey lived in his little den under the counter at the Bird-Fancier's. He was the only monkey there. It was a somewhat gloomy little shop, and the Monkey lived so far toward the back of it that he was seldom seen. Even the children did not often spy him out, and the most of their attention was concentrated upon the canaries, the parrots, the Angora cats, the white mice, and the rabbits. The canaries were more in evidence than the other inhabitants. The rabbits of course had nothing to say, and neither had the white mice. The parrots were either too sulky or desired exclusive stages for the exercise of their talents. As for the Angora cats, they seemed cowed, possibly by their helplessness in the presence of such numbers of their natural prey. But the canaries were indomitable. Their wooden cages were small for their feathered bodies, but no bars could hold their songs, which floated in illimitable freedom forth into the city street. The Monkey seldom raised his voice at all. When he did, it had a curious effect. As a rule, people looked everywhere except at him for the source of it. It had a strange far-off quality, perhaps from its natural assimilation with such widely different scenes. Of a right it belonged to the night chorus of a tropical jungle, and was a stray note from it, as out of place as anything could well be in this nearness to commonplaceness and civilization.

It was very dark in the Monkey's den. He peered out at every new sound, at every new step and voice, with his two yellow circles of eyes, which were bright with a curious blank brightness; they seemed not to have the recognition of intelligence until the object was within a certain distance.

The Monkey staid for the greater part of his time in a swing fixed in the middle of his cage. He crouched thereon, folding his arms around the wires by which it was suspended. He crossed his hands upon his breast, and leaned his head forward in an attitude of contemplation. He might have been half asleep, and he might have been sunken in a reverie. He looked like an epitome of an Eastern sage. He might have been on the home-stretch toward Nirvana with that long wrinkle of thought over his closed eyes, and that inscrutable, unsmiling width of mouth, and unquestioning bend of back.

The Bird-Fancier was something of a thinker, and formed his own deductions from what he saw. From living so long with these little creatures below the staff, which never met his questions with intelligible answers, he had come to theorize. He was an old man and not acquainted with books. He had his own conception concerning the Monkey and the rest, unwritten, but not unspoken to a choice few.

One to whom he divulged his theories was his old wife, who lived with him in the little tenement over the shop; one was an old woman cousin of hers, who lived with them and worked for her board; and one was the Boy. Not one of the three had the least understanding of anything which he said. If it was in the daytime, the wife and the old cousin went on with their work of cleaning the bird-cages, and the Boy stood back to at the Monkey's cage. If it was in the evening, the old cousin knitted, for she was never idle, and the old wife dozed in her chair, and the Boy was of course not there, as he only stopped in the shop on his way to and from school. The Bird-Fancier had no more audience than if he had been himself an inhabitant of some distant jungle, and removed by force to a cage of civilization; but that did not disturb him at all. A true theorizer needs no sympathy unless he has an overweening conceit, and the Bird-Fancier was modest.

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He talked on and never knew that he had no intelligent listeners. "Tell ye what it is," he would say, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes fixed as upon some far-off teacher, "I have thought it all out. It's simple enough when you know. You've all seen how berries and flowers run out. My brother Solomon he had a beautiful strawberry-bed, berries as big as ducks' eggs, and the next year they had run out, not much bigger than pease. And my brother Solomon he had an asparagus-bed served him the same way; and you all know how pansies run out, till they get back to violets. All those little things in the shop are men and women run out. They ain't the beginning, as I have heard some say they believed, but they are the end. When a man dies, suppose he hasn't lived just the best kind of a life, but suppose he hasn't been wicked, not enough to be burned alive in fire and brimstone to all eternity, but suppose he ain't fitted to go into a higher sphere, suppose he wouldn't be happy there, let alone anything else; suppose he's just sort of no-account and little, not bad enough for hell, but not great enough for heaven, but there he is, and he's got to be somewhere. Well, souls that don't go straight to heaven or hell have got to go again into bodies; there ain't any keeping of them apart; might as well try to keep the three things that go to make up air apart. Into bodies those little souls have got to go, but they've got so much smaller through living no-account lives that they won't fit human bodies, so into the cats, and the birds, and the monkeys, and all the rest they go. They are folks run out. They are the end, or they will be when they finally die out, and all the animal races do. Take that Monkey. Just look at him. He's thousands of years old. He is just as likely as not one of the Bible Pharaohs run out. See him! When he looks up because he hears a noise, that noise brings back things that date from the foundation of the earth, to that Monkey. There's what's left of something more'n you and I have ever known in that little head of his. Look at the way he uses his little hands! How did he learn to do that? I tell ye there is the key to Genesis and Revelation in that little Monkey, if anybody knew how to use it."

Perhaps because the Bird-Fancier regarded the Monkey in such philosophical fashion he did not care for him as a pet, but in fact he made pets of none of the little creatures in his shop. He regarded them all simply from a philosophical and financial point of view. He kept them well fed and clean, and sold them with alacrity whenever he was able. Then he forgot all about them. As for the old wife and the cousin, they were on a higher range of stupidity than the animals, and wondered at the other women who came into the shop and talked to the birds and cats as if they were children. They themselves would never have talked in such fashion to children.

So it happened that the Monkey had no real friend except the Boy. The Boy loved him with devotion, and he proved it. He saved every bit of his scanty pocket-money to buy delicacies for the Monkey—fruit and loaf-sugar and peanuts. He was very fond of sweets himself, and also of fruit, but he seldom tasted any except when the Monkey refused it. Then he ate it, and found it sweet with the added sweet of generosity.

The Boy was a student at the high-school, and not considered a promising one. In fact, he lagged behind all his classes, and had entered the school only after repeated trials. He was a saturnine boy, with a face not unlike the Monkey's own, with a curiously narrow height of forehead, and long upper lip, and bright brown eyes. He had outgrown his clothes, and his trousers and jacket sleeves were too short, and he moved with hitches of discomfort because of their tightness. He came of a decent family to whom the unnecessary spending of money was an unwritten prohibitory commandment. The father was a clerk on a small salary; there were two daughters, also employed in stores. The Boy had no mates among his companions at school. He was as stupid at sports as at lessons, and his saturninity was against him.

The Boy's only pleasures and recreations were his calls upon the Monkey at the Bird-Fancier's shop. He stopped on his way to and from school, and he usually secured a few minutes at the noon intermission. He would pass by the ca-



THE BOY AND THE MONKEY LOOKED RIDICULOUSLY ALIKE

naries and the parrots and the rabbits, and he had a deeply rooted aversion for the Angora cats. Straight to the Monkey's little den he would go, crouch down before it, and begin a curious, silent mouthing motion of his face. Then the Monkey would raise himself alertly, dart to the side of his cage nearest the Boy, and respond with an exactly similar motion. Now and then he would reach out one little hairy hand and it would cling around the Boy's fingers like a baby's, and all the time the two kept up that silent mouthing communication, which meant Heaven alone knew what to the Monkey or the Boy. The Boy was the only one whom the Monkey ever noticed in such wise. No matter what were the blandishments of any other visitor, he would do no more than sit upon his swing, rub his hands aimlessly, and stare over the visitor's shoulder, as if he saw his shadow instead of his personality. But for the Boy he always made that lithe dart to the side of his cage, and began that silent mouthing. The Boy and the Monkey looked ridiculously alike at those times, and the Bird-Fancier used to eye them with shrewdness, but no mirth. Sometimes he told his nodding old wife and her industrious cousin in the evening that he be-

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lieved that the Boy was kind of running out and proving his theory. Once he asked the Boy why he did not buy the Monkey; but the price was fifteen dollars, and the Boy could as soon have purchased an elephant.

One day the Boy brought a little looking-glass and fastened it to the side of the Monkey's cage. Some one had told him that monkeys were very cunning with looking-glasses; but the result was somewhat pathetic, and strengthened the Bird-Fancier in his theory. "He remembers the time when there was something at the back of the looking-glass, or he wouldn't act the way he does," he told his nodding wife and her illustrious cousin. The Monkey was wont to make a sudden dart at his reflection in the looking-glass, and stretch out both poor little arms past it in a piteous, futile effort of embrace. Then he would retreat forlornly to his perch. Sometimes the Boy got on the other side of the glass and grasped the little outreaching hands, and that seemed to satisfy the Monkey to a certain extent.

Toward night the Monkey became thoroughly alert. Life tingled in every nerve and muscle of his little hairy body. He was silent as ever, but he swung himself from end to end of his cage with curious doublings and undoublings. Doubled, he looked like a little man; undoubled, there was a sudden revelation of a beast. He clung to the wires; he revealed his chest, which was a beautiful blue color; the frown over his yellow eyes increased; he reached out for everything near his cage. If by any chance he could catch hold of anything, he was rejoiced.

He was never let out of his cage. He was a gentle monkey, but his owner had a perfect faith in his desire for mischief.

There was one superb black and white Angora cat which had the liberty of the shop and was not confined in a cage, and he used sometimes, though at a wary distance, to pass the Monkey's cell. Then, indeed, the Monkey broke silence. He chattered with rage, he reached out a wiry little claw to incredible distances. Once he tweaked the Cat's ear, and it fled, spitting. "That Monkey would kill the Cat if he got loose," said the Bird-Fancier, and the Monkey would indeed have been rejoiced to kill the Cat. He would also have been rejoiced to kill some of the other inhabitants of the shop, though not so much because he hated them, as because of the longing for destruction which was in his blood. It was hard for a thing used to the wild liberty of the jungle to be kept in a little den under the counter of a city shop. In the jungle he could at least have torn leaves to shreds, he could have swung from bough to bough, festooning himself in wonderful leaping curves of life, he could have killed those things which were weaker than himself, or have fled chattering with futile rage before those which were stronger, or he could have died in unequal combat. It would have been something to have had the liberty of death. The deadly monotony of his life wrought up the gentle little creature to the point of madness when night came on. He was, as it were, choking for liberty. He glared forth at the canaries and the rabbits, he showed all his teeth at the Bird-Fancier when the old man gave him the banana which was his nightly meal, and clutched it through the wires with vicious greed. Then he would tear off the rind, and so doing catch a glimpse of the monkey in the looking-glass, and drop his supper, and spring for him, and reach out those pathetic little empty arms.

"He is the gentlest monkey I ever saw," said the Bird-Fancier; "but for all that, I wouldn't let him loose in the shop."

The Bird-Fancier had owned the Monkey about a year when one night, through some oversight, the cage door was left unfastened, and the Monkey escaped. He worked at the catch for a long time, and at last it yielded, and he was free.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, and the full moonlight lay in the shop, and besides that was the white glare of electricity from across the street. It was so light that occasionally a canary thought it was day and woke and chirped, and the parrots stirred uneasily, and shrieked or laughed.

The Monkey slipped out of his cage, and the greatest joy which he had ever known was upon him. He was a vibration of liberty; not a nerve in his little body but thrilled with the utmost delight



HE WAS A VIBRATION OF LIBERTY

of life and freedom. He went about the shop with long lopes. He did not look so much like a little man as like a beast. The beautiful black and white Angora cat was sleeping peacefully on top of the white-mice cage, and the Monkey spied him, and made one leap for his back. Then he rode him furiously around the shop, winding his wiry arms in a strangling embrace around his neck, but the Cat escaped by a wild plunge through the window, and the Monkey slid off. He could have followed, but he had other things to attend to. He flew at a little golden ball of sleeping canary in his tiny cage, then at another, and another, then at the gold-fishes. The parrots he let alone after he had shrewdly eyed their hooked beaks. He had thoughts of the rabbits which stood aloof in their cages with dilated pink eyes of terror, and supplicating hang of paws, and quivering nostrils, but they were as large as the Monkey, and he had no knowledge as to their powers of defence, besides, he could not easily get at them. But he loved to pull the gold-fishes out of their crystal bowls and watch them gasp on the floor, and he enjoyed the flutterings of the canary birds.

It was quite a long time before the cousin upstairs awoke. She woke first, because she was the lightest sleeper. Then she spoke to the Bird-Fancier, and told him that something was wrong in the shop, and all three hurried down, thinking it was fire. But it was only a little spark of liberty let loose to work its own will.

The Monkey had wrought considerable destruction; several canaries would never trill again, and a number of gold-fishes lay strewn about the floor. The Bird-Fancier whipped the Monkey back to his cage, and fastened the door, and the little animal caught sight of his reflection in the looking-glass and darted toward it with outstretched arms.

"That Monkey has destroyed more than he is worth," the Bird-Fancier told his wife and her cousin. "There is no profit in keeping monkeys."

The next morning he gave the Monkey his breakfast as usual, and said nothing by way of reproach, being alive to the absurd futility of it. But he looked at him, and the Monkey showed all his teeth, and clutched his little dish of bread and milk and flung it on the floor of his den.

When the Boy came in on his way to school, the Bird-Fancier, contrary to his

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custom, waxed loquacious. He pointed to the bodies of the dead canaries and the gold-fishes. "See what your Monkey has done in the night," he said.

The Boy looked soberly at the dead birds and the fishes, then at the man.

"He has killed more than he is worth," said the Bird-Fancier.

Then the cousin, who was cleaning the cage of one of the dead canaries, piped up in a slender, shrill voice, not unlike a bird's: "Yes, only see! And if I hadn't woke just as I did, he would have killed the whole shopful. Better leave monkeys in their woods where they belong."

The Boy looked from one to the other, but he said nothing. Then he went as usual to the Monkey's den, and the Monkey came to the side of it, and the two mouthed at each other silently with perfect understanding. When the Boy was leaving the shop the Bird-Fancier stopped him. He had been having a whispered consultation with his wife.

"See here," he said; "if you want that Monkey you can have him." The Boy turned pale and stared at him. "I will put him in an old parrot-cage," said the Bird-Fancier, "and you can stop and get him this noon."

"For nothing?" gasped the Boy.

"Yes, for nothing," replied the Bird-Fancier. "I am tired of keeping him. Monkeys ain't very saleable."

"For nothing?" repeated the Boy.

"Yes, you needn't pay a cent," said the Bird-Fancier, looking at him curiously.

Such an expression of rapture came into the Boy's face that it was fairly glorified. It was broadened with smiles until it looked cherubic. His brown eyes were like stars.

"Thank you," he stammered, for he was at that time of life when he was ashamed of saying thank you. Then he went out, and to school, and for the first time in months learned his lessons with no effort, and seemed to see truths clearly and not through a fog. He had a great happiness to live up to, and for some minds happiness is the only dispeller of fogs, and the Boy's was of that sort.

After school he ran all the way home to make sure that the Monkey would be welcome, and that his mother would not refuse him shelter, then he went without his dinner to fetch him.

When the Boy arrived at the Bird-Fancier's the Monkey was all ready to depart, ensconced in the old parrot-cage. The Boy went out of the store, dragged to one side with the weight of his precious burden, and for the first time in his life the ecstasy of possession was upon him. He had never fairly known that he was alive until he had come into the ownership of this tiny life of love.

The Bird-Fancier watched him going down the street, and turned to his wife, who was stroking the Angora cat, and the cousin, who was feeding a canary which had just arrived. The Boy, going down the street, had his face bent over the Monkey, and the two were mouthing at each other. "I am right, you may depend upon it," he said. "There goes one monkey carrying another."



THE BIRD-FANCIER WATCHED HIM GOING DOWN THE STREET



SECTION OF STONE WALL STANDING AT OPHIR

THE DISCOVERY OF OPHIR

BY DR. CARL PETERS

"AND Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon." (I. Kings, ix. 27, 28.)

"And she [the Queen of Sheba] gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon. And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug-trees, and precious stones." (I. Kings, x. 10, 11.)

"And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold: none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon. For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks."

So we read in the book of Kings; and in I. Chronicles, xxix. 4, we find:

"I have given," says David, "even three thousand talents of gold, of the gold of Ophir, and seven thousand talents of refined silver, to overlay the walls of the houses withal."

This was written about 3000 years ago, and for 2000 years mankind has been brooding over the question where this mysterious gold-land, Ophir, may be situated. That it must have been a well-known country at the times of the kings David and Solomon is clear from the fact that it is always mentioned without any explanation at all. If it had been then a far-distant Thule, we might expect some directions would have been given to the reader as to its whereabouts: but no, it was always presumed that anybody would know at once what this Ophir was, in the same way, for instance, as people would to-day speak or write of America. Suddenly the knowledge of the whereabouts of Fura (or Ophir) was lost, and since

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the days of the Alexandrian school people have been poring over this interesting question, where to look for it.

Of course from a historical point of view we have here one of the greatest mysteries of the development of mankind, for the solution of the riddle will throw a bright light on the ancient mercantile relations between Asia Minor and other parts of the world. How many different hypotheses have been put forward I will not enter into in detail. Let me only remark that Ophir has been placed in Armenia, in Phrygia, in Spain, in Peru, in the Malayan Peninsula, in Ceylon, and in Sumatra.

Christopher Columbus was firmly convinced that he had found Ophir in the West Indies, and reporting to the King of Spain on his third voyage, he writes:

"The mountain Soporo (the name for Ophir, which in the Septuaginta is written Sophora), which it took King Solomon's ships three years to reach, on the island of Haiti, has now come with all its treasures into the possession of their Spanish majesties."



BROTHER OF THE GREAT CHIEF

The best-based theories are three, of which the one places Ophir in Arabia, another in India, and the third one in South Africa.

I, personally, since I have been studying this problem, have always been of opinion that we have in the Semitic word "Ophir" or "Afer" the root of our present name of the continent of Africa, Africa being the Latin adjective of "Afer," by which name the Phœnicians called the native inhabitants of Carthago. This purely philological derivation led me to believe at once that we must look for Ophir, not in Arabia and India, but in some part of Africa. While discussing this matter with my scientific friends, I happened one day, when strolling about the library in an ancient castle on the Weser River near Bremen, to strike upon an old historical atlas, in which I found a most interesting map of Central and South Africa. On this map the Congo River, which was explored later on by Mr. Stanley, and the middle and lower parts of the Zambesi River were set forth with remarkable accuracy, and the chart further contained a careful sketch of the old Portuguese gold-mines and ancient gold workings in these districts.

To this map, which I think was a work of the celebrated French geographer Delisle, and was published in the year 1705, was attached a description of the Zambesi district, especially of the Portuguese gold-markets there. In this description I read the following passage, which seemed to me extremely remarkable, viz.:

> Fifty lieues (one lieue is about two and one-third miles) from Teté, ten lieues from Bocuto, and half a day's journey from the River Mansoro, is the fort of Massapa, which used to be the principal gold-market. It is still to-day the residence of a Portuguese captain, whom they call the Captain of the Gates, because from there onward in the country one finds the gold-mines. The Do-



DR. PETERS AND SOME OF HIS NATIVE FOLLOWERS

minicans have there a church of Notre Dame du Rosaire.

Near this place is the great mountain of Fura, very rich in gold, and there are people who say that this name "Fura" is a corruption of the name Ophir. One sees to-day still in this mountain (dans cette montagne) walls of cyclopean stones (pierres de taille) of the height of a man, fixed together with an admirable art, without mortar and without being worked with a pick. It was apparently within these walls that the Jews of the navy of Solomon staid. Since that time the Moors have been masters of this ("gold") commerce for several centuries. In this mountain the river of Dambarari goes to the north. These two markets were destroyed by the general Gamira, a Caffre, who rose in the month of November, 1693, with this difference that the inhabitants of Longoe, Portuguese as well as Canarins, had time to save themselves and escaped, but those of Dambarari, who wished to show themselves more courageous, all perished while defending themselves. So was it that all the gold-markets which the Portuguese had established in the Mocranga, during such a long space of years, were destroyed simultaneously, to avenge the injuries which they had inflicted on the Emperor of Monomotapa, who had always received them as his children, or, as the Portuguese explain it themselves, because their wives showed a little too much friendship to the strangers.

Now this was a very interesting piece of information indeed. It gave a new stimulus to my studies on the subject. I took Bent's well-known book on *The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland* in my hand, and was struck by the following passage:

> Couto, the Portuguese writer, speaks of the gold-mines here in his quaint legendary style: "The richest mines of all are those of Massapa, from which the Queen of Sheba took the greater part of the gold which she went to offer to the Temple of Solomon, and it is Ophir, for the Kaffirs call it Fur, and the Moors Afur.

Having studied the old Portuguese reports on the matter, and compared the maps of these districts, from all this combined information I became more and more convinced that we were in fact to look for the old Ophir in the neighborhood of the Zambesi River.

I furthermore succeeded soon after, on the basis of geographical theories, in locating the Fura that is mentioned in these reports.

From the accompanying map I could

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see that it must be looked for at the southern bank of the Zambesi, about midway between Sena and Teté; that we must not expect to find it on the Mazoe River or farther west, as other people thought: that it was somewhere east of the Lupata Gorge, in a district called in the old maps "Dambarari," and which I soon identified with the Tambara of our days, "Dambarari" being the adjective form of Tambara. What particularly struck me on the old map was the fact that Lake Rufumbo was placed opposite Mount Fura. Now I found on the latest map of Africa Lake Rufumbo opposite the district of Tambara, in which is a place called on the modern map "Injakafura." I soon found that "Inja" in the language of the native means "place," "ka" means big or great, so "Injakafura" would mean "place of the great Fura." I may as well mention here that Fura in the Makalanga language means "mine" or "hole," so that "Injakafura" means "place of the great mine." It has the same meaning, according to the most recent researches, as the old Semitic word Ophir, or Afer, as it was pronounced in South Arabia, and which also signifies "mine" or "hole."

In most of the reports which I read on this question a place called "Massapa" or "Massaba" is mentioned as being near Fura—the mines of Fura are often called the mines of "Massapa." In this name I find an indication of an ancient Sabæan settlement.

These were the facts on which I started in the year 1899 my expedition for the rediscovery of the mines of Fura, which I was then already convinced were identical with the Ophir of King Solomon's age.

I went about 200 miles up the Zambesi River, with five gentlemen. Among these was Mr. Leonard Puzey, of Bulawayo, who had been trading some years ago in the Makalanga country, knew the people and the language, and was of great assistance to me. Mr. Puzey had built a station at the eastern entrance of the Lupata Gorge, called Mitonda, and to this station I led my expedition. I had with me also two mining engineers, Mr. Gramann and Mr. Von Napolski, and two other gentlemen. My intention was to go straight to the district of Injakafura, which I had, as I have mentioned, identified with the Fura of the old map. Injakafura is a part of the country of Macombe. The natives there belong to the tribe of the Makalanga, with whom the Portuguese had had intercourse hundreds of years ago.

Makalanga means "people of the sun," and I have reason to believe that their chief, Macombe, is identical with "Monomotapa" of the Portuguese reports. Monomotapa was then considered a great king over a country rich in gold, with a residence, or "Simbabwe," which all the Portuguese writers are enthusiastic in describing. I find in one of the Portuguese reports that the name of the Monomotapa was Macombe, and when we study the explorations of the Makalanga country made by Barretto, who set out from Sena, there cannot be the least doubt that the empire of the Monomotapa in the sixteenth century was identical with Macombe's country of to-day.

The word "Monomotapa" means "Lord of the Mine," "Motapa" being the Zulu word for "mine." In fact, Motapa is the same in Zulu as "Fura" is in the Makalanga language itself.

In these Central-African countries it is the fashion with people entering a chief's country to send and ask his permission. With this custom I dispensed, as it would have meant a long delay to my entrance, and might have ended in a negative result altogether. Macombe and the Makalanga have been hostile to the Europeans, particularly to the Portuguese for centuries, and I thought it better to risk the hostility of the tribe by entering it than to risk a total failure of my enterprise.

Thus on the 14th of April, 1899, I started from Mitonda with Mr. Puzey and Mr. Gramann, about fifty porters, and six Somalis.

I followed the course of the Muira River, having a range of hills on my right-hand side. First our march led through fertile fields, and then again through high grass and marshy swamp.

Pursuing my old tactics in Africa, I decided not to cross the frontier of Macombe's country with an exhausted expedition, but to arrive early in the morning after my men had had a night's sleep. Practically only the borders of the Zambesi River are under Portuguese control, and I camped on the 14th of April in a



DR. PETERS SAYS "GOOD-BY"

little village, the last under the jurisdiction of the Portuguese government.

The rising sun of the 15th of April found us on the way, marching to the Muira, which we reached after a three-quarter-hour's march.

We stepped along in the dry river-bed, the banks of which were framed by dark green, here and there guinea-fowls rose, there a flock of monkeys, which hurriedly escaped as soon as we approached. Soon I was with Mr. Puzey in the front of our column. No man was to be seen. From ten o'clock the western range of hills rose sharp and grotesque before us. Dark bowlders of slate in the river-bed showed its formation. Through this mountain range the Muira River breaks. Like sentinels, two bold and table-mountain-like hills stand guard over the right and left of the river-bed.

For years I had had certain fantastical ideas about the appearance of Fura. This time, for once, the reality surpassed all fancies. More picturesque and at the same time more mysterious even the fancy of a Rider Haggard could not have depicted the entrance into the ancient fabulous Eldorado.

Like two rock castles the masses of slate stand on the left and right hand side of the Muira River, overgrown on the top by plenty of green. Below, the water of the river rippled, in which the dark blue sky of the tropical world was reflected. Before us a river valley opened, into which on both sides the dark rock walls descended, at the commencement like hill waves, then farther on steep and wide, and above this charming landscape lay the sinister silence of death—Sabbath stillness as it prevails in the tropics at noon. Thus we found the eastern entrance to Fura on Saturday noon, the 15th of April, 1899.

I pitched the camp towards twelve

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SECTION OF FRENCH MAP OF 1705, USED BY DR. PETERS

o'clock under the hill on the eastern bank of the Muira, and after lunch went with Mr. Pusey and two Somalis up river, wading through a valley one to one and a half feet in water.

Already this first afternoon we could see pure quartz sand in the river-bed, so that we could safely conclude that there must be quartz higher up. About half an hour above our camp the Muira took a turning, by which on its left bank large sand alluvial had been deposited. Behind this alluvial the valley gets small, and on both sides, about 1200 feet high, two table-mountains rose like mighty fortifications. Without doubt they are the most characteristic and noblest part of this whole formation. I named the mountain on the right or eastern side of the river Mount Thornhill, that on the left, Mount Peters. There must have been a time when they formed one massive mountain, through which the Muira River has broken its way. West of this gorge the wide valley of Injakafura stretches. This was originally a lake, traces of which we found. South of this gorge Mount Thornhill turns in a wide bend to the east, while Mount Peters turns to the west. Towards the southwest, the eastern margin nears the southern continuation of Mount Peters, and elevates itself in the Msusi Mountain more more into a steep and mighty slate (schist) rock, which, so to say, locks the valley in the south. At the foot of this Msusi Mountain the great kraal of Injakafura is situated, where the second Induna of Macombe, Kamboroco, governor of the whole district of Injakafura, resides.

As a matter of course the natives had observed us from the first moment of our entrance, and none of our movements had escaped them. Already on Saturday several of them came to our tents, and we told them to bring fowls and food for sale. On Sunday afternoon others came, who told us they came from Injasapa.

"Where is Injasapa?" I asked.

"In the east of the mountains, in the south of Mitonda," was the reply.

There we had an interesting fact. According to our reports, Fura was to be found close to Massapa. Here we learned that a place called Injasapa was east of the mountain range in which we camped. On the next morning Mr. Puzey and I went to this place, Injasapa, which lies about five miles east from the Muira, about sixteen miles south from the Portuguese fort "Injakoro," in the midst of dense forest.

Mr. Puzey, who acted as interpreter during the first visit in this country, said to the natives, "Do you know the place Massapa?"

They answered: "This is the very place. The people call it Injasapa or Massapa, just as they like, it is the same thing."

Here, then, we were on the site of the old Portuguese Fair of Massapa.

As I knew from the old Portuguese reports that Massapa had no real fortifications, but only for a short time a wooden palisade, we did not expect to find any remains of ruins here. Apparently it was never anything but an open market-place, in which gold was traded, and where the "capitao das portas" (captain of the gates) with a few Benedictine monks lived. The place was not situated in the gold district itself, but at the entrance to this district.

From Massapa to Injakafura is two and a half hours' march, and two hours' march more west of Injakafura lie the ancient gold-mines, which we discovered in July, and which are situated west of Massapa. Thus we had the first evidence that we really were in the classical Fura. Soon we were to get more of this evidence.

As the natives of the district behaved in rather an unfriendly manner to us, on the 20th of April I sent Mr. Puzey to Injakafura to settle matters with the chief. Towards noon he returned, took me into my tent, and said, "I have good news: I have seen the ancient ruins." The road to Injakafura passes a hill which branches off from Mount Peters to the Msusi Mountain. All along this hill Mr. Puzey had seen from the south side of the river a mighty cyclopean wall, and had at once returned to me, in order to bring me the pleasant news. I have named the hill on which the ruin lies, after its discoverer, "Puzey Hill." On the afternoon of the same day I went with Mr. Gramann to pay a visit to this place. It was half past four o'clock when we reached the foot of the hill, which is surrounded by the Muira River. I believe this was formerly an artificial ditch, into which the Muira was led, as the river here is deeper than anywhere else, and has running water round the hill. It is probable that formerly behind this ditch and at the foot of the hill was a cyclopean wall, which is marked to-day only by vast débris. Over this débris Mr. Gramann and I broke our way, through dense thorn and thick bush, which made going extremely unpleasant, as if Nature herself wished to protect the old mystery. Moreover, marching in front, I was attacked by bees, which punished me severely for my intrusion. Nevertheless, on we went, and after about one-quarter hour, hot and exhausted, we stood on the platform of the hill. This was what we saw:

Round the margin of the top appeared the remnants of an old cyclopean wall, the stones of which had apparently been worked with a pick, as they showed certain triangular forms, with the edges turned outward. Far back from the margin, towards the centre of the hill, we found a mighty horizontal ledge, which we first took to be the entrance of a cave. Later researches proved that this was a mistake. Round this ledge a wall of artificially formed stones had formerly been built. Near this wall we found a great number of curiously formed stones, which I am inclined to take to be betyli. Betyli formed an object of religious worship in the oldest Semitic cults. Among these betyli I found a phallus. The worship of phallus was connected with the original Semitic sun-worship. That these stones are the work of man, and not the play of nature, is proven by the fact that they are formed of sandstone, while the rock and the whole formation of the hill is crystalline slate. We had little time in the afternoon of the 20th of April to study this find. Before evening I wished to examine the cyclopean wall which surrounds the hill in its middle, and which Mr. Puzey had seen from below. We therefore broke a new way

north of our ascent, over vast débris, which was thrown over the precipice. About thirty feet below the margin we discovered a sort of court-yard, and had before us the wall, which in a mighty circle, following the outlines of the hill, streeches to both sides. Here it stood up to fifteen feet and higher, there it was half broken down, and elsewhere broken down altogether. At some places the stone stood bare, at other places it was overgrown by dense vegetation. This wall round the middle of a fortified hill is particularly typical of an ancient Semitic fortification. It is precisely the same Semitic style which we find over and over again. As a fortification, the place was very well chosen. It commands the plain in the west, which lay before us in the sinking sun, and through which the Muira passes in wide bendings, as well as the Gorge of the Fura escarpment, which meant for the old conquistadores the way of retreat to the Zambesi and to the coast in case of need.

We were filled with awe when we saw these relics of an ancient civilization in the silence of the coming night. Twilight compelled us to climb back to the top of the hill. We had only a few minutes to look over the strange landscape in the west, with its fields, and its green bush, and with the reddish splendor of the Msusi Mountain on the left, and a massive mountain called "Injakalongoe" by the natives, directly in front of us.

From this fortification to the Zambesi River is about twenty miles march. We continued the examination of the ruin during the following days, but I had neither the time nor the tools for a thorough investigation. Other ruins we found on the hill near the Puzey Hill in the northwest of precisely the same character as our first discovery. Round this ruin also was an old ditch at the bottom of the elevation, and a cyclopean wall round the middle of the mountain. Round this hill we also found a great number of those curiously formed stones which we had already found on top of the first ruin, and a collection of which I have sent to London.

Having thus found the second important evidence of the old Fura in these ruins, it remained to discover the most essential indication, namely, the gold-mines themselves. This we succeeded in doing after weeks of hard and exhausting labor.

The results of our investigation were the following:

Parallel to the Fura escarpment, which as I have said is of crystalline slate (schist), runs a dioritic formation, which ends its highest elevation in the Injakalongoe, and goes the latitude of Injakafura in the north-northwesterly direction towards the Zambesi River. In this diorite we discovered mighty quartz reefs embedded again in small bars of slate, with all surface indications of rich gold. Most of these reefs were covered with ancient workings—surface workings as well as real shafts, with tunnels and roads cut into the rock. These reefs are as much as twenty-four feet in breadth, and excel in their appearance all quartz reefs I have seen in South Africa. They are covered by the so-called "iron cap," and panning as well as chemical analyses proved them to contain gold. The quartz is of a bluish color, and the "iron cap" on its top is the best indication of the yellow metal. There cannot be the least doubt that we have in these gold reefs what is called in the old reports the Abyssinian Mine, "from which the Queen of Sheba took the greater part of the gold which she went to offer to the Temple of Solomon."

We found one evidence for this which cannot be disputed. In one of the Portuguese reports it is mentioned that the Portuguese themselves, shortly before they were turned out from this district for good, worked gold from a quarry on this mine. Now we found this quarry in one of the reefs. West of Massapa is the Injabanda River, which flows through a valley in the southern part of Injakalongoe. In this Injabanda River natives wash gold after the rainy seasons. This river enters the Muira in the alluvial plain between the Fura escarpment and Injakalongoe, in the centre of which the kraal Injakafura is situated, at the northwestern corner.

The picture of the formation is as follows:

The gold reefs of Fura which lie at the western escarpment of the Fura plain, have forwarded for millions of years, through the Injabanda River and other

rivulets, alluvial gold into the lake which formerly covered the ground. When the Muira broke through the eastern slate escarpment, this plain was laid dry, and must have been immensely rich in alluvial deposits. Of this alluvial ground the Semitic conquistadores most likely heard when at the mouth of the Zambesi. They may have been trading with natives for the precious metal until such a time as they made up their minds to go up the river themselves and work it. Then they built at the eastern side of that alluvial plain the fortifications which we found, and which were undoubtedly the storing-place of the gold they collected, which, as the Bible tells us, was taken to Jerusalem once every three years. When the surface alluvial was more or less exhausted, they went to work the reefs in the west, from whence it came. Probably many centuries later they marched farther west to Mashonaland, crossing the Ruenye and the Mazoe rivers.

I found in Injanga the same class of worked stones which we found in Injakafura, thus proving that the same race worked here as there.

Now of course in a question like this we very rarely have direct proof, but are largely dependent upon circumstantial evidence. I have found no inscription saying this is "Ophir," or "Afer," as the Sabæans called it, but I have strong reasons which make me think that my circumstantial evidence is sufficient from a historical point of view.

On the Zambesi the ancient Ophir sailors could find all the articles which formed, according to the Bible, the return freight of the voyage—gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks, as well as almug-trees, which were most likely ebony-trees. To the district near the Lupata Gorge they had a continual water connection from Ebeon Ghezer on the Red Sea. The same little sailing vessels with which the Arabs up to our time crossed the Indian Ocean, sailed up the Zambesi River even in this century, before steam navigation commenced.

While Mashonaland and Matabeleland meant to these old conquistadores a long journey over land, the district of Injakafura offered easy communication, and therefore an inducement which for the Phœnician race counted more than for any other nation in history. While in these two facts we have the general basis for starting our Ophir theory, we find in the ancient ruins and ancient gold-mines more positive facts to confirm it. Here we have records of an ancient gold-mining enterprise before us. What reason can there be to say this is not the Ophir or Afer of the Solomonic age?

Then we come to a stronger point even—that is, the evidence of the name. As I have said, Fura means in the language of the natives to-day the same as "Afer" meant in the ancient times: "hole" or "mine." Fura is nothing but a native corruption of the old Semitic word "Afer" or "Ophir." Well, this would be remarkable in any case, and combined with the discoveries I made last year on the spot, it is of convincing importance.

When the Portuguese arrived in the sixteenth century in Southeast Africa, Arab traders told them that this "Afer" or "Fura" was indeed the "Fura" of King Solomon's time. Now these Arabs were the natural descendants of the ancient conquistadores themselves. Trade had been going on since the olden times uninterruptedly in these quarters of the world, although unnoticed by the white race in Europe. Why should not these descendants know where the "Afer" of their forefathers was situated? A continual historical tradition of this sort is of the greatest importance. It is in this way we are able to fix, for instance, the geographical positions of historical places in England or in Germany. The tradition of the people themselves in connection with names points to the proper places, for instance, of old Roman battlefields in Germany or in France. Why should not the same evidence hold good in the problem we have before us?

Any of the evidence by itself, I repeat, might not be of a convincing character, but the combination of these facts, as I have laid them before my reader, will, I hope, prove that my theory is scientifically based. Mathematical evidence, of course, we have not, but I ask those who may contradict my conclusions to point out any other spot on the surface of the globe that has the same right to claim the identity with ancient Ophir as this Fura district I explored in the summer of 1899.

Fura is not situated in the moon, but is in shipping communication with Europe. That such a rich gold district should have been closed so long to the enterprise of the white race is owing to the fact that Macombe's country was hostile to intercourse with Europeans, and for centuries has been at war with the Portuguese particularly. This now is over. I have made friends with this great chief, and large properties in his country belong to me and my friends. Thus I hope I shall have the satisfaction of turning the most ancient gold district in South Africa into the most modern one there.

IN MEMORIAM

Christians massacred in China, 1900

BY NINA FRANCES LAYARD

FATHER of souls that bade us go
Along these tangled ways of life,
Our souls are stronger for the strife,
Our joy is deeper for the woe.

The wind has torn the forest hem;
The rain has found the lily's heart;
Yet this is sweeter for the smart,
And that is stouter in the stem.

The moon has pierced the breast of night
Till fainting darkness pines and pales,
Or feels the print of starry nails
Let out the falling drops of light.

And clouds shall gather in the sky,
A coronal of plaited thorn
Across the forehead of the morn,
Yet glory cometh by-and-by.

For sweeter does the sunlight show,
And fairer still the dawn appears
That had its baptism of tears,
And clearer is the after-glow.

The Sower flings His seed afield—
I dare not question of its kind;
It leaves the furrows red behind.
No bird will rob Him of the yield.

"Seed of the Church," I heard Him say,
"I water it with tears and Blood;
My life is mingled with the flood,
And not a corn of wheat shall die."

The troubles of our times increase;
Like fading shadows we depart.
O Brother of the Broken Heart,
Let sorrow blossom into peace.

AN ANACHRONISM IN COURTSHIP

BY ALFRED HODDER

I

THE celebrated philosopher and economist, Professor Patten, is of opinion that people of strong impulses will not survive. We of English parentage, he is persuaded, got into the habit of strong impulses at a time when the conditions of life were so precarious that a man must act promptly and violently or not at all. Conditions nowadays, he thinks, are changed; and the future belongs to valetudinarians of a dyspeptic habit, who regulate their digestion not by physical exercise, but by a judicious dietary of boluses, and are not hot but cold inside, and wear Jäger wool during the summer.

Readers who are curious in speculations in this kind may be referred for further details to the great treatise, "The Development of English Thought," the unwritten subtitle of which is the Correlation of Physical Vigor and Vice, or the Incompatibility of High Feeding and Flannel Under-Clothing.

The point of the present statement of facts is that Winifred St. Barbe Harlan is not a person who Dr. Patten believes is to survive. Neither is Rupert Blandell. Neither, for that matter, is the whole of the great State of Kentucky, where the following events find, as Dr. Patten would say, their habitat. Harold Trant will survive, but that is perhaps regrettable.

As everybody in Kentucky knew, between the Blandells of Lexington and the Harlans of Louisville there had been a feud of three generations. I am not sure that any one rightly recollects what it was all about; and fancy that, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger's histrionic quarrel, explanation would serve only to make it less comprehensible. Suffice it that in the summer of 188-- at White Sulphur Springs, the eyes of Rupert Blandell first opened on Winifred, and were smitten with a sweet madness in the radiance of her charms. He read a canto of "The Giaour"—Byron's vogue still lingered in the Middle States—danced with her twice at the Crowing Hen Cotillon, and declared his passion in the eloquence for such case made and provided. She refused him.

As everybody in Kentucky knows, the Blandells of Lexington are not remarkable for a readiness to desist from the pursuit of any object upon which they have bent their choice, and Rupert was a Blandell of the Blandells. Having, as was but just, a good conceit of himself, he could conceive no objection Winifred could have to him except that her father's father had discharged certain missile weapons at his father's father, and that his father's uncles had retaliated in kind, and that there had been miscellaneous casualties resulting. Rupert himself took a somewhat picturesque view of these and the like occurrences: they were the dramatic details simply which made his native State the home of modern civilization and the heir of the heroic age; but he could understand that Miss Winifred might cherish a histrionic hostility. In a pacific intention he sought an interview with Colonel Harlan, Miss Winifred's papa, and with Basil and Lidcott Harlan, Miss Winifred's brothers, and the sitting opened with the formality and courtesy which are becoming in the inheritors of the heroic age.

By what transition the sitting became still more illustrative of the heroic age, and who first made a vivacious movement thought to be toward his hip pocket, need not be related. Both Basil and Lidcott Harlan were disabled, and Rupert Blandell was confined to the house for three months.

Harold Trant is the eldest surviving male of the Trants of Beacon Hill. His mamma is competent to discuss the score of Wagner's Cycle of the Ring, and his sisters have been educated in Germany and possess opinions on Hegel's intel-

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lectual debt to Schilling. Harold himself makes no pretence of an acquaintance with music, and goes the length of saying he cannot distinguish a symphony from a sonata, nor Bach from Grieg. Of Hegel he was sure only that the one man supposed to have known his secret had not revealed it.

Harold met Winifred St. Barbe Harlan at an assembly ball given by the Pendennis Club a few days after Rupert's "pacific interview." Miss Winifred was at the moment too much the centre of interest not to be pointed out to him; and when a man once looked in her direction his eyes were apt to follow her, and his steps caught the habit from his eyes. Romancists are greatly given to narrating what people about to fall in love say to one another when they first meet, how they are attired, how precisely they happen to be attracted to each other. The fact is less intricate. Two people of opposite sex, young, old, or mediæval, examine each other, simply; examine each other not casually, but with a certain insistence of regard; there is nothing more to tell. What they say, how they are attired, are of no consequence, and the only element of happening in the matter is that they met one another at all, and not somebody, anybody, else. Harold Trant came West to pass upon some mortgages; his main occupation, once there, was to pay his court to Miss Winifred.

Miss Winifred in her twentieth year had attained the dignity of two resolutions. She was firmly determined to have fluttering about her as great a number as possible of fascinated males; she was firmly determined to save her dignity by treating them as badly as she dared. From before the thought of being left an instant alone in a ball-room her mind recoiled in horror: she would perhaps have stopped at nothing to prevent that; not because she adored men, but because she hated women. She did not so much love love as she envied envy. It was a necessity of life to her to perceive a certain number of really attractive girls endeavoring strenuously not to look in her direction. It was the luxury of life to her to provide them with her own rejected partners. She was determined not to get married until the number of her courtiers was on the point of falling off. It was her determination not to wait to get married until the falling off was actually begun. To say that she was typical of feminine ambition would be cynical; and the reader is explicitly called upon to observe that no such statement is made.

It may be set down with positiveness that Miss Winifred was not glad that Basil and Lidcott were injured. It may be set down with equal positiveness that she was not sorry for the eminence upon which the incident established her. At the time when the eyes of Harold Trant first turned toward her there was undeniably a soft bloom of triumph upon her that had been absent a few days before. Regrettable always as must be any mishap to one's own kinsmen, there are sometimes compensations.

One afternoon the Harlan brougham drew up before the Harlan house in —— Street, with Harold Trant and Miss Winifred sitting side by side in it. He had asked her so many times within the three months he had known her to be his wife, and had been so often rejected, that the only course unattended with disgrace still open to him was to persevere until she changed her mind. They had just been paying a visit to —— and to ——, where he had secured her acceptance of a necklace and a brooch of a certain value: happily he was well-to-do, and could always fill the day not disagreeably to her by securing her acceptance of a necklace or a brooch.

Harold Trant had just stepped out and stood ready to assist Miss Winifred to alight when a young man detached himself from the background and came forward, hat in hand. He was somewhat pale with the especial pallor of one lately ill, and wore his left arm in a silken scarf.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," he said in the Southern drawl to Harold Trant; and addressing his companion: "May I speak with you, please, Miss Harlan, for an instant? It is plainly not possible I should call at the house. My last interview with the Colonel was more athletic than I am at present up to."

"Mr. Trant," softly syllabled Winifred, completely ignoring Rupert and his request, "you asked me last week to marry you, and I refused. If you are still of the same mind, I take my refusal back.

Will you be kind enough to remove that gentleman from my path?"

There was, perhaps excusably, an appreciable fraction of a moment in which Harold Trant stood amazed. Rupert Blandell straightened up and brightened with a great flush of anger and pride; Miss Winifred had never seen the man so beautiful.

"Mr. Trant," he said, bending upon that pacific person a look of unmistakable hostility, "I am sorry to balk your evident intention of removing me. Miss Harlan wishes me out of her path to her father's door; I have no power to oppose her wish. I shall compensate you for your missed opportunity when next we meet."

II

Harold Trant that evening begged a private interview with Colonel Harlan in that gentleman's library, where the sideboard was more richly garnished than the book-shelves, and there proposed gravely for Miss Winifred's hand. The monarchy of the household, which used to be absolute, is become that travesty of government which we call constitutional; but it is still graceful, and even consoling, to observe the ancient forms.

Harold Trant was on many accounts an acceptable son-in-law: he had a great deal to offer. Colonel Harlan pronounced the following morning upon him to Winifred a eulogium in which he judiciously mixed four original metaphors, and gave her his blessing. Eloquence still flourishes in the South. At the close he hesitated visibly, as if he had yet a word to say with which he was reluctant to part. And indeed she had given him from the beginning but little encouragement. She had sat before him quite motionless with folded hands, and let him contemplate her eyelids and guess as best he might what was going on behind them.

"I understand that Rupert Blandell is about again," he ventured at last, tentatively.

"You hardly fancied he would be afraid to show himself, I suppose," she said, in a clear, low voice. "Was it Mr. Trant who had the good taste to tell you?"

The Colonel had been deeply moved at the thought of parting with his daughter, and at the thought of what Harold Trant had to offer; and was exalted besides, for the moment, by his achievement in metaphor; but he discreetly avoided the direct question, though not without a pause.

"I understand that he endeavored to speak with you. I only wanted to say—"

Miss Winifred lifted her eyes at last, and what he only wanted to say remained unspoken.

"I don't think it necessary we should speak of Mr. Blandell," she said, rising; and added, as she swept toward the door, "Did Mr. Trant ask your protection for himself as well as for me?"

Just outside the door she collided with Basil, who was on the point of entering.

"Hello, Winnie!" he was inspired to say as he caught her in his arms. "Some people do leave a room that way. I was just looking for you."

"To speak to me about Mr. Blandell, no doubt."

"About Mr. Blandell!"

"Yes! You feel perfectly comfortable about him now. There are four of you against him. There were only three before. Let me go, please!"

Rupert Blandell showed himself conspicuously in all public places in Louisville. He was not in the least a prehistoric savage in a high hat and frock-coat; he was simply a young man of gentle birth and breeding, determined, with an inner sullenness, on winning at all hazards and against all odds the woman on whom he had set his heart. He had even been to an Eastern college, and taken a post-graduate course at a German university. If he had been asked whether he imagined she was the only woman in the world, no doubt he might in perfect sincerity and wonder have stared his questioner in the face. Other women were—other women! There weren't any other women. Men are made like that—in Kentucky. To Harold Trant he felt no especial enmity. Harold Trant was a detail, simply; an obstacle to be swept aside. Rupert had no eyes for any but the beloved object; he was too much occupied to expend attention on Harold Trant. For Basil and Lidcott he felt a positive loyalty, and Colonel Harlan he regarded almost with reverence. Once more, men are made like that—in Kentucky.

Rupert was not an adept at the sonnet

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nor at the rondeau, and it did not occur to him that Miss Winifred's face was as the face of love, nor that "all her body was more virtuous than souls of woman fashioned otherwise," nor did he stray afield in search of reiterate rhymes until he forgot the face in whose honor he was gathering them. But he did wonder how the feminine portion of mankind, when they obtruded themselves upon his notice, could be so misshapen, repulsive, vapid of allurement or charm or bare reason of existence, mere female manikins to drape a skirt upon. When he thought of her accent and bearing when she accepted Harold Trant, that, he felt, was the grand manner; and he was filled with a well-nigh intolerable reverence. "To kneel accepted before a creature like that!"

One morning Rupert was strolling aimlessly along Fourth Street when two men came down the steps of the Pendennis. Rupert changed neither his pace nor his attitude, but he watched the approaching figures with an eye for their minutest gesture. He stopped when they were scarce two paces distant, and said, in a voice not audible beyond the two to whom it was addressed,

"Mr. Trant, are you prepared to defend yourself?"

It was Basil who instantly replied:

"Neither Mr. Trant nor I, I believe, am armed. I certainly am not."

"I have no difference with you, and am anxious to have none," Rupert said, not looking in Basil's direction. "I only defended myself, as I supposed, before; and shall confine myself to defence hereafter. The case of Mr. Trant is different. I shall at all times understand his approach to be a menace."

He was passing on.

"Wait an instant!" Harold said, exasperated for the minute beyond all self-control. "Are you damned idiot enough to believe that I am going to stride about with a pistol in my pocket like an assassin, and fight you on the street corner?"

"Damned idiot is a pretty phrase; I shall remember it," dropped Rupert. "If you don't think the prize worth a fight—on a street corner!—you had better take a train home. *Au revoir.*"

"Exhilarating youth, has perhaps imbibed freely the Kentucky *Landwein,* which is Bourbon!" Harold soliloquized, looking after him and regaining at once his self-possession.

"Of course," Basil said, indifferently, as they walked on—"of course, you know, he meant what he said."

"There are courts in the State, I suppose," Harold rejoined, curtly. "Let's talk of something else."

Basil opened his lips as if to make some response, glanced at his companion, and—spoke of something else.

It may be stated at once that Harold Trant was not a craven. If Rupert had not been quite obviously pallid from his recent illness, Harold would probably have laid hands on him then and there, be the consequences what they might; and even as it was he coquetted resentfully with the notion of meeting him in what way he would. It was bitterly true that Winifred was worth a fight—even on the street corner. It was, however, also true that he was not, as to himself he phrased it, "a damned idiot." He could no more, when he came to think of it, arm himself with a Smith-and-Wesson than he could don corded leggings and a sugar-loaf hat. Alas! and alas! the days of chivalry lie in their grave with the days of costume. There is a sacred affinity between them—by a pre-established harmony the pictorial in conduct and the pictorial in dress flourish and decline together.

It was the most ridiculous thing in the world, really, that he, Harold Trant, should not be able to walk the streets in one of the principal cities in the United States in safety. He felt it so as he was dressing that evening for dinner in the Galt House. The banal modern furniture, the light, bright, gaudy modern rooms, the light, bright, gaudy modern carpet, the electric bells and chamber telephone, filled him with a rage of indignant common-sense. Mediæval gallantry was as absurd in such a setting as a fear of the death-watch, or a belief in the king's touch for the king's-evil. He had brought, he said to himself, with a touch of sullen vexation at having been put in a position so impossible, his Beacon Hill with him; his Southern friends must fashion themselves to it as best they might. He tied his cravat in an ecstasy of self-righteousness, and settled his coat in the consciousness of three centuries of moral principle.



HAROLD TRANT STOOD AMAZED

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There was a flutter in the Pendennis that evening, and it was rumored that Rupert Blandell had been arrested and would appear the following day before Judge Shillito to be bound over to keep the peace. It was not denied that it took more courage of its kind in Harold Trant to cause Rupert's arrest than to fight with him; but it was recognized that that sort of courage has always been held among men—and women—to be a poorer kind.

At ten the next day Judge Shillito's court was crowded with what the report of the proceedings in the public prints described as "the wit and beauty, the high fashion and celebrity, of Louisville." Rupert was at all times somewhat haggard and pale, and from his recent confinement to the house especially so; and the half-light of the court-room deepened the shadows in his face and set in relief the brightness of his eyes till he looked like a spectre from some fever-stricken district. Harold was at all times ruddy and in condition, and was, too, a somewhat overgrown athletic figure even in Kentucky.

"Goliath binds over David to keep the peace," drawled one of Rupert's counsel to a brother attorney.

"He perhaps knows David's skill at missiles," was the reply.

"Climate of Massachusetts bad for the sense of humor," said another of the learned gentlemen.

"And exasperating to the sense of justice,—in particular—"

What in particular was never known: the sentence was interrupted by the opening of the court and by a movement amongst the spectators. A young woman, very pretty, very agitated, swept unaccompanied down the aisle and, undeterred by ushers, into the bar where sat Harold Trant.

"Is it true, Mr. Trant," she asked, in the grand manner, "that you have arrested Rupert Blandell?"

Half the lawyers in the bar and the judge upon the bench were intimates at the Harlan house, and had been in their several degrees subjected to the spell of the radiant Miss Winifred. There was an instant in which justice forgot itself, and Harold Trant stood to respond in a court of another jurisdiction.

"I caused Mr. Blandell to be arrested," he said.

"If you do not release him, I will never be your wife."

The judge hammered on his table, and the bailiff called "Silence in the court," but nobody heard him. Three centuries of moral principle showed itself for an instant in Harold's strong brilliant face, and quitted him like a spirit exorcised.

"I shall release him," he said.

She looked at him another questioning second.

"I can never be your wife anyway!" she exclaimed.

And the judge still hammered on his desk, and the bailiff obtained silence.

When, in its turn among the preliminary business, the case of Rupert Blandell was called, there was nobody to appear against him. Harold Trant had quitted the room. Among the friends who crowded about Rupert on his dismissal the first was Miss Winifred, who came forward holding out both hands.

Harold Trant received soon afterward a letter so ingeniously illogical it must have been sincere. It accompanied a package containing trinkets of a certain value, for which Miss Winifred had been grateful, and with which Mrs. Rupert Blandell parted less in anger than in sorrow. Harold had no use for the trinkets and did not open the package. When next he goes to hunt a wife he will seek her in his own tribe.

MOTIVES

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

SOME that seem trivial or barbed with spite
Are strong and true could we but read aright,—
And others seemingly benign and fair
Are black as hate that meets us unaware.

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ELEANOR*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XXIII.

"SAPPHIRA was nothing to me," thought Eleanor, as she threw herself back in the old shabby landau with a weariness of body that made little impression, however, on the tension of her mind.

Absently she looked out at the trees above and around her—at the innumerable turns of the road. So the great meeting was over! Manisty's reproaches had come and gone! With his full knowledge—at his humble demand—she held his fate in her hands.

Again that extraordinary sense of happiness and lightness. She shrank from it in a kind of terror.

Once, as the horses turned corner after corner, the sentence of a meditative Frenchman crossed her mind—words which said that the only satisfaction for man lies in being *dans l'ordre*—in unity, that is, with the great world-machine in which he finds himself—fighting with it, not against it.

Her mind played about this thought—then returned to Manisty and Lucy.

A new and humbled Manisty!—shaken with a longing and fear which seemed in its simplicity, its touch of greatness, incompatible with all the other elements in his character—those baser, vainer, weaker elements that she knew so well. The change in him was a measure of the smallness of her own past influence upon him—of the infinitude of her own self-deception. Her sharp intelligence drew the inference at once, and bade her pride accept it.

They had reached the last stretch of hill before the convent. Where was Lucy? She looked out eagerly.

The girl stood at the edge of the road, waiting. As Eleanor bent forward with a nervous "Dear, I am not tired—wasn't it lovely to find this carriage?" Lucy made no reply. Her face was stern; her eyes red. She helped Eleanor to alight without a word.

But when they had reached Eleanor's cool and shaded room, and Eleanor was lying on her bed physically at rest, Lucy stood beside her with a quivering face.

"Did you tell him to go at once? Of course you have seen him?"

"Yes, I have seen him. Father Benecke gave me notice."

"Father Benecke!" said the girl, with a tightening of the lip.

There was a pause; then Eleanor said,

"Dear, get that low chair and sit beside me."

"You oughtn't to speak a word," said Lucy, impetuously; "you ought to rest there for hours. Why we should be disturbed in this unwarrantable, this unpardonable way, I can't imagine."

She looked taller than Eleanor had ever seen her—and more queenly. Her whole frame seemed to be stiff with indignation and will.

"Come!" said Eleanor, holding out her hand.

Unwillingly Lucy obeyed.

Eleanor turned towards her. Their faces were close together—the ghastly pallor of the one; the stormy, troubled beauty of the other.

"Darling, listen to me. For two months I have been like a person in a delirium—under suggestion, as the hypnotists say. I have not been myself. It has been a possession. And this morning—before I saw Edward at all—I felt the demon—go! And the result is very simple. Put your ear down to me."

Lucy bent.

"The one thing in the world that I desire now—before I die—(Ah! dear, don't start!—you know!)—the only, only thing—is that you and Edward should be happy—and forgive me."

Her voice was lost in a sob. Lucy

* Begun in January number, 1900

kissed her quickly, passionately. Then she rose.

"I shall never marry Mr. Manisty, Eleanor, if that is what you mean. It is well to make that clear at once."

"And why?" Eleanor caught her—kept her prisoner.

"Why?—why?" said Lucy, impatiently—"because I have no desire to marry him—because—I would sooner cut off my right hand than marry him."

Eleanor held her fast, looked at her with a brilliant eye—accusing, significant.

"A fortnight ago you were on the *loggia*—alone. I saw you from my room. Lucy!—I saw you kiss the terra-cotta he gave you. Do you mean to tell me that meant nothing—nothing—from you, of all people? Oh! you dear, dear child! I knew it from the beginning—I knew it—but I was mad."

Lucy had grown very white, but she stood rigid.

"I can't be responsible for what you thought, or—for anything—but what I do. And I will never marry Mr. Manisty."

Eleanor still held her.

"Dear—you remember that night when Alice attacked you? I came into the library, unknown to you both. You were still in the chair—you heard nothing. He stooped over you. I heard what he said. I saw his face. Lucy! there are terrible risks—not to you—but to him—in driving a temperament like his to despair. You know how he lives by feeling, by imagination—how much of the artist, of the poet, there is in him. If he is happy—if there is some one to understand and strengthen him, he will do great things. If not, he will waste his life. And that would be so bitter, bitter to see!"

Eleanor leant her face on Lucy's hands, and the girl felt her tears. She shook from head to foot, but she did not yield.

"I can't—I can't," she said, in a low, resolute voice. "Don't ask me. I never can."

"And you told him so?"

"I don't know what I told him—except that he mustn't trouble you—that we wanted him to go—to go directly."

"And he—what did he say to you?"

"That doesn't matter in the least," cried Lucy. "I have given him no right to say what he does. Did I encourage him to spend these weeks in looking for us? Never!"

"He didn't want encouraging," said Eleanor. "He is in love—perhaps for the first time in his life. If you are to give him no hope—it will go hard with him."

Lucy's face only darkened.

"How can you say such things to me?" she said, passionately. "How can you?"

Eleanor sighed. "I have not much right to say them, I know," she said, presently, in a low voice. "I have poisoned the sound of them to your ears."

Lucy was silent. She began to walk up and down the room, with her hands behind her.

"I will never, never forgive Father Benecke," she said, presently, in a low, determined voice.

"What do you think he had to do with it?"

"I know," said Lucy. "He brought Mr. Manisty here. He sent him up the hill this morning to see me. It was the most intolerable interference and presumption. Only a priest could have done it."

"Oh! you bigot!—you Puritan! Come here, little wild-cat. Let me say something."

Lucy came reluctantly, and Eleanor held her.

"Doesn't it enter into your philosophy—tell me—that one soul should be able to do anything for another?"

"I don't believe in the professional, anyway," said Lucy, stiffly—"nor in the professional claims."

"My dear, it is a training like any other."

"Did you—did you confide in him?" said the girl, after a moment, with a visible effort.

Eleanor made no reply. She lay with her face hidden. When Lucy bent down to her she said, with a sudden sob:

"Don't you understand? I have been near two griefs since I came here—his and the Contessa's. And mine didn't stand the comparison."

"Father Benecke had no right to take matters into his own hands," said Lucy, stubbornly.

"I think he was afraid—I should die in my sins," said Eleanor, wildly. "He is an apostle—he took the license of one."

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Lucy frowned, but did not speak.

"Lucy! what makes you so hard—so strange?"

"I am not hard. But I don't want to see Mr. Manisty again. I want to take you safely back to England, and then to go home—home to Uncle Ben—to my own people."

Her voice showed the profoundest and most painful emotion. Eleanor felt a movement of despair. What could he have said or done to set this tender nature so on edge? If it had not been for that vision on the *loggia*, she would have thought that the girl's heart was in truth untouched, and that Manisty would sue in vain. But how was it possible to think it?

She lost herself in doubts and conjectures, while Lucy still moved up and down.

Presently Cecco brought up their meal, and Eleanor must needs eat and drink to soothe Lucy's anxiety. The girl watched her every movement, and Eleanor dared neither be tired nor dainty, lest for every mouthful she refused Manisty's chance should be the less.

After dinner she once more laid a detaining hand on her companion.

"Dear, I can't send him away, you know—at once—to please you."

"Do *you* want him to stay?" said Lucy, holding herself aloof.

"After all, he is my kinsman. There are many things to discuss—much to hear."

"Very well. It won't be necessary for me to take part."

"Not unless you like. But, Lucy, it would make me very unhappy—if you were unkind to him. You have made him suffer, my dear; he is not the meekest of men. Be content."

"I will be quite polite," said the girl, turning away her head. "You will be able to travel—won't you—very soon?"

Eleanor assented vaguely, and the conversation dropped.

In the afternoon Marie took a note to the cottage by the river:

"Ask Father Benecke to let you stay a few days. Things look bad. What did you say? If you attacked me, it has done you harm."

Meanwhile Lucy, who felt herself exiled from the woods, the roads, the village, by one threatening presence, shut herself up for a while in her own room, in youth's most tragic mood, calling on the pangs of thought to still more strengthen her resolve and clear her mind.

She forced her fingers to an intermittent task of needle-work, but there were long pauses when her hands lay idle on her lap, when her head drooped against the back of her chair, and all her life centred in her fast-beating heart, driven and strained by the torment of recollection.

That moment when she had stepped out upon the road from the shelter of the wood—the thrill of it even in memory made her pale and cold. His look—his cry—the sudden radiance of the face, which, as she had first caught sight of it, bent in a brooding frown over the dusty road, had seemed to her the very image of discontent.

"Miss Foster!—*Lucy!*"

The word had escaped him, in his first rush of joy, his spring towards her. And she had felt herself tottering, in a sudden blindness.

What could she remember? The breathless contradiction of his questions—the eager grasp of her hand—then her first mention of Eleanor—the short stammering sentences, which as she spoke them sounded to her own ear so inconclusive, unintelligible, insulting—and his growing astonishment, the darkening features, the tightening lips, and finally his step backward, the haughty bracing of the whole man.

"Why does my cousin refuse to see me? What possible reason can you or she assign?"

And then her despairing search for the right word, that would not come. He must please, please, go away—because Mrs. Burgoyne was ill—because the doctors were anxious—because there must be no excitement. She was acting as nurse, but it was only to be for a short time longer. In a week or two, no doubt, Mrs. Burgoyne would go to England, and she would return to America with the Porters. But for the present, quiet was still absolutely necessary.

Then—silence!—and afterwards a few sarcastic interrogations, quick, practical,

hard to answer—the mounting menace of that thunderbrow, extravagant, and magnificent—the trembling of her own limbs. And at last that sharp sentence, like lightning from the cloud, as to "whims and follies" that no sane man could hope to unravel, which had suddenly nerved her to be angry.

"Oh! I was odious—odious!" she thought to herself, hiding her face in her hands.

His answering indignation seemed to clatter through her room.

"And you really expect me to do your bidding calmly—to play this ridiculous part?—to leave my cousin and you in these wilds—at this time of year—she in the state of health that you describe—to face this heat, and the journey home, without comforts, without assistance? It is a great responsibility, Miss Foster, that you take, with me, and with her!—I refuse to yield it to you, till I have given you at least a little further time for consideration. I shall stay here a few hours longer. If you change your mind, send to me—I am with Father Benecke. If not—good-by! But I warn you that I will be no party to further mystification. It is undesirable for us all. I shall write at once to General Delafield-Muir, and to my aunt. I think it will be also my duty to communicate with your friends in London or in Boston."

"Mr. Manisty!—let me beg of you to leave my personal affairs alone!"

She felt again the proud flush upon her cheek, the shock of their two wills, the mingled anguish and relief as she saw him turn upon his heel and go.

Ah! how unready, how *gauche* she had shown herself. From the beginning instead of conciliating she had provoked him. But how to make a plausible story out of their adventure at all? There was the deciding, the fatal difficulty. Her face burnt anew as she tried to think his thoughts, to imagine all that he might or must guess—as she remembered the glow of swift instinctive triumph with which he had recognized her, and realized from it some of the ideas that must have been his travelling companions all these weeks.

No matter: let him think what he pleased! She sat there in the gathering dark—at one moment feeling herself caught in the grip of a moral necessity that no rebellion could undo, and the next, childishly catching to her heart the echoes and images of that miserable half-hour.

No wonder he had been angry!

"*Lucy!*"

Her name was sweetened to her ear forever. He looked wayworn and tired—yet so eager, so spiritually alert. Never had that glitter and magic he carried about with him been more potent, more compelling.

Alack! what woman ever yet refused to love a man because he loved himself? It depends entirely on how she estimates the force of his temptation. And it would almost seem as though Nature, for her own secret reason, had thrown a special charm round the egotist, of all types, for the loving and the true. Is it that she is thinking of the race—must needs balance in it the forces of death and life? What matters the separate joy or pain?

Yes—Lucy would have given herself to Manisty, not blind to risks, expecting thorns!—if it had been possible.

But it was not possible. She rose from her seat, and sternly dismissed her thoughts. She was no conscious thief, no willing traitor. Not even Eleanor should persuade her. Eleanor was dying because she, Lucy, had stolen from her the affections of her inconstant lover. Was there any getting over that? None! The girl shrank in horror from the very notion of such a base and plundering happiness.

On the following morning when Lucy entered Eleanor's room she found her giving some directions to Marie.

"Tell Mamma Doni that we give up the rooms next week—Friday in next week. Make her understand."

"*Parfaitement,* madame." And Marie left the room.

Lucy advanced with a face of dismay.

"Ten days more!—Eleanor."

Eleanor tapped her lightly on the cheek, then kissed her, laughing.

"Are you too hot?"

"Dear!—don't talk about me! But you promised me to be gone before August."

She knelt down by Eleanor's bedside,

holding her hands, imploring her with her deep blue eyes.

"Well, it's only a few days more," said Eleanor, guiltily. "Do let's take it leisurely—it's so horrid to be hurried in one's packing. Look at all these things!"

She waved her hand desperately round the little room, choked up with miscellaneous boxes; then laid both hands on Lucy's shoulders, coaxing and smiling at her like a child.

Lucy soon convinced herself that it was of no use to argue. She must just submit, unless she were prepared to go to lengths of self-assertion which might excite Eleanor and bring on a heart attack.

So, setting her teeth, she yielded.

"Friday week, then—for the last, last day! And Mr. Manisty?"

She had risen from her knees and stood looking down at Eleanor. Her cheek had reddened, but Eleanor admired her stateliness.

"Oh, we must keep Edward—we want him for courier—I gave you trouble enough on the journey here."

Lucy said nothing. Her heart swelled a little. It seemed to her that under all this sweetness she was being treated with a certain violence. She went to the balcony, where the breakfast had just been laid, that she might bring Eleanor's coffee.

"It *is* just a little crude," Eleanor thought, uneasily. "Dear bird!—the net is sadly visible. But what can one do?—with so little time—so few chances! Once part them—and the game is up!"

So she used her weakness once more as a tyranny, this time for different ends.

The situation that she dictated was certainly difficult enough. Manisty appeared, by her summons in the afternoon, and found them on the *loggia*. Lucy greeted him with a cold self-possession. Of all that had passed on the previous day, naturally, not a word. So far as allusions to the past were concerned, the three might have parted the day before at Marinata. Eleanor, very flushed, and dressed in her elegant white dress and French hat, talked fast and well, of the country folk, the *padre parroco*, the Contessa. Lucy looked at her with alarm, dreading the after-fatigue. But Eleanor would not be managed—would have her way.

Manisty, however, was no longer deceived. Lucy was aware of some of the glances that he threw his cousin. The trouble which they betrayed gave the girl a bitter satisfaction.

Presently she left them alone. After her disappearance Eleanor turned to Manisty with a smile.

"On your peril—not another word to her!—till I give you leave. That would finish it."

He lifted hands and shoulders in a despairing gesture, but said nothing. In Lucy's absence, however, then and later, he did not attempt to control his depression, and Eleanor was soon distracting and comforting him in the familiar ways of the past. Before forty-eight hours had passed, the relations between them indeed had resumed, to all appearance, the old and close intimacy. On his arm she crept down the road to the Sassetto, while Lucy drove with the Contessa. Or Manisty read aloud to her on the *loggia*, while Lucy in the court-yard below sat chatting fast to a swarm of village children, who would always henceforward associate her white dress and the pure oval of her face with their dreams of the Madonna.

In their tête-à-têtes, the talk of Manisty and Eleanor was always either of Lucy or of Manisty's own future. He had been at first embarrassed or reluctant. But she had insisted, and he had at length revealed himself as in truth he had never revealed himself in the days of their early friendship. With him at least Eleanor, through all anguish, had remained mistress of herself, and she had her reward. No irreparable word had passed between them. The past was buried, and a new bond arose. The stifled reproaches, the secret impatiences, the *ennuis*, the hidden anguish of these last weeks at Marinata, were gone. Manisty, freed from the pressure of an unspoken claim which his conscience half acknowledged and his will repulsed, was for his cousin a new creature. He began to treat her as he had treated his friend Neal, with the same affectionate consideration, the same easy sweetness—even through all the torments that Lucy made him suffer. "His restlessness as a lover—his excellence as a friend,"—so a man who knew him well had written of him in

earlier days. As for the lover, discipline and penance had overtaken him. But now that Eleanor's claim of another kind was dead, the friend in him had scope. Eleanor possessed him as the lover of Lucy more truly than she had ever yet done in the days when she ruled alone.

One evening, finding her more feeble than usual, he implored her to let him summon a doctor from Rome before she risked the fatigue of the Mont Cenis journey.

"No," she said. "No. If necessary I will go to Orvieto. There is a good man there. But there is some one else you shall write to, if you like—Reggie. Didn't you see him last week?"

"Certainly. Reggie and the first secretary left in charge, sitting in their shirt sleeves, with no tempers to speak of, and the thermometer at 96. But Reggie was to get his holiday directly."

"Write and catch him."

"Tell him to come not later than Tuesday, please," said Lucy, quietly, who was standing by.

"Despot!" said Eleanor, looking up. "Are we really tied and bound to Friday?"

Lucy smiled and nodded. When she went away, Manisty sat in a black silence, staring at the ground. Eleanor bit her lip, grew a little restless, and at last said,

"She gives you no openings?"

Manisty laughed.

"Except for rebuffs," he said, bitterly.

"Don't provoke them."

"How can I behave as though that—that scene had never passed between us? In ordinary circumstances my staying on here would be an offence, of which she might justly complain. I told her last night I would have gone—but for your health."

"When did you tell her?"

"I found her alone here for a moment before dinner."

"Well?"

Manisty moved impatiently.

"Oh! she was very calm. Nothing I say puts her out. She thought I might be useful. And she hopes Aunt Pattie will meet us in London, that she may be free to start for New York by the 10th—if her friends go then. She has written to them."

Eleanor was silent.

"I must have it out with her!" said Manisty, presently, under his breath. In his unrest he rose, that he might move about. His face had grown pale.

"No—wait till I give you leave," said Eleanor again, imploring. "I never forget—for a moment. Leave it to me."

He came and stood beside her. She put out her hand, which he took.

"Do you still believe—what you said?" he asked her, huskily.

Eleanor looked up smiling.

"A thousand times more!" she said, under her breath—"a thousand times more."

But here the conversation reached an *impasse*. Manisty could not say, "Then why?—in Heaven's name!" for he knew why. Only it was not a why that he and Eleanor could discuss. Every hour he realized more plainly with what completeness Eleanor held him in her hands. The situation was galling. But her sweetness and his own remorse disarmed him. To be helpless—and to be kind!—nothing else apparently remained to him. The only gracious look Lucy had vouchsafed him these two days had been in reward for some new arrangement of Eleanor's sofa which had given the invalid greater ease.

He returned to his seat, smiling queerly.

"Well, I am not the only person in disgrace. Do you notice how Beuecke is treated?"

"She avoids him?"

"She never speaks to him if she can help it. I know that he feels it."

"He risked his penalty," said Eleanor, laughing. "I think he must bear it." Then, in another tone, and very softly, she added,

"Poor child!"

Manisty thought the words particularly inappropriate. In all his experience of women he never remembered a more queenly and less childish composure than Lucy had been able to show him since their scene on the hill. It had enlarged all his conceptions of her. His passion for her was thereby stimulated and tormented—yet at the same time glorified in his own eyes. He saw in her the *grande dame* of the future—that his labors, his ambition, and his gifts should make of her.

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If only Eleanor spoke the truth!

The following day Manisty, returning from a late walk with Father Benecke, parted from the priest on the hill, and mounted the garden stairway to the *loggia*.

Lucy was sitting there alone, her embroidery in her hands.

She had not heard him in the garden; and when he suddenly appeared she was not able to hide a certain agitation. She got up and began vaguely to put away her silks and thimble.

"I won't disturb you," he said, formally. "Has Eleanor not come back?"

For Eleanor had been driving with the Contessa.

"Yes. But she has been resting since."

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said again.

Then he looked at her fingers and their uncertain movements among the silks—at the face bent over the work-basket.

"I want if I can to keep some bad news from my cousin," he said, abruptly.

Lucy started and looked up. He had her face full now—and the lovely entreating eyes.

"My sister is very ill. There has been another crisis. I might be summoned at any time."

"Oh!" she said, faltering. Unconsciously she moved a step nearer to him. In a moment she was all inquiry, and deep, shy sympathy—the old docile Lucy. "Have you had a letter?" she asked.

"Yes, this morning. I saw her the other day when I passed through Rome. She knew me, but she is a wreck. The whole constitution is affected. Sometimes there are intervals, but they get rarer. And each acute attack weakens her seriously."

"It is terrible—terrible!"

As she stood there before him in her white dress under the twilight, he had a vision of her lying with shut eyes in his chair at Marinata—he remembered the first wild impulse that had bade him gather her, unconscious and helpless, in his arms.

He moved away from her. For something to do, or say, he stooped down to look at something in her open work-basket. "Isn't that one of the Nemi terra-cottas?"

He blundered into the question from sheer nervousness, wishing it unspoken the instant it was out.

Lucy started. She had forgotten. How could she have forgotten? There in a soft bed of many-colored silks, wrapped tenderly about, yet so as to show the face and crown, was the little Artemis. The others were beneath the tray of the box. But this for greater safety lay by itself, a thin fold of cotton-wool across its face. In that moment of confusion when he had appeared on the *loggia* she had somehow displaced the cotton-wool without knowing it, and uncovered the head.

"Yes, it is the Artemis," she said, trying to keep herself from trembling.

Manisty bent without speaking, and took the little thing into his hand. He thought of that other lovelier head—her likeness—whereof the fragments were at that moment in a corner of his dressing-case, after journeying with him through the mountains.

As for Lucy, it was to her as though the little head nestling in his hand must somehow carry there the warmth of her kisses upon it, must somehow betray her. He seemed to hold a fragment of her heart.

"Please let me put it away," she said, hurriedly. "I must go to Eleanor. It is nearly time for dinner."

He gave it up silently. She replaced it, smoothed down her silks and her work, and shut the box. His presence, his sombre look and watching eye, affected her all the time electrically. She had never yet been so near the loss of self-command.

The thought of Eleanor calmed her. As she finished her little task she paused and spoke again.

"You won't alarm her about poor Miss Manisty, without—without consulting with me?" she said, timidly.

He bowed.

"Would you rather I did not tell her at all? But if I have to go?"

"Yes, then—then you must."

An instant—and she added hastily in a voice that wavered, "I am so very, very sorry—"

"Thank you. She often asks about you."

He spoke with a formal courtesy, in his "grand manner." Her gleam of feel-

ing had made him sensible of advantage, given him back self-confidence.

The soft flutter of her dress disappeared, and he was left to pace up and down the *loggia* in alternations of hope and despair. He, too, felt with Eleanor that these days were fatal. If he lost her now, he lost her forever. She was of those natures in which a scruple only deepens with time.

She would not take what should have been Eleanor's. There was the case in a nutshell. And how insist under these circumstances, as he would have done vehemently under any other, that Eleanor had no lawful grievance?

He felt himself bound and pricked by a thousand delicate lilliputian bonds. The "regiment of women" was complete. He could do nothing. Only Eleanor could help.

The following day, just outside the convent gate, he met Lucy returning from the village, whither she had been in quest of some fresh figs for Eleanor's breakfast. It was barely eight o'clock, but the sun was already fierce. After their formal greeting, Lucy lingered a moment.

"It's going to be frightfully hot today," she said, looking round her with a troubled face at the glaring road, at the dusty patch of vines beyond it, at the burnt grass below the garden wall. "Mr. Manisty!—you will make Eleanor go next Friday?—you won't let her put it off—for anything?"

She turned to him in entreaty, the color dyeing her pure cheek and throat.

"I will do what I can. I understand your anxiety," he said, stiffly.

She opened the old door of the courtyard and passed in before him. As he rejoined her she asked him, in a low voice,

"Have you any more news?"

"Yes. I found a letter at Selvapendente last night. The state of things is better. There will be no need, I hope, to alarm Eleanor—for the present."

"I am so glad!" The voice hurried and then paused. "And of course, for you too," she added, with difficulty.

He said nothing, and they walked up to the inner door in silence. Then, as they paused on the threshold, he said, suddenly.

"You are very devoted."

She looked at him in surprise, detecting hostility rather than praise in the tone, in the throwing back of the handsome pugnacious head.

Instantly her own young figure drew itself erect. "That isn't wonderful—is it?—with her?"

Her tone pierced him.

"Nothing's wonderful in women. You set the standard so high—the men can't follow."

He pulled his mustache, pale and frowning. She laughed artificially, but he could see the breath hurrying under the blue cotton dress.

"Not at all. When it comes to the serious difficulties we must, it seems, apply to you. Eleanor is thankful that you will take her home."

"Oh, I can be a decent courier—when I put my mind into it," he said, angrily. "That, I dare say, you'll admit."

"Of course I shall," she said, with a lip that smiled unsteadily. "I know it 'll be invaluable. Please, Mr. Manisty, let me pass. I must get Eleanor her breakfast."

But he still stood there, barring the way.

"Then, Miss Foster, admit something else!—that I am not the mere intruder—the mere burden—that you took me for."

The man's bitterness expressed itself in every word, every movement.

Lucy grew white.

"For Eleanor's sake, I am glad you came," she said, struggling for composure. But the dignity, the pride behind the agitation, were so evident that he dared not go a step further. He bowed, and let her pass.

Meanwhile the Contessa was useful. She half liked, half hated Manisty. He provoked her perpetually to judgment, intellectual and moral; and they fell into many a sparring, which passed the time and made a shelter for the others. Her daughter had just left her; and the more she smarted, the more she bustled in and out of the village, the more she drove about the country, attending to the claims, the sicknesses, and the animals of distant *contadini*, the more she read her newspapers, and the more nimbly did her mind move.

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Like the Marchesa Fazzolani, she would have no pessimism about Italy, though she saw things in a less poetic, more practical way.

"I dare say the taxes are heavy—and that our officials and bankers and *impiegati* are not on as good terms as they might be with the Eighth Commandment. Well! was ever a nation made in a night before? When your Queen came to the throne, were you English so immaculate? You talk about our Socialists—have we any disturbances, pray, worse than your disturbances in the twenties and thirties? The *parroco* says to me day after day, 'L'impresa africana è stata la rovina d'Italia'! That's only because he wants it to be so. The machine marches, and the people pay their taxes, and the farming improves every year, all the same. A month or two ago, the newspapers were full of the mobbing of trains starting with soldiers for Erythrea. Yet all that time, if you went down into the Campo de' Fiori, you could find poems for a *soldo* that only the people wrote and the people read, that were as patriotic as the poor King himself."

"Ah! I know," said Manisty. "I have seen some of them—the oddest, naïvest things—the metre of Tasso, the thoughts of a child—and every now and then the cry of a poet."

And he repeated a stanza or two from these broad-sheets of the war, in a rolling and musical Italian.

The Contessa looked at him with cool admiration; and then—aside—at Lucy. Certainly, when this Englishman was taking pains, his good looks deserved all that could be said of them. That his was one of the temperaments to which other lives minister without large return—that she had divined at once. But—like Lucy—she was not damped by that. The Contessa had known few illusions, and only one romance—her love for her dead son. Otherwise she took the world as it came, and quarrelled with very few of its marked and persistent phenomena.

They were sitting on a terrace beneath the northwestern front of the Palazzo. The terrace was laid out in a formal garden. Fountains played, statues stood in rows, and at the edge cypresses, black against the evening blue and rose, threw back the delicate dimness of the mountains, made their farness more far, and the gay foreground—oleanders, geraniums, nasturtiums—more gay.

Eleanor was lying on a deck-chair, smiling often, and at ease. Lucy sat a little apart, busy with her embroidery. She very seldom talked, but Eleanor could not make a movement or feel a want without her being aware of it.

"But, madame, I cannot allow you to make an enemy out of me!" said Manisty to the Contessa, resuming the conversation. "When you talk to me of this country and its future, *vous prêchez un converti.*"

"I thought you were the Jonah of our day," she said, with her abrupt and rather disdainful smile.

Manisty laughed.

"A Jonah who needn't complain anyway that his Nineveh is too ready to hear him."

"Where is the preaching?" she asked.

"In the waste-paper basket," said Manisty, throwing away his cigarette. "Nowadays, apparently, it is the prophets who repent."

Involuntarily his eye wandered, sought for Lucy—withdrew. She was hidden behind her work.

"Oh, preach away!" cried the Contessa. "Take up your book again. Publish it. We can bear it."

Manisty searched with both hands for his matches—his new cigarette between his lips.

"My book, madame," he said, coolly, "outlived the pleasure its author took in writing it. My cousin was its good angel—but not even she could bring a blunder to port. Eleanor!—*n'est-ce pas?*"

He gathered a spray of oleander that grew near him, and laid it on her hand, like a caress. Eleanor's emaciated fingers closed upon it gently. She looked up, smiling. The Contessa abruptly turned away.

"And besides—" said Manisty.

He puffed away steadily, with his gaze on the mountains.

"I wait," said the Contessa.

"Your Italy is a witch," he said, with a sudden lifting of eyes and voice, "and there are too many people that love her!"

Lucy bent a little lower over her work.

Presently the Contessa went away.

Eleanor lay with eyes closed and hands

crossed, very white and still. They thought her asleep, for it was common with her now to fall into short sleeps of pure exhaustion. When they occurred, those near her kept tender and generally silent watch, joining hands of protection, as it were, round her growing feebleness.

After a few minutes, however, Manisty bent across towards Lucy and said, in a low, grating voice:

"You urged me once to finish the book. She told me the other day she was thankful it had been dropped."

He looked at her with the half-irritable, half-sensitive expression that she knew so well.

"Of course," said Lucy, hurriedly,—"it was much best."

She rose and stooped over Eleanor.

"Dear, it is getting late. I think I ought to call the carriage."

"Let me," said Manisty. He rose, biting his lip.

"Thank you," said Lucy, formally. "The coachman understood we should want him at seven."

When he came back, Lucy went into the house to fetch some wraps.

Eleanor opened her eyes, which were singularly animated and smiling.

"Listen!"

He stooped.

"Be angry!" she said, laying a light grasp on his arm. "Be quite angry. Now—you may! It will do no harm."

He sat beside her, his head bent—gloomily listening till Lucy reappeared.

But he took the hint, calling to his aid all his pride, and all his singular power of playing any rôle in his own drama that he might desire to play. He played it with energy, with desperation, counting meanwhile each hour as it passed, having in view always that approaching moment in London when Lucy would disappear within the doors of the Porters' house, leaving the butler to meet the demands of unwelcome visitors with such equivalents of "Not at home" as her Puritan scruples might allow—till the newspapers should announce the safe sailing of her steamer for New York.

He ceased to propitiate her; he dropped embarrassment. He ignored her. He became the man of the world and of affairs, whose European interests and relations are not within the ken of raw young ladies from Vermont. He had never been more brilliant, more interesting, more agreeable, for Eleanor, for the Contessa, for Benecke—for all the world, save one. He described his wanderings among the Calabrian highlands. He drew the peasants, the priests, the great land-owners of the south still surrounded with their semi-feudal state; he made Eleanor laugh or shudder with his tales of the brigandage of the sixties; he talked as the artist and the scholar may of the Greek memories and remains of the Tarentine coast. Then he turned to English politics, to his own chances, and the humors of his correspondence. The Contessa ceased to quarrel with him. The handsome Englishman with the color of a Titian and the features of an antique, with his eloquence, his petulance, his conceit, his charm, filled the stage, quickened the dull hours whenever he appeared. Eleanor's tragedy explained itself. The elder woman understood and pitied. As for Lucy Foster, the Contessa's shrewd eyes watched her with a new respect. At what stage, in truth, was the play, and how would it end?

Meanwhile for Lucy Foster alone Manisty was not agreeable. He rose formally when she appeared; he placed her chair; he paid her all necessary courtesies. But his conversation never included her. Her coming generally coincided—after she was ceremoniously provided for—with an outbreak of talk between him and Eleanor, or between him and Benecke, more eager, animated, and interesting than before. But Lucy had no part in it. It was not the early neglect and incivility of the villa; it was something infinitely colder and more wounding; the frigidity of disillusion and resentment, of kindness rebuffed and withdrawn.

Lucy said nothing. She went about her day's work as usual, making all arrangements for their departure, devoting herself to Eleanor. Every now and then she was forced to consult with Manisty as to arrangements for the journey. They spoke as mere acquaintances and no more than was necessary; while she, when she was alone, would spend much time in a silent abstraction, thinking of her

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uncle, of the duties to which she was returning, and the lines of her future life. Perhaps in the winter she might do some teaching. Several people in Greyridge had said they would employ her.

And, all the time, during the night hours when she was thus wrestling down her heart, Manisty was often pacing the forest paths, in an orgie of smoke and misery, cursing the incidents of the day, raging, doubting, suffering—as no woman had yet made him suffer. The more truly he despaired, the more he desired her. The strength of the moral life in her was a revelation, a challenge to all the forces of his own being. He was not accustomed to have to consider such things in women. It added to her a wealth, a rarity, which made the conquest of her the only object worth pursuing in a life swept bare for the moment of all other passions and zests. She loved him! Eleanor knew it; Eleanor declared it. Yet in ten days' time she would say, "Good-by, Mr. Manisty," with that calm brow which he already foresaw as an outrage and offence to love. Ah, for some means to cloud those dear eyes—to make her weep, and let him see the tears!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"HULLO, Manisty!—is that you? Is this the place?"

The speaker was Reggie Brooklyn, who was dismounting from his bicycle at the door of the convent, followed by a clattering mob of village children, who had pursued him down the hill.

"I say, what a weird place!" said Reggie, looking about him, "and at the other end of nowhere. What on earth made Eleanor come here?"

He looked at Manisty in perplexity, wiping the perspiration from his brow, which frowned beneath his fair curls.

"We were here last year," said Manisty, "on that little tour we made with the D's. Eleanor liked it then. She came here when the heat began, she thought it would be cool."

"You didn't know where she was ten days ago," said the boy, looking at him queerly. "And General Muir didn't know, for I heard from some one who had seen him last week."

Manisty laughed.

"All the same, she is here now," he said, dryly.

"And Miss Foster is here too?"

Manisty nodded.

"And you say that Eleanor is ill?"

The young man had still the same hostile, suspicious air.

Manisty, who had been poking at the ground with his stick, looked up. Brooklyn made a step backward.

"*Very* ill?" he said, with a face of consternation. "And nobody knew?"

"She would not let us know," said Manisty, slowly. Then he added, with the authority of the older man, the man in charge: "Now we are doing all we can. We start on Friday, and pick up a nurse at Genoa. When we get home, of course she will have the best advice. Very often she is wonderfully bright and like herself. Oh, we shall pull her round. But you mustn't tire her. Don't stay too long."

They walked into the convent together, Brooklyn all impatience, Manisty moody and ill at ease.

"Reggie!—well met!" It was Eleanor's gayest voice, from the vine-leafed shadows of the *loggia*. Brooklyn sat down beside her, gazing at her with his troubled blue eyes. Manisty descended to the walled garden, and walked up and down there smoking, a prey to disagreeable thoughts.

After half an hour or so Reggie came down to the convent gate to look out for the rickety diligence which had undertaken to bring his bag from Orvieto.

Here he was overtaken by Lucy Foster, who seemed to have hurried after him.

"How do you do, Mr. Brooklyn?" He turned sharply, and let her see a countenance singularly discomposed.

They looked at each other a moment in silence. He noted with amazement her growth in beauty, in expression. But the sadness of the mouth and eyes tortured him afresh.

"What is the matter with her?" he said, abruptly, dropping her timidly offered hand.

"An old illness—mostly the heart," she said, with difficulty. "But I think the lungs are wrong too."

"Why did she come here—why did you let her?"

The roughness of his tone, the burning of his eyes, made her draw back.

"It seemed the best thing to do," she said, after a pause. "Of course, it was only done—because she wished it."

"Her people disapproved strongly!"

"She would not consider that."

"And here in this rough place—in this heat—how have you been able to look after her?" said the young man, passionately.

"We have done what we could," said the girl, humbly. "The Contessa Guerrini has been very kind. We constantly tried to persuade her to let us take her home—but she couldn't bring herself to move."

"It was madness," he said, between his teeth. "And now—she looks as though she were going to die!"

He gave a groan of angry grief. Lucy turned aside, leaning her arm against the convent gateway, and her face upon it. The attitude was very touching; but Brooklyn only stared at her in a blind wrath. "What did you ever come for?" was his thought—"making mischief!—and robbing Eleanor of her due! It was a poor creature she wanted—but she might have been allowed to have him in peace. What did you come meddling for?"

At that moment the door of the walled garden opened. Manisty came out into the court-yard. Brooklyn looked from him to Lucy with a tight lip, a fierce and flashing eye.

He watched them meet. He saw Lucy's quick change of attitude, the return of hardness and composure. Manisty approached her. They discussed some arrangement for the journey, in the cold tones of mere acquaintance. Not a sign of intimacy in manner or words, beyond the forced intimacy of those who have for the moment a common task.

When the short dialogue was over, Manisty mumbled something to Brooklyn to the effect that Father Benecke had some dinner for him at the house at the foot of the hill. But he did not wait for the young man's company. He hurried off with the slouching and yet swinging gait characteristic of him, his shoulders bent as it were under the weight of his great head. The young man and the girl looked after him. Then Reggie turned impulsively.

"I suppose it was that beastly book—partly—that knocked her up. What's he done with it?"

"He has given it up, I believe. I heard him say so to Eleanor."

"And now I suppose he will condescend to go back to politics?"

"I know nothing of Mr. Manisty's affairs."

The young man threw her a glance, first of distrust—then of something milder and more friendly. They turned back to the convent together, Lucy answering his questions as to the place, the people, the Contessa, and so forth.

A step, quick and gentle, overtook them.

It was Father Benecke, who stopped and greeted them—a venerable figure, as he bared his white head, and stood for a moment talking to Brooklyn under the great sycamore of the court-yard. He had now resumed his clerical dress; not, indeed, the soutane, but the common round collar and long black coat of the non-Catholic countries. The little fact, perhaps, was typical of a general steadying and settling of his fortunes after the anguish of his great catastrophe.

Lucy hardly spoke to him. His manner was soft and deprecating. And Miss Foster stood apart, as though she liked neither it nor him. When he left them, to enter the convent, Reggie broke out:

"And how does *he* come to be here? I declare it's the most extraordinary tangle! What's he doing in there?"

He nodded towards the building, which seemed to be still holding the sunlight of the day, so golden white it shone under the evening sky and against the engirdling forest.

"Every night—almost—he comes to read with Eleanor."

The young man stared.

"I say—is she—is she going to become a Catholic?"

Lucy smiled.

"You forget, don't you? They've excommunicated Father Benecke."

"My word! Yes. I forgot. My chief was awfully excited about it. Well, I'm sure he's well quit of them!" said the young man, fervently. "They're doing their level best to pull this country about everybody's ears. And they'll be the first to suffer—thank Heaven!—if they do up-

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set the coach. And so it was Benecke that brought Manisty here?"

Lucy's movement rebuked him—made him feel himself an impertinent.

"I believe so," she said, coldly. "Good-night, Mr. Brooklyn. I must go in. There!—that's the stage coming down the hill."

He went to tell the driver to set down his bag at the house by the bridge, and then he walked down the hill after the little rumbling carriage, his hands thrust into the pockets of his blue flannel coat.

"She's not going to marry him!—I'll bet anything she's not! She's a girl of the right sort—she's a brick, she is!" he said to himself in a miserable, a savage exultation, kicking the stones of the road furiously down hill, after the disappearing diligence. "So that's how a woman looks when her heart's broken! Oh, my God!—Eleanor—my poor, poor Eleanor!"

And before he knew what had happened to him, the young fellow found himself sitting in the darkness by the roadside, grappling with honest tears, that astonished and scandalized himself.

Next day he was still more bewildered by the position of affairs. Eleanor was apparently so much better that he was disposed to throw scorn on his own burst of grief under the starlight. That was the first impression. Then she was apparently in Manisty's charge. Manisty sat with her, strolled with her, read to her from morning till night. Never had their relations been more intimate, more affectionate. That was the second impression.

Nevertheless, that some great mental change had taken place—above all in Eleanor—became abundantly evident to the young man's quickened perception, before another twenty-four hours had passed away. And with this new sense returned the sense of irreparable tragedy. Eleanor stood alone—aloof from them all. The more unremitting, the more delicate was Manisty's care, the more tender was Lucy's devotion, the more plainly was Brooklyn aware of a pathetic, a mysterious isolation, which seemed already to bring the chill of death into their little company.

The boy's pain flowed back upon him, tenfold augmented. For seven or eight years he had seen in Eleanor Burgoyne the woman of ideal distinction by whom he judged all other women. The notion of falling in love with her would have seemed to him ridiculous. But his wife —whenever he could indulge himself in such a luxury—must be like her. Meanwhile he was most naïvely, most boyishly devoted to her.

The sight of her now—environed as it were by the new and awful possibilities which her state suggested—was a touch upon the young man's nature which seemed to throw all its energies into a fiery fusion, concentrating them upon a changed and poignant affection, which rapidly absorbed his whole being. His pity for her was almost intolerable, and his bitterness towards Manisty was almost beyond his control. All very well for him now to be the guardian of her decline! Whatever might be the truth about the American girl, it was plain enough that while she could still reckon on the hopes and chances of the living, Eleanor had wasted her heart and powers on an egotist, only to reap ingratitude, and the deadly fruit of "benefits forgot."

What chafed him most was that he had so little time with her—that Manisty was always there. At last, two days after his arrival, he got an hour to himself while Manisty and Father Benecke were walking, and Lucy was with the Contessa.

He began to question her eagerly as to the future. With whom was she to pass the remainder of the year—and where?

"With my father and Aunt Pattie, of course," said Eleanor, smiling. "It will be Scotland, I suppose, till November—then London."

He was silent for a few moments, the color flooding his smooth fair face. Then he took her hand firmly, and with words and gestures that became him well, he solemnly asked her to marry him. He was not fit to tie her shoes; but he could take care of her; he could be her courier, her travelling companion, her nurse, her slave. He implored her to listen to him. What was her father to her? he asked her plainly; when had he ever considered her, as she should be considered? Let her only trust herself to him. Never, never should she repent that she had done him such an inconceivable honor. Hang

the diplomatic service! He had some money—with her own it would be enough. He would take her to Egypt or the Cape. That would revive her.

Eleanor heard him very calmly.

"You dear, dear boy!" she said when he paused for lack of breath. "You remind me of that pretty story—don't you remember?—only it was the other way about—of Lord Giffard and Lady Dufferin. He was dying—and she married him—that she might be with him to the end. That's right—for the woman. It's her natural part to be the nurse. Do you think I'm going to let *you* ruin your career to come and nurse me? Oh, you foolish Reggie!"

But he implored her; and after a while she grew restless.

"There's only one thing in the world you can do for me," she said at last, pushing him away from her in her agitation.

Then reaching out from her sofa, she opened a drawer in a little table beside her, and took out a double photograph-case, folded together. She opened it and held it out to him.

"There!—help me bring those two together, Reggie—and I'll give you even more of my heart than I do now!"

He stared, open-mouthed and silent, at the portraits, at the delicate, illumined face.

"Come here," she said, drawing him back towards her. "Come and let us talk."

Meanwhile Manisty and Father Benecke were climbing the long hill, on the return from their walk. There had been no full confidence between these two. Manisty's pride would not allow it. There was too sharp humiliation at present in the thought of that assurance with which he had spoken to Benecke by the river-side.

He chose, therefore, when they were alone, rather to talk to the priest of his own affairs, of his probable acceptance of the Old Catholic offers which had been made him. Benecke did not resent the perfunctory manner of his talk, the half-mind that he gave to it. The priest's shrewd humility made no claims. He understood perfectly that the catastrophe of his own life could have no vital interest for a man absorbed as Manisty was then absorbed. He submitted to its being made a topic, a *passe-temps*.

"Ah! my dear friend," Manisty was saying as they neared the top of the hill—with his largest and easiest gesture—"of course you must go to Bonn—you must do what they want you to do. The old Catholics will make a great deal of you. It might have been much worse."

"They are very kind. But one transplants badly at sixty-six," said the priest, mildly, thinking perhaps of his little home in the street of his Bavarian town, of the pupils he would see no more, of the old sister who had deserted him.

"*Your* book has been the success," said Manisty, impatiently. "For you said what you meant to say—you hit your mark. As for me—never mind!" He caught at a stalk from the way-side, bit it, and threw it away. "It was an adventure like any other. I don't regret it. In itself, it gave one some exciting moments, and—if I mistook the battle here—I shall fight the English battle all the better for the experience. *Allons donc!*—'To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new!'"

The priest looked at his handsome reckless air, with a mixture of repulsion and sympathy. It seemed to him sometimes that there are still *condottieri* in the world—hired fighters for causes not their own—and that Manisty was one of them. The hire may be of all sorts, coarse and delicate. Manisty was "an honorable man," of many gifts. If certain incalculable elements in his character could be controlled, place and fame were probably before him. Compared with him, the priest realized profoundly his own meaner, obscurer destiny. The humble servant of a heavenly *patria*, of an unfathomable truth, is no match for these intellectual soldiers of fortune. But he would sooner die than change parts!

As the convent came in sight, Manisty paused.

"You are going in to see her?"

The priest assented.

"Then I will come up later."

They parted, and Father Benecke pursued his way alone.

Five days more! Would anything happen—or nothing? Manisty's wounded

vanity held him at arm's-length; Miss Foster could not forgive him. But the priest knew Eleanor's heart; and what else he did not know he divined. All rested with the American girl, with the wounded tenderness, the upright independence of a nature which, as the priest frankly confessed to himself, he did not understand.

But Mrs. Burgoyne? Ah! there at least he had not dared in vain. While Lucy was steel to him, Eleanor not only forgave him, but was grateful to him with a frankness that only natures so pliant and so sweet have the gift to show. In a few hours, as it seemed to him, she had passed from fevered anguish into a state which held him often spellbound before her, so consonant was it to the mystical instincts of his own life. He thought of her with the tenderest reverence, the most sacred rejoicing. Through his intercourse with her, moreover, while he guided and sustained her, he had been fighting his own way back to the sure ground of spiritual hope and confidence. God had not withdrawn from him the divine message! He was about to step forth into the wilderness, but this light went with him.

On the stairs leading to Mrs. Burgoyne's rooms he met Reggie Brooklyn coming down. The young man's face was pale and strained. The priest asked him a question, but he ran past without an answer.

Eleanor was alone on the *loggia*. It was past eight o'clock, and the trees in the court-yard and along the road were alive with fire-flies. Overhead was the clear incomparable sky, faintly pricked with the first stars. Some one was singing "Santa Lucia" in the distance; and there was the twanging of a guitar.

"Shall I go away?" he said, standing beside her. "You wished me to come. But you are fatigued."

She gave him her hand languidly.

"Don't go, father. But let me rest a little."

"Pay me no attention," he said. "I have my office."

He took out his breviary, and there was silence.

After a while, when he could no longer see even the red letters of his little book and was trusting entirely to memory, Eleanor said, with a sudden clearness of voice:

"A strange thing happened to me to-day, father. I thought I would tell you. For many years I have been haunted by a kind of recurrent vision. I think it must have come, to begin with, from the influence of a clergyman—a very stern, imaginative, exacting man—who prepared me for confirmation. Suddenly I see the procession of the Cross—the Lord in front, with the Crown of Thorns dripping with blood, the thieves following, the crowd, the daughters of Jerusalem. Nothing but that—but always very vivid, the colors as bright as the colors of a Van Eyck—and bringing with it an extraordinary sense of misery and anguish—of everything that one wants to forget and refuse in life. The man to whom I trace it was a saint, but a forbidding one. He made me afraid of him—afraid of Christianity. I believed, but I never loved. And when his influence was withdrawn, I threw it all behind me, in a great hurry. But this impression remained—like a nightmare. I remember the day I was presented—there, in the midst of all the feathers and veils and coronets, was the vision—and the tumult of ghastly and crushing thoughts that spread from it. I remember hating Christianity that day—and its influence in the world.

"Last night, just before the dawn, I looked out—and there was the vision again, sweeping over the forests, and up into the clouds that hung over Monte Amiata. And I hated it no more. There was no accompanying horror. It seemed to me as natural as the woods—as the just-kindling light. And my own soul seemed to be rapt into the procession—the dim and endless procession of all times and nations—and to pass away with it,—I knew not where...."

Her voice fell softly, to a note of dream.

"That was an omen," he said, after a pause, "an omen of peace."

"I don't know,—but it soothed! As to what may be *true*, father—you can't be certain any more than I! But at least our dreams are true—to *us*.... We make the heaven we hope indeed our home? All to the good if we wake up in it after all! If not, the dream will have had its own use here. Why should

we fight so with our ignorance? The point is, as to the *quality* of our dreams! The quality of mine was once all dark—all misery. Now there is a change,—like the change from London drizzle and rain to the clearness of this sky, which gives beauty to everything beneath it. But, for me, it is not the first time—no, not the first—" The words were no longer audible, her hands pressed against each other, and he traced that sudden rigidity in her dim face which meant that she was defending herself against emotion.

"It is all true, my friend," he said, bending over her—"the gospel of Christ. You would be happier if you could accept it simply."

She opened her eyes, smiling, but she did not reply. Her mind seemed to him to be moving elusively in a sphere remote and characteristic, where he could seldom follow. *Anima naturaliter Christiana*—yet with a stoic readiness to face the great uncertainties, the least flattering possibilities of existence.

Presently she dragged herself higher in her chair to look at the moon rising above the eastern mass of the convent.

"It all gives me such extraordinary pleasure!" she said, as though in wonder. "The moon—the fire-flies—those beautiful woods—your kindness—Lucy in her white dress, when I see her there at the door. I know how short it must be—and a few weeks ago I enjoyed nothing. What mystery are we part of?—that moves and changes without our will. I was much touched, father, by all you said to me that great, great day—but I was not conscious of yielding to you—nor afterwards. Then, one night, I went to sleep in one mind—I woke up in another. The 'grace of God,' you think? or the natural welling back of the river, little by little, to its natural bed? After all I never wilfully hurt or defied anybody before—that I can remember. But what are 'grace' and 'nature' more than words? There is a Life—which our life perpetually touches and guesses at—like a child fingering a closed room in the dark. What else do we know?"

"We know a great deal more," he said, firmly. "But I don't want to weary you by talking."

"You don't weary me. Ah!"—her voice leapt—"what *is* true—is the 'dying to live' of Christianity. One moment, you have the weight of the world upon you; the next, as it were, you dispose of the world and all in it. Just an act of the will! and the thing verifies itself like any chemical experiment. Let me go on—go on!" she said, with mystical intensity. "If the clew is anywhere it is there—so far my mind goes with you. Other races perceive it through other forms. But Christ offered it to us."

"My dear friend," said the priest, tenderly, "He offers us *Himself*."

She smiled, most brightly.

"Don't quarrel with me—with my poor words. He is there—*there!*" she said, under her breath.

And he saw the motion of her white fingers towards her breast. Afterwards he sat beside her for some time in silence, thinking of the great world of Rome, and of his long conflict there.

Form after form appeared to him of those men, stupid or acute, holy or worldly, learned or ignorant, who at the heart of Catholicism are engaged in that amazing struggle with knowledge which perhaps represents the only condition under which knowledge—the awful and irresistible—can in the long-run safely incorporate itself with the dense mass of human life. He thought of scholar after scholar crushed by the most incompetent of judges; this man silenced by a great post, that man by exile, one through the best of his nature, another through the worst. He saw himself sitting side by side with one of the most eminent theologians of the Roman Church; he recalled the little man, black-haired, lively, corpulent, a trifle underhung, with a pleasant lisp and a merry eye; he remembered the incredible conversation—the sense of difficulty and shame under which he had argued some of the commonplaces of biology and primitive history, as educated Europe understands them—the half-patronizing, half-impatient glibness of the other.

"Oh! you know better, my son, than I how to argue these things—you are more learned, of course. But it is only a matter for the Catechism after all. Obey, my friend, obey!—there is no more to be said." And his own voice—tremulous:

"I would obey if I could. But unhappy as I am, to betray truths that are as evi-

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dent to me as the sun in heaven would make me still unhappier. The fate that threatens me is frightful. *Aber ich kann nicht anders!* The truth holds me in a vise."

"Let me give you a piece of counsel. You sit too close to your books. You read and read—you spin yourself into your own views like a cocoon. Travel—hear what others say—above all, go into retreat! No one need know. It would do you much good."

"Eminence, I don't only study; I pray and meditate; I take pains to hear all that my opponents say. But my heart stands firm."

"My son, the tribunal of the Pope is the tribunal of Christ: You are judged; submit! If not, I am sorry—I regret deeply—but the consequence is certain."

And then his own voice, in its last wrestle—

"The penalty that approaches me appears to me more terrible the nearer it comes. Like the Preacher—'I have judged him happiest who is not yet born, nor doth he see the ills that are done under the sun.' Eminence, give me yet a little time."

"A fortnight—gladly. But that is the utmost limit. My son, make the 'sacrificium intellectus!'— and make it willingly." Ah! and then the yielding, and the treachery, and the last blind stroke for truth!

What was it which had undone him—which was now strangling the mental and moral life of half Christendom? Was it the *certainty* of the Roman Church—that conception of life which stakes the all of life upon the carnal and outward—upon a date, an authorship, a miracle, an event? Perhaps his own certainty, at bottom, had not been so very different. But here, beneath his eyes, in this dying woman, was another certainty—erect amid all confusion—a certainty of the spirit.

And looking along the future, he saw the battle of the certainties, traditional, scientific, moral, ever more defined,—and believed, like all the rest of us, in that particular victory for which he hoped!

Late that night, when all their visitors were gone, Eleanor showed unusual animation. She left her sofa; she walked up and down their little sitting-room, giving directions to Marie about the journey home; and at last she informed them, with a gayety that made mock of their opposition, that she had made all arrangements to start very early the following morning to visit the doctor in Orvieto who had attended her in June. Lucy protested and implored, but soon found that everything was settled and Eleanor was determined. She was to go alone with Marie, in the Contessa's carriage, starting almost with the dawn so as to avoid the heat; to spend the hot noon under shelter at Orvieto; and to return in the evening. Lucy pressed at least to go with her. So it appeared had the Contessa. But Eleanor would have neither. "I drive most days, and it does me no harm," she said, almost with temper. "Do let me alone!"

When she returned, Manisty was lounging under the trees of the court-yard waiting for her. He had spent a dull and purposeless day, which had been hard to bear. His patience was ebbing; his disappointment and despair were fast getting beyond control. All this Eleanor saw in his face as she dismounted. Lucy, who had been watching for her all the afternoon, was at the moment for some reason or other with Reggie in the village.

Eleanor, with her hand on Marie's arm, tottered across the court-yard. At the convent door her strength failed her. She turned to Manisty. "I can't walk up these stairs. Do you think you could carry me? I am very light."

Struck with sudden emotion, he threw his arms round her. She yielded like a tired child. He was aghast at the ease with which he lifted her. Her head, in its pretty black hat, fell against his breast. Her eyes closed. He wondered if she had fainted.

He carried her to her room, and laid her on the sofa there. Then he saw that she had not fainted, and that her eyes followed him. As he was about to leave her to Marie, who was moving about in Lucy's room next door, she touched him on the arm.

"You may speak again—to-morrow," she said, nodding at him with a friendly smile. His face in its sudden flash of animation reflected the permission. He pressed her hand tenderly.

"Was your doctor useful to you?"

"Oh yes; it is hard to think as much of a prescription in Italian as in English—but that's one's insular way."

"He thought you no worse?"

"Why should one believe him if he did?" she said, evasively. "No one knows as much as one's self. Ah! there is Lucy. I think you must bid us good-night. I am too tired for talking."

As he left the room Eleanor settled down happily on her pillow, her hands under her cheek.

"The first and only time!" she thought. "My heart on his—my arms round his neck. There must be impressions that outlast all others. I shall manage to put them all away at the end—but that."

When Lucy came in, she declared she was not very much exhausted. As to the doctor, she was silent.

But that night, when Lucy had been for some time in bed, and was still sleepless with anxiety and sorrow, the door opened and Eleanor appeared. She was in her usual white wrapper, and her fair hair, now much touched with gray, was loose on her shoulders.

"Oh! can I do anything?" cried Lucy, starting up. Eleanor came up to her, laid a hand on her shoulder, bade her "be still," and brought a chair for herself. She had put down her candle on a table which stood near, and Lucy could see the sombre agitation of her face.

"How long?" she said, bending over the girl—"how long are you going to break my heart and his?" The words were spoken with a violence which convulsed her whole frail form. Lucy sprang up, and tried to throw her arms round her. But Eleanor shook her off.

"No—no! Let us have it out. Do you see?" She let the wrapper slip from her shoulders. She showed the dark hollows under the wasted collar-bones, the knife-like shoulders, the absolute disappearance of all that had once made the difference between grace and emaciation. She held up her hands before the girl's terrified eyes. The skin was still white and delicate, otherwise they were the hands of a skeleton.

"You can look at *that*," she said, fiercely, under her breath—"and then insult me by refusing to marry the man you love, because you choose to remember that I was once in love with him! It is an outrage to associate such thoughts with me—as though one should make a rival of some one in her shroud. It hurts and tortures me every hour to know that you have such notions in your mind. It holds me back from peace—it chains me down to the flesh, and to earth."

"Eleanor!" cried the girl in entreaty, catching at her hands. But Eleanor stood firm.

"Tell me," she said, peremptorily—"answer me truly, as one must answer people in my state—you do love him? If I had not been here—if I had not stood in your way—you would have allowed him his chance—you would have married him?" Lucy bent her head upon her knees.

"How can I answer that? I can never think of him, except as having brought pain to you."

"Yes, dear, you can," cried Eleanor, throwing herself on her knees and folding the girl in her arms. "You can! It is no fault of his that I am like this—none—none! The doctor told me this afternoon that the respite last year was only apparent. The mischief has always been there,—the end quite certain. All my dreams and disappointments and foolish woman's notions have vanished from me like smoke. There isn't one of them left. But what *is* left is love—for you and him. Oh, not the old love," she said, impatiently—persuading, haranguing herself no less than Lucy—"not an ounce of it! But a love that suffers so—in his suffering and yours! A love that won't let me rest; that is killing me before the time!"

She began to walk wildly up and down. Lucy sprang up, threw on some clothes, and gradually persuaded her to go back to her own room. When she was in bed again, utterly exhausted, Lucy's face—bathed in tears—approached hers:

"Tell me what to do. Have I ever refused you anything?"

The morning broke pure and radiant over the village and the forest. The great slopes of wood were in a deep and misty shadow; the river, shrunk to a thread again, scarcely chattered with its stones. Lucy slipped out into a cool world, already alive with all the primal labors.

On the hill she met Father Benecke coming up to Mass. Her cheek reddened, and she stopped to speak to him.

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"You are out early, mademoiselle!"

"It is the only time to walk."

"Ah! yes—you are right."

At which a sudden thought made the priest start. He looked down. But this time at least he was innocent.

"You are coming in to tea with us this afternoon, father?"

"If mademoiselle does me the honor to invite me." The girl laughed.

"We shall expect you."

Then she gave him her hand—a shy yet kind look from her beautiful eyes, and went her way. She had forgiven him, and the priest walked on with a cheered mind. Meanwhile Lucy pushed her way into the fastnesses of the Sassetto. In its very heart she found a green-overgrown spot where the rocks made a sort of natural chair, and here she seated herself. The winding path ran above her head. She could be perceived from it, but at this hour what fear of passers-by? She gave herself up to the rush of memory and fear. She had travelled far in these four months!

"Is this what it always means?—coming to Europe?" she asked herself with a laugh that was not gay.

And then in a flash she looked on into her destiny. She thought of Manisty with a yearning, passionate heart, and yet with a kind of terror; of the rich, incalculable, undisciplined nature, with all its capricious and self-willed power, its fastidious demands, its practical weakness—the man's brilliance and his folly. She envisaged herself laden with the responsibility of being his wife; and it seemed to her beyond her strength. One moment he appeared to her so much above and beyond her that it was ridiculous he should stoop to her. The next she felt, as it were, the weight of his life upon her hands, and told herself that she could not bear it. And then—and then—it was all very well; but if she had not come—if Eleanor had never seen her—

Her head fell back into a mossy corner of the rock. Her eyes were blind with tears. From the hill came the rumble of an ox-wagon with the shouts of the drivers.

But another sound was nearer—the sound of a man's step upon the path. An exclamation—a leap—and before she could replace the hat she had taken off, or hide the traces of her tears, Manisty was beside her.

She sat up, staring at him in a bewildered silence. He too was silent, only she saw the laboring of his breath.

But at last—

"I will not force myself upon you," he said, in a voice haughty and self-restrained, that barely reached her ears. "I will go at once if you bid me go."

Then, as she still said nothing, he came nearer.

"You don't send me away?"

She made a little despairing gesture that said, "I can't,"—but so sadly that it did not encourage him.

"Lucy!" he said, trembling, "are you going to take the seal off my lips—to give me my chance at last?"

To that, only the answer of her eyes, so sweet, so full of sorrow.

He stooped above her, his whole nature torn between love and doubt.

"You hear me," he said, in low, broken tones, "but you think yourself a traitor to listen?"

"And how could I not?" she cried, with a sudden sob. And then she found her speech; her heart unveiled itself.

"If I had never, never come! It is my fault that she is dying—only, only my fault!"

And she turned away from him to hide her face and eyes against the rock, in such an agony of feeling that he almost despaired. He controlled himself sharply, putting aside passion, collecting his thoughts for dear life.

"You are the most innocent, the most true of tender friends. It is in her name that I say to you,—Lucy, be kind; Lucy, dare to love me!"

She raised her arm suddenly and pointed to the ground between them.

"There," she said, under her breath,—"I see her there!—lying dead between us!"

He was struck with horror, realizing in what a grip this sane and simple nature must feel itself before it could break into such expression. What could he do or say? He seated himself beside her; he took her hands by force.

"Lucy, I know what you mean. I won't pretend that I don't know. You think that I should have married my cousin—that if you had not been there,

I should have married her. I might—not yet, but after some time—it is quite true that it might have happened. Would it have made Eleanor happy? You saw me at the villa—as I am. You know well that even as a friend I constantly disappointed her. There seemed to be a fate upon us which made me torment and wound her when I least intended it. I don't defend myself—and Heaven knows I don't blame Eleanor! I have always believed that these things are mysterious, predestined — matters of temperament deeper than our will. I was deeply, sincerely attached to Eleanor; yet, when you came, after those first few weeks, the falsity of the whole position flashed upon me. And there was the book. It seemed to me sometimes that the only way of extricating us all was to destroy the book, and—and—all that it implied—or might have been thought to imply," he added, hurriedly. "Oh, you needn't tell me that I was a blundering and selfish fool! We have all got into a horrible coil, and I can't pose before you if I would. But it isn't Eleanor that would hold you back from me, Lucy; it isn't Eleanor? Answer me!—you know that?" He held her almost roughly, scanning her face in an agony that served him well. Her lips moved piteously, in words that he could not hear. But her hands lay passive in his grasp, and he hastened on:

"Ever since that Nemi evening, Lucy, I have been a new creature. I won't say that I never loved any woman before you. I will have no secrets from you; you shall know all, if you want to know. But I do say that every passion I ever knew in my first youth seems to me now a mere apprenticeship to loving you! You have become my life — my very heart. If anything is to be made of a fellow like me, it's you that 'll give me a chance, Lucy. Oh, my dear, don't turn from me! It's Eleanor's voice speaks in mine; listen to us both!"

Her color came and went. She swayed towards him, fascinated by his voice, conquered by the mere exhaustion of her long struggle, held in the grasp of that compulsion which Eleanor had laid upon her. Manisty perceived her weakness; his eyes flamed; his arm closed round her.

"I had an instinct—a vision," he said, almost in her ear, "when I set out. The day dawned on me like a day of consecration. The sun was another sun, the earth reborn. I took up my pilgrimage again —looking for Lucy—as I have looked for her the last six weeks. And everything led me right—the breeze, and the woods, and the birds. They were all in league with me. They pitied me; they told me where Lucy was—" The low, rushing words ceased a moment. Manisty looked at her, took both her hands again.

"But they couldn't tell me," he murmured, "how to please her, how to make her kind to me, make her listen to me. Lucy, whom shall I go to for that?"

She turned away her face; her hands released themselves. Manisty hardly breathed till she said, with a trembling mouth, and a little sob now and then between the words:

"It is all so strange to me—so strange and so—so doubtful! If there were only some one here from my own people—some one who could advise me! Is it wise for you—for us both? You know I'm so different from you—and you'll find it out perhaps more and more. And if you did—and were discontented with me —I can't be sure that I could always fit myself to you. I was brought up so that —that—I can't always be as easy and pleasant as other girls. I know I'm very stubborn. Suppose—in a few years—"

Her eyes came back to him, searching and supplicating that bent look of his, in which her whole being seemed held.

What was it Manisty saw in her troubled face that she could no longer conceal? He made no attempt to answer her words; there was another language between them. He gave a cry. He put forth a tender violence; and Lucy yielded. She found herself in his arms; and all was said.

Yet when she withdrew herself she was in tears. She took his hand and kissed it wildly, hardly knowing what she was doing. But her heart turned to Eleanor; and it was Eleanor's voice in her ears that alone commanded and absolved her.

As they strolled home, Manisty's mood was of the wildest and gayest. He would hear of no despair about his cousin.

"We will take her home—you and I. We will get the very best advice. It isn't —it sha'n't be as bad as you think!"

And out of mere reaction from her

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weeks of anguish, she believed him, she hoped again. Then he turned to speculate on the voyage to America he must now make, on his first interviews with Greyridge and Uncle Ben. "Shall I make a good impression? How shall I be received? I am certain you gave your uncle the worst accounts of me."

"I guess Uncle Ben will judge for himself," she said, reddening; thankful all the same to remember that among her uncle's reticent, old-fashioned ways none was more marked than his habit of destroying all but an infinitesimal fraction of his letters. "He read all those speeches of yours—long ago. You'll have to think—how you're going to get over it."

"Well, you have brought me on my knees to Italy," he said. "Must I now go barefoot to the tomb of Washington?"

She looked at him with a little smile, that showed him once more the Lucy of the villa. "You do seem to make mistakes, don't you?" she said, gently. In truth her inexperience had analyzed the man to whom she had pledged herself far better than he imagined. Did her love for him indeed rest partly on a secret sense of vocation?—a profound, inarticulate divining of his true, his illimitable need for such a one as she to love him?

Meanwhile Eleanor and Reggie and Father Benecke waited breakfast on the *loggia*. They were all under the spell of a common excitement, a common restlessness. Eleanor had discarded her sofa. She moved about the *loggia*, now looking down the road, now gathering a bunch of rose-pink oleanders for her white dress. The *frou-frou* of her soft skirts, her happy agitation, the flush on her cheek—neither of the men who were her companions ever forgot them afterwards.

Manisty, it appeared, had taken coffee with Father Benecke at six, and had then strolled up the Sassetto path with his cigarette. Lucy had been out since the first church bells. Father Benecke reported his meeting with her on the road.

Eleanor listened to him with a sort of gay self-restraint.

"Yes — I know," she said, nodding; "I know. Reggie, there is a glorious tuft of carnations in that pot in the cloisters. Ask Mamma Doni if we may have them. *Ecco*—take her a *lira* for the baby. I must have them for the table."

And soon the little white-spread breakfast table, with its rolls and fruit, was aglow with flowers, and a little bunch lay on each plate. The *loggia* was in *festa;* and the morning sun flickered through the vine leaves on the bright table and the patterns of the brick floor.

"There—there they are! Reggie!—father!—leave me a minute! Quick—into the garden! We will call you directly." And Reggie, looking back with a gulp from the garden stairs, saw her leaning over the *loggia,* waving her handkerchief—the figure in its light dress, tossed a little by the morning breeze, the soft muslin and lace eddying round it.

They mounted. Lucy was the first to enter.

She stood on the threshold a moment, looking at Eleanor with a sweet and piteous appeal. Then her young feet ran, her arms opened; and with the tender dignity of a mother rejoicing over her child, Eleanor received her on her breast.

By easy stages Manisty and Lucy took Mrs. Burgoyne to England. In August Lucy returned to America with her friends; and in September she and Manisty were married. Mrs. Burgoyne lived through the autumn; and in November she hungered so pitifully for the South that by a great effort she was moved to Rome. There she took up her quarters in the house of the Contessa Guerrini, who lavished on her last days all that care and affection could bestow.

Eleanor drove out once more towards the Alban Hills; she looked once more on the slopes of Marinata and the white crown of Monte Cavo; the Roman sunshine shed round her once more its rich incomparable light. In December Manisty and Lucy were expected; but a week before they came she died.

A German Old Catholic priest journeyed from a little town in Switzerland to her burial; and a few days later the two beings she had loved stood beside her grave. They had many and strong reasons to remember her; but for one reason above all others, for her wild flight to Torre Amiata, the only selfish action of her whole life, was she—at least in Lucy's heart—through all the years that followed the more passionately, the more tragically beloved.

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Eight years ago, after giving place to George William Curtis's last words to the readers of this Magazine, the Editor, speaking for the publishers, the readers, and the Magazine itself, said Good-By to the old "Easy Chair." Since that time the department has been discontinued, both publishers and readers having the regard which a bereaved family entertains towards "the empty chair." Mr. Curtis, though not its first occupant, made the "Easy Chair" peculiarly his own through his individual charm of manner and the characteristic qualities of his mind and heart. But there were other charms associated with that old department germane to its conception, and suggested by its very name; and these occasion regret beyond that felt for the absent master—a regret for the department itself. In reviving the "Easy Chair" it is our good fortune that we are able to commit the new department to the man who, of all living writers, is the fit master to conduct it on the old and familiar lines that ensured its prosperity in the thoughts and affections of readers.—THE EDITOR.

IT is not generally known that after forty-two years of constant use the aged and honored movable which now again finds itself put back in its old place was stored in the warehouse of a certain safe-deposit company, in the winter of 1892. The event which had then vacated the chair is still so near as to be full of a pathos tenderly personal to all readers of this Magazine, and may not be lightly mentioned in any travesty of the facts by one who has been thought of for the empty place. He now, before putting on the mask and mimic editorial robes—for it was never the real editor who sat in the Easy Chair, except for that brief hour when he took it to pay his deep-thought and deep-felt tribute to its last occupant—stands with bowed face and uncovered head in that bravest and gentlest presence which, while it abode with us here, we knew as George William Curtis.

I

It was of course in one of the best of the fire-proof warehouses that the real editor had the Easy Chair stored, and when the unreal editor went the other day to take it out of storage, he found it without trouble, in one of those vast rooms where the more valuable furniture and bric-à-brac are guarded in a special tutelage. If instinct had not taught him he would have known it by its homely fashion, which the first unreal editor had suggested when he described it as an "old red-backed Easy Chair, that has long been an ornament of our dingy office." That unreality was Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, the graceful and gracious Ik Marvel, dear to the old hearts that are still young for his *Dream Life* and his *Reveries of a Bachelor*, and never unreal in anything but his pretence of being the real editor of the Magazine. In this disguise he feigned that he had "a way of throwing" himself back in the Easy Chair, "and indulging in an easy and careless overlook of the gossiping papers of the day, and in such chit-chat with chance visitors as kept him informed of the drift of the town talk, while it relieved greatly the monotony of his office hours." Not "bent on choosing mere gossip," he promised to be "on the watch for such topics or incidents as" seemed really important and suggestive, and to set them "down with all that gloss, and that happy lack of sequence, which make every-day talk so much better than every-day writing."

While the actual unreality stood thinking how perfectly the theory and practice of the Easy Chair for hard upon fifty years had been forecast in these words, and while the warehouse agent stood waiting his pleasure, the Easy Chair fetched a long, deep sigh. Sigh one must call the sound, but it was rather like that soft complaint of the woody fibres in a table which disembodied spirits are about to visit, and which continues to exhale from it till their peculiar vocabulary detaches itself in a staccato of muffled taps. No one who has heard that sound can mistake another for it, and the unreal editor knew at once that he confronted in the Easy Chair an animate presence.

"How long have I been here?" it asked, like one wakened from a deep sleep.

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"About eight years," said the unreal editor.

"Ah, I remember," murmured the Easy Chair, and as the unreal editor bent forward to pluck away certain sprays of foliage that clung to its old red back, it demanded, "What is that?"

"Some bits of holly and mistletoe."

"Yes," the Easy Chair softly murmured again. "The last essay he wrote in me was about Christmas. I have not forgotten one word of it all: how it began, how it went on, and how it ended! 'In the very promise of the year appears the beetle of its decay. . . . The question that we have to ask, forecasting in these summer days the coming of Christmas which already shines afar off, is this: whether while we praise Christmas as a day of general joy we take care to keep it so . . . Thackeray describes a little dinner at the Timminses'. A modest couple make themselves miserable and spend all their little earnings in order to give a dinner to people for whom they do not care, and who do not care for them . . . Christmas is made miserable to the Timminses because they feel that they must spend lavishly and buy gifts like their richer neighbors . . . You cannot buy Christmas at the shops, and a sign of friendly sympathy costs little . . . Should not the extravagance of Christmas cause every honest man and woman practically to protest by refusing to yield to the extravagance?' There!" the Easy Chair broke off from quoting, "that was Curtis! The sweet and reasonable mood, the righteous conscience incarnate in the studied art, the charming literary allusion for the sake of the unliterary lesson, the genial philosophy—

'not too good
For human nature's daily food'—

the wisdom alike of the closet and the market-place, the large patience and the unshrivelled hopefulness! Do you think," said the Easy Chair, with a searching severity one would not have expected of it, "that you are fit to take his place?"

In evasion of this hard question the unreal editor temporized with the effect of not having heard it. "I believe that he and Mr. Mitchell were the only writers of your papers till Mr. Alden wrote the last?"

The Easy Chair responded dryly, "You forget Mr. Aldrich."

"If I do, I am the only pebble on the shore of time that does or will," retorted the unreal editor. "But he wrote you for only two months. I well remember what a pleasure he had in it. And he knew how to make his readers share his pleasure! Still it was Mr. Mitchell who invented you, and it was Curtis who characterized you beyond all the rest."

"For a while," said the Easy Chair, with autobiographical relish, "they wrote me together, but it was not long before Mr. Mitchell left off, and Curtis kept on alone, and as you say, he incomparably characterized me. Do you think," the Chair returned to the challenge the editor would have evaded, "that you are fit to take his place?"

"Honestly," said the unreal editor, "I don't. If I cannot make the place my own, I had better leave you in storage. Even if I could keep it his place, do you think that it would be well? He fulfilled himself, and no one valued and revered him more than I for what he did and was; but that doesn't seem to me a good reason to go on fulfilling him."

Whether the Easy Chair was daunted by this reply, and chose to ignore it, or whether it had not heeded the unreal editor's words, it said musingly, as if considering some objections to the candidate: "He had his millennial hopes as well as you. In his youth he trusted in a time

'When the common-sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt
in universal law,'

and he never lost that faith. As he wrote in one of my best papers, the famous paper on Brook Farm, 'Bound fast by the brazen age, we can see that the way back to the age of gold lies through justice, which will substitute co-operation for competition.' He expected the world to be made over in the image of heaven some time, but meantime he was glad to help make it even a little better and pleasanter than he found it. He was ready to tighten a loose screw here and there, to pour a drop of oil on the rusty machinery, to mend a broken wheel. He was not above putting a patch on a rift

where a whiff of infernal air came up from the Bottomless Pit—"

"And I also believe in alleviations," the unreal editor interrupted. "I love justice, but charity is far better than nothing; and it would be abominable not to do all we can because we cannot at once do everything. Let us have the expedients, the ameliorations, even the compromises, *en attendant* the millennium. Let us accept the provisional, the makeshift. He who came on Christmas day, and whose mission, as every Christmas day comes to remind us, was the brotherhood, the freedom, the equality of men, did not He warn us against hastily putting new wine into old bottles? To get the new bottles ready is slow work: that kind of bottle must grow; it cannot be made; and in the mean time let us keep our latest vintages in the vat till we have some vessel proof against their fermentation. I know that the hope of any such vessel is usually mocked as mere optimism, but I think optimism is as wise and true as pessimism, or is at least as well founded; and since the one can no more establish itself as final truth than the other, it is better to have optimism. That was always the philosophy of the Easy Chair, and I do not know why that should be changed. The conditions are not changed."

II

There was a silence which neither the Easy Chair nor the unreal editor broke for a while. Then the Chair suggested, "I suppose that there is not much change in Christmas, at any rate?"

"No," said the unreal editor; "it goes on pretty much as it used. The Timminses who give tiresome little dinners, which they cannot afford to dull people who don't want them, are still alive and miserably bent on heaping reluctant beneficiaries with undesired favors, and spoiling the simple 'pleasure of the time' with the activities of their fatuous vanity. Or perhaps you think I ought to bring a hopeful mind even to the Timminses?"

"I don't see why not," said the Easy Chair. "They are not the architects of their own personalities."

"Ah, take care, take care!" cried the unreal editor. "You will be saying next that we are the creatures of our environment; that the Timminses would be wiser and better if the conditions were not idiotic and pernicious; and you know what *that* comes to!"

"No, I am in no danger of that," retorted the Easy Chair. "The Timminses are no such victims of the conditions. They are of that vast moderately moneyed class who can perfectly well behave with sense if they will. Nobody above them or below them asks them to be foolish and wasteful."

"And just now you were making excuses for them!"

"I said they were not the architects of their own personalities; but nevertheless they are masters of themselves. They are really free to leave off giving little dinners any day they think so. It should be the moralist's business to teach them to think so."

"And that was what Curtis gladly made his business," the unreal editor somewhat sadly confessed, with an unspoken regret for his own difference. More than once it had seemed to him in considering that rare nature that he differed from most reformers chiefly in loving the right rather than in hating the wrong; in fact, in not hating at all, but in pitying and accounting for the wrong as an ancient use corrupted into an abuse. Involuntarily the words of the real editor in that beautiful tribute to the high soul they were praising came to the unreal editor's lips, and he quoted aloud to the Easy Chair: "'His love of goodness was a passion. He would fain have seen all that was, fair and good, and he strove to find it so; and finding it otherwise, he strove to make it so . . . With no heart for satire, the discord that fell upon his sensitive ear made itself felt in his dauntless comment upon social shams and falsehoods. . . . But he was a lover of peace, and . . . as he was the ideal gentleman, the ideal citizen, he was also the ideal reformer, without eccentricity or exaggeration. However high his ideal, it never parted company with good sense. He never wanted better bread than could be made of wheat, but the wheat must be kept good and sound,' and I may add," the unreal editor broke off, "that he did not hurry the unripe grain to the hopper. He would not have sent all the horses at once to the abattoir because

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they made the city noisy and noisome, but would first have waited till there were automobiles enough to supply their place."

The Easy Chair caught at the word. "Automobiles?" it echoed.

"Ah, I forgot how long you have been snowed," said the unreal editor, and he explained as well as he could the new mode of motion, and how already, with its soft rubber goloshes, the automobile had everywhere stolen a march upon the iron heels of the horses in the city avenues.

He fancied the Easy Chair did not understand, quite, from the intelligent air with which it eagerly quitted the subject. "And the town, as my dear old inventor loved to call it, what is now 'the conversation of the town'?"

"Well, you know, that is an embarrassing topic for the Easy Chair is supposed to have no politics, and the 'conversation of the town' is so largely political, just now."

"Yes, yes. It is still doubtful whether President Cleveland or President Harrison will be re-elected."

"President Cl—" the unreal editor began, but politely arrested himself, perceiving how far the poor Easy Chair was in arrears with its political history. "I think we had better leave all this branch of the inquiry for another time. You used to be very much interested in aesthetical matters—"

"Yes; far more than in politics. I suppose they are still talking of Realism and Romanticism? Is Ibsen still a pal-pitant question? I imagine Zola and Tolstoy and Mr. Hardy and Mr. James, and those Spanish novelists you were so fond of, hold their own?"

"My poor Easy Chair, I think we had better change the subject again! I despair of making you understand how wholly these writers are forgotten. The cry is now for historical romances, which is answered with volumes all in their hundred thousands. Have you heard nothing of— But no matter! Perhaps in another year no one else will have heard of them. In the mean time these books prosper upon a simple formula of bloodshed and truth-heroism in either sex, and history Procrustwise translated out of all likeness to human events beyond the precedent of any former literary success or succession. None of them can last, but no one can foretell how long their kind will last."

The Easy Chair seemed dazed, but recovered itself with the hopefulness characteristic of it. "But the stage, which was beginning to provide itself with a literary drama worthy the best times—the stage is still keeping its lofty level? With the plays of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Bronson Howard, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and their sort, not to mention Ibsen, and Sudermann, and the other great Continentals, it must still offer a brilliant intellectual experience to the theatre-goer, in spite of the prevalence of the historical novel in fiction?"

The unreal editor bent upon the Easy Chair a glance of amusement, but then he hesitated, and went on in a more sobered strain than he had meant to use. "You won't be surprised," he said, "to hear that the theatre has yielded its facile heart to the historical novel, and that this in several dramatizations is preparing itself to flourish on the stage. But I'm bound to say that though the playwrights you've mentioned are not presently in the force of old days, they are still alive to people the scene with their realities when the arch-heroes-and-heroines have 'had their day and ceased to be.' And I mustn't leave you with an impression of our unrelieved imbecility in fiction. There never was a more imbecile time, perhaps; but it has had its moments of good sense. Mr. Robert Grant, in his *Unleavened Bread*, has made a success worthy of the signal quality of one of the truest studies of our civilization; Mr. James has just put together a group of his incomparable short stories, which, though it may not outsell the historical novels, will remain to testify that we had some taste left for what was best in letters; and against a night as cheerless for the friend of serious fiction as any that ever was there has risen in the name of Mrs. Edith Wharton a star of literary conscience and artistic ideal, pure, clear, serene. There are people — not the multitudinous *polloi* who glut themselves with addled history and bloody fable — there are people who still love the charming truth

of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett; and who increasingly enjoy the unique quality of George Ade in portraying life. There are people who understand that in *The Action and the Word* Mr. Brander Matthews has given us a novel of manners which I will not cheapen by saying it outvalues all the neohistorical romances put together. There are people—"

"Come, come!" said the Easy Chair. "This isn't such a bad time to live in, after all, it appears. But for a supreme test of your optimism, now, what good can you find to say of Christmas? What sermon could you preach on that hackneyed theme which would please the fancy and gladden the heart of the readers of a Christmas number, where you should make your first appearance in the Easy Chair?"

III

To himself the unreal editor had to own that this was a poser. In his heart he was sick of Christmas: not of the dear and high event, the greatest in the memory of the world, which it records and embodies, but the stale and wearisome Christmas of the Christmas presents, purchased in rage and bestowed in despair; the Christmas of Christmas fiction; the Christmas of heavy Christmas dinners and indigestions; the Christmas of all superfluity and surfeit and sentimentality; the Christmas of the Timminses and the Tiny Tims. But while he thought of these, by operation of the divine law which renders all things sensible by their opposites, he thought of the other kinds of Christmas which can never weary or disgust: the Christmas of the little children, and the simple-hearted, and the poor; and suddenly he addressed himself to the Easy Chair with unexpected and surprising courage.

"Why should that be so very difficult?" he demanded. "If you look at it rightly, Christmas is always full of inspiration; and songs as well as sermons will flow from it till time shall be no more. The trouble with us is that we think it is for the pleasure of opulent and elderly people, for whom there can be no pleasures, but only habits. They are used to having everything, and as joy dwells in novelty, it has ceased to be for them in Christmas gifts and giving, and all manner of Christmas conventions. But for the young to whom these things are new, and for the poor to whom they are rare, Christmas and Christmasing are sources of perennial happiness. All that you have to do is to guard yourself from growing rich and from growing old, and then the delight of Christmas is yours forever. It is not difficult; it is very simple; for even if years and riches come upon you in a literal way, you can by a little trying keep yourself young and poor in spirit. Then you can always rejoice with the innocent and riot with the destitute.

"I once knew a father," the unreal editor continued, "a most doting and devoted father, who, when he bent over the beds of his children to bid them goodnight, and found them 'high sorrowful and cloyed,' as the little ones are apt to be after a hard day's pleasure, used to bid them 'Think about Christmas.' If he offered this counsel on the night, say, of the 26th of December, and they had to look forward to a whole year before their hopes of consolation could possibly find fruition, they had (as they afterwards confessed to him) a sense of fatuity if not of mocking in it. Even on the Fourth of July, after the last cracker had been fired, and the last roman candle spent, they owned that they had never been able to think about Christmas to an extent that greatly assuaged their vague regrets. It was not till the following Thanksgiving that they succeeded in thinking about Christmas with anything like the entire cheerfulness expected of them.

"In the mean time their fond father never took the least comfort in thinking about Christmas himself in any of his hours of depression. As the holiday drew near these rather thickened upon him: and when on Christmas eve he had piously filled the children's stockings at the chimney, and had hung their presents, neatly labelled, on the Christmas tree, he wished to lie down under it and die, so heavy was his heart with the memories of other Christmas eves, now become

'Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.'"

"I don't see any application in this homily," said the Easy Chair, "or only

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an application disastrous to your imaginable postulate that Christmas is a beneficent and consolatory factor in our lives."

"That is because you have not allowed me to conclude," the unreal editor protested, when the Easy Chair cut in with—

"There is nothing I would so willingly allow you to do," and "laughed and shook" as if it had been "Rabelais's easy chair."

The unreal editor thought it best to ignore the untimely attempt at wit. "The difficulty in this case, both with the father and the children, was largely temperamental; but it was chiefly because of a defect in their way of thinking about Christmas. It was a very ancient error, by no means peculiar to this amiable family, and it consisted in thinking about Christmas with reference to one's self instead of others."

"Isn't that rather *banal?*" the Easy Chair asked.

"Not at all *banal*," said the unreal editor, resisting an impulse to do the Easy Chair some sort of violence. At the same time he made his reflection that if preachers were criticised in that way to their faces, there would shortly be very few saints left in the pulpit. He gave himself a few moments to recover his temper, and then he went on. "If Christmas means anything at all, it means anything but one's own pleasure. Up to the first Christmas day the whole world had supposed that it could be happy selfishly, and its children still suppose so. But there is really no such thing as selfish, as personal happiness."

"Tolstoy," the Easy Chair noted.

"Yes, Tolstoy," the unreal editor retorted. "He more than any other has brought us back to the knowledge of this truth which came into the world with Christmas, perhaps because he, more than any other, has tried to think and to live Christianity. When once you have got this vital truth into your mind, the whole universe is luminously filled with the possibilities of impersonal, unselfish happiness. The joy of living is suddenly expanded to the dimensions of humanity, and you can go on taking your pleasure as long as there is one unfriended soul and body in the world.

"It is well to realize this at all times, but it is peculiarly fit to do so at Christmas-time, for it is in this truth that the worship of Christ begins. Now, too, is the best time to give the Divine Word form in deed, to translate love into charity. I do not mean only the material charity that expresses itself in turkeys and plum puddings for the poor, but also that spiritual charity which takes thought how so to amend the sorrowful conditions of civilization that poverty, which is the antithesis of fraternity, shall abound less and less.

> 'Now is the time, now is the time,
> Now is the hour of golden prime.'

for asking one's self, not how much one has given in goods or moneys during the past year, but how much one has given in thought and will to remove forever the wrong and shame of hopeless need; and to consider what one may do in the coming year to help put the poor lastingly beyond the need of help.

"To despair of somehow, sometime doing this is to sin against the light of Christmas day, to confess its ideal a delusion, its practice a failure. If on no other day of all the three hundred and sixty-five, we must on this day renew our faith in justice, which is the highest mercy."

The Easy Chair no longer interrupted, and the unreal editor, having made his point, went on after the manner of preachers, when they are also editors, to make it over again, and to repeat himself pitilessly, unsparingly. He did not observe that the Easy Chair had shrunk forward until all its leathern seat was wrinkled, and its carven top was bent over its old red back. When he stopped at last, the warehouse agent asked in whisper:

"What do you want done with it, sir?"

"Oh," said the unreal editor, "send it back to Franklin Square;" and then, with a sudden realization of the fact, he softly added, "Don't wake it."

Editor's Study.

I

HAVING installed the Easy Chair in the place of honor which properly belongs to a guest so highly esteemed and so welcome, and having listened to that wise and genial strain in which all readers are wont to delight—since the appreciation of Mr. Howells's writings has become a part of our American culture—the Editor begs an audience, speaking in his own place, trusting that he may be allowed a familiar privilege as one of the intimate Magazine household.

Our guest—to whom, according to the Eastern saying, no man is the superior—has won our intimacy and is as one of us, graciously taking our name (for it is the Editor's Easy Chair); but he has been a traveller (in a sense that the Editor is not and never can be), and he brings us new and strange things, though himself no stranger. The oldest literature began and had its nurture in such hospitality, where, indeed, the guest was always the superior—like him in the palace of Alcinous, like all those wandering bards older than Homer, received with favor in every old Hellenic palace, but who conferred higher favors in their soul-stirring tales of the Heroic Age; for they were all story-tellers—this line of royal guests—down to Herodotus, at the beginning of history, and the mediæval Marco Polo. Our guest in the Easy Chair, with whom it is our pleasure to linger—he also is a story-teller. He does not, like those older bards, appeal to our open-eyed astonishment, or, like those old travellers, bring us strange gossip from Egypt, or outlying Greece, or far Cathay. He will not from the Chair tell us any of those tales we best know him by, in which, instead of objective wonders, whencesoever derived, he brings us strange gossip of ourselves, probing our modern mood and consciousness. But the same creative power which makes him a master-novelist, who does not make a story out of hand, but gives it shape, just as living forces shape physiological nerve, organ, bone, and tissue in an animate organism, will give a like vital charm to his Easy Chair sayings—to the vivid pictures he will present of American, and maybe now and then of foreign, social life, such as are in the fresh memories of the readers of *A Silver Wedding Journey;* and to his reminiscent anecdote and comment, drawn from resources that have accumulated for more than a generation in his association with men and letters, beautifully exemplified in his new book, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance.*

And we think that such fancy as is bred in the heart is more in evidence, or rather more consciously so, in Mr. Howells's other writings than in his stories—at least he there more freely "lets himself go."

The Editor remembers a curious circumstance in connection with his *April Hopes,* while that novel was being serially published in the Magazine. The mice—who had never before and who have never since in our office been known to do such a thing—got at the manuscript copy, making havoc of one particular passage in which the author had allowed his young lovers unusual freedom of emotional expression—for how, indeed, could there be "April Hopes," or anything thus intimative of love's spring-time, without the gracious unreserve that Nature herself so forcefully compels? Having yielded to a command so imperative, Mr. Howells, we remember, seemed somewhat perturbed because he was obliged to do over again what in the first place he had done under the resistless urgency of the situation. He was inclined, we think, to infer *malice prepense* on the part of the mice in selecting that passage of all others for their destructive work. But again he invoked the gentle influences of the Pleiades and reproduced the lovers' dialogue. We don't believe he disliked this sort of writing as much as he appeared to; it may be that, after all, he has generally avoided it as one who denies himself an indulgence.

But it is certain that he has, in his stories, steadfastly and avowedly set his

face against those familiar and confidential communications of the author with his readers that are so attractive in Thackeray's novels. This also is doubtless a self-denial for the sake of art; and the restraint put upon himself in fiction may have made him of late years turn with more zest to another kind of writing, in which he can more freely unbosom himself. The Easy Chair gives him every desired opportunity for such expression. For while it is the unwritten law of this Magazine, in every part of it, to avoid the discussion of what are known as "burning questions," and of themes that divide sects in religion, parties in politics, and classes in society, yet there is no periodical in which more value is set upon the writer's individuality. In Mr. Howells's interpretations of life we shall know his heart as well as his thought.

II

In this Magazine, as in many others of the same class, the Editor is, to the general reader, anonymous, and so impersonal as to seem almost an abstraction—the unseen and unheard leader of an orchestra of quills, whose "various stops," under his direction, determine the general harmony. For such a harmony there is. It is apparent in even a great modern newspaper—how much more in a magazine, where the principle of selection works more surely, more spontaneously and at leisure, though never at random, never diverted by a mere casualty, but always held by severe obligation to some dominant purpose.

The Editor, considered as an individual personality, is very properly hidden from view; he is seldom intimated, never disclosed—not that he is a mystery, for it is the office of his orchestra to be so charmful as to make the reader forget him altogether. He is rather part, and a small part, of a greater mystery—that of the Magazine itself. Whatever else may be committed to him, his highest commission is to comprehend and serve the spirit that was breathed into the Magazine at its creation, and which has through half a century of growth given it a distinctive place and meaning in the literary world and in public esteem.

Any really great magazine is something larger than any editor can be or any publisher, so that praise of it by these implies no self-conceit. One of the earliest impressions made upon the Editor of this Magazine in his acquaintance with its publishers was conveyed by their attitude toward it of almost awe-full reverence; and imbibing the same feeling, the Editor, when, standing for them, he took off his hat and made his bow, in the annual prospectus of the novelties and attractions that were to distinguish the forth-coming volumes, was thereby showing no less his homage for the Magazine than his deference to its readers. He knew well enough that whatever he might say or announce was feeble and inadequate; that the best things to come would be those that neither he nor the publishers had thought of; and that, even if he could make parade in advance of those best things, there was something mightier back of them all—their very ground—the genius of the Magazine, the spirit and law, the authority, of a growing thing that was one with the spirit of its time—something defying any attempt at expression or definition.

The Editor's Study is revived not for the disclosure of the Editor, but that through him the Magazine may itself become articulate, speaking familiarly to its readers, or prompting the Editor's speech through the intimations of its own spirit. The Editor, of course, has a quill of his own, with its own stops, but it enters into no rivalry with the others in his orchestra, nor is heard among them.

The department, though revived under an old name, is entirely new in its intention. The original Editor's Study was contributed by Mr. Howells, who made it a most interesting review of current literature; and he was succeeded by Charles Dudley Warner, who enlarged its scope so as to include other than literary themes, and who during several years gave it his best thought, enriching it from the stores of his large and varied experience, and enlivening it with playful humor, giving in a lighter vein such views of our American life as were naturally current with those more seriously and elaborately present-

ed in his remarkable trilogy of novels: *A Little Journey in the World, The Golden House,* and *That Fortune.*

The Editor in assuming the department is not taking the place of these eminent writers. His chair is not in the Study they occupied and distinguished, but in the Editor's *Sanctum,* which has only the distinction and significance imparted to it by the haunting spirit of the old Maga.

It is a little room, but full of the "infinite riches" of Memory; and the busy workshop which stretches above, beneath, and around it—that too is haunted by presences no longer visible, but whose initial purpose and abiding influence still pervade the house and are felt in all its enterprises.

III

First of all, the Magazine wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas; and being an old Maga, full of the spirit of humanity, which is older than the spirit of humanitarianism in the modern and acutely altruistic sense, it desires to lay stress upon the *merriment*—with "cakes and ale" and all innocent attendant revels. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and some disagreeable things were therefore said of Him by the Puritans of His day. Wisdom, according to Him, is justified of *all* her children. Is it not beautiful as well as wonderful that He who was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" should have thus exalted Joy—the ancient child of Wisdom?

This thought is the more readily expressed here because the Easy Chair has so beautifully as well as justly emphasized the altruistic suggestions of the holy season.

We love to think that the Church chose this particular portion of the year for the celebration of the Nativity because it was the season of the Roman *Saturnalia,* showing in this as in so many other things an accommodation to an older faith—to what in it was most human, and therefore most divine.

Christians did not for several generations celebrate the Nativity—the idea of the Resurrection being the first dominant note of their faith; and when they did do so they were prompted by a humanly religious rather than by a religiously humane motive. It was always, however, the reverent celebration of a spiritual fact. Probably Milton's "Ode on the Nativity" is the truest interpretation, in literature, of the Christian feeling regarding it. What first impresses us in the very opening of this poem is an almost breathless air of stillness, pregnant with expectation, like the stillness of the barren inorganic world before the advent of germinant life. This is the great spiritual fact, the coming of life into an apparently dead world—the coming of germinant, wonder-working life.

Biology took a step a whole heaven beyond Darwin when it turned from the study of adult organisms to that of cell life—of the germ. The now prevailing study of the child is one sign of this new regard for the plastic stage, wherein life is essentially *creative,* just as, in the structure, it is *formative.* Science is going back to the Christ, "who took a little child and placed it in the midst of them."

Was it not the fatal mistake of that late German philosopher, Nietzsche, who so bitterly denounced Christianity as the refuge of the weak and defective, and who, we understand, has a considerable following among young thinkers on the Continent, that he, like Darwin, made his inferences wholly from structural development, considering only that strength of a system which is capable of measurement by analytical judgment, ignoring the unseen and immeasurable might of a creative life, in the presence of which all structures are doomed, like the temple of which the Lord said, "not one stone shall be left upon another"?

"The survival of the fittest" is a strong phrase and quite convincing in its application to what is *formed,* or even *reformed,* but there is a far different meaning into which it must be translated when we regard plasmic life and consider what is *born* or *born again.* Christianity does not attempt to take the world in hand and make it over; it leads both man and the world back to the creative font; it is regenerative. This is the largest suggestion of the Nativity, and it is in perfect accord with

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its festive celebration, and with the sentiment that has made Christmas the Children's Festival.

IV

The Editor has much to say about magazine stories which he cannot say now. Concerning love-stories, it is remarkable what a change has come over the spirit of writers and of readers since the days of T. S. Arthur. The development of imaginative literature must account for that. Everything depends upon the writer of the story—upon the quality of his imagination — in love-stories as in all others. The aversion of the great short-story writers of to-day toward the love-story, pure and simple, is very apparent. Perhaps it is because these writers shrink from intrusion into this field, feeling that the only love-stories worth writing are those that have been lived.

In presenting to our readers "The Love-Letters of Victor Hugo" we offer them a love-romance in its simplest estate, because it is fact and not an invention. The letters tell the real story of Victor Hugo's love for Adèle Foucher. M. Meurice, the life-long friend of Victor Hugo, and the custodian of these letters, has accompanied them with a comment conveying such indications of the situation of the young lovers as complete the tale. In giving this correspondence (of which, unfortunately, we have only one side) to the public, M. Meurice deserves our gratitude, for never before has there been published a collection of love-letters so unique. What a contrast to the "Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning," given to the world year before last! The Browning letters, full of affectionate intercourse, are yet devoted for the most part to mental diversions of the most varied character. But Victor Hugo's letters to Adèle breathe only of love, and when now and then they rise to some exalted strain where the writer talks of poesy (justifying its supreme excellence to the mind of his beloved), or of the highest delights of the human soul—that is only the deeper breath of love. The lover of romance is denied nothing, and the appeal to his sympathy is compelling. "The course of true love never did run smooth." The lovers are, like Romeo and Juliet, of two divided houses. Victor's mother is proud, and as ambitious for her son as she is jealous of his affection; of his father, General Hugo—the less said of him the better, save that he is wholly unsympathetic with his son's literary aspirations and with his ardent suit; and the situation is such that the Fouchers and the Hugos are completely estranged. The sensitiveness of the young lover and the maiden's pride are touched at every point. All this is apparent in these beautiful letters. We have at the beginning of the story a glimpse of the happy lovers brought together by the familiar intercourse of the two families in the Foucher household; then there is the naïve avowal of their love, followed by a brief intimacy, the remembered pleasure of which alone serves to nourish their passion during a long period of cruel separation. In the mean time we follow Victor in his early struggles for literary honors. His poetry is stimulated and inspired by his love—all the more because of its unhappiness. He finds in an old chronicle of the fifteenth century the story of a young poet, a disciple of Petrarch, called Raymond d'Ascoli, who prefers death to separation from his beloved, and he writes an elegy upon the young suicide, entitled "Le Jeune Banni," in which he gives expression to his own grief; also, and with the same burden, a novel, *Han d'Islande*. Thus was nourished by deep sorrow the genius that afterward created *Les Misérables*... Years after the great master's death we are permitted to see, in the letters now being published, the young and desolate lover dividing his vigils of the night between his literary work and these epistles to his *fiancée*.

We regret the loss of Adèle's own letters—brief and disappointing as to Victor they almost always seemed. The sequel of a happy marriage convinces us that they would not disclose a shallow-hearted girl who could not resist the temptation to use her power to hurt; they would undoubtedly show us the tender heart of a sensitive maiden, herself wounded in many ways and embarrassed by an apparently helpless situation.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

WITH THE LIBRETTI

III.—FAFNER

BY ANNE WARRINGTON WITHERUP

"WHITHER away?" asked the Dragon, genially, as I stumbled upon him in my angry flight from Lohengrin.

His words struck terror to my soul. I knew he could make me wither away if he so desired by merely breathing a little blue flame upon me, and obeying a natural instinct, I jumped quickly to one side.

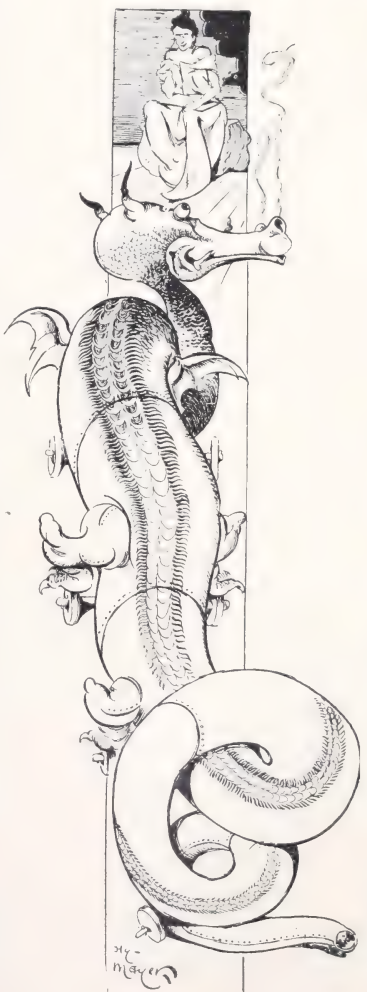
"What on earth is the matter with you, Madame?" he cried. "You aren't afraid of me, are you?"

"A trifle," said I, recovering my equanimity somewhat. "You see, my dear sir, you are such a fiery sort of creature that I am fearful of your powers. I'm not insured."

Fafner is evidently a dragon with a sense of humor, for he smiled until every one of his eight hundred and forty-eight teeth was clearly visible.

"Nonsense," he replied, in a moment. "I'm not perilous off duty. It's only when I'm performing that I'm fired up to a dangerous point. I haven't enough steam on at this moment to run a toy engine, much less do an injury to a lady journalist in pursuit of an interview. I presume," he added, with a red flare in his eyes which gave me a nervous chill, "that you *are* in pursuit of an interview with me?"

I had not been, I must confess, for I had never regarded Fafner as of very great importance. He had hardly been more than a bit of scenery to me, and I should as soon have thought of interviewing the ballet in *Faust* as endeavoring to secure the Dragon's views on any subject. The red flare, however, terrified me, and I hastened to assure him that I was even then on my way to call upon him. He smiled like an alligator when I told him this, and the red flare dwindled into a soft, genial hazel-eyed glow.



"*A Genial, Hazel-eyed Glow*"

"Good," he said. "You are an enterprising young woman. You'll have a beat on everybody else, for, to tell you the truth, Miss Witherup, I have never been interviewed before. What do you wish me to talk about, the trouble in China, or the best way to cook tenors to please a dragon's taste? I can give you Fifty Ways of Roasting Tenors, or Recipes for Preparing Sopranos with the Chafing-Dish, or I can tell you what I don't think of the German Emperor's Chinese policy, with some idea of my opinion of the Boxers on the side."

"I—ah—I think if you will talk about yourself, Mr. Fafner, you will please the public," said I. "You see, everybody else is talking about the Chinese complications, but nobody is talking about you, and—"

"What?" he hissed, with a click in his voice that in a sense suggested an angry radiator.

"Well—what I mean," I hurried to say, "is that people are only inquiring about you. They don't know enough about you to talk intelligently on the subject. Oh, indeed, Mr. Fafner," I tremblingly added, "the public interest in you is great. That is



Original Steam-heating Plant

why I have sought to interview you myself."

"I thought as much," he replied. "And they couldn't find anybody in whom their interest would be more justified, either. I shall be very glad indeed to tell you all I know about myself. I suppose I ought to begin with my ancestors, eh?"

"As you please," said I.

"Well, I had 'em," he observed, quickly. "That's the most human quality about us dragons. We are just as well provided with forefathers as you are, only we don't brag about 'em quite as much as you do. We don't have to. There is no degeneration about us—in fact it is quite the other way, because we don't allow any degenerate dragons to live. That's why there are so few of us and so many of you."

"What was the motive power of your original ancestor?" I asked.

"Steam, of course," said Fafner, complacently.

"Oh, come now," said I, protestingly. "Steam hadn't been invented in those days."

"Oh, come now, yourself," retorted Fafner. "Steam had been invented, only Adam and Eve didn't know it when they saw it. Just because no human being realized its value until within the last one hundred years doesn't prove that there wasn't any such thing. There were slews of electricity in the heavens in those days, too—why don't you say electricity hadn't been invented?"

"I see," said I. "I presume your ancestor was useful to the Adam family in winter."

"He was, indeed," said Fafner. "Eve never allowed Cain and Abel to get up in the morning until my old granddaddy had been sent for to warm up their cave, and many a time, on cold December nights, Adam used to send for him to come and sit in the parlor while the family gathered round and toasted their toes on his back."

"Did you ever meet Baron Munchausen, Mr. Fafner?" I asked.

"Never heard of him," said he. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "Only he was a pretty warm person too. I presume," I added, "that there were two of your ancestors on the Ark?"

"No," said Fafner. "They were invited, but they didn't care to go. It really wasn't necessary, and furthermore, the crowd aboard was too promiscuous for them. They were a rather exclusive lot, my old ancestors, and they didn't care to travel on what was to all intents and purposes a combination of a floating cattle-ranch and an inferior sort of zoo, when they could travel by their own power. My ancestors at that time had a speed on water of twenty-three knots, and of course we are provided by nature with self-running coal-bunkers, so that as long as the old folks kept their mouths shut and the flood outside of them they had no cause for fear. Their only danger was foundering or having their fires put out by a tidal wave, hence they were very careful to batten down their hatches, and to avoid all unnecessary speech."

"But what did they live on?" I cried. "Could they go that long without eating?"

"Oh no, indeed!" replied Fafner, calmly, and without any change of color. "They were well provided with food. There was plenty of drift-wood, and no end of fish. We are an omnivorous race, and eat everything that comes our way, except steel rails and lobster salad."

There was a prolonged silence. I was utterly at my wits' end to know what to say next to this extraordinary person, and he evidently was thinking up some new outrage to voice. Finally, however, I ventured to speak.



"Except Lobster Salad"

"How did you come to take up opera, Mr. Fafner?" I asked.

"I wanted to oblige my friend, Herr Wagner, for one thing," he replied: "and I wanted to get easy employment, for another. Herr Wagner was writing his Ring of the Nibelung, and it suddenly occurred to him that I'd make a good background for one of his scenes. He knew then what modern playwrights have since 'discovered,' that people like to see beasts on the stage, and inasmuch as a barn-yard scene in the Trilogy was impossible, he thought he'd have a dragon instead of a cow. He asked me to take a part

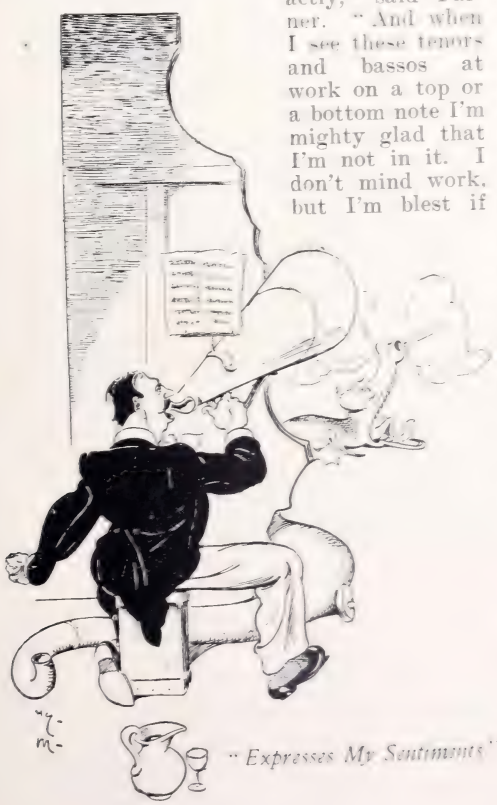
in *Siegfried* as a Fear Teacher and Instructor in Bird Talk on a good salary, all the food I could eat, a private cage, and free service of an engineer in case my radiator got out of order. The work was easy, requiring only about fifteen minutes' stage-work for about fifteen nights a year, and my name on the programme."

"A very liberal proposition," said I. "I suppose, too, he was attracted by the possibilities of your voice if properly trained."

Fafner laughed. "That's the funniest thing about it all," he said. "I haven't any voice, Miss Witherup. I don't know a note from a fog-horn. All I have to do is to blow off steam while some talented chap sits behind me and expresses my sentiments through a megaphone. I wanted to do the singing, but after he heard me try it once Herr Wagner begged me never to try it again. He said it would dim the glory of his own laurels if I did. There were more of the forces of nature represented in one of my notes than in a whole cycle of Wagner, he said, and people instead of going to hear him would come to hear me. So I gave in. I never cared much about singing, anyhow. It's very unhealthy. The ordinary singer on the opera stage is the most frequently indisposed person in the world, as you have probably observed, so I was perfectly willing to give it up."

"You were very wise, indeed," said I. "You get all the credit for a fine performance without running any of the risks."

"That's it exactly," said Fafner. "And when I see these tenors and bassos at work on a top or a bottom note I'm mighty glad that I'm not in it. I don't mind work, but I'm blest if I'd be willing to run the risk of a busted boiler to strike a high C or a low G."



"*Expresses My Sentiments*"

"Your health is generally good, I suppose?" I asked.

"Well, I don't suffer more than must," said Fafner. "Siegfried has a throat doctor constantly in tow, and Lohengrin and Tannhäuser and the rest of 'em have to get their larynxes lubricated quite often, but as for me, I don't suppose I need a plumber more than once in a dozen months on the average."

"A plumber!" I cried.

"Yes: a steam-fitter I suppose you'd call him," said Fafner. "Once in a while in this American climate of yours my pipes get frozen up and have to be thawed out; and occasionally it happens that there is an annoying whistle when I let off steam that disconcerts the man behind the megaphone, thus proving that I am a little run down, but a good steam-fitter can fix me up in a jiffy. So you see I can't complain."

"I'm glad to hear there's somebody who has no complaint against the plumber," said I. "He is an object of universal execration in this country."

"Oh, I don't have to pay the bill," said Fafner, "and somehow or other when he comes here to fix me up he doesn't loiter about his work as he is apt to do when on an ordinary steam-pipe. If he doesn't attend strictly to business I give him the red eye, and when he sees that he doesn't let any grass grow under his *feet*."

"You are on good terms with Siegfried, I presume?" I asked.

"First rate," said Fafner. "Siegfried isn't such a fool as he looks, and he sings mighty well. I don't know a bird in the whole universal aviary who can do as well as he does, and what is more, he is generous with his salary. He often takes me out to luncheon with him."

"And do you really teach him the language of the birds?" I queried.

"Yes," said Fafner. "Whenever Siegfried leaves me he knows what the birdies say as well as I do—canaries, parrots, eagles, sparrows, canvas-backs, or what not."

"Canvas-backs!" I cried. "You know the language of canvas-back ducks!"



Subduing a Plumber

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"Of all birds, Miss Witherup," said Fafner. "There isn't a winged creature in existence from the condor of South America to the matinée hat of New York, whose language I don't know.

"And you have taught it all to Siegfried?"

"Pretty nearly all," said he. "It takes time to get it all, there are so many kinds of birds these days. It was only yesterday, for instance, that I taught Siegfried what the canvas-back says."

"I wish you'd tell me," I put in.

"Oh, it's simple," replied Fafner. "The canvas-back merely lies off on his back and says, 'Four dollars, please.' I taught Siegfried that at luncheon yesterday, and he paid up like a little man."

"And the matinée hat?" I queried, with a laugh.

"A vain thing, Miss Witherup," said Fafner. "And double-faced. It says to the person sitting behind it, 'I'm here to stay, and if you don't like it because you can't see over me, go outside and watch the cable-cars at my expense.' And to the tenor ahead of it it cries out: 'Oh, you dear thing! What a heavenly voice you have! I could sit and listen forever.'"

"It shows partiality, eh?" I suggested.

"It does indeed; particularly to tenors on a salary of $10,000 a minute," said Fafner. Here the famous Dragon with a glance at the clock gave me to understand that my audience was over.

"I've a golf engagement for the afternoon," he said, "and I must go, Miss Witherup. Thank you so much for your call."

"It is I who am indebted to you, Mr. Fafner," said I, rising. "But—ah—are you really a golfer?"

"Of course I am," he said, proudly, giving a practice swing with his tail. "When I hit the ball with that it goes a thousand yards, and when I putt with it—oh well, I don't want to brag, but there isn't a professional in the world who is in it for a minute with me."

With which assurance we parted, he to play golf and I to reflect.



Eloquence Of The Canvas-back

THE REWARD OF TRUTH

DURING his second successful campaign on the Republican ticket for Governor of Michigan, the late John J. Bagley spoke one evening at Kalamazoo. He was a good business man, but a poor public speaker. At the beginning of his remarks on this occasion he alluded frankly to his lack of oratorical gifts. After he had finished a man pushed forward, grasped his hand warmly, and said,

"Governor, I have been a life-long Democrat, but at the coming election I shall vote for you."

"Thank you," replied the Governor, much gratified. "May I ask the particular reason for your change?"

"Because you are the first speaker on either side in this campaign that I have heard tell the truth. You said when you began that you couldn't make much of a speech, and, by jinks, *you can't!*"

LYMAN P. ALDEN.

A CLEAN SWEEP

IT was the noon hour, and there were a dozen "hands" gathered in the tobacco warehouse—all very black. Various forms of petty gambling had been tried without fully satisfying their gaming instincts. Then Steve, who was big and fat, said:

"Boys, less make up er puss. Less all put in er nickel, and den let de pile go to de pusson what names de bes' eatings. Marse Jimmy 'll be de jedge."

This was agreed to, and soon there was a little heap of nickels on the box round which they were gathered.

"Now," said Steve, "we'll draw fer de fust go." The next moment he grinned with delight as he drew the marked slip from Marse Jimmy's hat. He paused for a space as he gave the weighty matter adequate consideration, then he said, slowly:

"Um, yaes; de bes' eatings! Well, *I* says possum, taters, watermillion—"

A small black hand shot forward and snatched up one of the coins.

"Whatcher doing, Charlie, you sneaking houn' dog?" roared Steve, in a rage.

"Shet up, you blam' fool nigger!" answered Charlie, defiantly. "Yo' think I's gwine stay in dis yere game when yo' done gone name all dey is?" H. B. W.

CITY CUSTOMS

HAROLD, aged eight, was visiting in New York for the first time. Later his mother also came on from their home in the West. Now Harold was very much afraid that some one might think he was not used to the ways of Gotham, and so discover his and his mother's Western origin.

One day they started to board a cable-car, when Harold stopped, blushed to the roots of his hair, and said:

"See here, mamma! In New York people don't *walk* to the cars; they *run!*"



THE GOLFER'S CALENDAR—DECEMBER

Drear December's icy waters
Flow, and all is frozen hard up.
Cease! ye golfing sons and daughters,
Even the *Colonel* tears his card up.

MR. BUSH'S KINDERGARTEN CHRISTMAS



A Mothers' Meeting

"SHE hailed from around Boston somewhere, and she came out here and started one of these 'ere kindling-garters," said Mr. Milo Bush. "Roped in all the small children in town and begun to learn 'em to string straws, and map out beans, and wad wet clay and such other practical things which would be useful to 'em when they growed up. Showed 'em that they had thumbkins, and told 'em 'bout Jack Frost, and Old Man East Wind, and Uncle Feeble; and had 'em singing 'Hoppery, skippery, hop, flop, pop—summer's the time to whop, whop, whop!' Well, it seemed to be a good thing, though I don't reckon our folks would 'a' took much stock in it if it hadn't been for the girl herself. That there girl was the *prettiest* girl that ever struck the country. Such eyes as she had! And that mouth of hers!—well, I b'lieve if it could 'a' been done, that every man in town would 'a' had himself reduced to eighteen inches high and gone to school to her, and strung his straw, and wadded his gob of clay with thumbkins.

"She was the most enthusiastic girl—and the prettiest! She just kept us parents on the jump. Doing what, do you think? *Living for our children!* That was all, but it kept us busy. She used to call parents' meetings, and make little speeches. 'Come, let us live for our children,' she would say. It was Uncle Feeble's igee, she explained. So that's wot we done—just lived for 'em. Rekerations of the past was abandoned, such as hoss-trots. Old Major Smiley killed his game-cock, and had him for Sunday dinner, though the Major said afterwards that the next old fighting rooster he et he would do it on a week-day, as the remarks necessary in carving the j'ints wa'n't no fit language for the Sabbath.

"Well, as I said, the girl was b'iling with enthusiasm. Every week she took the young uns on a picnic, or round to see a blacksmith, or a carpenter, or a cobbler, or somewheres. 'Ticky, tick, tack: ticky, whack, whoo—this is the way to half-sole a shoe!' Then when winter got here and Jack Frost come creeping, come creeping, there was new goings-on. Finally Christmas hove in sight, and the girl got more excited than ever. Called another mothers' meeting, and we fathers was on hand. The girl made another speech. Christmas was coming. Didn't we know the little song about Christmas? And wot it said about Sandy Claus? Though Sandy Claus was a miff, wot a bootiful miff! It was well that the little ones should believe in such miffs as long as they could! Alas! the stern realities of life would confront 'em but too soon! Let us make the Christmas of the little ones of the kindling-garter a glad one. (Applause.) Did we not want to live for our children? (A voice: 'You bet!') The song

told especially of Sandy Claus's reindeers, and the children were much interested in the reindeers. Wot fond parent would volunteer to show the children a team of reindeers?

"I sprung to my feet while the other parents was leaning for'ard to rise, and says I: 'Miss, if we can find a pair of reindeers in Bon Pierre County, or even one reindeer, or *half* a reindeer, or a critter that *looks* like a reindeer, I'll drive him for the children.' 'Thank you,' says the girl, smiling at me; and if she'd 'a asked me to drive two lions tandem, *with* a hyener under the seat, I'd 'a' done it. 'And you are on the right track, Mr. Bush,' she goes on; 'there are, of course, no reindeers here. We must stimulate some reindeers, Mr. Bush.' 'Wot?' says I, thumbkin behind my ear, letting on I hadn't heard. 'We must stimulate some reindeers—counterfeit 'em, you know. Get some other likely critters and fasten some horns on 'em, and make 'em look like reindeers.' Well, we all talked the matter over, and decided that the best we could do was to take a couple of mooley steers belonging to Zeb Woodbeck, and tie some horns on 'em, hitch 'em to a light sleigh, and let 'em sizzle, with me a-holding the reins, and meby calling cheerily: 'On, Prancer! Whoa, Dancer!'

"Well, there ain't much more to tell. I done it. 'Bout four o'clock in the afternoon, so's the little ones could go home and get to bed early. The plan was to have the children in front of the school-house, and I was to dash around the corner, and swing round the house a couple or three times, and then leave the sleigh and crawl through a hole in the back end of the building, and pop out behind the stove as the children come in the door, all frosty, and with flowing whiskers, and wearing pillers under my clothes, and with my nose red. It took a pile of fixing up, and when they got through with me my nose was the only thing which I could recognize as my own. Then I got in the sleigh down by the livery-barn, and drove up around, the steers trotting off pretty free, and the bells on 'em ringing lively. Then I swung 'em round the corner, and, says I: 'On, Prancer! On, Dancer!' and the children clapped their hands, and the others begun to yell, and somehow it excited them critters, and they hopped up into the air, and yanked round their heads, and their horns fetched loose and tipped back and took 'em on the shoulders, and Dancer let out an awful 'B-a-a-a-r!' and Prancer kicked sideways at a dog, and they lit out down the main street like a bloo streak, me a-sawing on the reins and a-yelling 'The Night Before Christmas' at 'em in chunks. As we tore through town, both reindeers b-a-a-a-r-ing and kicking, the bells a-ringing, every dog in town close behind making use of their own language, and my own voice not idle, we was said to 'a' presented a impressive spectacle. We tore on. After passing over six miles of prehayrie in a few minutes, I was throwed out by the sleigh striking a rock. Them stimulated reindeers went on. My knee was fractured, and I started to crawl back the six miles, singing cheerily, 'Clap, clap with glee; for Christmas is coming and merry are we!' My whiskers impeded my crawl a good deal by getting under my knees, but I reached the house of a settler about dark.

"'Didn't you go by here a spell ago sort as if you was in a kind of a hurry?' says he.

"'No,' says I; 'that was Sandy Claus.'

"'It looked like you,' says he.

"'We are one and the same,' says I: 'e pluribus unum. I was stimulating Sandy Claus. Bring in some snow and thaw out my left earkin.'

"'See yere, old man,' says he; 'before I stir a step tell me wot in all creation you are making such a Tom-twisted fool of yourself for.'

"'I am living for a Boston kindling-garter teacher,' says I; 'fetch in that snow!'"

H. C.



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THE MISTLETOPUS OCTOPUS—A NEW AND IMPROVED SPECIES

HIRAM'S CHRISTMAS FORGIVENESS

"You may laugh at this here idee that folks are more forgiving at Christmas-time all you want to," said the old gentleman, "but there's something in it. Hard hearts do soften up then, and forgiveness rises up in buzzums which ain't apt to harbor no such feelings. This here sperret of Christmas which makes a man do good ain't all one of them fool things which the story-writers put into their yarns just to make 'em pretty."

"You speak as if you'd had experience," suggested the visitor.

"Yes; once. But it was enough to convince me. Old man Dilgo, over in Sheepskin Holler. Meanest man that ever got up in the morning. Meaner than any man any story-writer ever made up. Just naturally too mean to live—but he did. Last man on yearth that you'd thought would be changed by Christmas—but he was. He just caught the blessed Christmas sperret and it made him a new man. The story-writers deserve all the credit, too—he got it from reading their books, and he went straight ahead to foller their plan. Struck right out to find the people he'd wronged, and tell 'em he was sorry and meant to do right in the future.

"Come over here to see me fust 'cause I reckon he thought he'd treated me a *little* meaner than he ever had anybody else. Soon's he come in I seen something was up. Stuck out his hand and says he:

"'Jabez,' says he, 'this is Christmas, blessed season of peace on yearth and good-will to all critters.'

"'Yes, yes,' says I, 'so it is, Hiram.'

"'I'm a changed man,' says he. 'I have caught this here sperret of Christmas. Hereafter I shall live a dif'rent life. I have been a-wronging you, Jabez, for ten years back, and now at this here Yool-tide I've come to ask your forgiveness. Will you forgive me, Jabez?' There was tears in his eyes.

"'Yes, yes, Hiram,' says I. 'I forgive you,' and I pumped his hand up and down, and mebby my own eyes got sort o' moist.

"'Ah, them words do me good, Jabez,' says he. 'Not for many long years have I felt the in'ard joy which I now feel. I've been a mean man, Jabez, a mean man.'

"'So you have, Hiram, so you have,' says I.

"'Wot?' says he.

"'I said you *have* been a mean man, Hiram—that's all. A mighty mean man. Meanest man in these parts, I reckon—leastways, that's been your gen'ral reputation 'mongst them that has knowed you best. I *hope* there 'ain't been no meaner.'

"'Sir,' says he, bristling up, 'no man can talk that way to me 'thout taking a licking! 'Cuse me of being mean, hey? Pretty way to treat an old neighbor, ain't it? Come outside, you old liar!' And just then the hired man come in and it took the two of us ten minutes to run him off the place. And that night he pizened my dog and chopped down fifteen rods of line fence.

"But, as I said, this here bootiful sperret of Christmas really exists. It touched old Hiram, even if it wa'n't fast color."

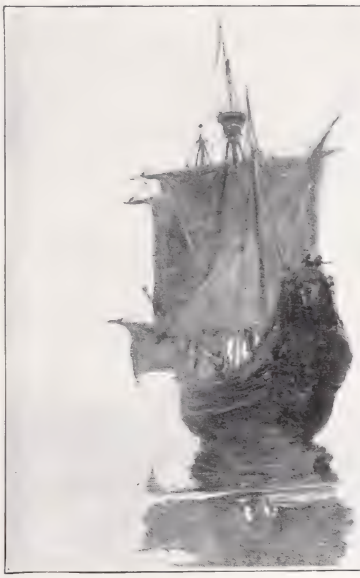
H. V. M.



LANDING NEGROES AT JAMESTOWN
FROM DUTCH MAN-OF-WAR, 1619

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. CII January, 1901 No. DCVIII



Colonies and Nation.

A Short History of the People of the United States.

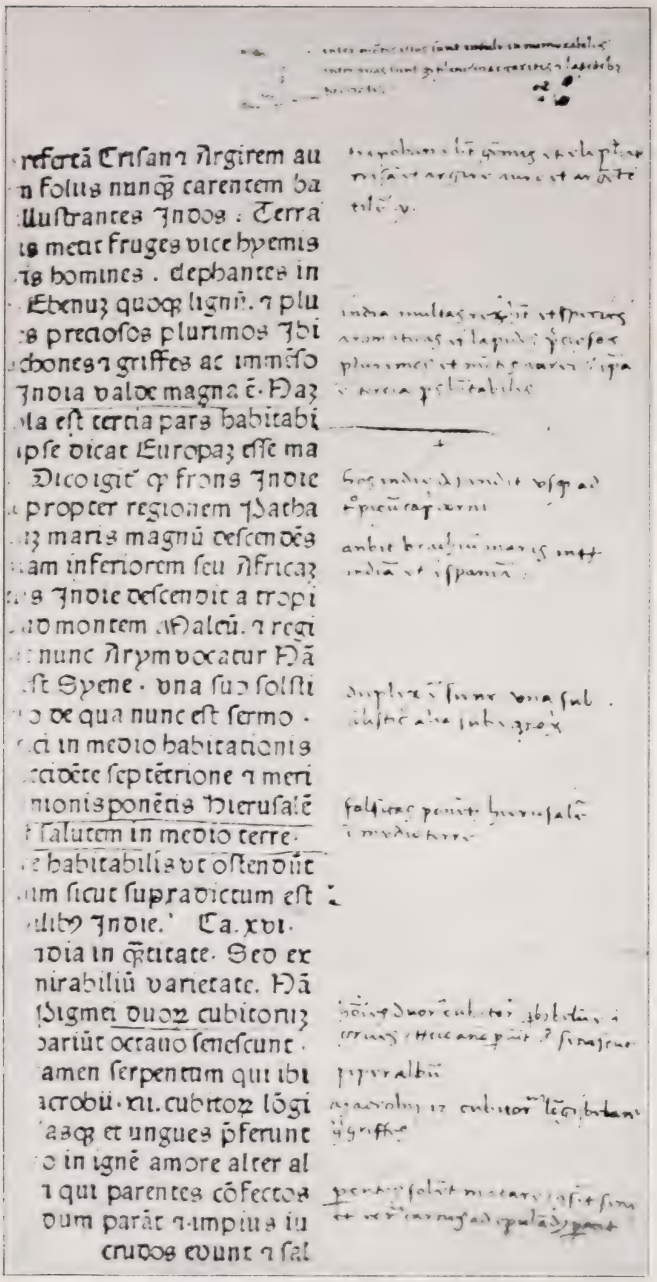
BY WOODROW WILSON

I.—BEFORE THE ENGLISH CAME.

WHEN the history of English settlement in America begins, an age of discovery and bold adventure has given place to an age of commerce and organization. The breathless, eager stir of the Elizabethan age is over, and the sober, contentious seventeenth century has come, with its perplexed politics, its schismatic creeds, and its scheming commercial rivalries. More than one hundred years had elapsed since the discovery of North America. Spain had lost her great place in the politics of Europe, and France and England were pressing forward to take it. Meanwhile the great continent had lain "a veiled and virgin shore," inflaming desires that could not be gratified, stirring dreams

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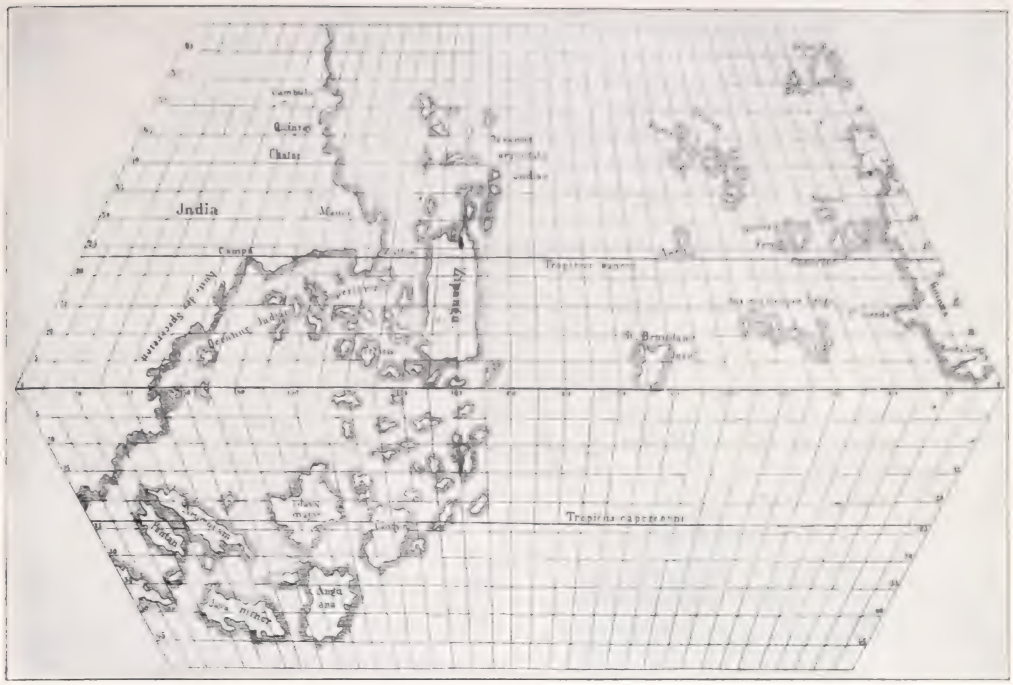
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Annotations In Handwriting Of Christopher Columbus. On Page Of D'Ailly's "Imago Mundi"

that only enticed brave men to their death, exciting to enterprise and adventure, but never to substantial or lasting achievement. The same mistake that had led to its discovery had prevented its profitable occupation. Columbus had set out to seek Cathay, and had died believing that he had actually found the eastern coasts of Asia. The explorers who followed him in the next century had persisted in seeking, not new, but old lands, rich with ancient kingdoms and vast stores of treasure, lying ready to the hand of conqueror or buccaneer. Such ancient kingdoms Cortez and Pizarro actually found in South America and upon the Isthmus; and such every adventurer promised himself he would find just beyond the coasts of the northern continent also. Or else he would find something that would be quite as valuable, and possibly no less romantic, —a fountain of youth, untouched mines of precious ore, or waters stored with priceless pearls.

The discovery of the New World had drawn Europe, when she was most credulous, into a realm of dreams. The Revival of Learning had come; Europe had read once more and with freshened eyes, as if for the first time, the free sentences of the ancient classics, written when men looked frankly, fearlessly, and far and wide about them, and her imagination had been quickened and enriched by what she read, her thoughts freed and regenerated. What she had seen also, as well as what she had read, had given her new life. For the Middle Ages were now passed, and she had herself become a new world. France had lost her feudal princes in the Hundred Years' War, and was at last a real kingdom under veritable kings, for Louis XI. had reigned. England had been transformed by the Wars of the Roses from a feudal into a national monarchy, and the first Tudor



A Conjectural Restoration Of Toscanelli's Map, By The Original Of Which Columbus Sailed To America

was on the throne. Spain had cast out the Moor, and was united under Christian sovereigns. Former geographical relations, too, had disappeared. The old Europe had had its heart and centre in the Mediterranean; but the capture of Constantinople by the Turk, and the steady spread of the Turkish power about the Mediterranean shores, now shut her out from the established courses of her life by cutting off direct intercourse with the East. She was obliged to seek new routes for her commerce, a different life for her nations, new objects of policy, other aims of ambition.

Having felt the keen early airs of the Renaissance, her powers were heartened and stimulated for the task, and she faced it with a glad spontaneity and energy. She was strangely filled with hope and with a romantic ardor for adventure, ready to see and to test every new

Ame-
rico

Nunc vero & heę partes ſunt latius luſtratæ/ & alia quarta pars per Americũ Veſputium(vt in ſequentibus audietur)inuenta eſt:quã non video cur quis iure vetet ab Americo inuentore ſagacis ingenij viro Amerigen quaſi Americi terram/ſiue Americam dicendam:cum & Europa & Aſia a mulieribus ſua ſortita ſint nomina. Eius ſitũ & gentis mores ex bis binis Americi nauigationibus quę ſequũtur liquide intelligi datur.

Passage In "Cosmographie Introductio" (1507), In Which Vespucius's Name Is Given To America

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thing. It was naturally her first thought to find her way again, by new routes, to India and the great East. Portuguese sailors, accordingly, sought and found their way around the southern capes of Africa; and Columbus, more bold and more believing still, pushed straight forth into the unknown Atlantic, that dread and mysterious "Sea of Darkness" which had lain so silent all the centuries, keeping its secrets. He would make directly for the shores of Asia and the kingdom of the Tartars.

In the new delight of giving rein to their imaginations men were ready to believe anything. They could believe even Marco Polo, whom they had hitherto been inclined to deem an impudent impostor. In the latter half of the thirteenth century, Polo, accompanying his father and uncle, had journeyed overland to the farthest kingdoms of Asia, when the great Tartar empire of Kublai Khan stretched from Europe to the Chinese sea. He had seen throughout nearly twenty years the full splendor of that stupendous realm, its rich provinces, its teeming and ancient cities, its abounding wealth and unexampled power. Some of its authority he had himself wielded; for he had been taken into the intimate counsels of the Great Khan, and had gone up and down his coasts upon weighty errands of state. But the men of his day at home would not credit what he had to tell them of the boundless extent and resplendent glory of lands which no one else among their neighbors had ever seen, or ever heard named even, save by this Venetian adventurer. Who could say what truth there was, or what falsehood, in these tales of the ends of Asia and of a great sea lying beyond? Polo's story slumbered, accordingly, in curious manuscripts, or kept covert with the learned, until revived and brought to day again by the congenial air and the enticing credulity of the fifteenth century. In the view of that hopeful age nothing was impossible. These things and many more Columbus credited and pondered, as he pored over crude and curious maps, sketched out of travellers' tales and astronomers' reckonings; and it was the very Cathay of Marco Polo he put across the new ocean to find.

The success of Columbus solved the mystery of the Atlantic, but it did little to instruct Europe, or even to guide her fancy, concerning the real nature of the lands he had found. No one dreamed that they were the coasts of a new world. Who could believe the globe big enough to have held through all the ages a whole continent of which Christendom had never heard, nor even so much as had poetic vision,—unless, perchance, this were the fabled Atlantis? Slowly, very slowly, exploration brought the facts to light; but even then men were loath to receive the truth. When Vespucius brought home authentic charts, indeed, of new coasts in the southwest, thrust far out into the Atlantic, so that even mariners who strayed from their course to the Cape under stress of storms from out the east might hit upon them, there was nothing for it but to deem this indeed a New World. No such Asian coasts had ever been heard of in that quarter of the globe. This southern world must, no doubt, lie between Africa and the kingdoms of China. But the northern con-



MARCO POLO

tinent had been found just where the Asian coasts were said to lie. It was passing hard to conceive it a mere wilderness, without civilization or any old order of settled life. Had Polo, after all, been so deep a liar? Men would not cheat their imaginations and balk their hopes of adventure. Unable to shake off their first infatuation, they went wistfully on, therefore, searching for kingdoms, for wonders, for some native perfection, or else some store of accumulated bounty, until at last fancy was wholly baffled and rebuked by utmost discipline of total and disastrous failure. Not until a century had been wasted were confident adventurers sobered: the century of the Reformation and the Elizabethan literature. Then at last they accepted the task of winning America for what it was: a task of first settlement in a wilderness,—hard, unromantic, prodigious,—practicable only by strong-willed labor and dogged perseverance to the end.

While North America waited, South America prodigally afforded the spirit of the age what it craved. There men actually found what they had deemed Asia to contain. Here was, in fact, treasure-trove. The sea quickly filled with mighty Spanish armaments, commanded by masters of conquest like Cortez; and the quaint and cloistered civilization of the New World trembled and fell to pieces under the rude blows of Spanish soldiers. Then the sea filled again, this time with galleons deep-laden with the rich spoils of the romantic adventure. Whereupon daring English seamen like Hawkins and Drake turned buccaneers; and scant thought was given any longer to the forested wilds of North America. England and Spain faced one another on the seas. A few Protestant sailors from the stout-hearted Devonshire ports undertook to make proud Spain smart for the iniquities wrought upon Englishmen by the Inquisition, while they lined their pockets, too, out of Spanish bottoms. By the time the Great Armada came, England had found her sea-legs. Spain recognized in the smartly handled craft which beat her clumsy galleons up the Channel the power that would some day drive her from the seas. Her hopes went to pieces with that proud fleet, before English skill and prowess and pitiless sea-weather. It had been a century of preparation, a century of vast schemes but half accomplished, of daring but not steadfast enterprise, of sudden sallies of audacious policy, but not of cautious plans or prudent forecasts. The New World in the north still waited to be used.

And yet much had in fact been accomplished towards the future successful occupation of North America. Some part of the real character of the new continent stood sufficiently revealed. Early in the century Balboa had crossed the Isthmus and



John Hawkyns

Stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Magellan had found his way to the south, round about the coasts of South America, into the new ocean; and before the middle of the century Spanish vessels had beat their adventurous way along almost the entire Pacific length of both continents. By the time Drake set out on his famous first voyage round the world in

1577, the Spaniards had already established a trade route across the Pacific to India and the Spice Islands. Their discoveries became very slowly known to the rest of the world; they had no mind to advertise what they found, and so invite rivalry. Each nation that coveted the new lands was left to find out for itself how they lay, with what coasts, upon what seas. It did at last become generally known, however, that America was no part of Asia, but itself a separate continent, backed by an ocean greater even than the Atlantic. What was still hidden was the enormous extent of the New World. It had been found narrow enough from ocean to ocean at the Isthmus; and the voyagers along its farther coasts had not been expert to mark the real spread and trend of its outlines. They imagined it of no great bulk. Throughout the century every explorer who sought to penetrate its interior from the Atlantic along any considerable watercourse confidently hoped to find, near the sources of the stream, similar passage down the western slopes of the continent to the great sea at the west. Adventurer after adventurer, moreover, pushed northward among the ice to find a northwest passage whereby to enter the Pacific.

All such mistakes only served to make the real character of the northern continent the more evident. Every discovery contributed to sober discoverers. That the interior was one vast wilderness, grown thick with tangled forests, blocked by mountains which stood old and untouched, or else stretching wide "through mighty plains and sandy heaths, smooth and wearisome, and bare of wood," with only "crook-backed oxen" for inhabitants, the Spaniards had abundantly discovered by many a costly adventure. In 1513, the year of Balboa's great discovery, and again in 1521, the gallant Ponce de Leon led an expedition into the beautiful peninsula which he named Florida, in search of a fabled spring whose waters, of "sweet savour and reflaire," it was said, "as it were of divers manner of spicery," would impart immortal youth to those who drank of them. But the wilderness baffled him, and he lost both his hope and his life in the enterprise. In 1528 Pánfilo de Narvaez sought to take the land by storm, in true Spanish fashion, landing an army of three hundred men at Apalache Bay, with horses and trappings and stores, to march in quest of kingdoms and treasures. And march they did, thrusting their way through the forests and swamps very manfully towards the vast unknown interior of the continent. Their ships, meanwhile, they sent away, to bring still others to the enterprise, but with plans of rendezvous so vague and ill-conceived that they never beheld them again.

After three fruitless months spent with keen suffering of want and disappointment in the wild forests, where there was neither kingdom nor treasure, they found themselves thrown back upon the coast again, dismayed, and in search of their craft. Finding that they must help themselves, they built such boats as they could, and tried to pick their way by sea to the westward. Caught in a rush of waters at the mouth of the Mississippi, two of their five boats were overwhelmed, and all who were in them were lost. The rest drifted on till cast ashore far to the west. Four men, and four only, of all the company survived to tell the story to the world. After a marvellous and pitiful pilgrimage



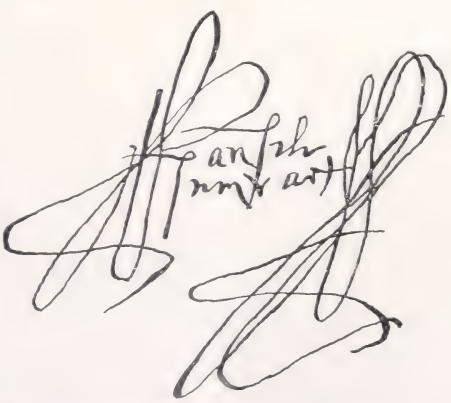
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE



"Crook-backed Ox." From "Les Singularitez De La France Antarctique." By Andre Thevet. Printed In 1558

of almost two thousand miles, full of every perilous and strange adventure, they actually reached the Spanish settlements on the Pacific, eight years after that gallant landing at Apalache.

In 1539 Hernando de Soto repeated the folly. He brought to the Bay of Espiritu Santo nine vessels, with near six hundred men and more than two hundred horses. Leaving a small part of his force with the fleet, he set out with a great army for the interior of the continent. It was childish folly; but it was gallantly done, with all the audacity and hardness of purpose that distinguished Spanish conquest in that day. With contempt of danger, meting out bitter scorn and cruelty to every human foe, and facing even pitiless nature itself without blanching or turning back, proud and stubborn to the last through every tormenting trial of the desperate march, they forced their way onward to the great waters of the Mississippi. From the mouth of that river, in boats of their own construction, some three hundred survivors reached Spanish posts on the Gulf. But without their leader. De Soto had sickened and died as they beat up and down the wilderness which lay along the great stream of the Mississippi, whose inland courses he had discovered, and his body lay buried beneath its sluggish waters.



Signature Of Panfilo De Narvaez

Meanwhile a like expedition was wasting its strength in the wilds which stretched back from the Pacific. In 1540 Coronado, Spanish Governor of New Galicia, had led an army of three hundred Spaniards and eight hundred Indians northward from his Pacific province in search of seven fabled cities of "Cibola." These "cities" proved to be only the humble pueblos whose ruins still so curiously mark the river cliffs of Arizona and New Mexico; and Coronado pressed on, threading the cañons of the Colorado River for weary hundreds of miles, putting out parties to explore the courses of the Rio Grande and the Gila, pressing doggedly on even as far as the Mis-

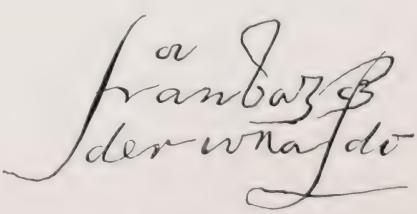
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ARIZONA CLIFF-DWELLINGS

souri, but finding nothing except vast desert stretches of country, without a trace of population or promise of treasure. It was a hard lesson thoroughly learned, bitten in by sufferings which corroded like deadly acids.

By such means was the real nature of the North-American Continent painfully disclosed, each maritime nation acting for itself. Spanish, English, and French seamen beat, time and again, up and down its coasts, viewing harbors, trying inlets, tracing the coast-lines, carrying away rumors of the interior. The Spaniards explored and partially settled the coasts of the Gulf. In 1534-5 Jacques Cartier penetrated the St. Lawrence, in the name of his French master, as far as the present site of Montreal; and in 1541 planted a rude fort upon the heights of Quebec. In 1562-4 settlements of French Huguenots were effected in Florida, only to be destroyed, with savage ruthlessness, by the Spaniards, who in 1565 established St. Augustine, from which the French were unable permanently to dislodge them. In the opening years of the seventeenth century French colonies were planted on the St. Lawrence at Montreal and Quebec, and in Acadia, in the region which was afterwards to be known as Nova Scotia. English settlements also were attempted. All signs combined to indicate the coming in of



Signature Of Coronado

a new age of organized enterprise, when, with one accord, the nations which coveted the virgin continent should cease to

> fly to India for gold,
> Ransack the ocean for Orient pearl,
> And search all corners of the new-found world
> For pleasant fruits and princely delicates,

and should compete, instead, to build communities and erect states over sea, and so possess themselves of a great treasure of their own creation.

In the great enterprise of discovery and exploration Spain had held the first place throughout a century; but for the task of colonization the parts were to be differently cast. The century had witnessed many profound changes in European politics. In the year 1519 Charles the Fifth, King of Spain, Archduke of Austria, heir of the House of Burgundy, and therefore lord of the Netherlands, King of Naples and Sicily, had become also Emperor of Germany, and threatened all Europe by his predominance. But the vast circle of his realm had not held together. It was not a single power, but naturally diverse and disintegrate. In 1568 began that determined revolt of the Netherlands which was eventually to sap and destroy the Spanish power. By scattering her force too ambitiously, and staking her supremacy on too many issues, Spain began steadily to lose the great advantage she had held upon the continent. For England the end of Spain's power was marked by the destruction of the Armada, and the consequent dashing of all the ambitious schemes that had been put aboard the imposing fleet at Lisbon. There had meanwhile been reckonings between England and France also. Henry VIII. and Francis I. had kept restlessly at work to adjust the balance of European power to their own liking and advantage. Wars, brief and inconclusive, but ceaseless, swept Europe in every direction; and then radical changes set in, both national and international. In 1562 the great Huguenot civil wars broke out, to rage for more than twenty years; and France stained her annals with St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. In driving the Huguenots forth to England and America, she lost the flower of her industrial population. She thwarted her European enemies, nevertheless, and solidly compacted her national power. The German countries all the century through were torn and distracted by the struggle of the Reformation, and remained self-absorbed, forming the parties and defining the passions which were to bring upon them the terrible Thirty Years' War of the next century.



JACQUES CARTIER

When the new century opened, France and England alone stood ready to compete for North America. And, for all

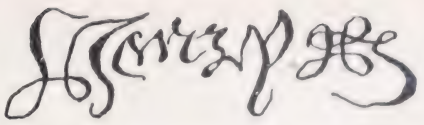
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France was as keen to seek her interest in the New World as in the Old, the signal advantage, as the event abundantly proved, was to lie with England in this new rivalry in the wilderness. The reason is now plain enough. England had obtained from the sixteenth century just the training she needed for winning America in the seventeenth, while France had unfitted herself for the race by the new life she had learned. England had become a commercial nation, quickened in every seaport by a bold spirit of individual enterprise that would dare anything for a success. The Tudor monarchs had, it is true, established a political absolutism; but they had, nevertheless, somehow deeply stirred individual initiative in their subjects in the process. In France, meanwhile, individual initiative had been stamped out, and the authority of church and state combined to command and control every undertaking. France, therefore, sent official fleets to America and established government posts; while England licensed trading companies, and left the colonists, who went to America in their own interest, to serve that interest by succeeding in their own way. The French colonies pined under careful official nursing; the English colonies throve under "a wise and salutary neglect." A churchly and official race could not win America. The task called for hard-headed business sense, patient, practical sagacity, and men free to follow their own interest by their own means.



OLD GATEWAY, ST. AUGUSTINE

The Reformation had performed a peculiar service for England. It had filled her, not with intense religious feeling, but with intense national feeling. It meant that England had thrown off all slavish political connection with Rome, and was to be henceforth national in her church as well as in her politics. It meant, too, that she was to have less church than formerly. When Henry VIII. destroyed the monasteries and appropriated their means and revenues, he secularized the government of England, and in part English society too, almost at a stroke. The wealth of the church went to make new men rich who had won the favor of the crown, and a new nobility of wealth began to eclipse the old nobility of blood. Such a change met the spirit of the age half-way. The quickened curiosity and nimble thought of the Renaissance had no courteous care as to what it exposed or upset. The discovery of new lands, moreover, stimulated all sorts of trade and sea-traffic. A general movement to learn and acquire new things had begun among masses of comfortable people who had never cared to disturb their minds before. The literature of the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" was the spontaneous speaking out, with unexampled freedom of heart, with unmatched boldness of fancy and amplitude of power, of the finer spirits of a nation excited by every new prospect of thought and enterprise. Fortunately the Tudor monarchs were stingy how they helped their subjects with money, even to defend their wealth and commerce against the foreigner. Henry VIII. interested himself in improved methods of ship-building; and when he had time to think of it he encouraged instruction in seamanship and navigation; but he built no navy. He even left the English coasts without adequate police, and suffered his subjects to defend themselves as best they might against the pirates who in-



Signature Of Henry VIII

fested the seas not only, but came once and again to cut vessels out of port in England's own waters. Many public ships, it is true, had been built before the Armada came, and fine craft they were; but they were not enough. There was no real navy, in the modern sense. The fleet which chased the Spaniards up the Channel was a volunteer fleet. Merchants had learned to defend their own cargoes. They built fighting-craft of their own to keep their coasts and harbors free of pirates, and to carry their goods over sea. They sought their fortunes as they pleased abroad, the crown annoying them with no inquiry to embarrass their search for Spanish treasure-ships, or their trade in pirated linens and silks.

It was this self-helping race of Englishmen that matched their wits against French official schemes in America. We may see the stuff they were made of in the Devonshire seamen who first attempted the permanent settlement of the new continent. For a time all that was most characteristic of adventurous and sea-loving England was centred in Devonshire. Devonshire lies in the midst of that group of counties in the southwest of England in which Saxon mastery did least to destroy or drive out the old Celtic population. There is, accordingly, a strong strain of Celtic blood among its people to this day; and the land suits with the strain. Its abrupt and broken headlands, its free heaths and ancient growths of forest, its pure and genial air, freshened on either hand by the breath of the sea, its bold and sunny coasts, mark it a place made by nature to indulge that sense of mystery and that ardor of imagination with which the Celt has enriched the sober Saxon mind. Next it lay Somersetshire, with its sea outlet at sturdy Bristol port, where trade boasted itself free from feudal masters, pointing to the ruined castle on the hill, and whence the Cabots had sailed, so close upon the heels of Columbus. For itself Devonshire had the great harbor and roads of Plymouth, and innumerable fishing-ports, where a whole race of venturesome and hardy fishermen were nurtured. All the great sea names of the Elizabethan age belong to it. Drake, Hawkins, Ralegh, and the Gilberts were all Devonshire men; and it was from Plymouth that the fleet went out which beat the great Armada on its way to shipwreck in the north. The men who first undertook to colonize the New World for England were bred to adventure, both by books and by the sea-air in which they lived. Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his half-brother, Walter Ralegh, were gentlemen, trained to books at Oxford, and men of fortune besides, who could put forth into the world to look into what they had read of. Their books were full of travellers' tales; their neighbors were seamen who had met the Spaniard at close quarters on the high seas, and lightened him of his treasure. Wealth and adventure alike seemed to call them abroad into the new regions of the West. Ardently, and yet soberly too, with a steady business sagacity as well as with high, imaginative hope, they obtained license of the crown and led the way towards new ports and new homes in America. They did all with unstinted energy and devotion, embarking their fortunes in the venture. In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert himself went out to Newfoundland, and lost his life seeking a harbor to the southward where to plant a colony. He had made his own quarters in the smallest vessel of his little fleet, and calmly "sat abaft with a book in his hand," even when the violent sea and the unknown coast threatened most sharply, cheering his companions the while with the stout-hearted assurance, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land." On Monday night, the 9th of September, about twelve o'clock, his lights went out and he found a haven he had not sought. The next year, 1584, Ralegh sent out two ships to take the southern course to America and find a coast suitable for set-



Signature Of Sir Walter Ralegh

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tlement. They hit upon Roanoke Island. It was, their captains reported, an exceeding pleasant land, its people "most gentle, loving, and faithful, and such as live after the manner of the golden age." Within the next three years, therefore, until the coming of the Armada called his attention imperatively off from the business, Ralegh made two distinct efforts to establish a permanent colony on the island. But both attempts failed. The right temper and purpose had not come yet. The first colony contained men only, and these devoted themselves to exploration instead of to tillage and building. Ralegh and his agents alike were still dreaming of El Dorado. The second colony contained women and families; but they made small progress in learning to deal with the Indians, now no longer gentle and faithful; and they continued to rely on England for supplies, which did not come. When finally search was made for them they were not to be found. Their fate has remained a mystery to this day.

And so the century ended, with only a promise of what might some day be done. But, though the new continent still remained wild, strange, and inhospitable, the approaches to it at least were at length known. The Atlantic was cleared of its terrifying mystery, and the common sun shone everywhere upon it. Both the northern and the southern routes across it had become familiar to seafarers. The merchants of Southampton regularly sent ships upon the "commodious and gainful voyage to Brazil" as early as 1540; and Newfoundland had been a well-known fishing and trading post ever since 1504. In 1570 at least forty ships went annually from English ports to take part in the fisheries there; and in 1578 no less than a hundred and fifty were sent from France alone. Hundreds of crews were to be found in St. John's Harbor in the season, drying their catch and sunning their nets. Europe could not have been sure of fish on Fridays otherwise. The ocean ways were well known; the coast of North America was partly charted; its forests were no longer deemed the frontier barriers of kingdoms; the romantic age of mere adventure was past; and the more commonplace and sober age which succeeded was beginning to appreciate the unideal economic uses to which North America was to be put, if Europe was to use it at all. It only remained to find proper men and proper means for the purpose.



THE TWO SIDES OF THE SEALS OF HIS MAJESTY'S COUNCIL OF VIRGINIA



THE "GOODSPEED," "SARAH CONSTANT," AND "DISCOVERY" AT THE CAPES OF THE CHESAPEAKE

II.—THE SWARMING OF THE ENGLISH—THE VIRGINIA COMPANY.

It was the end of the month of April, 1607, when three small vessels entered the lonely capes of the Chesapeake, bringing the little company who were to make the first permanent English settlement in America, at Jamestown, in Virginia. Elizabeth was dead. The masterful Tudor monarchs had passed from the stage, and James, the pedant King, was on the throne. The "Age of the Stuarts" had come, with its sinister policies and its sure tokens of revolution. Men then living were to see Charles lie dead upon the scaffold at Whitehall. After that would come Cromwell; and then the second Charles, "restored," would go his giddy way through a demoralizing reign, and leave his sullen brother to face another revolution. It was to be an age of profound constitutional change, deeply significant for all the English world; and the colonies in America, notwithstanding their separate life and the breadth of the sea, were to feel all the deep stir of the business. The revolution wrought at home might in being transmitted to them suffer a certain sea-change, but it would not lose its use or its strong flavor of principle.

The new settlers came in two small ships and a pinnace, the *Goodspeed*, the *Sarah Constant*, and the *Discovery*, all of which belonged to the Muscovy Company, which usually sent its ships for trade much farther north, to Hudson's Bay and Davis Strait, or to bring cargoes from Greenland and the Cherry Islands. The little band of adventurers had gone aboard their craft at Blackwell on the Thames, and had begun to drop down the river to put to sea a week before Christmas, 1606; but rough weather had held them two weeks in the Downs, and it was New-Year's day, 1607, before they got finally away. It was the end of April before they saw the strange coasts for which they were bound.

It was a lonely age in which to be four months upon the great sea, for "ships were rare," only "from time to time, like pilgrims, here and there crossing the waters." You were sure to see no sail anywhere as you went. And the land to which they came was as lonely as the sea, except for the savages who lurked within the forests. The three little merchantmen came none the less boldly in at the capes, however; and the tired men on board thought the shores of the vast bay within very beautiful, with their "fair meadows and goodly tall trees," and their "fresh waters running through the woods," better than any wine to men who

for four months had drunk from the stale casks on the ships. And yet the loneliness of those spreading coasts, forested to the very water, was enough to daunt any man.

They presently found a great "river on the south side, running into the main," and they chose a place on its banks for their settlement which was quite forty miles up its stately stream; for they wished to be away from the open bay, where adventurous seamen of other nations, none too sure to be their friends, might at any time look in and find them. They named their river the James, and their settlement Jamestown, in honor of the King at home. Eighty years before there had been Spaniards upon that very spot. They had built houses there, and had planned to keep a lasting colony. There had been Spaniards in the West Indies these hundred years and more,—ever since the days of Columbus himself; and in 1526 Vasquez de Ayllon had led a great colony out of Santo Domingo to this very place,—no less than five hundred persons, men and women, with priests to care for their souls and to preach the gospel to the savages. But discord, fever, and death had speedily put an end to the venture. The place had soon been abandoned. Scarcely one hundred and fifty of the luckless settlers survived to reach Santo Domingo again; and when the English put ashore there, where a tongue of low and fertile land was thrust invitingly into the stream, no trace remained to tell the tragic story. It was as still and bare and lonely a place as if no man else had ever looked upon it.

There were but a few more than a hundred men put ashore now from the English ships to try their hands at making a colony, and not a woman among them to make a home. They had been sent out by a mercantile company in London, as if to start a trading-post, and not a community set up for its own sake, though there could be little trade for many a long day in that wilderness. Certain London merchants had united with certain west-country gentlemen and traders of Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth in the formation of a joint-stock company for the purpose of setting up colonies in both "the north and south parts of Virginia"; and to this company royal letters-patent had been issued on the 10th of April, 1606. The name "Virginia" had been given, in honor of Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, to the mainland which Raleigh's first explorers found beyond Roanoke. So far as Englishmen were concerned, the name covered the greater part of the Atlantic coasts of the continent. The patentees of the new company were to attempt both a northern and a southern settlement, and, to serve their double purpose the better, were divided into two bodies. The London stockholders were to undertake the first colony, in some southern part of "Virginia," between the thirty-fourth and the forty-first degrees of north latitude; while the incorporators who were of Somerset and Devon were to undertake a second colony, to be conducted to some point farther north,—though all were to remain under the government of a single general council.

There were men of capital importance and quick energy among the London incorporators; and the enterprise they had taken in hand was not all novel. Several of them were members also of the East India Company, which had been formed seven years before, and of the "Russia or Muscovy Company," whose trade in far-away seas was a thing established and familiar. They were most of them men who had heard all there was to be told or read of the voyages and adventures by which America had become known in England; and some notable sailors who had themselves seen the strange seas and unfamiliar coasts which others only read of were also of their number. Richard Hakluyt, the genial and learned Churchman, who loved every tale of daring, and who knew more of the New World than any other man in the kingdom, was their associate in the new company. Captain Newport, to whom they intrusted the command of their little fleet, borrowed from the Muscovy Company, had already been twice to America; a clear-eyed man hardly turned of forty, and likely to understand what he saw. Bartholomew Gosnold, whom they commissioned captain of the *Goodspeed*, had himself discovered the short route to America by way of the Azores, and went now permanently to cast in his lot with the colonists. There were capacity and experience and audacity and steadfastness enough embarked in



LIKE PILGRIMS, HERE AND THERE, CROSSING THE WATERS

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the service of the Virginia Company, it must have seemed, to make it sure of its success.

And yet nobody very well understood what this new business of establishing colonies was to be like, for all that: and the colonists whom these capable London gentlemen sent over with Captain Newport were a sorry lot, it turned out, with whom to attempt an enterprise which should need for its execution every manly quality of courage and steadfastness and industry. Prosperous and steady men who were succeeding at home were not likely to be willing to go to America, of which they knew nothing except that it was full of savages, and that Ralegh's colonists had been lost there, never to be found again. Only men hopelessly out of work or out of sorts, and reckless men, young and fond of adventure, were likely to think the prospect inviting, or the novel risk worth taking, to better their fortunes, or to get the monotony out of their lives.

It happened that England was full of idle men, because her life was changing. The very quickening and expansion of commerce and of adventure in trade and conquest, which had changed all the age and the aspect of the world itself since the first crossing of the Atlantic, had given England a new place in the geography of the planet, and was radically altering men's lives and occupations and ambitions there. New trades and industries were springing up, and the towns were reaping the benefits of a diversified commerce; but the people of the rural districts had fallen upon evil days. Land, like everything else, had become a sort of commodity, as trade gained its mastery. The old tenures, under which small holders had so long lived unmolested, were breaking up. The city merchants bought estates for their pleasure, and wanted no tenants. The older land-owners got rid of small farmers as fast as they could, in order to turn their lands into pasture for the sheep, whose wool was so much in demand by the merchants and the manufacturers. They even enclosed and appropriated for the same purpose commons which had time out of mind been free to all. The demand for agricultural labor sadly slackened. Town and country-side alike filled with idlers and with sturdy beggars, and unguarded wayfarers were robbed upon the highways by desperate men who could find no other way to obtain subsistence. James's craven eagerness for peace had put an end to the wars with which Elizabeth's day had resounded, and London was full of idle soldiers, mustered out of service. Younger sons and decayed and ruined gentlemen seemed to abound more than ever.

And so it was men out of work or unfit for it who chose to go to America, and not men of the country-sides so much as discredited idlers and would-be adventurers of the towns. More than one-half of the company Captain Newport conducted to James River called themselves "gentlemen,"—were men, that is, of good blood enough, but no patrimony, no occupation, no steady habit, who were looking for adventure or some happy change of fortune in a new land, of which they knew nothing at all. Very few indeed of the rest were husbandmen or carpenters or trained laborers of any sort. There was only one bricklayer, only one mason, only one blacksmith, in all the hundred and twenty. The things it was most necessary to do when at last the landing had been made at Jamestown,—the planting of crops, the building of houses, the dull labor of felling trees and making a beginning in a wilderness,—were the very things which the men the Virginia Company had sent over knew least about, and had the least inclination to learn. They expected the company to send them supplies out of England, and gave little thought to what they were to do for themselves. When Captain Newport's ships put to sea again and left them, they were at their wits' ends to know how to maintain themselves.

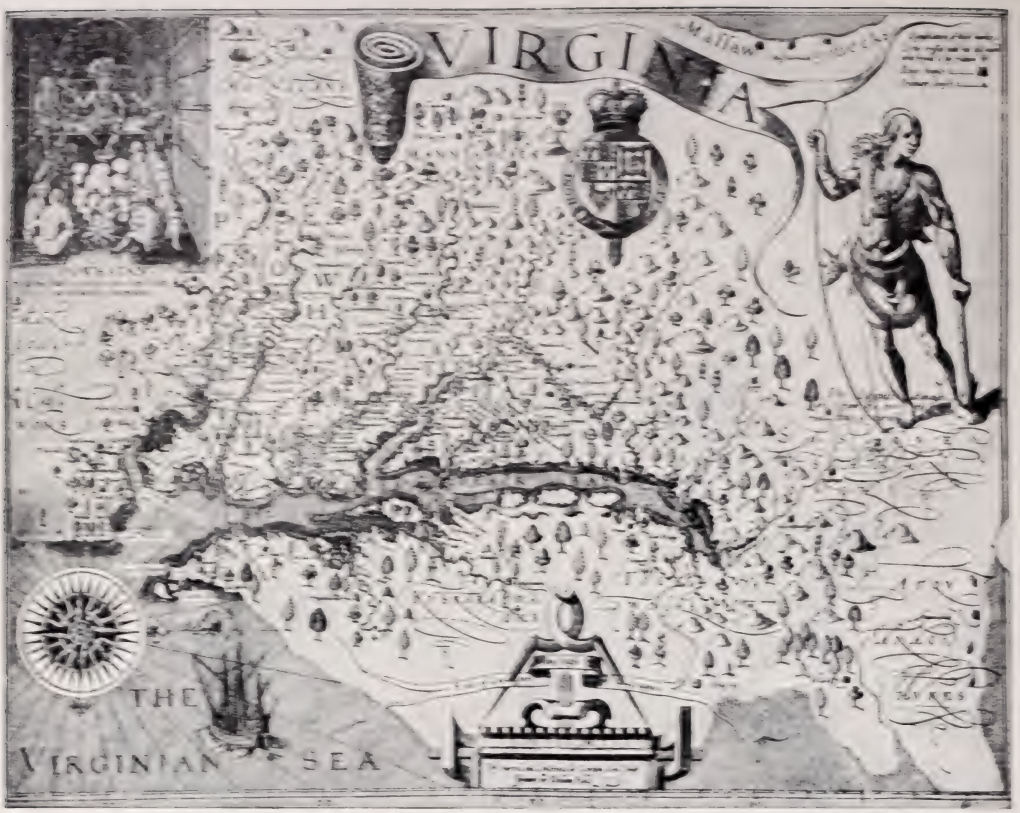
It would have gone desperately with them had there not been one or two men of masterful temper and governing talents among them. Captain Newport came again with supplies in the winter; and still another ship followed him the next spring. And, besides supplies, the two ships brought a hundred and twenty new settlers between them. But among the new-comers there were shiftless "gentlemen" in the usual proportion; and there came with them a jeweller, two goldsmiths, two refiners, and a perfumer,—as

if there would be need of such people! Such additions to the settlement only made it so much the harder to develop or even maintain it; and the few men who could rule stood out like masters amongst the inefficient idlers of whom the incorporators in London had thought to make pioneers.

There was one, Captain John Smith, among them to whom, in part at any rate, they owed their salvation from utter helplessness and starvation. Captain Smith had a gift for narrative and for boasting which his fellow-adventurers did not have, and we know of his achievements from himself. He was not yet thirty years of age; he was exasperatingly sure of himself; older men found his pretensions wellnigh unbearable. But it was certain he had seen more of the world and of adventure than any other man of the company. He had known and had come to conclusions with men of many races and of every kidney, as he had cast about the world, a soldier of fortune; and he knew how they were to be governed, as he presently demonstrated. He rang like brass without, no doubt, but had a touch of gold within. He was a partisan of his own way of making a colony, and no doubt colored the narratives which were to be seen at home; but he was no sluggard at work, and knew how to take the burdens of tasks which no one else would attempt. He at least found ways of getting food from the Indians, and of making interest with their chiefs. Though he took authority when it was not given him, he made the lazy, "humoursome, and tuftaffety sparks" of the settlement work, upon penalty of being set across the broad river to shift for themselves or starve; prevented would-be deserters from running away with the boats; explored the neighboring coasts and river-courses,—for two years and a half played his part very diligently and very manfully in keeping the struggling settlement alive, when the majority of his comrades would have been glad to abandon it. No doubt there were others who seconded him in the maintenance of order and of hope, and who worked as he did to take some hold upon the wilderness for their principals at home; but of him we know.

When at last, in the autumn of 1609, he was obliged to take ship for England, dangerously wounded by an explosion of gunpowder, it looked as if the worst were over at Jamestown. The company at home had been very busy getting colonists, and had sent them over in goodly numbers. There were about five hundred persons at the settlement when Captain Smith left,—a few women among them, making it look at last as if the lonely place were to see a few homes; and fifty or sixty simple houses had been put up. But numbers, it turned out, did not improve the living. The colonists still did not know how to support themselves in the wilderness, or how to keep themselves safe against the furs which lurked within the damp forests by the river. Added numbers made them a little more helpless than before; and the six months which immediately followed Captain Smith's departure brought upon them a desperate "starving time," which no man who survived it ever forgot. There were few to work where every one was ill and in want. They tore their rude houses down for firewood before the winter was over; and do what they could, only sixty of them lived to see the spring again. The forlorn survivors resolved to abandon the desolate and hopeless place, and were actually on their way down the river, meaning to seek food and shelter among the fishermen in Newfoundland, when Lord Delaware met them at its very mouth with fresh colonists and supplies sent by the company to their relief.

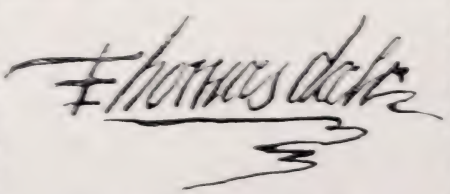
The radical difficulty was, not that the company did not do its part to sustain the colony, but that it could get few colonists of the proper sort, and was trying to do an impossible thing. The settlers sent out had no hopes or prospects of their own, as the company managed the business then. They were simply its servants, fed out of a common store, and settled upon land which belonged to no one but was used for all alike. No man would work well or with quick intelligence if he could not work at all for himself, but must always be working for the company. First-rate men would not consent to be the company's drudges. And what could the company get out of the wilderness in return for its outlay by the work of such men as it could induce to go to Virginia upon such terms? A few cargoes of tim-



Captain John Smith's Map Of Virginia

ber, a few new varieties of medicinal herbs found in the forests, could not make such expenditure worth while. Captain Newport, after his second voyage out, had gone back to England with his hold full of glistening earth, which he supposed to contain gold; but it contained nothing of the kind. It was only shining sand.

Lord Delaware, though a little slow and stiff, and fond of wearing fine apparel, and going about attended by officers and halbert-bearers, which seemed ridiculous enough there in the shadow of the untouched forests of that vast wilderness, was a wise and capable man, and no doubt saved the colony by coming out, that spring of 1610, as Governor and Captain-General for the company. But it needed a radically new policy to give it real life; and that new policy was adopted at last by Sir Thomas Dale, who came the next year (1611), after Lord Delaware had gone home stricken with fever. The new policy it needed was one which should give it expansion and a natural vitality of its own. It was necessary that new towns should be built upon the river which should not be, like Jamestown, mere stations where men worked at tasks for the company, but which should be veritable communities in which men should be allowed to have land of their own, and should be given time enough to work for themselves as well as for the incorporators in London. For five years (1611-1616) Sir Thomas Dale and Sir Thomas Gates pushed this new policy forward: and it was their new and better way of doing things that really made Virginia. "Henrico," "Hampton," "New Bermuda," and other new settlements like them, were added to



Signature of Sir Thomas Dale

Jamestown, each with its fort and its stockade, its military commander and discipline, and each with its group of virtually independent land-owners, free to work for themselves.

Dale and Gates both belonged to that capable race which had been bred under Elizabeth, willing to be soldiers or sailors by turns, if only they could be always in the thick of action. They had both been soldiers in the Low Countries against Spain, and, now that fighting flagged there, were both serving their turn at this interesting business of setting up colonies. Dale was the more capable and masterful of the two: a terror to men who would not work or were slow to obey; a leader after their own hearts for men who meant to do their tasks and succeed.—and his stay in Virginia was, fortunately, longer by three years than Gates's. He was but Gates's deputy so long as Gates was in Virginia (1611-1613); but he was master when Gates was gone, and it was his sagacious and soldierly energy which made the little group of "plantations" ready to last and to expand into a lusty piece of England over sea. When he had finished his five years' work, the colony, though small enough still, was yet strong and spirited enough to survive being despoiled by an adventurer. For a year after Dale quit the colony it was left under the government of Captain George Yeardley, the commandant of one of the new settlements. But in 1617 Samuel Argall came out to take his place, and proved himself no lover of the people he had come to govern, but a man chiefly bent upon serving his own fortunes. He was of gentle blood, but had too long followed the sea in those disordered times, as little better than a freebooter, to relish law or justice overmuch; and it was excellent proof that the colony had grown strong and able to take care of itself that it endured him for full two years (1617-1619) and was ready at the end of them to assume a sort of independence, under a new form of government which gave it the right to make its own laws.

In 1619 Captain Yeardley, now become Sir George, returned out of England commissioned to take Argall's place and govern the plantations under a new and better charter. He was to call together an Assembly of representatives from the several plantations, and that Assembly, sitting with the Governor's Council, was to have the full right to make laws for the colony, subject always to the approval of the court of the company sitting in London. Here was a very radical change. The colony was to be no longer the mere



Edwyn Sandys

mercantile venture of a trading company controlled by its stockholders. It was to be a little state, governed by its people. The fact was that a notable change had come over the company at home. Until now it had been managed by men who were mere merchants, not statesmen: by men who cared very little about anything but the profits some time to be got out of the colony,—the sooner the better. Now men of another sort were in control; the chief among them Sir Edwin Sandys, a man who loved liberty and wished to see the settlement thrive for its own sake, and the noble Earl of Southampton, whom Shakspere loved. It was upon the initiative of these men

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FIRST VIRGINIA ASSEMBLY,
GOVERNOR YEARDLEY PRESIDING

that Sir George Yeardley had been sent out to give the colony self-government.

The new Virginia Assembly met in the chancel of the church at Jamestown, on the 30th of July, 1619. We look back with some emotion upon it, as to the first representative Assembly in America,—as to the beginning of liberty and self-government in the English colonies; but the colonists themselves seem to have taken it very quietly, as if they had expected it and took it almost as a matter of course under the circumstances. Its sessions were as brief, as businesslike, and as much without ado as if it were already an established part of the custom of the colony. Certain necessary enactments were adopted touching trade with the Indians, the use of tobacco as currency, the salaries and authority of clergymen, and various other matters in which special regulations for Virginia seemed called for; but for the rest it was taken for granted that the common law of England was in force there, as in every other place where there were Englishmen; and within six days of its coming together the little Assembly was ready to adjourn. The quiet and ready capacity with which the colonists accepted this radical change in the method of their life and government afforded the best proof that they were fit for the responsibilities it involved.

The company, under its new leaders, was a little too eager to help the colony to prosper. Settlers were hurried over much faster than they could be provided for. During the three years 1619-1621 quite three thousand five hundred came pouring in, men, women, and children, fleet after fleet of the company's ships appearing in the river to put their mixed hosts of inexperienced people ashore. And yet at the end of the three years there were but twelve hundred settlers, all told, in the colony. Cleared land and means of immediate subsistence could not be found upon short notice for so many. Hundreds succumbed to the dangerous fevers and sudden distempers drawn out of the damp forests by the summer sun or the first chill of the autumn nights. A sore process of "seasoning" tried out the river settlements every year, and only a few could endure it. It was reckoned inevitable that hundreds of new-comers should die. Many saw how things stood and went back to England again. But those who remained and survived prospered well; and the settlements grew, after all, as fast as it was safe for them to grow.

The terms under which land was granted to settlers became more and more liberal as things settled to an established way of life. Even Dale had not relieved the tenants of his day from the duty of working part of their time for the company; and the colony had been conducted, until Sir George Yeardley came, like a joint-stock enterprise in which only stockholders might expect private profit. But under the changed conditions which followed Sir George's coming virtually independent landholding became possible under very easy terms; and, what was quite as good, the company no longer insisted that everything bought or sold should pass through the hands of their factor, as the only middle-man, so that the profits of all trade might fall to them. It turned out to be a very important thing that Mr. John Rolfe, one of the colonists, had in 1612 introduced the cultivation of tobacco; for tobacco grew amazingly well and of excellent quality in Virginia, and proved a most profitable crop. By 1620 there were forty thousand pounds of tobacco exported from the colony in a single year, and everybody who could was planting it instead of grain. Its leaves even became the currency of the plantations, coin being very scarce.

In 1619, the year Sir George Yeardley came to set up an Assembly, another very notable thing happened. A Dutch man-of-war came into the river and sold twenty negroes to the colonists as slaves. A handful of slaves made no great difference at first; they were so few as scarcely to affect the life of the colony, and it was to be many a long day before their number was much added to. But their coming was the beginning of a great change which was slowly, very slowly, to alter the whole face of society in the settlements.

By 1622 it seemed as if the chief difficulties of settlement were safely passed and the plantations secure of their growth and permanence. But in the very moment of assurance a great calamity came upon them, sudden, overwhelming, like



Jamestown, 1622

a bolt out of a clear sky. On the same day and at the same hour (22d of March, 1622) the Indians fell upon every settlement from the falls of the river to the bay, all the tribes of all the region round mustering in concert to strike a single exterminating blow. The colonists had suffered themselves to be deceived by the submissive friendliness of their savage neighbors, and had grown strangely heedless of danger from them. For years they had traded with them, mingled with them, admitted them freely to their homes, taught them the expert use of fire-arms, made servants and even confidants of them, without caution or reserve, deeming them an inferior race who had accepted the white men as masters. But Powhatan, the real friend of the English, and ruler amongst the red men ever since the landing at Jamestown, was dead. Opecanchanough, their subtle and implacable enemy, had succeeded him. For four years the wily savage had been drawing the tribes together for a decisive treachery; and the dreadful secret had all the while been kept safe behind the steady eyes of every Indian who entered the settlements. Only at the last moment did one or two faithful native servants warn their masters of the fearful peril; and then it was too late to do more than put a few households on their guard. Before the sun went down that fatal day three hundred and forty-seven men, women, and children lay dead in the desolate settlements. Only because the Indians feared the white man with an overmastering dread, and drew back dismayed wherever a firm stand was made against them, if only by a single settler barred within his house, did the terrible slaughter stop short of sheer annihilation. No place escaped the carnage. But the colony, though stunned, was not killed. The Indians' courage had not held out to finish their work. There was henceforth a bloody reckoning in store for them,—no longer any friendship vouchsafed or any consideration. Steadily, relentlessly, and by a masterful advance from settlement to settlement which they could in no wise withstand, they were pushed back into the forests. The very year which followed the massacre found nearly two thousand white men still in the scattered villages and plantations of the indomitable English, and their quiet way of growth had been resumed.

But the great company which had founded the settlements and seen them safely through their first struggles for life and maintenance was doomed. The King did not relish the politics and suspected the loyalty of the gentlemen who were in charge of its affairs. They were of the party which opposed him in Parliament. Their enemies told him that they

used the councils of the company to plot sedition against him, and he determined to be rid of them. Every mismanaged or ill-judged affair with which the company was chargeable was magnified and made the most of, and, despite a very gallant fight in the law courts to save it, their charter was taken away, and the government of the colony taken into the hands of the King and his ministers. It made little practical difference to the colonists. They kept their Assembly, and could live as comfortably under a Governor sent them by the King as under a Governor sent them by the company. The course of affairs in Virginia was not disturbed. But a great company was destroyed, and the public-spirited men who had given it its best life and the colony its first taste of self-pleasing liberty were deeply wronged.

III.—NEW NETHERLAND AND NEW PLYMOUTH.

Meanwhile other colonies were being successfully planted in the north. On the great river St. Lawrence, which doughty Jacques Cartier had explored quite seventy years before, the French had set up trading-posts at Montreal and Quebec. They had established, besides, a struggling settlement or two nearer the mouth of the river; and to the southward, within the Bay of Fundy. A little colony of Englishmen had begun to make homes for themselves in Newfoundland. Dutch traders were established on the Hudson. A company of English dissenters were building a New Plymouth within Cape Cod, and little groups of English adventurers were trying to secure a foothold upon the southern shores of the wide Bay of Massachusetts. Nowhere except in Virginia had more than a beginning been made; but the settlement of the continent seemed at last to have been begun in earnest; and the future looked interesting enough with the French, the Dutch, and the English all entered as active competitors in the race for possession.

The Dutch were likely to be harder rivals to beat than the French. Their little, compact home states in the Netherlands were, it is true, scarcely one-fourth as big as England, but they teemed with a thrifty people almost as numerous as the English themselves, and their chief power was upon the sea. With them, at home, the very land itself was one-half sea. They had been bred fishermen and mariners time out of mind; and of late, because the Spaniard provoked them to it, they had put great fleets on the high seas and had made conquests at the ends of the earth.

At first they had not thought of conquest. They had simply made themselves, with their stout craft and seasoned tars, the ocean carriers for Europe,—because the Portuguese, who had captured rich lands and set up a great trade all the way from the Persian Gulf to Japan, did not trouble themselves to bring their cargoes



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF JAMESTOWN

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beyond their own port of Lisbon, and because the Spaniards brought their treasures out of South America no farther than Seville, and some one was needed to carry what they would sell to the merchants and princes of the rest of Europe. No doubt the Dutch would have been content to be only traders and carriers, had Spain but let them alone. But Spain, in her folly, undertook to force the Dutch to be Roman Catholics; and they, stout Protestants and stubborn men that they were, resisted after a fashion that in the end set the whole power of rich Spain at naught. The war began in 1568; all Europe was stirred by it; and when, forty-one years later, the Spaniard, quite out of breath, agreed to a truce, the world had changed. Holland had become a great sea-power; had driven the Portuguese from the Orient, taking their trade and their colonies; was sinking fleets upon the very coasts of Spain herself, and was sweeping Spanish treasure by the ship's cargo into her own coffers. She was beforehand with England even in making herself mistress of the seas, and had turned to this new task of taking possession of America with confidence and audacity.

The Dutch combined conquest with trade, as England did, and it was a Dutch East India Company of merchants which drove the Portuguese from their possessions in the East, as it was an English East India Company of merchants which afterwards conquered India for England. And when their East India Company had made itself powerful and famous by its conquests and adventures, the Dutch formed a West India Company also, to trade and take what it could upon the western coasts of Africa, upon both coasts of South America, and among the southern islands of the Atlantic. It had, as Mr. Motley has said, a roving commission to trade and fight and govern for twenty-four years; and it incidentally undertook to establish Dutch settlements on the Hudson and the Delaware. Henry Hudson, an English sailor in the service of the Dutch East India Company, had discovered the great river which was to bear his name in the year 1609, the very year the baffled Spanish agreed to a truce with the redoubtable states of the Netherlands. He had also entered the great bay and stream of the Delaware. The Dutch had promptly named the Hudson the "Great North River," the Delaware the "South River," and all the rich country which lay about and between them "New Netherland"; meaning from the first to keep and occupy what their seamen had found.

There had been a New Netherland Company, formed in 1614, before there was a West India Company. Its charter had given it control of all the coast country from forty to forty-five degrees north latitude, a region which the Dutch described as lying "between New France [on the north] and Virginia." This was at the very heart of the country which James of England had granted to the Virginia Company; but the Dutch knew little of that, and would very likely have thought as little had they known more. It was the profitable fur trade with the Indians of the Great North River that had first attracted them; and individual adventurers amongst them had built a small "fort" or trading-post far up the river in the heart of the wilderness, as well as a little group of huts on the seaward point of Manhattan Island in the bay, and had been trafficking there with the willing natives for quite four years before they formed their New Netherland Company.

It was the New Netherland Company that grew into the greater West India Company, whose principal business it was to be to wrest what they could from the Portuguese and the Spanish in the south, but which was also to keep an eye all the while on the North and South rivers, where the New Netherland Company had put its trading-posts. It was 1623 before the great company found time amidst its other business to carry out any systematic plans of settlement in North America; but by 1625 there were already two hundred colonists on the lands they claimed: some up the great stream of the North River at the little post which they called Fort Orange, some within the South River at "Fort Nassau," some on Manhattan Island, a few on Long Island, —even a little group of families as far away as the "Fresh River," which the English were to call the Connecticut. It remained to be seen how they would fare scattered there in the wilderness; but there they were, a very hard people to

discourage, by the time Virginia was fairly established in its own scattered settlements on the James, and the rights of the great Virginia Company taken into the hands of the King,—and there they meant to stay.

Meanwhile there had come out from Holland itself a band of exiled English settlers, to be their neighbors and rivals at the north, and so put them between two growing English colonies,—not "between New France and Virginia," as their first charter had said, but between New England and Virginia. The new-comers were exchanging a temporary exile in Holland for a permanent exile in America, and effected their settlement within the sheltering arm of Cape Cod. Englishmen had begun to muster many thousands strong in Holland within a generation, and the two countries had been drawn very near to each other. Long before the war began which brought Spain and the Netherlands to a grapple, hundreds of English merchants had established themselves in the Dutch seaports; and young Englishmen were beginning, even before dissenters were shut out from Oxford and Cambridge, to resort in influential numbers to the Dutch universities. When the Low Countries grappled with Spain, English volunteers crowded into their armies. The troops Elizabeth sent over after 1585 found the Dutch ranks already full of their countrymen. English Churchmen, too, for whom the policy of the Establishment proved too rigorous under the imperious Tudor Queens, had learned to seek in Holland the freedom of worship denied them at home. At the same time refugees from the ravage and slaughter of Alva's armies poured across the sea from the Netherlands into England, and the two countries seemed to be exchanging populations. Tradesmen, weavers, mechanics, farmers, fled terror-stricken into the eastern and southern counties of England, often braving the sea in open boats when danger pressed most desperately. Their coveted skill and industry, which English statesmen knew how to value, their foreign birth and humble rank in life, which seemed to depress them below the level of political influence, gained for them an indulgence in theological error and separate worship which was denied to Englishmen themselves, and presently the English towns in the east and south teemed with thousands of Dutch artisans, who were suffered to be Anabaptists, Lutherans,—what they would, so long as they taught England the industries and handicrafts which were to make her rich.

The little company of Englishmen who, in 1620, exchanged Holland for America were not soldiers and traders like the men who had led and established the colony at Jamestown, but members, most of them, of a humble congregation of dissenters who had fled from the very districts of their native land in which foreign heretics were tolerated, to escape the tyrannical surveillance of the Church, and who had found a refuge for a time in the great university town of Leyden. They came now to America because they did not wish their children to become Dutch or lose altogether their English speech and customs, and because they could look to have an even more untrammelled freedom upon the fruitful coasts of the New World than in the ancient states of the Netherlands, into whose life they found it hard to thrust themselves. They were Protestants, and had left England because they could not brook the domination of her Church; and yet the reason for their exile was as much political as religious. Many men in England, some of them high in the counsels of the Church itself, held the same doctrines that they held,—the doctrines which Calvin had made the creed and fundamental basis of belief among all Protestants of the sterner sort,—and yet were not exiles, because they had not broken, as these men had, with the discipline and authority of the Church.

England's Protestantism had a color and character of its own. Her "Reformation" had struck at the roots of nothing except the authority of the Pope at Rome. Her Church had always deemed itself national, had always held itself less subject than other churches to be ruled by papal delegates, or turned this way or that by the vicissitudes of continental politics and the policies of the papal state. She had broken with Rome at last, when the Reformation came, not because she was deeply stirred in thought and conscience by the doubts and the principles of belief

which Luther had put afloat to the upsetting of Europe, so much as because her King, the wilful Henry, was vexed by the restraints put upon his marriages and divorces by the papal authority, and therefore chose to lead still further along upon the road of independence to which her position and her pride inclined her, in religion no less than in politics.

When the change had been made, stupendous as it looked amidst the ruin of the monastic houses which the King had promptly despoiled, Englishmen found themselves very little more at liberty than before to choose forms of worship or of church government for themselves. The Church had become more than ever a part of the state. The King was its head and master, instead of the Pope. He did not insist very much upon matters of doctrine, being himself in no case to set an example in that kind; but he did insist upon the authority of the Church in matters of government,—upon uniformity in worship and in discipline; because the discipline of the Church was now the discipline of the state, and part of his own sovereignty. He deemed schism a form of disloyalty, though opinion, if it kept within discreet bounds, he would not too curiously look into. It was an easy enough rule. Things might have gone very quietly and with a normal growth and liberalization, had not Mary, a fanatical Catholic, become Queen, and tried forthwith to force every one in the kingdom back into the Church of Rome; had not Elizabeth, in her turn, proved so absolute a martinet in every matter of obedience to the crown,—in matters which affected the Church no less than in matters which affected only her crown and government. Mary drove those who resisted her to the stake, or out of the kingdom. Elizabeth looked shrewdly into every movement that threatened the uniformity of worship, as changes of opinion inevitably did.

Most people quietly submitted. Even men of strong convictions deemed it better to remain within the Church and purify its beliefs and practices without schism or revolution than to fling out of it, breaking both its unity and the peace of the country. Such men even drew together as a distinct party of "Puritans," —men who wished the Church to be pure and to hold the essential doctrines of the great reformers who had given life and substance to Protestantism, but who did not mean to lead it faster than it could go in the new ways, or to separate themselves from it and set up a Church and worship of their own, even though it were the excellent forms and beliefs of the Church of Geneva. Others, however, were of a more exacting conscience, a more imperious and separate way of belief. It meant a great deal to them to have come into direct contact with the Word of God, to have thought upon its living sentences with the free, unbidden, individual right of interpretation of which great Luther had set the example. It was King Henry himself who had authorized the publication of the Bible in English, and who had commanded that it be made accessible everywhere in the churches; and when once they had thought upon it for themselves and had found their thought, sober and chastened as it was, running in unsanctioned channels, they preferred their own consciences and their own views of the truth to obedience, and refused to conform. They followed the example of the Dutch, now to be found almost everywhere amongst them, and set up independent congregations,—became "Separatists," secretly and in defiance of the crown.

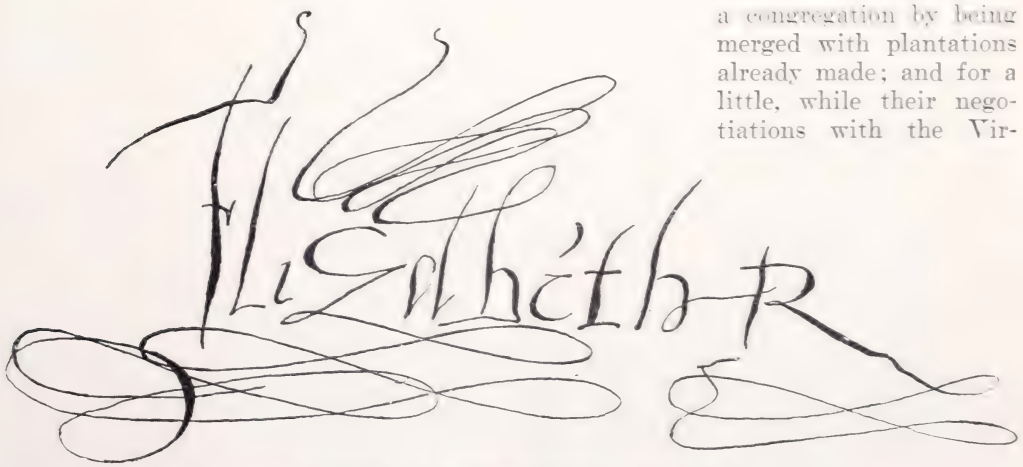
Elizabeth, bent upon being sovereign in all things, had grown harsher and harsher toward those who would not submit to authority in matters of belief and worship. Law upon law had been passed to prevent Englishmen from organizing any worship of their own which the bishops did not sanction; and whatever was law Elizabeth saw to it should be executed. And then, when Elizabeth was gone, James of Scotland came to the throne and completed the dissatisfaction and despair of those who had clung to the Church through all that had gone before, in the hope of better times and more liberal ways of government. He had seemed a veritable Presbyterian so long as he was King of Scotland; but when he became King of England also he turned out to be of another opinion. "A Scottish presbytery," he exclaimed, "agreeth as well with a monarchy as God with the devil." He was not only head of the Church, he declared, because Henry had

cast loose from Rome, but also because it was of divine ordinance and appointment that he should be. The bishops of the Church were his agents. "No bishop, no King," he said; and men must obey the King in matters of religion as never before.

It was in the disheartening days of this new tyranny that the little company of "Separatists" fled from England into Holland who were afterwards to seek new shelter within Cape Cod in America. They waited only until there should be peace between the Netherlands and Spain; and the truce came at last in 1609 which gave them their freedom to go, following after scores of their countrymen who had gone before them. They had formed their separate association for worship in England three years before, in defiance of the law, meeting quietly in the old manor-house at Scrooby, a little hamlet just within the borders of Nottinghamshire, on the great north road from London to Edinburgh. They were humble folk, for the most part, of no social consequence, with only two or three scholars amongst them,—William Brewster, their elder, and John Robinson, their "teacher," and one or two others bred at Cambridge, men of strong convictions and an exalted sense of independence and duty, who had been driven from the Church for non-conformity. But, humble though they were, they could not keep their ways of worship hid from prying eyes. The law was rigorously enforced against them, and they soon found that they could have no peace in England.

They fled first to Amsterdam, but after about a year removed to Leyden (1609). There they made comfortable enough homes for themselves, by dint of careful thrift and hard labor. Their new neighbors liked them and helped them, because they found them capable, honest, and diligent. But it was not like being in England, after all. They felt themselves exiles all the while. Mr. Robinson, with his learning and his sweet eloquence, made friends and found congenial tasks at the university, where his gifts were recognized and honored; and Mr. Brewster established himself as a teacher, and even set up a printing-press, where books forbidden as heretical in England could be printed. But the majority of the little band found their lot hard, and even a bare living difficult to eke out in a strange country, whose manners were as unfamiliar to them as its language. They saw their children growing up, too, as the years went by, in a way that threatened to make them as Dutch as their neighbors, and forfeit their nationality altogether; and that was deeply distasteful to them. When the truce approached its end, therefore, and war was again at hand, a final argument of discouragement was added, and they determined to try their fortunes in the New World, where Virginia had now become fairly established and seemed secure of its future.

They sent agents to London to speak with the managers of the Virginia Company, and obtain leave to settle within their grant. They did not wish to go to Jamestown or to lose in any way their separate organization as a congregation by being merged with plantations already made; and for a little, while their negotiations with the Vir-



Signature Of Queen Elizabeth: Actual Size

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ginia Company were dragging slowly, because Sir Edwin Sandys and its other leaders were busy about other things, they thought of making into some arrangement with the Dutch West India Company to secure a separate allotment of land near the Great North River of New Netherland. But that plan fell through, and some of them at last set forth with a charter from the Virginia Company. Not all could go. There was not money, there were not ships, enough. It was the month of September, 1620, before those who could go, a hundred and two in all, got fairly upon their way, in a single small vessel, the *Mayflower*. Mr. Brewster went with them, as their leader, but Mr. Robinson staid behind; for the greater number remained, to await a later opportunity, and wished to keep their pastor with them.

Stress of weather kept the little *Mayflower* nine weeks on the Atlantic, and when at last, in the bleak days of late November, they sighted land, it turned out to be Cape Cod, and not the Virginia coast at all. The Virginia Company had been divided into two bodies, as they knew very well, and the gentlemen in London from whom they had got their charter had no rights over this northern coast. It belonged now to the separate "Plymouth" branch of the company. They had half a mind to make for Hudson's River, after all. But the season was late and stormy, and the captain unwilling, and they determined to land where they were and make the best of what they had hit upon. They took care first, however, to have some sort of government made ready for the landing. Their charter from the Virginia Company being no longer serviceable, and a few even of their little group of settlers being persons taken aboard in England who were not of their congregation,—and not certain, therefore, to submit without compulsion to be governed by their authority and discipline,—they judged it best to draw up an agreement before going ashore, by which all should bind themselves to accept the authority of their leaders, until, at any rate, they should obtain a grant of lands and of power from the Plymouth Company, upon whose coasts they were thus unexpectedly to be set down. That done, they were ready to make their landing, and see what sort of a home the new coast would afford them.

The shores of the sea within Cape Cod by no means showed the soft summer aspect which Captain John Smith had found upon them in 1614, when he had cruised along these coasts. They had reminded him then of green Devonshire and the soft slopes of England. But now they were bleak and frosted and desolate. The pilgrims were not men to lose heart, however, and their leaders were of such quality as to relish difficulty and find a zest in daring. Besides Mr. Carver, who had been their agent in obtaining the Virginia charter, which they would not use, and whom they chose to be their Governor under the voluntary compact they had signed in the ship's cabin, there was Captain Miles Standish, whose people had served England ever since Agincourt, and before; who had himself fought, for the love of it, against the Spaniard in the Low Countries; and who, when the fighting was over, had come upon this little congregation of his countrymen at Leyden, and had chosen to cross with them to America because he liked both them and the enterprise. There was Edward Winslow, also, a young gentleman of Worcestershire, who had happened upon them in his travels and had of like preference cast in his lot with them; and William Bradford, of their own humble sort, who had gone with them into Holland when he was a lad of twenty, had made himself a bit of a scholar while he plied his trade as a silk-weaver, and who was now, at thirty, counted one of their men of counsel and of action.

Several weeks elapsed before a suitable place was found for landing and erecting shelter; and even then it was only "the best they could find,"—the spot, within a little bay, which Captain Smith had called "Plymouth" on the map he had sketched as he passed that way, putting into bays and examining harbors with businesslike curiosity. January had come, and the first rigors of winter, before they got to work to put up shelter. Happily the winter was mild; but icy cold, for all that. The strenuous work and cruel exposure of those first weeks, which wearily lengthened into months, and the poor and insufficient food eked out from their scant supplies, brought upon them agues, fe-

vers, scurvy, and all the other distempers that want and exposure bring, and they saw what the settlers at Jamestown had seen of the pitiless power of the wilderness. By spring full half their number were dead, Mr. Carver among the rest. Before that dreadful season of suffering had passed they had seen a time when there were but six or seven sound persons amongst them all to care for the rest. But they were steadfast, as always. They elected Mr. Bradford Governor in the stead of Mr. Carver, and went on as they could with their work. No one asked to go back with the *Mayflower* when she set sail for England again in April.

They worked against tremendous odds there on that barren coast; but they wrung a living from it almost from the first, and year by year patiently learned to succeed at the hard thing they had undertaken. It was a great burden to them that they had had to borrow large sums of money from certain London merchants to pay for the ship that was to take them out and for the stores she was to carry. They had been obliged to take the lenders into a sort of partnership, and very soon found that they were expected to return a profit almost from the outset. It was many a long year before they were able to buy themselves out of that quandary and begin at last a free life for themselves. Additional settlers came out to them, season by season; but they were not always such persons as they wished for. They were, many of them, young fellows of a very irresponsible and unmanageable sort, "who little considered whither or about what they went." It was not until a full ten years had gone by that the little congregation were able to fulfil their long-cherished hope and bring over from Leyden considerable numbers of their old-time comrades of the congregation there; and before that time came Mr. Robinson, their beloved pastor, whom they had most desired, was dead. They were not a little troubled, and even endangered, moreover, by helpless or unmanageable neighbors,—Englishmen of one sort or another: some mere adventurers, others sober and earnest enough, but not fit for the grim work of making first homes in a wilderness such as that was,—who came to attempt settlements, or trade with the Indians, on the great Bay of Massachusetts near by. Sometimes it was necessary in mere policy to succour these people; sometimes it was necessary to check them or drive them off, lest they should make irreparable mischief with the Indians.

Despite every difficulty, nevertheless, Mr. Bradford's indomitable colonists made their foothold secure at Plymouth; worked themselves free from the London partnership; found how to get good crops, and what sorts of crops to get, out of the unwilling soil; established fisheries upon the near-by coasts, and trading-posts here and there among the more distant Indian tribes,—one as far away as Kennebec in Maine. The "Council for New England," which represented the new company established in England to control and develop the northern coasts once included in the Virginia grants, was very glad to encourage these their unexpected colonists at Plymouth, and sent a liberal charter out to them by the very first ship that came from England after the return of the *Mayflower*: and when they were ready to ask for more privileges,—as, for example, for leave to set up a post on the Kennebec,—very promptly gave them what they asked for. By the time their old friends from Leyden came to them, in 1630, they had reason to feel secure enough in their new home, and had only their neighbors to fear.

It was at first only unruly or shiftless English settlers who gave them cause for uneasiness; but they had not been long at Plymouth before they were given reason to think about the Dutch also, as jealous neighbors and rivals who might cause them serious annoyance, if nothing worse. A very cordial treaty of alliance between England and Holland had been concluded when King James died, and his son, the first Charles, came to the throne, in 1625: and there was likely, for the present at least, to be peace and goodwill between the two peoples. But there was no telling how long it would last, and the Dutch were meanwhile growing very numerous and strong on Hudson's River. The treaty with England had, indeed, seemed to give the Dutch West India Company fresh heart for their enterprise in New Netherland. They immediately despatched thither an active man as Governor, and began to

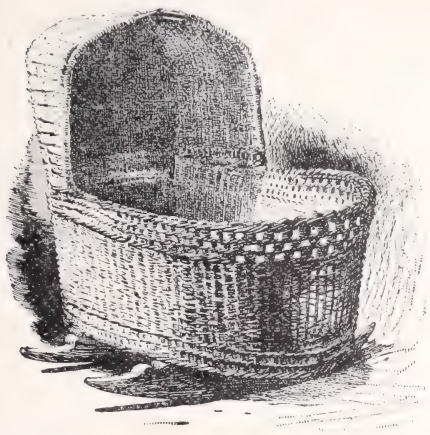
Of plimoth plantation

And first of ye occasion, and ymbulments ther vnto, the which that ye may truly vnfould, ye must begine at ye very roote & ryse of ye same. the which I shall endeuor to manefest in a plaine stile; with singuler regard vnto ye simple trueth in all things, at least as ~~fare~~ neare as my slender iudgmente can attaine the same.

1. Chapter

It is well knowne vnto ye godly, and iudicious, how euer since ye first breaking out of ye lighte of ye gospell, in our Honourable nation of England (which was ye first of nations, whom ye Lord adorned ther with, after ye grose darknes of popery which had couered, & ouerspred ye Christian worlde) what warrs, & oppressions euer since satan hath raised, maintained, and continued against the saincts, from time, to time, in one sorte, or other. Some times by bloody death & cruell torments, other whiles ymprisonments, banishments, & other vyld vsages: as being loath his kingdom should goe downe, the trueth preuaile; and ye Churches of god reuerte to their anciente puritie, and recouer their primitiue order, libertie, & beautie. But when he could not preuaile by these meanes, against the maine trueths of ye gospell, But that they began to take rooting in many places; being watered with ye bloud of ye martires, and blesed from heauen with a gracious encrease. He then began to take him to his anciente Stratagemes, vsed of old against the first Christians. that when by ye bloody, & barbarous persecutions of ye Heathen Emperours, he could not stope, & subuerte the course of ye gospell; But that it speedily ouerspred, with a wounderfull celeritie, the then best known parts of ye world. He then begane to sow errours, heresies, and wounderfull dissentions amongst ye professours them selues (working vpon their pride, & ambition, with other corrupte passions, ymcidente to all mortale men; yea to ye saints them selues in some measure) By which wofull effects followed; as not only bitter contentions, & hartburnings, schismes, with other horrible confusions. But satan tooke occasion & aduantage ~~thereby~~ therby to foyst in a number of vild ceremoneys, with many vnprofitable Cannons, & decrees which haue since been as snares, to many poore, & peaceable soules, euen to this day. So as in ye anciente times, the persecutio

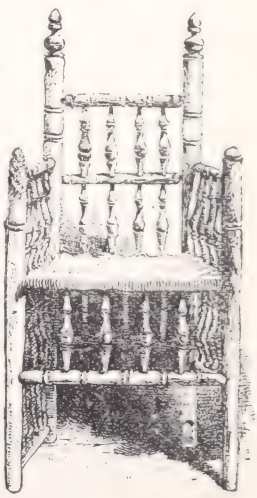
erect warehouses and batteries of good stone masonry at "Fort Amsterdam" on Manhattan Island, where guns could command the great bay of the North River very handily. The scattered families at Fort Orange and on the South River, at Fort Nassau, were brought together for greater strength and security at Fort Amsterdam, and there were presently close upon three hundred settlers there, so busy with their labor and trading that before two more years had gone by under the new Governor (1628) they had sent home, in two ships alone, sixty-one thou-



Peregrine White's Cradle

sand guilders' worth of timber from the forests, and of furs bought from the northern Indians. Mr. Bradford and his people at Plymouth set up a trading-post some twenty miles to the southward of them on Buzzards Bay, but it turned out that the Dutch could beat them there; for it was chiefly on Long Island, which the Dutch controlled, that the *wampum* was to be obtained which the Indians accepted as money, and the Plymouth traders were at a serious disadvantage without it, besides being pushed hard in every other way by the shrewd Dutch traders.

The Governors of the rival colonies exchanged very courteous letters, and the Secretary of New Netherland was sent on a visit of ceremony and goodwill to Plymouth; but even in this friendly correspondence there were threats of something less gentle and peaceable. Bradford called Governor Minuit's attention to the fact that the Dutch were settled within the limits of the English grants to the Virginia Company, and that their right to be there might some day be called in question; and Minuit replied, very spiritedly, "As the English claim authority under the King of England, so we derive ours from the States of Holland, and will defend it." No doubt, too, the Secretary of the Dutch colony was sent upon his visit of courtesy as much to see the situation and report upon the strength of the Plymouth settlement as to carry messages of good feeling. It is from him that we learn what the Pilgrim colony looked like in that early day, when it was but seven years old (1627): how a broad street, it might be eight hundred feet long, ran up the hill straight from the landing-place in the harbor, and was crossed midway by another street, with four cannon in the open place at the crossing, and the Governor's house close by upon the upper corner; how the houses, all of good hewn plank, stood in their little gardens ranged at intervals along the streets, and stockaded against attack; and how, crowning the hill, there stood a square building, large and very stoutly made, on whose top, as on a platform, there were six cannon, to command from their elevation the country round about and the harbor below, and within which was their place of meeting and of worship. They went always to church in military array, he said, their captain commanding, and laid their arms down close beside them while they worshipped and heard the sermon. They remembered their sojourn in Holland with much gratitude, and accorded the Dutch Secretary a hearty welcome. But it was likely that New Amsterdam and New Plymouth would be keen rivals, nevertheless, and no love lost between them in the long-run.



Elder Brewster's Chair

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE RIGHT OF WAY*

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER I.

THE WAY TO THE VERDICT.

"NOT *guilty, your Honor!*"

A hundred atmospheres had seemed pressing down on the fretted people in the crowded court-room. As the discordant treble of the huge foreman of the Jury squeaked over the mass of gaping humanity, which had twitched at skirts, drew purposeless hands across prickling faces, and kept nervous legs at a gallop, the smothering weights of elastic air lifted suddenly, a great suspiration of relief swept through the place like a breeze, and in a far corner of the gallery a woman laughed.

The Judge looked over his glasses surprised; but whether at the verdict, or at the air that now seemed to stir the heat, or at the woman who laughed, it would be hard to tell; for he looked into a vacant space above the heads of the audience. But the clerk of the court angrily called *"Silence!"* towards the offending corner of the gallery, and seven or eight hundred eyes raced between three centres of interest—the Judge, the prisoner, and the prisoner's counsel. Perhaps more people looked at the prisoner's counsel than at the prisoner, certainly far more than looked at the Judge.

Never was a verdict more unexpected. If a poll had been taken of the judgment of the population twenty-four hours before, there would have been found a great majority believing that there was no escape for the prisoner, who was accused of murdering a wealthy timber-merchant. The minority would have based their belief that the prisoner had a chance of escape not on his possible innocence, not on insufficient evidence, but on a curious faith in the prisoner's lawyer. This minority would not have been composed of the friends of the lawyer alone, but also of enemies, to whom he was a fountain of the unexpected; of outside spectators, more or less fatalistic, who had the superstition of the gambler, and because Charley Steele had never lost a criminal case, attached to him a certain incapacity for bad luck; and of very young men, who looked upon Charley Steele as the perfect pattern of the person good to see and hard to understand. For never was there a fop with such perfect health joined to an intellect so unusual and an exclusiveness so consistent.

During the first two days of the trial the case had gone wholly against the prisoner. Witnesses had heard him quarrelling with the murdered man in his office; he had been heard to utter imprecations as he left the place; and the next day the body of the victim had been found by the road-side. The prisoner was a stranger in the lumber-camp where the deed was done; no one knew him or where he came from; he refused to tell even his lawyer where his home was, or what his origin, or to bring witnesses from his home to speak for his character; and while in the lumber-camp he had been morose and lived apart.

One by one the points had been made against him—with no perceptible effect upon Charley Steele, who seemed the one cool undisturbed person in the court-room. Charley had mannerisms and apparent poses; he was so immaculately dressed, he stared so complacently at Judge, Jury, witnesses, and people, that a tide of feeling had set in against him. The Judge clearly resented him. After the opening hour, during which he boldly and searchingly scrutinized them one by one, the Jury were nettled by his superior manner, his indifference to their presence.

Indifferent as he seemed, seldom speaking to the prisoner, often looking out of the windows to the cool green trees far over on the hill, absorbed and unbusinesslike, yet Judge and Jury came to see, before the second day was done, that he had let no essential thing pass, that the ques-

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tions he asked had either a pregnant aptness, opened up new avenues of deliberation, or were touched with mystery—seemed to have a longer reach than the moment or the hour. His attitude was a curious combination of rude abstraction and cold-blooded pose of duty, joined to an easy command of the materials before him.

Before the end of the second day, however, more attention was upon him than upon the prisoner, and nine-tenths of the people in the court-room could have told how many fine linen handkerchiefs he used during the afternoon, how many times he adjusted his monocle to look at the Judge meditatively. Probably no man, for eight hours a day, ever exasperated and tried a judge, jury, and public as did this man of twenty-nine years of age, who had been known at college as Beauty Steele, and who was still so spoken of familiarly, or, as familiarly, Charley Steele, by people who never had attempted to be familiar with him.

The second day of the trial had ended gloomily for the prisoner. The coil of evidence had drawn closer and closer till extrication seemed impossible. That the evidence was circumstantial, that no sign of the deed was upon the prisoner, that he was found sleeping quietly in his bed when he was arrested, that he had not been seen to commit the deed, did not weigh in the minds of the general public. The man's guilt was generally believed in; not even the few who clung to the opinion that Charley Steele would yet get him off thought that he was innocent. There seemed no flaw in the evidence, once granted its circumstantiality. So indeed it seemed when the court adjourned at dusk at the end of the second day.

During the last two hours of the sitting the prisoner had looked at his counsel in despair, for he seemed perfunctorily conducting the case: was occupied in sketching upon the blotting-pad before him, looking out of the window, or turning his head occasionally towards a corner where sat a half-dozen well-dressed ladies, and more particularly towards one lady who watched him in a puzzled way—more than once with an expression of disappointment. During these two hours he had painfully antagonized Judge, Jury, and very many of the general public. Only at the very close of the sitting did he appear to rouse himself. Then, for a brief ten minutes, he cross-examined a friend of the murdered merchant in a fashion which startled the court-room, for he suddenly brought out the fact that the dead man had once struck a woman in the face in the open street. This fact, sharply stated by the prisoner's counsel, with no explanation and no comment, seemed uselessly intrusive and malicious. The ironical smile on Charley Steele's face merely irritated all concerned. The thin, clean-shaven face of the prisoner grew more pinched and downcast, and he turned it almost pleadingly towards that of the Judge, for the latter was more compassionate and human than the blank indifferent face of his counsel with the staring monocle. The Judge pulled his long side whiskers nervously, and looked over his glasses in severe annoyance, then hastily adjourned the sitting and left the bench, while the prisoner saw with dismay his lawyer leave the court-room with not even a glance towards him.

On the morning of the third day Charley Steele's face, for the first time, wore an expression which, by a stretch of imagination, might be called anxious. Frequently also he took out his monocle, rubbed it with his handkerchief, and screwed it in again, staring straight before him much of the time. But twice he spoke to the prisoner in a low voice, and was hurriedly answered in French as crude as his own was perfect. When he spoke, which was at rare intervals, his voice was without feeling, concise, insistent, unappealing. It was as if the business before him was wholly alien to him, as if he was held there against his will, but would go on with his task bitterly to the bitter end. How ungenial was his mind this morning became evident. He overheard an insulting personal remark made by a solicitor who sat a few seats behind him—a remark in which both envy and malice showed. Turning round, he took out his eye-glass, screwed it in again, and leaning over the heads of the people intervening, said, in a sharp whisper:

"I will have you struck off the rolls before this session is over. I, perhaps, am incompetent, but you are dishonest."

The Judge had heard distinctly, but he bent his head over his notes; and the public, many of whom heard the words, stirred in their seats with excitement.

This occurred immediately before the court adjourned for an hour at noon. The two did not meet in the interim, for Charley Steele refused to see the frightened solicitor when he called; refused to see any one, but sat alone in his office with a few biscuits and an ominous bottle before him, till the time came for him to go to the court-house. Arrived there he entered by a side door, and was not seen until the court opened again.

For two hours and a half the Crown Attorney mercilessly made out his case against the prisoner. When he sat down, people glanced meaningly at each other, as though the last word had been said, then looked at the prisoner, as though at one who had already been condemned.

Yet Charley Steele was to reply. He was not the same man as had conducted the case during the past two days and a half. Some great change had passed over him. There was no longer abstraction, no longer indifference or apparent boredom, no longer the prevalence of the perfunctory, nor any disdain, or irony, or distant stare. He was alive, he was human, he was full of impulse, he was intimate and eager, yet concentrated and impelling: he was intoxicated.

He was quietly, unnoticeably drunk, smiling, calm, governed, forceful, natural, and he assured the prisoner with a glance of the eye, with a word scarce above a whisper, as he slowly rose to make his speech for the defence.

His first words caused a new feeling in the court-room. He was a new presence; not the man of yesterday or the day before; the voice was not the same voice, the eye not the same eye. The personality had a changed significance. At first the public, the Jury, and the Judge were curiously attracted, surprised into a fresh interest, without analysis or opinion or conclusion thereupon. The voice had an insinuating quality, but it also had a measured vibrant force, a subterranean insistence, a winning tactfulness. An actor possessed by a real idea, an artificial principle, and an absorbing emotion—he might have been likened to that. And withal a logical simplicity governed his argument. The *flaneur*, the *poseur*—if such he was—was no longer there. He came close to the jurymen, leaned his hands upon the back of a chair—as it were, shut out the public, even the Judge, from his circle of interest—and talked in a conversational tone. An air of honest confidence passed from him to the amazed yet easily captivated Jury; the distance between them, so gaping during the last two days, closed suddenly up. The tension of the past estrangement, relaxing all at once, surprised the Jury into an almost eager friendliness, as on a long voyage a sensitive traveller finds in some exciting accident a natural introduction to an exclusive fellow-passenger, whom he finds as human as he had thought him offensively proud.

Charley Steele began by congratulating the Crown Attorney on his statement of the case. He characterized it as masterly; he said that in its presentations it was irrefutable; as a précis of evidence purely circumstantial it was—useful and interesting. But, speech-making aside, and ability — and rhetoric — aside, and even personal conviction aside, the case should stand or fall by its total, not its comparative soundness. Since the evidence was purely circumstantial, there must be no flaw in its cable of assumption, it must be logically inviolate within itself. Starting with assumption only, there must be no straying possibilities, no loose ends of certainty, no invading alternatives. Was this so in the case of the man before them? They were faced by a curious situation. No man in the court-room, so far as any of them knew, was aware who the prisoner was or where he came from. So far as the trial was concerned, the prisoner himself was the only person who could tell them who he was, what was his past, and, if he committed the crime, what was the motive of it, out of what spirit—of revenge, or hatred—the dead man had been sent to his account. Probably in the whole history of crime there never was a more peculiar case. Even the prisoner's counsel was dealing with a man whose life was hid from him previous to the day the murdered man was discovered by the road-side. The prisoner had not sought to prove an alibi, nor had he, the prisoner's counsel. The prisoner had done no more

than formally plead not guilty. There was no material for defence save the evidence provided by the prosecution. He had undertaken the defence of the prisoner because it was his duty as a lawyer to see that the law justified itself; that it satisfied every demand of proof to the last atom of certainty; that it met the final possibility of doubt with evidence perfect and inviolate if circumstantial, uncontradictory if eye-witness, if telltale incident, were to furnish basis of proof.

Judge, Jury, and public riveted their eyes upon Charley Steele. He had now drawn a little farther away from the jury-box; his eye took in the Judge as well; once or twice he turned, as if appealingly and confidently, to the people in the room. It was terribly hot, the air was sickeningly close, every one seemed oppressed—every one save a lady sitting not a score of feet from where the counsel for the prisoner stood. Hers was not a face that could flush easily; it belonged to a temperament as even as her person was symmetrically beautiful. As Charley Steele talked, her eyes were fixed steadily, curiously, wonderingly upon him. There was a question in her gaze, which never in the course of the speech was quite absorbed by the admiration—the intense admiration—she was feeling for him. Once as he turned with a concentrated earnestness in her direction his eyes met hers. The message he flashed her was subconscious, for his mind never wavered an instant from the cause in hand, but it said to her:

"When this is over, Kathleen, I will come to you."

For another quarter of an hour he exposed the fallacy of purely circumstantial evidence; he raised in the minds of his hearers the painful responsibility of the law, the awful tyranny of miscarriage of justice; he condemned prejudice against a prisoner because that prisoner demanded that the law should prove him guilty instead of his proving himself innocent. If a man chose to stand to that, to sternly assume this perilous position, the law had no right to take advantage of it. He turned towards the prisoner and traced his possible history: as the sensitive, intelligent son of godly Catholic parents from some remote parish in French Canada. He drew an imaginary picture of the home from which he might have come, and of the parents and brothers and sisters who would have lived weeks of torture knowing that their son and brother was being tried for his life. It might at first glance seem quixotic, eccentric, but was it unnatural that the prisoner should choose silence as to his origin and home, rather than have his family and friends face the undoubted peril lying before him? Besides, though his past life might have been wholly blameless, it would not be evidence in his favor. It might, indeed, if it had not been blameless, provide some element of unjust suspicion against him, furnish some fancied motive. The prisoner had chosen his path, and events had so far justified him. It must be clear to the minds of Judge and Jury that there were fatally weak places in the circumstantial evidence offered for the conviction of this man.

There was the fact that no sign of the crime, no drop of blood, no weapon, no vestige of the murder, was found about him or near him, and that he was peacefully sleeping when the constable went to arrest him.

There was also the fact that no motive for the crime had been shown. It was not enough that he and the dead man had been heard quarrelling. Was there any certainty that it was a quarrel, since no word or sentence of the conversation had been brought into court? Men with quick tempers might quarrel over trivial things, but exasperation did not always end in bodily injury and the taking of life; imprecations were not so uncommon that they could be taken as evidence of intention to commit murder. The prisoner refused to say what that troubled conversation was about, but who could question his right to take the risk of his silence being misunderstood?

The Judge was alternately taking notes and looking fixedly at the prisoner; the Jury were in various attitudes of strained attention; the public sat open-mouthed; and up in the gallery a woman with white face and clinched hands listened moveless and staring. Charley Steele was holding captive the emotions and the judgments of his hearers. All antipathy had gone; there was a strange eager intimacy between the jurymen and

the prisoner's counsel. People no longer looked with distant dislike at the prisoner, but began to see innocence written on his face and in hi grim silence, disdain only in his surly defiance.

But Charley Steele had preserved his great stroke for the psychological moment. He suddenly launched upon them the fact, brought out in evidence, that the dead man had struck a woman in the face a year ago; also that he had kept a factory girl in affluence for two years. Here was motive for murder—if motive were to govern them—far greater than might be suggested by excited conversation which listeners who could not hear a word construed into a quarrel—listeners who bore the prisoner at the bar ill-will because he had had nothing to do with them while in the lumber-camp. If the prisoner was to be hanged for motive untraceable, how much more should these two women be hanged for motive traceable!

Here was his chance, and for twenty minutes he spoke with what seemed a resistless logic and fervor and humanity. He appeared to subtly impeach every intelligence in the room for having had any preconviction about the prisoner's guilt. He compelled the Jury to feel that they, with him, had made the discovery of the unsound character of the evidence. The man might be guilty, but their personal guilt, the guilt of the law, would be far greater if they condemned the man on violable evidence. With a last simple appeal, his hands resting on the railing before the seat where the Jury sat, his voice low and conversational again, his eyes running down the line of faces of the men who had his client's life in their hands, he said:

"It is not a life only that is at stake, it is not revenge for a life snatched from the busy world by a brutal hand that we should heed this hour, but the awful responsibility of that thing we call the state, which, having the power of life and death without gainsay or hinderance, should prove to the last inch of necessity its right to take a human life. And the right and the reason should bring conviction to every honest human mind. That is all I have to say."

The Crown Attorney made no reply. The Judge's charge was brief, and, if anything, a little in favor of the prisoner—very little, a casuist's little; and the Jury filed out of the room. They were gone but ten minutes. When they returned, the verdict was given:

"Not guilty, your Honor!"

Then it was that a woman laughed in the gallery. Then a whispering voice said across the railing which separated the public from the lawyers: "Charley! Charley!"

Though Charley turned and looked at the lady who spoke, he made no response.

A few moments later, outside the court, as he walked quickly away, again inscrutable, debonair, and foppish, the prisoner touched him on the arm and said:

"M'sieu', m'sieu', you have saved my life—I thank you, m'sieu'!"

Charley Steele drew his arm away with disgust.

"Get out of my way! You are as guilty as hell!" he said.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT CAME OF THE TRIAL.

"I WILL come to you, Kathleen, when this is over." So Charley Steele's eyes had said to a lady in the court-room on that last day of the great trial. The lady had left the court-room dazed and exalted. She, with hundreds of others, had had a revelation of Charley Steele; had had also the great emotional experience of seeing a crowd make the *volte-face* with their convictions; looking at a prisoner one moment with eyes of loathing and anticipating his grewsome end, and the next moment regarding him as the possible martyr to the machinery of the law. She whose heart was used to beat so evenly had felt it leap and swell with excitement, awaiting the moment when the Jury filed back into the court-room. Then it stood still, as a wave might hang for an instant at its crest ere it swept down to beat upon the shore.

With her as with most present the deepest feeling in the agitated suspense was not so much that the prisoner should go free, as that the prisoner's counsel should win his case. It was as if Charley Steele were on trial instead of the prisoner. He was the imminent figure; it was his fate

that was in the balance—such was the antic irony of suggestion.

And it was so in fact. In the deep narrative of life hastily written by the flitting figures that go before us, whose office is called premonition, both the prisoner and his counsel were on trial, and the fates of both had been set in the balance that sweltering August day.

The prisoner was forgotten almost as soon as he had left the court-room a free man, but wherever men and women met in the Little City that day one name was on the lips of all—*Charley Steele!* They had had a revelation unbelievable. In that logical, thrilling speech he had done two things: he had thrown down every barrier of reserve—or so it seemed,—and had become human and intimate, he whom nobody had ever seen with visor up. "I could not have believed it of him," was the remark on every lip. Of his ability there never had been a moment's doubt, but it had ever been an uncomfortable ability, it had tortured foes and made friends anxious. No one had ever seen him show feeling. If it was a mask, he had worn it with a curious consistency: it had been with him as a child, at school, at college, and he had brought it back again to the town where he was born. It had effectually prevented his being popular, but it had made him—with his foppishness and his originality—an object of perpetual interest. Few men had ventured to cross swords with him, and not without cause. Aside from his unusualness he left his fellow-citizens very much alone. He never associated himself with cliques or factions, or interested himself in contentious subjects, civil or social. He was uniformly if distantly courteous, and he was respected in his own profession for his uncommon power—a gift for going to the very core of a subject, a capacity for generalization, an utter indifference as to whether he had cases in court or not.

As an incident of the trial showed, however, he had one enemy in his profession, James Marquis by name. With his usual thoroughness he had mastered the case of Marquis the solicitor, and he waited for the hour when the man would go too far. That hour had come in the court-room, and ten minutes after he had left the prisoner behind him, he was filing a petition to have Marquis's name struck off the rolls, for systematic overcharge of clients.

Coming from the Judge's chambers he went to his office, receiving as he passed congratulations more effusively offered than, as people presently found, his manner warranted.

For he was again the formal, masked Charley Steele, looking calmly through the interrogative eye-glass. By the time he reached his office, greetings became more subdued if not less admiring. His prestige had increased immensely in a few short hours, but he had no more friends than before. Old relations were re-established. The town was proud of his ability as it had always been, irritated by his manner as it had always been, resentful of his foppery as it had always been, more prophetic of his future than it had ever been, and unconsciously grateful for the fact that he had given them a sensation which would outlast the summer.

All these things concerned him little. Once the business of the court-room was over, he dismissed the matter from his mind; once he had filed his petition against Marquis, he dismissed him from his mind; and then a thought which had quietly lain in waiting behind the strenuous occupations of his brain leaped forward to exclude all others.

As he entered his office he was thinking of that girl's face in the court-room, with its flush of added beauty which he and his speech had brought there. "What a perfect loveliness!" he said to himself as he bathed his face and hands, and prepared to go into the street again smoothly apparelled. "She needed just such a flush to make her supreme—Kathleen!" He stood, looking out into the square, out into the green of the trees where the birds twittered. "Faultless—faultless in form and feature. She was so as a child; she is so as a woman." He lighted a cigarette, and softly blew away little clouds of smoke. "I will do it. I will marry her. She will have me: I saw it in her eye. Fairing doesn't matter. Her uncle will never consent to *that*, and she doesn't care enough for him. She cares, but she doesn't care enough. . . . I will do it."

He turned towards a cupboard into which he had put a certain bottle before

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he went to the court-room to make his great speech. He put the key in the lock, then stopped. "No, I think not!" he said. "What I say to her shall not be said forensically: what a discovery I've made! I was dull, blank, all iron and ice; the Judge, the Jury, the public, even Kathleen, against me; and then that bottle in there—and I saw things like crystal, I had a glow in my brain, I had a tingle in my fingers; and I had success, and"—his face clouded—"he was as guilty as hell!" he added, almost bitterly, as he put the key of the cupboard into his pocket again.

There was a knock at the door, and a youth of about nineteen entered.

"Hello!" he said. "I say, sir, but that speech of yours struck us all where we couldn't say no. Even Kathleen got in a glow over it. Perhaps Captain Fairing didn't, for he's just left her in a huff, and she's looking—you remember those lines in the school-book—

> "A red spot burned upon her cheek;
> Streamed her rich tresses down."

He laughed gayly. "I've come to ask you up to tea," he added. "The Unclekins is there. When I told him that Kathleen had sent Fairing away with a flee in his ear, he nearly fell off his chair. He lent me twenty dollars on the spot. Are you coming our way?" he continued, suddenly trying to imitate Charley's poise.

Charley nodded, and they left the office together and moved away under a long avenue of maples to where, in the shade of a high hill, was the house of the uncle of Kathleen Wantage, with whom Kathleen and her brother Billy lived. They walked in silence for some time, and at last Billy said, *à propos* of nothing,

"Fairing hasn't a red cent."

"You have a perambulating mind, Billy," said Charley, and bowed to a young clergyman approaching them from the opposite direction.

"What does that mean?" remarked Billy, and said "Hello!" to the young clergyman, and did not wait for Charley's answer.

The Rev. John Brown was something of a *poseur*. He wore a brisk jacket, half military, half clerical, a smart white tie, a pith helmet, and a somewhat fixed smile. He was smoking a cigarette, and he had two dogs with him. He was certainly not an old fogy. He had more than a little admiration for Charley Steele, but he found it difficult to preach when Charley Steele was in the congregation. While Charley never said anything about the sermons, he was aware of a subterranean and half-pitying criticism going on in the barrister's mind. John Brown knew that he could never match his intelligence against Charley's, in spite of the theological course at Durham, so he undertook to scotch the snake by kindness. He thought that he might be able to do this, because Charley, who was known to be frankly agnostical, came to his church more or less regularly, though for years previously he had seldom been seen inside a church.

The Rev. John Brown was not wholly single-minded, not indifferent to what men thought of him. He had a reputation for being "independent," but his chief independence consisted in dressing a little like a layman, posing as the manly and athletic young clergyman of the new school, consorting with ministers of the dissenting denominations when it was sufficiently effective, and being a good fellow with men of his own age or thereabouts who were inclined to be bored by church and churchmen. He preached theatrical sermons to societies and benevolent associations, and he belonged to the Masons, Oddfellows, and kindred combinations. He reached in every direction in his eagerness for popularity. He wanted to be thought well of on all hands, and he was shrewd enough to know that if he trimmed between ritualism on one hand and evangelicism on the other, he was on a safe road. He would be permitted to perforate old dogmatical prejudices with a good deal of freedom so long as he did not begin bringing "millinery" into the service of the church. He invested his own personal habits with the millinery. He looked a picturesque figure with his blond mustache, the little silk-lined brown cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder, the gold-headed cane, and the jacket half ecclesiastical, half military.

He had interested Charley Steele, also he had amused him, and sometimes he had surprised him into a sort of admiration; for Brown had a temperament capa-

ble of little inspirations—such a literary inspiration as might come to a second-rate actor—and Charley never belittled any man's ability, but seized upon every demonstration of knowledge with the appreciation of the manly epicure.

John Brown raised his hat to Charley, then held out a hand. "Masterly! masterly!" he said. "Permit my congratulations. It was the one thing to do. You couldn't have saved him by making him an object of pity, by appealing to our sympathies."

"What do you take to be the secret, then?" asked Charley, with a look half abstracted, half quizzical.

"Terror—sheer terror. You startled the conscience. You made your suggestions of defects in the circumstantial evidence, the imminent problems of our own salvation. You put us all on trial. We were under the lash of fear. If we parsons could only do that from the pulpit!"

"We will discuss that on our shooting-trip next week. Duck-shooting gives plenty of time for theological asides! You are coming, eh?"

John Brown scarcely noticed the sarcasm, he was so delighted at the suggestion that he was to be included in the annual duck-shoot of the Seven, as the little yearly party of Charley and his friends to Lake Aubergine was called. He had angled for this invitation for two years.

"I must not keep you," Charley said, and dismissed him with a bow. "The sheep will stray, and the shepherd must use his crook."

Brown smiled at the badinage, and went on his way rejoicing in the fact that he was to share the amusements of the Seven at the Lake Aubergine—the Lake of the Mad-Apple. To get hold of these seven men of repute and position, to be admitted into this good presence!—he had a pious exaltation, but whether it was because he might gather sheep into the fold, erratic and agnostical sheep like Charley Steele, or because it pleased his social ambitions, John Brown had occasion to answer in the future. He prepared to go gayly on his way to the Lake of the Mad-Apple, where he was fated to eat of the tree of knowledge.

Charley Steele and Billy Wantage walked on slowly to the house under the hill.

"He's the right sort," said Billy. "He's a sport. I can stand that kind. Did you ever hear him sing? No? Well, he can sing a comic song fit to make you die. I can sing a bit myself, but to hear him sing 'The Man who couldn't get Warm' is a show in itself. He can play the banjo too, and the guitar—but he's best on the banjo. It's worth a dollar to listen to his Epha-haam—that's Ephraim, you know—'Ephahaam come Home,' and 'I found y' in de Honeysuckle Paitch.'"

"He preaches too!" said Charley, dryly.

They had reached the door of the house under the hill, and Billy had no time for further remark. He ran into the drawing-room, announcing Charley with the words, "I say, Kathleen, I've brought the man that made the Judge sit up!"

But Billy suddenly stopped, for there sat the Judge who had tried the case, calmly munching a piece of toast. The Judge did not allow himself the luxury of annoyance or embarrassment, but bowed to Charley with a smile, which he presently turned on Kathleen, who came as near being disconcerted as she had ever been in her life—Billy had certainly been *malapropos*.

Kathleen had passed through a good deal to look so unflurried. She had been on trial in the court-room as well as the prisoner. Important things had been at stake with her. She and Charley Steele had known each other since they were children. To her, even in childhood, he had been a dominant figure. He had judicially and admiringly told her she was beautiful—when he was twelve and she five. But he had said it without any of those glances which usually accompanied the same sentiments in the mouths of other lads. He had never made boy love to her, and she had thrilled at the praise of less splendid people than Charley Steele.

In the years when he was attending school and college he came and went serene and immaculate, bringing with him prizes easily won at examinations, taking away with him the wondering plaudits of the people of the Little City, yet never taking away from it any more affection than he took from Kathleen

Wantage. He had always piqued her, he was so superior to the ordinary enchantments of youth, beauty, and fine linen. Yet neither she nor the people of the Little City could say that he was conceited or priggish. He was exclusive and apart, without effort, without premeditation, without insistence. His personality had taken its place as naturally as the son of a peer of ancient lineage succeeds to the place birth gives him; his eyes opening no wider, his step no more flung out than had he been born in a cowherd's cottage, protected and justified in his place by a moral and a legal right.

As he came and went, growing older and more characteristic, more and more "Beauty Steele," followed by legends of wild deeds and days at college, by tales of his fopperies and the fashions he had set, she herself had grown, as he had termed it, more "decorative." He had told her so, not in the least patronizingly, but as a simple matter of fact in which no sentiment lurked. He counted her the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, but he had never thought of her save as a creation for the perfect pleasure of the eye; he thought her the concrete glory of sensuous purity, no more capable of sentiment than himself. He had said again and again, as he grew older and left college and began the business of life after two years in Europe, that sentiment would spoil her, would scatter the charm of her perfect beauty; it would vitalize her too much, and her nature would lose its proportion; she would be decentralized. She had been piqued and almost pained at his indifference to sentiment, for she had ambition of a kind, and she could not easily be content without worship, though she felt none. This pique had grown until Captain Tom Fairing crossed her path.

Fairing was the antithesis of Charley Steele. Handsome, poor, enthusiastic, and none too able, he was simple and straightforward, and might be depended on till the end of the chapter. And the end of it was, that in so far as she had ever felt real sentiment for anybody, she felt it for Tom Fairing of the Royal Irish Fusileers. It was not love she felt in the old, in the big, in the noble sense, but it had behind it selection and instinct and natural gravitation. There was a kind of frankness in her, only possible to so clear and none too deep a nature; a practical nature too, that while not loving luxury felt its need, and while not, because of meagre imagination, fearing poverty deeply, yet would avoid it as disturbing and not to be anticipated.

So she had gone on till Fairing had declared his love. She would give him no answer. For as soon as she was presented with the issue, the destiny, she began to look round her anxiously. She realized dimly—but she did realize—how marriage limits the imagination of a woman. In looking round, the first person to fill the perspective was Charley Steele. As her mind dwelt on him, her uncle gave forth his judgment, that she should never have a penny if she married Tom Fairing. This only irritated her, it did not influence her. But there was Charley Steele. He was a figure, was already noted in his profession because of a few masterly successes in criminal cases, and if he was not popular, he was distinguished, and the world would talk about him to the end. There had been tales of mad things at college, there were even hints of morally umbrageous things now, but it was inevitable that he should be more talked about than other men. He was successful with as little effort as possible, he was handsome, and he was well-to-do—he had a big unoccupied house on the hill among the maples. How many people had said, What a couple they would make—Charley Steele and Kathleen Wantage!

So, as Fairing presented an issue to her, she concentrated herself as she had never done before on the man whom the world set apart for her, in a way the world has, as suitable and desirable and whatever else may be put in *cliché* phrases.

As she looked and looked, Charley began to look also. He had not been enamoured of the sordid things of the world; he had been merely curious. He thought vice was ugly; he had imagination and a sense of form. Kathleen was beautiful. Sentiment had, so he thought, never seriously disturbed her; he did not think it ever would. It had not affected him. He did not understand it. He had been born *non-intime*. He had had acquaintances, boon companions, but never friendships, and never loves or love. But he had a deep sense of the fit-

ting and the proportionate, and he worshipped beauty in so far as he could worship anything. The homage was cerebral, intellectual, temperamental, not of the heart. As he looked out upon the world half pityingly, half ironically, he was struck with wonder at the disproportion which was engendered by "having heart," as it was called. He did not find it necessary.

Now that he had begun to think of marriage, who so suitable as Kathleen? He knew of Fairing's adoration, but he took it as a matter of course that she had nothing to give of the same sort in return. Her beauty was still serene and unimpaired. He would not spoil it by the tortures of emotion.

He would try to make Kathleen's heart beat in harmony with his own; it should not thunder out of time. He had made up his mind that he would marry her.

For Kathleen the beginning of the end had come with the great trial. Charley's power over her was intellectual, temperamental, and, in deciding, there were no mere heart impulses working for Charley. Instinct and impulse were working in another direction. Charley's case must be won through her intelligence, at least through any avenue save her heart. She had not committed her mind to either man, though her heart, to a point, was committed to Fairing—not, however, to a point of daring, or revolt.

On the day of the trial, however, she fell wholly under that influence which had swayed Judge, Jury, and public. To her the verdict of the Jury was not in favor of the prisoner at the bar—she did not think of him. It was in favor of Charley Steele.

And so, indifferent as to who heard, over the heads of the people in front of her, to the accused's counsel inside the railings, she had called, softly, "Charley! Charley!"

Now, in the house under the hill, they were face to face, and the end was at hand: the end of something and the beginning of something.

There were a few moments of casual conversation, in which Billy talked as much as anybody, and then Kathleen said,

"What do you suppose was the man's motive for committing the murder?"

Charley looked at Kathleen steadily, curiously, through his monocle. It was a singular compliment she paid him. It gave his ability credit for saving a criminal from the law; it brushed aside the moral aspect of defending a man felt or known to be guilty. Charley turned inquiringly towards the Judge, who was slightly shocked by the question, but who recovered himself quickly.

"What do you think it was, sir?" Charley asked, quietly.

"A woman—and revenge, perhaps," said the Judge, calmly, and with a matter-of-course air.

"Undoubtedly!" agreed Charley, and held out his cup for more tea. He was very thirsty. The tide of temperament had receded with the trial and left him dry of emotion; the effect of the liquor he had drunk before the trial had evaporated, and his tongue was now as dry as his feelings.

A few moments afterwards the Judge was carried off by Kathleen's uncle to see some rare old books; Billy, his work being done, vanished; and Kathleen and Charley were left alone.

"You did not answer me in the court-room," Kathleen said. "I called to you."

"I wanted to hear you say them here," he rejoined.

"Say what?" she asked, a little puzzled by the tone of his voice.

"Your congratulations," he answered.

She held out a hand to him. "I offer them now. It was wonderful. You were inspired. I did not think you could ever let yourself go."

He held her hand firmly. "I promise not to do it again," he said, whimsically.

"Why not?"

"Have I not your congratulations?" His hand drew her slightly towards him; she rose to her feet.

"That is no reason," she answered, confused, yet feeling that there was a double meaning in his words.

"I could not allow you to be so vain," he said. "We must be companionable. Henceforth I shall congratulate myself —Kathleen."

There was no mistaking now. "Oh, what is it you are going to say to me?" she said, yet not disengaging her hand.

"I said it all in the court-room," he rejoined. "And you heard."

"You want me to marry you—Charley?" she asked, frankly.

"If you think there is no just impediment," he answered, with a smile.

She drew her hand away, and for a moment there was a struggle in her mind—or heart. She was about to speak, but he did not allow it. He knew of what she was thinking, and he did not consider it of serious consequence. Romance was a trivial thing, and women were prone to become absorbed in trivialities. When the woman had no brains, she might break her life upon a trifle. But Kathleen had an even mind, a serene temperament. Her nerves were daily cooled in a bath of nature's perfect health. She had never had an hour's illness in her life.

"There is no just or unjust impediment, Kathleen," he added presently, and took her hand again.

She looked him in the eyes clearly. "You really think so?" she asked.

"I know so," he answered. "We will be two perfect panels in one picture of life."

"Oh, Charley," she said, "that sounds as if we were pieces of decoration."

He laughed and kissed her hands. "Beauty and the Beast!" he said.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

"YOU have forgotten me?"

Charley Steele's stare through his eye-glass was serenely non-committal as he answered, dryly:

"I cannot remember doing so."

The other man's eyelids drew down with a curious look of anger, then the humor of the impertinence worked upon him, and he gave a nervous little laugh and said:

"I am John Brown."

"Then I am sure my memory is not at fault," remarked Charley, with an outstretched hand, carefully gloved, though it was the depth of summer. "My dear Brown! Still preaching little sermons?"

"Do I look like it?" There was a curious glitter in John Brown's eyes.

Charley Steele looked him up and down in a friendly enough way, and slowly said:

"It's possible that the clergy are beginning to look like the laity—of the sex that isn't opposite."

"Well, I'm not preaching little sermons, and you know it well enough," was the reply. The man laughed, but the voice had a hard sort of mirth, a bitter laughter. "Perhaps you forgot to remember that, though," the voice sneered now. "It was the work of your hands."

"That's why I should remember to forget it—I am the child of modesty." Charley touched the corners of his mouth with his tongue, as though his lips were dry, and his eyes wandered to a saloon a little farther down the street.

"Yes, modesty is your curse," rejoined Brown, mockingly.

"Once when you preached at me you said that beauty was my curse." Charley laughed a strange, curt, distant little laugh that was no more the spontaneous humor lying forever behind his thoughts than his eye-glass was the real sight of his eyes, though since he was a boy this laugh and this eye-glass were as natural to all expression of himself as John Brown's outward and showy frankness did not come from the real John Brown.

John Brown looked him up and down quickly, then fastened his eyes on the ruddy cheeks of his old friend. "Do they call you Beauty now as they used to?" he asked, rather insolently.

"No. They only say, 'There goes Charley Steele!'"

The tongue again touched the corners of the mouth, and the eyes wandered to the doorway down the street over which was written in French, "*Jean Jolicoeur, Licensed to sell wine, beer, and other spirituous and fermented liquors.*"

Just then an archdeacon of the Cathedral passed them, bowed gravely to Charley, glanced at John Brown, turned color slightly, and then with a cold stare passed on too quickly for dignity.

"I'm thinking of Bunyan," said the aforetime friend of Charley Steele. "I'll paraphrase him and say, 'There, but for beauty and a monocle, walks John Brown.'"

Under the bitter sarcasm of the man who, five years ago, had gone down at last beneath his agnostic raillery, Charley's gray eye never wavered, not a nerve stirred in his face, as he replied, "Who knows!"

"That was what you always said—*who knows!* That did for John Brown."

Charley seemed not to hear the remark. "What are you doing now?" he asked, looking steadily at the face whence had gone all the warmth of manhood, all that courage of life which keeps men young. The lean parchment visage had the hunted look of the incorrigible failure, had written on it self-indulgence, cunning, and uncertainty.

"Nothing much," John Brown replied.

"What did you do last?"

"Floated an arsenic-mine on Lake Superior."

"Failed?"

"More or less. There are hopes yet. I've kept the wolf from the door."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know—nothing, perhaps; I've not the courage I once had."

"I should have thought you'd find arsenic a good thing," said Charley, holding out a silver cigarette-case, his eyes turning slowly away from the half-startled, half-gloomy face of the man before him, towards the cool darkness beyond the open doorway of that saloon on the other side of the street.

John Brown shivered and shrank back a little, there was something so cold-blooded in the suggestion that he might have found arsenic a good thing. The metallic glare of Charley's eye-glass seemed to give an added cruelty to the words. Charley's monocle was the token of what was behind his gray eye—one ceaseless interrogation. It was that everlasting questioning, the ceaseless *who knows!* which had in the end unsettled John Brown's mind, and driven him at last from the church and the possible gaiters of a bishop into the rough business of life, where he had been a failure. Yet as he looked at Charley Steele the old fascination the man had over him came on him with a rush. His hand suddenly caught Charley's as he took a cigarette, and he said: "Perhaps I'll find arsenic a good thing yet."

For reply Charley laid a hand on his arm—turned him towards the shade of the houses opposite. Without a word they crossed the street, entered the saloon on which Charley's eyes had been fixed, and passed to a little back room, Charley giving an unsympathetic stare to two or three men at the bar who seemed inclined to speak to him.

As the two passed into the small back room with the frosted door, one of the strangers said to the other:

"What does he come here for if he's too proud to speak? What's a saloon for? I'd like to smash that eye-glass for him!"

"He's going down hill fast," said the other. "He drinks steady—steady."

"*Tiens! tiens!*" interposed Jean Jolicoeur, the landlord. "It is not harm to him. He drink all day an' he walk a crack like a bee-line!"

"He's got the handsomest wife in this city. If I was him, I'd think more of myself," answered the Englishman.

"How you think more—*hein!* You not come down more to my saloon?"

"No, I wouldn't come to your saloon, and I wouldn't go to Théophile Charlemagne's shebang at the Côte Dorion."

"You not like Charlemagne's hotel?" said a huge black-bearded pilot, standing beside the landlord.

"Oh, I like Charlemagne's hotel, and I like to talk to Suzon Charlemagne, but I'm not married, Rouge Gosselin, and I ain't a swell, and I haven't had eddication, and my family ain't the oldest in the town, and I ain't a lawyer—"

"And you don't get your clothes from London, and your wife ain't the daughter of a man that was Cabinet Minister," said an English river man, sneeringly.

"If he go to Charlemagne's hotel, and talk some more too mooch to dat Suzon Charlemagne, he will lose dat glass out of his eye," said Rouge Gosselin.

"Who say he been at dat place?" said Jean Jolicoeur.

"He bin dere four times las' month, and dat Suzon Charlemagne talk 'bout him ever since. When dat Narcisse Bovin and dat Jacques Gravel come down de river, he better keep away from dat Côte Dorion," spluttered Rouge Gosselin. "Dat's a long story short, all de same for you—bagosh!" And Rouge Gosselin drank his glass of white whiskey, and threw after it another glass of cold water.

"*Tiens!* you know not M'sieu' Charley Steele," said Jean Jolicoeur.

"You see green on my eye!" shouted Rouge Gosselin.

"No; I see dat glass in his," said Jolicoeur, and turned on his heel, nodding his head sagely.

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CHAPTER IV.

CHARLEY STEELE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

A HOT day a month later Charley Steele sat in his office staring before him into space, and negligently smoking a cigarette. Outside there was a slow clacking of wheels, and a newsboy was crying "*La Patrie! La Patrie!* All about the Indian Mutiny! All about the Massacree!" Bells—wedding-bells—were ringing also, and the jubilant sounds, like the call of the newsboy, were out of accord with the slumberous feeling of the afternoon. Charley Steele turned his head slowly towards the window. The branches of a maple-tree half crossed it, and the leaves moved softly in the shadow they made. His eye went past the tree and swam into the tremulous white heat of the square, and beyond to where in the church tower the bells were ringing—to the church doors, from which gayly dressed folk were issuing to their carriages, or thronged the pavement, waiting for the bride and groom to come forth into a new-created world—for them.

Charley looked through his monocle at the crowd reflectively, his head held a little to one side in a questioning sort of way, on his lips the ghost of a smile—not a reassuring smile. Presently he leaned forward slightly and the monocle dropped from his eye. He fumbled for it, raised it, blew on it, rubbed it with his handkerchief, and screwed it carefully into his eye again, his rather bushy brow gathering over it strongly, his look sharpened to more active thought. He stared straight across the square at a figure in heliotrope, whose face was turned to a man taller than herself, dressed in the uniform of the Royal Fusileers: two glowing figures towards whom many other eyes than his were turned, some curiously, some disdainfully, some rudely, some sadly. But Charley Steele did not see the faces of those who looked on; he only saw two people—one in heliotrope; one in scarlet, tall, manly, mobile.

Presently his white firm hand went up to the monocle and screwed it in more tightly, his comely figure settled down in the chair, his tongue licked the corners of his red lips slightly, and his eyes withdrew from the woman in heliotrope and the man in scarlet, and loitered among the leaves of the tree at the window. The softness of the green, the cool health of the foliage, changed the look of his eye from something that was cold and curious to something that was companionable, and scarcely above a whisper two words came from his lips:

"Kathleen! Kathleen!"

By the mere sound of the voice it would have been hard to tell what the words meant, for it had an inquiring cadence, and yet a kind of distant doubt, a heavy sort of weariness or languor. It had nothing of actual importance either in sound or meaning, and the face conveyed nothing—smooth, fresh enough, and composed. The only point where the mind and meaning of the man worked according to the law of his life was at the eye where the monocle was caught now as in a vise. Behind this glass there was a troubled depth which belied the self-indulgent mouth, the dissipated body, the selfish egotism flaring from the red tie, the jewelled finger, the ostentatiously simple yet sumptuous clothes.

He drew in a sharp sibilant breath, clicked his tongue—a sound of devil-may-care and hopelessness at once—and turned to a little cupboard behind him. The chair squeaked on the floor as he turned, and he frowned, shivered a little, and kicked it irritably with his heel.

From the cupboard he took a bottle of liqueur, and pouring out a small glassful, he drank it off eagerly. As he put the bottle away, he said again, in an abstracted fashion, "Kathleen."

Then seating himself at the table, as if with an effort towards energy, he rang a bell. A clerk entered.

"Ask Mr. Wantage to come for a moment, please," he said.

"Mr. Wantage has gone to the church—to the wedding," was the reply.

"Oh, very well. He will be in again this afternoon?"

"Sure to, sir."

"Just so. That will do."

The clerk retired, and Charley, rising, unlocked a drawer, and taking out some books and papers, laid them on the table. Lighting a cigarette, he began to examine them, referring at the same time to a letter which had lain open at his hand all the time he had been sitting there. For a quarter of an hour he studied the books

and papers, then, all at once, his fingers fastened on a point and staid. Again he read the letter lying beside him, and then, sitting back in his chair, the monocle dropped from his eye, and a flush crimsoned his face to his hair—a singular flush of shame, of embarrassment, of guilt—a guilt not his own. It was the flushed face of a boy, of a woman, a sensitive painful flush that seemed to get into his eyes and blind them for a moment. His breath caught in his throat.

"Billy!" he gasped. "Billy, by God!"

CHAPTER V.

THE WOMAN IN HELIOTROPE.

THE flush was still on Charley Steele's face when the door opened slowly, and a lady dressed in heliotrope entered, and came forward. Without a word Charley rose, and taking a step forward, offered her a chair, at the same time noticing her heightened color, and a certain rigid carriage not in keeping with her lithe and graceful figure. There was no mistaking the quiver of her upper lip—a short lip which did not hide a wonderfully pretty set of teeth.

With a wave of the hand she declined the seat he offered her. She glanced at the books and papers lying on the table, flashed a glance of inquiry at his flushed face, and misreading the cause, with slow, quiet point, in which bitterness or contempt showed, she said:

"What a slave you are!"

"Behold the white man work!" he said good-naturedly, the flush passing slowly from his face. With apparent negligence he pushed the letter and the books and papers a little to one side, but really to place them beyond the range of her angry eyes. She shrugged her shoulders at his action.

"For the widow and orphans and all that are desolate and oppressed?" she said, not concealing the malice she felt, for all her married life had swept before her in a swift panorama at the wedding she had just left, and the man in scarlet had fixed the shooting pictures on her mind's eye.

Again a flush—a faint flush—swept up Charley Steele's face and seemed to blur his sight for a moment, for his monocle dropped the length of its silken tether, and he caught it and rubbed it with his handkerchief as he replied:

"You always hit the nail on the head, Kathleen."

There was a kind of appeal in his voice, a sort of deprecation in his eye, as though he would be friends with her, as though, indeed, there was in his mind some secret pity for her.

Her look at his face was critical and cold, and it was plain that she was not prepared for any extra friendliness on his part—there seemed no reason why he should add to his usual courtesy a note of sympathy to the sound of her name on his lips. He had not fastened the door of the cupboard from which he had taken the liqueur, and it had swung open a little, disclosing the bottle and the glass. Her face took on a look of quiet hardness.

"Why did you not come to the wedding? She was your cousin. People asked where you were. You knew I was going."

"Did you need me?" he asked, quietly, and his eyes involuntarily swept to the place where he had seen the heliotrope and scarlet make a glow of color on the other side of the square. "You were not alone."

She misunderstood him. Her mind had been overwrought, and she caught sarcasm in his voice. "You mean Tom Fairing!" Her eyes blazed. "You are quite right—I did not need you. Tom Fairing is a man that all the world trusts—save you!"

"Kathleen!" The words were almost a cry. "For God's sake! I have never thought of 'trusting' men where you are concerned. I believe in no man, credit no man in anything in this world"—his voice had a sharp bitterness, though his face was smooth and unemotional—"but I trust you and believe in you. Yes, upon my soul and honor, Kathleen! And Fairing is a gentleman."

As he spoke she turned quickly and stepped towards the window, an involuntary movement of agitation. What that moment might have brought forth for them both it is hard to say, but even as she reached the window and glanced down to the hot, dusty street, she heard a loud voice below, a reckless, ribald sort of voice, calling to some one to "come and have a drink."

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"Billy!" she said, involuntarily, and looked down, then shrank back quickly. She turned swiftly on her husband. "*Your* soul and honor, Charley!" she said, slowly. "Look at what you've made of Billy! Look at the company he keeps —John Brown, who hasn't even decency enough to keep away from the place he disgraced. Billy is always with you. *You* ruined John Brown, with your dissipation and your sneers at religion and your 'I-wonder-nows!' Of what use have you been, Charley? Of what use to any one in the world? You think of nothing but clothes, and eating, and drinking, and playing the fop!"

He glanced down involuntarily, and carefully flicked a little cigarette ash from his waistcoat. The action arrested her speech for a moment, and then, with a little shudder, she continued: "The best they can say of you is, 'There goes Charley Steele!'"

"And the worst?" he asked. He was almost smiling now, for he admired her anger, her scorn. He knew it was deserved, and he had no idea of making any defence. He had said all in that instant's cry, "Kathleen!"—that one awakening instant of his life so far. She had congealed the word on his lips by her scorn, and now he was his old debonair, dissipated self, with the impertinent monocle in his eye and a jest upon his tongue.

"Do you want to know the worst they say?" she asked, growing pale to the lips. "Go and stand behind the door of Jolicoeur's saloon. Go to any street corner, and listen. Do you think I don't know what they say? Do you think the world doesn't talk about the company you keep? Haven't I seen you going into Jolicoeur's saloon when I was walking on the other side of the street? Do you think that all the world, and I among the rest, are blind? Oh, you fop, you fool! you have ruined my brother, you have ruined my life, and I hate and despise you for a cold-blooded, selfish coward!"

He stared at her intensely through his monocle, a look of most curious inquiry. They had been married for five years, and during that time they had never been anything but persistently courteous to each other. He had never on any occasion seen her face change color, or her manner show chagrin or emotion. Stately and cold and polite, she had fairly met his ceaseless foppery and preciseness of manner. But people had said of her, "Poor Kathleen Steele!" for her spotless name stood sharply off from his negligence and dissipation. They called her "Poor Kathleen Steele!" in sympathy, though they knew that she had not resisted marriage with the well-to-do Charley Steele, while loving a poor captain in the Royal Fusileers. She preserved the sympathy by an outward and perfect decorum, though the man of the scarlet coat remained in the town and haunted the places where she appeared, and though the eyes of the censorious world were watching steadily and expectantly. No voice was raised against her. Her cold beauty held the admiration of all women, for she was not eager for men's company, and she kept her poise even with the man in scarlet near her, glacially complacent, beautifully still, dishearteningly emotionless. They did not know that the poise with her was to an extent as much a pose as Charley's manner was to him.

"I hate you and despise you for a cold-blooded, selfish coward!" So that was the way Kathleen felt! Charley's tongue touched his lips quickly, for they were dry and arid, and he said, slowly:

"I assure you I have not tried to influence Billy. I have no remembrance of his imitating me in anything. Won't you sit down? It is very fatiguing, this heat!"

Charley was entirely himself again. His words concerning Billy Wantage might have been either an impeachment of Billy's character and, by deduction, praise of his own, or it may have been the insufferable egoism of the fop, well used to imitators. The veil between the two, which for one sacred instant had seemed about to lift, was fallen now, leaded and weighted at the bottom.

"I suppose you would say the same about John Brown! It is disconcerting at least to think that we used to sit and listen to the Rev. Mr. Brown as he waved his arms gracefully in his surplice and preached sentimental sermons. I suppose you will say, what we have heard you say before, that you only asked questions. Was that how you ruined the Rev. John Brown—and Billy?"

Charley was very thirsty, and perhaps because of that his voice had an unusually dry tone as he replied:

"I asked questions of John Brown; I answer them to Billy. It is I that am ruined!"

There was that in his voice she did not understand, for though long used to his paradoxical phrases and his everlasting pose—as it seemed to her and all the world—there rang through his words now a note she had never heard before. For a fleeting instant she was inclined to catch at some hidden meaning, but her grasp of things was uncertain. She had been thrown off her balance, or poise, as Charley had, for an unwonted second, been thrown off his pose, and her thought could not pierce beneath the surface.

"I suppose you will be flippant at Judgment Day," she said with a bitter laugh, for it seemed to her a monstrous thing that they should be such an infinite distance apart.

"Why should one be serious then? There will be no question of an alibi, or evidence for the defence—no cross-examination. A cut-and-dried verdict!"

She ignored his words. "Shall you be at home to dinner?" she rejoined coldly, and her eyes wandered out of the window again to that spot across the square where heliotrope and scarlet had met.

"I fancy not," he answered, his eyes turned away also—towards the cupboard containing the liqueur. "Better ask Billy—and keep him in, and talk to him—I really would like you to talk to him. He admires you so much. I wish—in fact I hope you will ask Billy to come and live with us!" he added, half abstractedly. He was trying to see his way through a sudden confusion of ideas. Confusion was rare to him, and his mind feeling the fog, embarrassed by a sudden sense of mystery and a cloud of futurity, was creeping to a mind-path of understanding.

"Don't be absurd," she said, coldly. "You know I won't ask him, and you don't want him."

"I have always said that decision is the greatest of all qualities—even when the decision is bad. It saves so much worry, and tends to health." Suddenly he turned to the desk and opened a tin box. "Here is further practice for your admirable gift." He opened a paper. "I want you to sign off for this building—leaving it to my absolute disposal." He spread the paper out before her.

She turned pale and her lips tightened. She looked at him squarely in the eyes. "My wedding-gift!" she said. Then she shrugged her shoulders. A moment she hesitated, and in that moment she seemed to congeal.

"You need it?" she asked, distantly.

He inclined his head, his eye never leaving hers. With a swift angry motion she caught the glove from her left hand, and doubling it back, dragged it off. A smooth round ring came off with it and rolled upon the floor.

Stooping, he picked up the ring, and handed it back to her, saying, "Permit me." It was her wedding-ring.

She took it with a curious contracted look and put it on the finger again, then pulled off the other glove quietly. "Of course one uses the pen with the right hand," she said, calmly.

"Involuntary act of memory," he said, slowly, as she took the pen in her hand. "You had spoken of a wedding, this was a wedding-gift, and—that's right, sign there!"

There was an instant's pause, in which she appeared to hesitate, and then she wrote her name in a large firm hand, and throwing down the pen, caught up her gloves, and began to pull them on viciously.

"Thanks. It is very kind of you," he said, and he put the document in the tin box, and took out another, as without a word, but with a grave face in which scorn and trouble were commingled, she now turned towards the door.

"Can you spare an instant longer?" he said, and advanced towards her, holding the new document in his hand. "Fair exchange is no robbery. Please take this. No, not with the right hand; the left is better luck—the better the hand, the better the deed," he added, with a whimsical squint through his monocle, and he placed the paper in her left hand. "Item No. 2 to take the place of item No. 1."

Wonder filled her face. She scrutinized the paper. "Why, this is a deed of the homestead property—worth three times as much!" she said. "Why—why do you do this?"

"Remember that questions ruin people sometimes," he answered, and stepped to the door and turned the handle, as though to show her out. She was agitated and embarrassed now. She felt she had been unjust, and yet she felt that she could not say what ought to be said, if all the rules were right.

"Thank you," she said, simply. "Did you think of this when—when you handed me back the ring?"

"I never had an inspiration in my life. I was born with a plan of campaign!"

"I suppose I ought to—kiss you?" she said, in some little confusion.

"It might be too expensive," he answered, with a curious laugh. Then he added lightly, "This was a fair exchange"—he touched the papers—"but I should like you to bear witness, madam, that I am no robber."

He opened the door. Again there was that curious penetrating note in his voice, and that veiled look through the monocle. She half hesitated, but on the instant there was a loud voice below and a quick foot on the stairs.

"It's Billy!" she said sharply, and passed out.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIND AND THE SHORN LAMB.

A HALF-HOUR later Charley Steele sat in his office alone with Billy Wantage, his brother-in-law, a tall, shapely fellow of twenty-four. Billy had been drinking, his face was flushed, and his whole manner was insolently careless and irresponsible. In spite of this, however, his gray eyes were nervously fixed on those of Charley Steele, and his voice was shaky as he said, in reply to a question as to his finances: "That's my own business, Charley."

Charley took a long swallow from the tumbler of whiskey-and-soda beside him (it had been sent over from Jolicoeur's saloon), and as he fastened his monocle in his eye, answered, quietly, "I must make it mine, Billy, without a doubt."

The tall youth shifted in his chair and essayed to laugh.

"You've never been particular about your own business. Pshaw! what's the use of preaching to me?"

Charley Steele's eye-glass seemed to tighten in his eye, and his look had just a touch of surprise, a hint of embarrassment. This youth, then, thought him something of a fool: read him by virtue of his clothes, his ornamentations, his outer idiosyncrasy! This boy, whose iniquity was under his finger on that table, despised him for his follies, and believed in him less than his wife—two people who had lived closer to him than any others in the world. Before he answered he lifted the glass beside him and drank the tumbler to the last drop, then quietly set it down, and said, with a smile as repressive as another man's frown:

"I have always been particular about other people's finances, and the statement that you haven't isn't preaching, it's an indictment—so it is, Billy."

"An indictment!" Billy bit his fingernails now, and his voice shook.

"That's what the jury would say, and the judge would do the preaching. You have stolen twenty-five thousand dollars of trust-moneys!"

For a moment there was absolute silence in the room. From outside in the square came the *Marche-t'en!* of a driver, and the loud cackling laugh of some loafer at the corner. Charley Steele's look imprisoned his brother-in-law, and Billy's eyes were fixed in a helpless stare on Charley's finger, which held like a nail the record of his infamy, while the monocle in Charley's eye was like the lens of a microscope on him.

Billy drew himself back with a jerk of recovery, and said with bravado, but with fear in every look and motion: "Don't stare like that. The thing's done, and you can't undo it, and that's all there is about it."

Charley Steele had been staring at the young man—staring and not seeing him really, but seeing his wife and watching her lips say again, "You are ruining Billy!" He was not sober, but his mind was alert, his eccentric soul was getting kaleidoscopic glances at strange facts of life as they rushed past his mind's eye into a painful red obscurity.

"Oh yes, it can be undone, and it's not all there is about it!" he answered, quietly.

He got up suddenly, and going to the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and coming back, sat down again beside the table.

Billy watched him with shrewd, hunted, eager eyes. What did Charley mean to do? To give him in charge? To send him to jail? To shut him out from the world where he had enjoyed himself so much for years and years? Never to go forth free among his fellows! Never to play the gallant with all the pretty girls he knew! Never to have any sports, or games, or tobacco, or good meals, or canoeing in summer, or tobogganing in winter, or moose-hunting, or any sort of philandering! Billy was a materialist, a self-indulgent egoist, a rank sentimentalist, a youth who was not immoral—because he had no morals; but a dangerous youth in the world, who had all his sister's grace and none of his sister's honor.

So it was that, impeached for his base theft of trust-moneys by the man who had given him his whole confidence, and his crime sheeted home, the thoughts that filled his mind were not those of regret for his crime, but the fears and apprehensive imagination of the materialist and sentimentalist, who revolted at punishment and all the shame and deprivation it would involve.

"What did you do with the money?" said Charley, after a minute's silence, in which two minds had travelled far.

"I put it into mines."

"What mines?"

"Out on Lake Superior."

"What sort of mines?"

"Arsenic."

Charley Steele's eye-glass dropped, and rattled against the gold button of his white waistcoat.

"In arsenic-mines!" He put the monocle to his eye again. "On whose advice?"

"John Brown's."

"John Brown's!" Charley Steele's ideas were suddenly shaken and scattered by a man's name, as a bolting horse will crumple into confusion a crowd of people. So this was the way his *John Brown* had come home to roost. He lifted the empty whiskey-glass to his lips and drained air. He was terribly thirsty; he needed something to pull himself together! Five years of dissipation had not robbed him of his splendid native ability, but it had, as it were, broken the continuity of his will and the sequence of his intellect.

"It was not investment?" he asked, his tongue thick and hot in his mouth.

"No. What would have been the good?"

"Of course. Speculation—you bought heavily to sell on an unexpected rise?"

"Yes."

There was something so even in Charley's manner and tone that Billy misinterpreted it. It seemed hopeful that Charley was going to make the best of a bad job.

"You see," Billy said, eagerly, "it seemed dead certain. He showed me the way the thing was being done, the way the company was being floated, how the market in New York was catching hold. It looked splendid. I thought I could use the money for a week or so, then put it back, and have a nice little scoop, at no one's cost! I thought it was a dead-sure thing—and I was hard up, and Kathleen wouldn't lend me any more. If Kathleen had only done the decent thing—"

A sudden flush of anger swept over Charley Steele's face—never before in his life had that face been so sensitive, never even as a child. Something had waked in the odd soul of Beauty Steele.

"Don't be a sweep—leave Kathleen out of it!" he said, in a sharp, querulous voice—a voice unnatural to himself, suggestive of little use: as though he were learning to speak, using strange words stumblingly through a choking conflict of the emotions. It was not the voice of Charley Steele the fop, the *poseur,* the idlest man in the world.

"What part of the twenty-five thousand went into the arsenic?" he said, after a pause. There was no feeling in the voice now; it was again even and inquiring.

"Nearly all."

"Don't lie. You've been living freely. Tell the truth, or—or I'll know the reason why, Billy."

"About two-thirds—that's the truth. I had debts, and I paid them."

"And you bet on the races?"

"Yes."

"And lost?"

"Yes. See here, Charley; it was the most awful luck—"

"Yes, for the widows and orphans and all that are oppressed."

Charley Steele's look again went

through and beyond the culprit, and he recalled his wife's words and his own reply. A quick contempt and a sort of meditative sarcasm were in the tone. It was curious, too, that he could smile, but the smile did not encourage Billy Wantage now.

"It's all gone, I suppose?" he added.

"All but about a hundred dollars."

"Well, you have had your game; now you must pay for it."

Billy had imagination and he was melodramatic. He felt danger ahead.

"I'll go and shoot myself!" he said, banging the table with his fist so that the whiskey-tumbler shook.

He was hardly prepared for what followed. Charley's nerves had been irritated; his teeth were on edge. This threat, made in such a cheap, insincere way, was the last thing in the world he could bear to hear. He knew that Billy lied; that if there was one thing Billy would not do, shooting himself was that one thing. His own life was very sweet to Billy Wantage. Charley hated him the more at that moment because he was Kathleen's brother. For if there was one thing he knew of Kathleen, it was that she could not do a mean thing. Cold, unsympathetic she might be, cruel at a pinch perhaps, but dishonorable—never! And this weak, cowardly youth was her brother! No human being had ever seen such a look on Charley Steele's face as came upon it now—malicious, vindictive. He stooped over Billy, his monocle glittering with the fury of his look.

"You think I'm a fool and an ass—you ignorant, brainless, lying cub! You make me a thief before all the world by forging my name, and stealing the money for which I am responsible, and then you rate me so low that you think you'll bamboozle me by threats of suicide. You haven't the courage to shoot yourself—drunk or sober. And what do you think would be gained by it? Eh, what do you think would be gained? You can't see that you'd insult your sister as well as—as rob me!"

Billy Wantage cowered. This was not the Charley Steele he had known, not like the man he had seen since a child. There was something unreal, almost uncouth, in this harsh high voice, these gauche words, this raw accent. It was almost unreal, but it was powerful, and it was vengeful, and it was full of purpose. Billy quivered, yet his adroit senses caught at a straw in the words, "as rob me!" Charley was counting it a robbery of himself, not of the widows and orphans! That gave him a ray of hope. In a paroxysm of fear, joined to emotional excitement, he fell upon his knees, and begged and pleaded for mercy—for the sake of one chance in life, for the family name, for Kathleen's sake, for the sake of everything he had ruthlessly dishonored. Tears came readily to his eyes, real tears—of excitement; but he could measure, too, the strength of his appeal.

"If you'll stand by me in this, I'll pay you back every cent, Charley," he cried. "I will, upon my soul and honor! You sha'n't lose a penny, if you'll only see me through. I'll work my fingers off to pay it back till the last hour of my life. I'll be straight till the day I die—so help me God!"

Charley Steele's eyes wandered to the cupboard where the liqueurs were. If he could only decently take a drink! But how could he with this boy kneeling before him? His breath scorched his throat.

"Get up!" he said, shortly. "I'll see what I can do—to-morrow. Go away home. Don't go out again to-night. And come here at ten o'clock in the morning."

Billy took up his hat, straightened his tie, carefully brushed the dust from his knees, and seizing Charley's hand, said, "You're the best fellow in the world, Charley." He went towards the door, dusting his face of emotion as he had dusted his knees. The old selfish, shrewd look was again in his eyes. Charley's gaze followed him gloomily. Billy turned the handle of the door. It was locked. Charley came forward and unlocked it. As Billy passed through, Charley, looking sharply in his face, said, hoarsely: "By Heaven! I believe you're not worth it!" Then he shut the door again and locked it.

He almost ran back and opened the cupboard. Taking out the bottle of liqueur, he filled a glass and drank it off. Three times he did this, then seated himself at the table with a sigh of relief and no emotion in his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HE FELL UPON HIS KNEES, AND BEGGED AND PLEADED FOR MERCY

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MY JAPAN

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW



WHEN I recently visited Japan I found that many changes and vast improvements had been made since my first visit to that country in 1876. But there was enough of the original flavor left to satisfy the most jaded of tourists, even if he never went beyond the treaty port of Yokohama or Kobe.

From the Tokyo railway station I climbed into a jinrikisha, and was soon spinning along thoroughfares crowded with a variety of vehicles which suggested almost every city in the world. There were tram cars with both platforms crowded as in the good old days of New York; there were smart victorias and broughams suggesting Hyde Park; there were coolie gangs dragging freight-carts; and as to hand-carriages, or jinrikishas, they were beyond counting. On my first visit I observed that there were no houses of a European character, but now I saw a goodly number of public buildings, and even shops, that indicated a virtual revolution in architectural ideas.

In former times Europeans were allowed to live only in one part of town, the white man's ghetto, and there was but one wretched hotel where to-day are several good ones. The Hôtel Métropole had taken charge of my luggage and was providing me with an excellent luncheon when the door of the dining-room opened, and in walked a swarthy and sombre gentleman dressed as for Piccadilly in the afternoon. He looked hard at me, and I looked hard at him. Could it be—yes, it was—my Japanese friend of long, long ago. For convenience let me call him Kotaka. The Kotaka of flowing silk robes, broad sash, fans, and sandals had been metamorphosed into an exterior solemn enough for a bank-director—I mean a Japanese bank-director. My friend showed no more emotion in his greeting than if I had been the tailor come by appointment to measure him. I had known him when we were boys together in a little New England town, each with his own tutor, and each fitting for college. Kotaka had been my guest in America, and we had corresponded for more than a quarter of a century. He urged, even insisted, that I should come and live with him during my stay in Tokyo.

After having made my peace with the masterful host of the Métropole by promising to do all my entertaining under his roof, Kotaka, in his private jinrikisha, led the way, and we soon entered the gates of the little park surrounding his home. A wooden palisade enclosed his grounds, over the edge of which there pushed out a wealth of foliage notable for the absence of any imperfection. One looked in vain for a dead twig or an imperfect leaf. The reason for this I learned subsequently by discovering each morning an acrobatic gardener combing and brushing and clipping and sponging far up in the trees at points where only a circus tumbler could feel reasonably at home.

At the door we left our European boots, and were offered dainty straw sandals. There seemed a dozen attendants to wait upon us, but all had such excellent manners, were dressed in such beautiful silks, and looked so intelligent, that I could not think of them as servants in our sense of the word. I seemed to have a dozen hosts instead of one. Kotaka is a grandee of Japan who has been governor of one of the great ports, and ranks high in the peerage.

We were shown into the drawing-room —a terrible blow to me, for here were chairs, sofas, and other furniture familiar to our civilization. Fortunately

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STUDYING THE GAME FOR YEARS

this was the only room in the house sacrificed to the new fashion. It was reserved for the reception of foreigners.

Kotaka's wife soon made her appearance. She floated into the room like a feathery whiff from a magical screen or fan. There was no European nonsense about her. I cannot tell what she wore, but the general impression was one of exquisitely dainty hands, nose, ears, mouth, and chin; eyes of infinite capacity, a gorgeous broad sash, and a single long silk garment open at the throat, and of a color suggesting the exquisite steel shades of the sky before a typhoon. She served us tea with many curtsies; but as Kotaka did not rise when she entered the room, nor treat her with the outward deference paid to the skirted rulers of America, I was a little puzzled as to what native etiquette required of me.

The dinner was at about half past five, and at five o'clock the whole family, servants, retainers, nobles, and all, take the family tub. I was shown the way along a charming little veranda, past many paper-panelled doors and windows, to a room in which was a large square wooden box, the top covered with well-fitting pieces of wood something like the deck of a Rob Roy canoe. Steam emanated from this. It was the family tub. The floor of this room sloped down gently to a gutter in the centre, which carried away the splashed water. There were many wooden dippers and basins, and a wooden vat of cold water. I was quite at a loss until it was explained to me that one was expected to wash every particle of soap away before entering the hot-water tub—the steaming being regarded as a crowning luxury rather than a medium for making one's self clean.

All the doors and windows of this room were merely sliding-panels—in fact, I do not remember a lock in any part of the house. Next I was shown into an adjoining room where were a toilet table, Turkish towels in bamboo racks, and a beautiful long quilted silk dressing-gown, or rather a double garment, the inner skin of which was made of a delicate thin crinkly cotton, which could be sent to the wash. There were no buttons to this garment, but it was of enormous width, and there went with it a sash that kept everything snug around the waist. My day clothes meanwhile had been spirited away, not to appear again until the morrow.

The bath-room was a summary of all Japan, the country of cleanliness. Every servant in the house helped to create an atmosphere of personal purity. The kitchen smelt as sweet as the drawing-room.

Kotaka told me his house was not exceptional—that I would find the same arrangements all over Japan, among rich and poor. Indeed, even in the soldiers' barracks I was subsequently struck by the excellent facilities for a bath.

When the Kotaka family assembled for dinner we were all radiant from the bath, and made over again in native dress. There is no cooking so nice as the Japanese. There are delicious sauces for the game and fish, for eggs and vegetables, but these are never greasy. The most careful hygienic cooking at Karlsbad is outdone at the daily table of Kotaka. Table is not the word, for we ate from little lacquer stands no higher than a footstool, we of course sitting on the matting.

After dinner Mrs. Kotaka made some pretty curtsies, and retired to her particular boudoir, whence soon emanated the sound of various musical instruments accompanying the human voice. Kotaka and I went off to another room, where we curled up on the floor for more tea, a smoke, and a chat.

Kotaka told me that the war with China had been of the greatest possible service in giving the nation a consciousness of power, and had educated them to the importance of submitting to military discipline. At the same time among the coolies there had sprung up a labor party corresponding to the Social Democracy in Germany. This party was at the mercy of unscrupulous adventurers ready to organize the mob of voters whenever an opportunity offered. The Japanese temperament was such, said he, that, from a mistaken sense of loyalty, hot-blooded partisans were frequently engaged to do personal violence, and even to murder, in the cause of their political chief.

Kotaka felt that his country was in a critical condition financially; that she was borrowing heavily at high rates of interest, and that only great firmness and economic wisdom could pull them through.

Our talk was interrupted by the paper panels slipping aside, admitting a vast bald head, followed by the plum-colored folds of an elaborate gown. This was one of the most learned of chess-players, who bumped his forehead several times on the matting, then sucked some wind through his teeth by way of saying good-day to me. His face was full of smiling wrinkles; his eyes beamed benevolence; and I sat some time watching the game, or rather studying the face of the baldheaded master. There were a hundred and forty chess-men or counters on each side, and Kotaka told me that he had been for years studying the game, but had only got a very small way towards playing it well. To me it was hopelessly involved, so when I had mastered as many wrinkle combinations as the chess-master could produce, I begged permission to go where the music was. Kotaka smiled indulgently, as might a seasoned politician upon a guest who preferred water when whiskey was available. To the Oriental mind it was no doubt strange that any one should seek feminine society, or admit such preference. After a preliminary powwow in the women's side of the house, I was admitted into the apartment reserved for Mrs. Kotaka.

I had to step around and almost over a number of smiling and bobbing little maids, who made room for my clumsy proportions as best they could. During the happy fortnight I spent under Kotaka's roof I never got tired of that music-room, or of the music, weird as it was. I tried hard to understand it, and Mrs. Kotaka took infinite pains with my education. There were three or four performers besides Mrs. Kotaka —all retainers of the family, who showed their gratitude in this manner. There were two kotos about two feet wide and as long as a sofa. Thirteen strings, each with its own bridge, made up musical intervals differing from anything I had previously heard. Then there were samsins, or tiny banjoes with very long thin necks, and also an instrument with a very big head and a very short neck. Before I entered the room the music sounded Moorish and monotonous, but the more I listened the more it grew upon me as being full of subtle shading and poetical capacity.

On the next morning my special equerry awoke me at seven. The room was pitch-dark—it might have been the middle of the night, so far as I could see. Suddenly there was a shuffling of

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IN THE MUSIC-ROOM

sliding-panels or screens, and the whole side of the house disappeared as though a scene had been shifted on the stage. My bed consisted of several mattresses composed of cotton quilting, and I slept folded in the long, loose dressing-robe in which I had spent the previous evening—in fact, to go to bed in Japan corresponds vaguely to throwing one's self down for a nap. After the side of my room had been removed I seemed to be lying in a species of veranda or *loggia*, from which I looked out upon the trees of the park, and beyond over the waters of Yeddo Bay to the glorious Fujiyama in the distance. My bed-room had no furniture whatever, save some choice chrysanthemums in a costly vase beneath a parchment scroll, on which was painted a snow scene in the mountains.



A KAKEMONO

I could have staid in bed worshipping at the shrine of my kakemono, had not my squire looked expectant, and said something about downstairs. All my clothes had been spirited away, and there was no evidence that I was expected to make any part of my toilet in the room wherein I had slept. So I went to the bath-room, poured some buckets of cold water over me, and then found all my clothes for the day nicely arranged for me in the common dressing-room. Breakfast was at eight, and I was expected to come from the dressing-room on the ground-floor directly to the breakfast-room.

For breakfast we had a delicious hot brown soup with a turnip in it; of course tea and rice, then boiled eggs, and some kind of delicately prepared fish, winding up with pomegranates. Mrs. Kotaka honored us by her presence at this meal, but did not share it.

The Japanese are credited with a monkeylike desire to copy everything European. This is true only to a very small extent—at least to-day. The more we study the Japanese, the more we see that he takes the good where he finds it, and does not admire a thing merely because it is from abroad. European drama, music, and painting leave the Japanese cold—the very things we might fairly assume to be worth their admiration.

One day Kotaka, who does not care for music, allowed me to escort his wife to a grand concert of the Symphony Society, given in the hall of the Academy of Music in Uyeno Park, at half past one. The orchestra was all Japanese, clothed in European evening dress, twelve pieces in all. The programme was printed in English, and the tickets cost one dollar apiece, which is a monstrous price for Japan. It was a European building, and the interior, for ugliness, was like the ordinary American country meeting-house. Everything that was cultivated, rich, and swell in Tokyo society turned up here,

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whether foreign or domestic. There was something to suit every taste. The orchestra would play a Mascagni intermezzo, and while it rested there would be a flute and samsin performance by popular artists in native gowns. The symphony dozen sat on chairs; the flute and samsin squatted down at the front of the stage. There would be solos and duos of Beethoven and Diabelli performed by German amateurs, and then a native song by Matsunaga and others in native dress, who formed a violent contrast, yet reaped applause beyond anything given to the white man's melody, even when performed by twelve musicians of Japan.

Mrs. Kotaka listened attentively to the white man's music, and I followed with equal attention that of the yellow composers. I asked her what she thought of Beethoven and Mascagni. She thought they were interesting, but not so satisfactory from the stand-point of music as the composers of her own country. She appreciated the efforts of Schumann and Arthur Sullivan much as we might sit through a concert of bagpipes, or the work of some amateurs whose feelings we did not wish to hurt. And Mrs. Kotaka is a lady thoroughly trained in musical matters, a famous performer both instrumentally and vocally. That we do not imitate Japanese music while we are copying so much from that artistic nation is to my mind but a proof that their work in that field is too subtle for us, lies too far below the surface.

To do the white man justice, however, let me add that the orchestration of the twelve musicians, while very accurate in time, and perfect in harmony and accord of instruments, was sadly lacking in the vital quality of interpretation.

The books I had seen about Japan were very amusing for the most part, but seemed all to be written as though the only ladies in Japan were found in tea-houses, and professionally occupied with the entertainment of amorous naval officers. Many most distinguished men of my acquaintance have retired to Japan for the purpose of writing books about Japanese social life on the spot. They have commenced by purchasing or hiring a make-believe wife, and thus at the outset making it impossible for them to be received into decent Japanese society. Such people spread the idea that Japanese manners are very free; that social morality is at a low ebb—in short, that Japanese marriage is at best a sketchy sort of partnership.

This is true of Japan only so far as it is true of England and the United States. The ladies of Japan enjoy more liberty than do any others in the East, because they can be trusted. They are animated, graceful, accomplished, largely by reason of this liberty.

There was a vast Salon open while I was there, an international show of pictures. Of course I was anxious to see them, but Kotaka did not care much about them. He went, however, to indulge me, but took me first for a lunch at the swell restaurant of the capital. This was a restaurant entirely in European style. Nothing was half so nice as at Kotaka's own table. There was not a single white person present. It was, however, the fashionable thing to do from the Japanese point of view, and Kotaka told me that all the provincials came there immediately on reaching the metropolis, in order to astonish their stomachs with the food of the foreigner. To them it corresponds to our trip to Chinatown.

After lunch we strolled over to the paintings, and there were acres of canvas. Every European school was represented—the theatrical rococo of a certain Viennese period; the limp and sexless sort in the Burne-Jones vein; the military in imitation of De Neuville; and a lot of other stuff suggesting Fortuny, Knaus, Bouguereau, and other popular names at very long range. The most popular manner seemed to be that of the very thin *plein air* effect, as though done with a very dry brush. It was the result of hard work, but the result did not justify the pains involved. Would to God it had been impossible, was the cry I was inclined to make, and I turned gratefully to some sketches of native themes by native masters. Japanese oil-painting, like Japanese rendering of German symphonies, wins applause—the same applause that we accord to a dog who stands on his front paws, or to a man who does some horrible but difficult contortion. It is not the art that we admire—we merely

acknowledge the difficulty of his task. Kotaka thought Japanese art had nothing to fear from abroad; that the Japanese who went abroad to study excited no particular enthusiasm when they returned home, and displaced none of the local favorites. Of course native art will be modified in time to the extent of making anatomical correctness and mathematical perspective relatively more important; but even as matters are to-day the body of Japanese connoisseurs feel that Europe has more to learn from Japan than Japan from Europe—at least in the art world. The masterpieces of native art are jealously treasured in museums and the homes of wealthy men of taste. The price of good native work has not fallen; it is in steady demand, not merely in Japan, but abroad. The foreigner cannot pick up art treasures on the streets of Tokyo any more than he can pick up Raphaels and Turners in the department stores of London or New York. Your Japanese art-dealer is a mighty swell, to whom you must be properly introduced. He, too, loves the things he deals in, and he does not care to part with them unless he knows that they are to fall into the hands of those who are capable of appreciating them. There is little of the mercantile spirit in the typical Japanese—he is a poor merchant. When he sells it is because he has to, and the money he gets is but poor compensation to him for the loss he feels when a work of art leaves his collection.



A GARDENER

The manager of one of the biggest English banks in Japan told me that the Japanese were very unreliable in business matters—in fact, downrightly dishonest. He contrasted them with the Chinese, whom he regarded as most satisfactory from the stand-point of the merchant. This is a generalization far too sweeping. In Japan trade is left to those whose sordid qualities place them out of sympathy with the great bulk of the nation, whose temperament is to give and take, but not bargain and undersell.

Before leaving the subject of art in Japan, just one word about the stage. My friend Professor Mitsukuri and his wife asked me to their box at a play in which appeared the famous Danjuro, who is in Japan what Edwin Booth was in America—what Sir Henry Irving is to the English stage. It was extremely difficult to secure a place anywhere when he was acting, particularly in this play, which was on the favorite Japanese theme—loyalty to one's chief, and love between parent and child, the situations being drawn from Japanese

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THE FAMOUS ACTOR DANJURO

history. In this play Danjuro as a vassal deliberately slays his own child, a gallant lad, who cheerfully consents to the act, because thereby the interests of their feudal lord may be advanced. The main interest centres in the natural struggle of a loving father to overcome the feelings battling for mastery within him. The same situation has been presented in Sir Henry Irving's rendering of Peter the Great, but Danjuro's conception was more affecting. There were twenty-five hundred people in the audience, and much wiping of eyes. The play lasted three hours, and between the two acts there was a pause of perhaps twenty minutes, during which we adjourned to a charming tea-house connected with the theatre, where light refreshments were served. All left their walking-boots in the cloak-room, and paddled about the vast building in little straw sandals—the audience never disturbed by noise of boots.

Professor Mitsukuri and Kotaka preferred Japanese acting to that of the European, though they were familiar with both from extended travel and residence in both Europe and America. There is much in Danjuro that to us is grotesquely conventional, but in the sublimer passages he was most impressive; never ranted, and scarcely made a gesture. His eyes and the muscles about his mouth told the tale of his heart beyond misunderstanding, and the people whom he moved were neither illiterate nor ignorant of our methods. European dramatic companies have visited Japan, and have left the Japanese cold. Should Coquelin come to Tokyo the Japanese aristocracy would entertain him, attend his performances, be amused by the novelty of the thing, but on his departure they would return to Danjuro with renewed devotion.

When we therefore deplore the fading away of old Japan, it may be consolation to reflect that in the fields of painting, music, and the drama at least, the Jap is prepared to grow by evolution and not by revolution. In the matter of man's dress, even the pupils at the better schools wear semi-German caps, and all grown-up people connected with the government, or pretending to some social position, dress on the European plan when they go out of doors. At home, however, native custom rules, for the obvious reasons that it is more cleanly and comfortable.

As to ladies' dress, opinion is still divided. Japanese ladies do not look well in European dress, at least not yet; whether it is the fault of their stay-makers or cutters I know not. The native dress lends grace and dignity to the wearers, while in the garments of Europe the sweetest lady of Japan was at a disadvantage. In time, no doubt, the tailors of Tokyo will devise a costume which shall harmonize the practical virtues of the European skirt with the artistic charm of the native robe.

THE LAST LYNCHING IN CIMARRON

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

AT the little weather-beaten station one hot Sunday morning a single passenger alighted from the dirty car pulled by the rickety engine over the shaking railroad which was the tenuous link connecting Apache — "the flourishing city of Apache," as the weekly (and weakly) *Bazoo* mendaciously described the town — with civilization. It was the Bishop of the diocese. As he stepped on the battered platform, valise in one hand and robe-case in the other, he knew that he was fixed for the next twenty-four hours: there was but one train a day, and Apache was fifty miles from anywhere or everywhere—a fact upon which the *Bazoo* dwelt with pride, as affording an undisputed monopoly in trade and cattle.

A tall, slender man was standing upon the platform when the Bishop arrived. In his appearance were mingled the ineradicable marks of hard and incessant toil, and painful evidences of an unusual delicacy of mind and body as well. Given more bodily strength and vigor, Eldred Johnstone would have been a typical frontier farmer, hunter, or cattle-man; given a little more delicacy, a little less roughness, and he might have been taken for a college professor or a clergyman from the East on a vacation.

He stepped eagerly toward the little Bishop, whom he overtowered to a degree, and led the way to a battered wagon, whose recent washing only revealed a shameless lack of paint. With pleasant nods of recognition to the agent and the forlorn group of human flotsam which daily repaired to the station "to see the cars go by," the Bishop mounted beside his host, and with a click to the gaunt mule and flea-bitten bronco which made the team, the pair drove away.

A mile and a half distant lay a little huddle of dust-brown, sun-baked, weather-beaten buildings, toward which the road from the station wound like a drunken serpent. The town, through which they presently drove, consisted of one long street—Main Street, of course—with a few intersecting residence streets of varying lengths. Main Street was lined on both sides with stores, saloons, a post-office, a drug-store, an "opera-house," and a ramshackly "Palace Hotel," all of frame. Two imposing brick buildings rose on different sides of the street—two-story buildings at that. One was occupied by the New York Emporium; upon its walls were painted in highly ornamental fashion these gigantic letters, L. O. L. P., which only the initiated knew signified "Leaders of Low Prices." The other brick building was tenanted by the Cimarron County Bank. The Daltons had raided the town and robbed the bank once, other gentry of the same ilk had tried it a second time, and in anticipation of a third visit the interior of the bank resembled an arsenal. It was easier to draw a gun than a check there.

Wooden sidewalks humped along the irregular road in front of the stores like a horse with the "heaves," and continued out into the country till they met the square, ugly little court-house, with its accompanying pendant, the jail, both of brick; opposite these two rose the frame public school—education and justice safely anchored by the prison.

The casual visitor to Apache would have looked in vain for a church steeple. But if he had gone down one of the side streets a short distance he might have seen an abandoned saloon, over the door of which a white sign had been nailed, whose black letters proclaimed that there was TRINITY MISSION, and that services were held there at irregular intervals by the Bishop, due notice being given. The church was open this morning, and after depositing the Bishop's robes in the corner curtained off with red flannel for a vestry-room, Johnstone and his guest

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drove on to the farm on the outskirts of the town to prepare for service later on.

This was the only church in Apache—in fact, in the county. It enjoyed the same monopoly in religion that the town did in trade, and with about the same negative results. The inhabitants were proud of their church and their Bishop as well, and came loyally to the infrequent services when no game, fight, or man-hunt was on. They enjoyed the vigorous preaching to which they were subjected by the energetic Bishop, too.

Apache had not always rejoiced in a church. Some four years ago the Bishop had been holding services at Waywego, the nearest town to the north. After service a stranger came forward and invited him to Apache.

"We need you down there, Bishop," he said, earnestly. "There's murder, an' gamblin', an' drinkin', an' lynchin' goin' on all the time. Seems like God's got no show at all there. I've lived in them parts nigh onto thirty year — I come when there wasn't nobody but Injuns an' buffaler an' me—an' we 'ain't never had a religious service sence I been there. There's wimmin an' childern there too. I've got some myself—w'ich I means childern, not wimmin—an' none of 'em 'ain't been baptized. I was raised in this Church, an'— Will you come, sir?"

The Bishop came, and came again and again, and in spite of short-sighted local opposition, he established the church, baptized the children—some of them, that is—and stirred up the people generally. The town improved in manners and morals—not much, but perceptibly; nevertheless, gambling went on, of course, and drinking prevailed as before, but the public point of view gradually changed; men grew ashamed of these things, even if they did not stop them. The cowboys on the ranges used to say with emphatic disgust that "Apache had got religion and gone to h—l!"—a double misstatement that. In only one particular was there no change—the vigilance committee, which comprised all the male citizens, still held its sessions; horse-stealing, murder (not killing in fair fight, be it understood), ill treatment of women—all these were expiated at the end of a rope in Judge Lynch's swift and summary court.

The Bishop thundered against it apparently in vain. Presently he sent a clergyman to reside in the town and look after its spiritual welfare — and the only thing which presented itself was a young "failure" from England, in Holy Orders. He "crooked the pregnant hinges of the" elbow too easily! The Apaches, as they called themselves with grim pleasantry, found out his weakness, played upon it, made him gloriously drunk, and straightway relegated him to merited contempt. The Bishop removed him and tried again — another failure, and this time an old failure. Cimarron County had no more use for him than for his predecessor. Apache could only be preached to by a real man, and the indolent, tactless old makeshift never even gained a hearing. The Apaches preferred the Englishman; he could at least get drunk like a man and a brother! So the last man was worse than the first, and the Bishop removed him as well.

What was to be done? The religion, or lack of it, of Apache lay heavy upon his conscience; a church he would have or know the reason why, but for the present he was at his wits' end. To him at this juncture came Johnstone. Like the prophet, he solved the dilemma by saying, "Here am I—send me!"

Johnstone was a man with a history. A plain farmer-boy of humble extraction, he had just entered the preparatory class of a little Eastern fresh-water college when the great war between the States broke out. Pennsylvania was menaced by invaders. He left school, volunteered for service, found himself in the front of the battle-line at Gettysburg almost before he had learned to handle his rifle, and a short time after lay wounded and ill in Libby Prison. When he was exchanged, long after, he was but a shadow of his former self, broken in health; with the seeds of a pulmonary trouble sown in his system, the outlook was a sad one. His father had died in the interval, his mother long since; the college course and his subsequent goal, the Episcopal ministry, were of necessity abandoned. In this strait he did two things—a wise and a foolish. He married and went West. He was the pioneer in Cimarron County. Hard work, open-air life, the

high altitude of his prairie farm, and the dry climate held consumption in check, and he lived—lived with a daily threat hanging over him. Children were born to him with unvarying regularity; rain or shine the crop never failed, until the wife, weary from much mothering, gave up the struggle, and transferring the remainder of her vital force to the latest born, quietly sought that rest which is at once the hope and the desert of the wife of the frontier. The children, weak constitutionally and ill nourished, nearly all died in infancy, and Johnstone was left at this time with Rena, a girl of eighteen, and a little boy of three. Rena kept house for him when her mother died, and life went on as before. She was a pretty girl, with her father's delicacy of mind and body, and the undisputed belle of Apache. All the unmarried men adored her.

When the last aspirant from the East retired, Johnstone offered himself for the work in these words:

"If you think I can do it, Bishop, an' you're willin' to trust me, you can make me a Deacon, an' I'll carry on the services. I'll do what I can. When I first went to college it was with the hope of becomin' a minister some day, but the war an' this," laying his thin hand on his hollow chest, "knocked it all out. I've forgot most of what I learned, but I was raised right, an' I guess it 'll come back if you help me. There ain't much left of me now, but what there is is the Lord's, an' He's welcome to me if you think He wants me."

The Bishop accepted the offer, and decided in due course to ordain him to the perpetual diaconate after such preparation as could be given him. He had come to Apache that day to do it.

The ex-saloon was never so crowded—no, not in the palmy days when it had run the biggest game and kept the best whiskey in the Territory—as it was that Sunday morning. The entire population turned out to see "Ol' El' Johnstone made inter a preacher." A queer figure he looked in the long black cassock, but there was a strange look in his thin face which stilled laughter and quenched mockery. Rena wept softly, and the good women in the front seats wept with her, while even "Tearaway Mag" and her guilty sisters in the back of the church were strangely moved.

The Bishop never preached better than on that day. He spoke of the first Macedonian cry which had come to him from Apache through this man; he referred to the fruitless efforts made to keep the church going, and the gradual improvement that he saw in spite of failures. He dwelt upon the hopes he cherished now that God had raised up a man from among them to minister to them. Then he turned to Johnstone, standing erect in the crowded room, so very still, and poured out his soul to the man in passionate appeal and inspired prophecy. To him the Bishop committed the wild flock, confident that he would not be found wanting. "Kind of a religious cow-puncher," remarked Lone-hand Pete, with no thought of irreverence, "to round us all up in God's corral."

Johnstone knelt down with a shaking heart while apostolic hands were laid upon his head, and when he faced the congregation again in his snow-white surplice, with the stole crossed over his breast, he looked as an ancient crusader might have—half soldier, half saint, all man. That was the Bishop's first triumph in Apache. The old farmer took off his vestments, and during the week went back to his plough, laboring for his meagre daily bread. On Sundays he talked to the people who crowded the church to hear him. Neither logic nor eloquence nor learning was in those talks, but God spake with him. Apache had a man at last; they respected him, and were satisfied if not converted. The improvement in manners and morals continued—except in the matter of lynching. The community was a law unto itself in that particular. But with an eye single to that end the Bishop effected another mighty revolution—his second triumph.

The community was dazed when he persuaded Lone-hand Pete, the most successful gambler of the vicinity, to give up cards and run for Sheriff. When elected, through the Bishop's unbounded influence, he announced that hereafter the law had to be respected, and public or private vengeance did not go any more. The ex-gambler was known as the quickest man on the draw, the surest shot, and the coolest man in Cimarron County—

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and that was the world, as far as Apache was concerned. With Johnstone in the pulpit and Pete in the jail, the Bishop thought that society in Apache was protected at both ends sure.

When the Sheriff said he would have no more lynching, the men only smiled. When Johnstone argued against it, they allowed that he was right enough in theory, but theories did not go in Apache. If any man laid a hand on their "wimmin or hosses"—let him look out; neither pulpit nor jail should protect him. In the face of such threats Pete swore softly and looked to his "weepins," and Johnstone prayed and argued more zealously than ever, and they both waited.

There drifted into the town one day a negro who signalized his arrival by robbing the New York Emporium. The Sheriff, who had been thirsting for some excitement, captured and promptly jailed the criminal. He was tried, found guilty, sentenced, and served his term. When he was released he fell ill. Johnstone, who had visited him often in prison, nursed him back to health, and finally, since no one else would take him, gave him work upon his farm. As was his nature, he trusted him entirely.

Johnstone came back to his house one afternoon from a long ride to visit the sick wife of a distant cattle-man, to find the negro gone. The baby was not at the gate to greet his father as he rode up; he was not playing about the yard either. No one answered his call. It seemed unusually still around the house. Letting the reins fall to the ground, Johnstone sprang from his cayuse and ran toward the door. "Rena!" he called, "Rena!" as he ran. There was no one in the kitchen. He stopped on the threshold a moment, and a low moan broke the ghastly silence. He ran to the next room. In a corner, in a doubled-up heap, his neck broken by the force with which he had apparently been thrown against the wall, lay the little boy—dead. At his feet Rena was stretched on the floor. She was bruised and broken, livid and bloody, but faintly alive and feebly moaning. She had not given up without the instinctive and desperate struggle of assailed womanhood; her clothing was in rags; the furniture was disordered and broken. These things he noted in one swift glance as he sank on his knees beside her. There were black marks around her neck, prints of fingers;... in one clinched hand there was a piece of torn cloth; he recognized it—it was from an old coat of his own which he had given to the negro.

As he knelt by her in dumb agony she lifted her head, opened her eyes—how vividly bright and blue they were he noticed even then—looked hard at him for a moment, murmured something incoherently, and fell back dead. He lifted her gently and laid her on the bed, closed her eyes softly, and put the baby down by her side. Then he covered the two silent figures with a blanket, stood still a moment, and then turned to the corner, and picking up his Winchester rifle and his gun (revolver), he walked rapidly through the house and yard, sprang on his horse, and galloped madly away toward the town.

In the streets he found mounted men already assembling; they were all armed, and two or three of them carried long new Manila ropes, one end forming a noose. A fierce discussion among them died away as Johnstone rode up. In view of their patent purpose, the men eyed him askance, scarcely knowing what to expect from him. There was a gray look of determination on the thin face which was unusual.

"Boys!" he asked at last, "what are ye goin' to do?" His voice was dry and husky, and he spoke with evident effort. There was a further silence.

"Goin' to ketch yer nigger an' lynch him," finally replied one of the men, defiantly. "He run off with Joe Key's hoss arter most killin' the boy w'at was leadin' him," continued the man.

"An' don't you say nothin' to hender us, nuther, El' Johnstone," cried another.

A perfect roar of shouts and curses broke from the men clustering about the preacher. Johnstone sat his horse in unmoved silence until the noise died down somewhat, then he laughed, and the men stopped to listen. Such a laugh would silence a madman.

"Come with me!" he cried, turning sharply and galloping off.

The wondering crowd followed him at once. When they reached his house he dismounted, and led them all into it.



....AND LED THEM ALL INTO THE HOUSE

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They crowded through the kitchen and filled the back room. He tore the blanket from the bed. . . .

The rough men stared at the woman and the baby. Hands went to hats, faces flushed, breaths came deeper.

"Good God!" whispered one.

"The sweetest and prettiest girl in the county," muttered another.

"The baby, too—poor little kid!" cried a third.

Young Bud Trego stepped softly to the bed-side and laid his hand on Rena.

"Boys," he said, hoarsely, "I — I— loved her! W'at are ye goin' to do?"

Johnstone turned and grasped him by the hand; there was a quick interchange of fierce glances between the two.

"Let's git out o' here; we're wastin' time," promptly cried Jim Wallace, the keeper of the hotel. The men crowded through the rooms again, sprang to their horses, and galloped down the road, Johnstone, swaying in his saddle like a drunken man, in the lead, Trego and Wallace by his side.

Over on the prairie two horsemen were riding furiously—one was the Sheriff and the other was the black man, a prisoner, bound to his horse. They were desperately endeavoring to reach the jail. The mob caught sight of them and raced after them. The crowd was nearer the jail than the two, better mounted than the negro, and they rapidly overhauled the fugitives. The Sheriff, dropping the reins of his horse, but keeping tight hold of the lariat attached to the negro, turned in his saddle and fired at the nearest pursuer. Bud Trego saw the motion; with a quick jerk he threw his horse into the air. The animal received the bullet, staggered, and fell. Bud disengaged himself and ran along the prairie. A dozen shots rang out in reply, and the horses of the sheriff and his prisoner went down instantly to the ground. The Sheriff alighted on his feet; he still held the end of the lariat. The man turned about instantly, and, pistol in hand, confronted the mob, which now disconcerted. His courage was magnificent. Not for nothing had he been called Lone-hand Pete. He was playing the game—the hardest he ever undertook.

"Back!" he cried. "He's my prisoner. I'm going to keep him. Don't come no nearer. I'll put a bullet into the first man that moves."

The crowd stopped irresolutely.

"You don't know w'at he's done, Pete," cried Wallace. "'Tain't only hoss-stealin'; it's Johnstone's gal an' the kid—Rena, you know. That black hound's done 'em to death."

The Sheriff turned white under his tan. He too had loved the girl—secretly and from a distance, be it said—but his hand never trembled as he held the pistol pointed at the eager crowd. With his left hand he twitched the rope tied about the prostrate negro.

"Get up!" he cried, spurning the man with his foot. The man staggered to his feet. "Did you do it, you dog?" queried the Sheriff, hoarsely.

The man nodded unwillingly. "Ya', suh, I did it. Oh, fo' Gord's sek, suh, doan' let 'em tek me, suh." He sank down at the Sheriff's feet again, grovelling, writhing, and shrieking.

"You see how 'tis, Sheriff. Give the man up!" cried Wallace, fiercely.

"No! by G—d! Duty! I won't do it. The law's got to be preserved this day. Back!" he cried again.

A roar of rage was blasted up from the crowd, pistols were thrust forward, but the Sheriff stood there pale but undaunted, the negro clinging to his feet. Johnstone forced his way to the front.

"Pete, he's my man. I treated him kind; I took him in; an' in return he's done Rena an' the kid to death. Give him to me: I've got to have him."

"Not to you nor to no man. What 'd the Bible—"

A revolver-shot rang out—two, in fact. Bud Trego had crawled, unobserved in the excitement, far to the right of the Sheriff, his revolver cracked, and the bullet broke the Sheriff's arm. Before his gun fell he managed to pull the trigger. The bullet went wild, and the next moment the crowd was on him. He struggled desperately, but was at once overpowered and dragged back. The negro, screaming and babbling with terror, was jerked to his feet and held erect, while Johnstone cast a rope about his neck, the end of which was thrown over the low branch of a stunted cottonwood. With readiness born of long practice the men tailed on to it. Then there was a pause.

"Say a prayer if you kin!" cried Wallace to the frightened negro. "We don't lynch no man without givin' him a chance to pray."

But no prayer came from the criminal. The voice of the Sheriff now broke forth once more.

"Men, think what you're doin'. The law will settle with him. Give him back to me an' I'll see justice done. Ef you don't, I'll arrest every one of you. I know you all—"

"Oh, string him up, boys, and let's have done with this!" cried Trego.

"Wait!" shrieked the Sheriff. "You dare not hang him. I promised the Bishop, an' I can't go back on my word. You, Johnstone, you're a preacher—a minister of the gospel. You've spoke agin this thing over and over. Where's your honesty? A nice deal you're givin' us! Are you goin' to let this go on? A nice Christian you are, leadin' a mob! What I say I do. Yes, I know you loved her, Bud Trego; so did I. For God's sake, Johnstone. . . ."

A voice whispered to Johnstone's soul, a light shined in his heart; the men saw it in his face as he staggered out in the open between the mob and the negro.

"Boys," he cried, brokenly, "the Sheriff's right. He's the best Christian among us. Vengeance is God's, not ourn. The law. . . ." He turned swiftly, and before the astonished men could stop him, cast off the noose and cut the lashing, so that the negro stood forth unbound and free. "Let the law take its course," he cried. And then he fell at the negro's feet, blood gushing from his mouth. The long-deferred catastrophe had come at last; the hemorrhage was sudden and awful. Life rushed from him, but again the voice spoke to him; there was something else he could do. "I forgive him," he said. The words frothed through the blood and foam. A moment after, no longer able to speak, he lifted himself on his left arm, and with his right hand traced a few words in the dust in which he lay.

"Law— For. . . ." He fell forward, with his lips upon the unfinished word—dead.

The men stood about in awe-struck silence as the negro stooped down and turned the body over; his hands were red-wetted in the act.

"His blood's on my hun's!" he cried, shudderingly, as he rose to his feet. No one moved or spoke. "Gemmen," he continued, "I'm ready ter die, an' I wants ter. I done it. I was mad, an' I'm sorry. I wisht I hadn't. You can tek yer will o' me." He slipped the rope about his neck again and stepped over Johnstone's body toward the crowd. The Sheriff, one arm bloody and dangling, stepped forward and seized him by the shoulder. "You're my prisoner," he said, slowly; "the law will deal with you."

"Ya', suh," said the negro, quietly. His courage had come back with Johnstone's words. "I's willin' ter go wid you. He fergib me."

And no man hindering, the two walked through the crowd and entered the jail.

Everybody in Cimarron County came to the funeral of the father, the daughter, and the little son. The Bishop, summoned by telegraph, was there and conducted the services, and Trego, Wallace, and the Sheriff were chief among many mourners. There was a public meeting that night to consider a monument to Johnstone. The Bishop presided, and after discussing various elaborate, ornate, and extravagant propositions, they finally decided, at the instigation of the Bishop, that the best monument to the humble preacher would be to have no more lynchings in Cimarron County forever. And that was unanimously passed, Jim Wallace making and Bud Trego seconding the motion.

Then they passed the hat and took up a generous collection to build a new church with a proper steeple to it, if the Bishop would promise to send them a minister again.

"Men," said the Bishop, when this question was put to him at the meeting, "I already have a preacher for you. One man, I am glad to say, has volunteered to fit himself for the work our hero has just laid down. I have agreed to prepare him and assist him. His acceptance of this great trust will leave an official vacancy in Cimarron County. After his ordination you will be called upon to elect another Sheriff."

And just here Lone-hand arose by the Bishop's side and faced the meeting. There was a stern look in his eyes, they had seen it before, and they knew that he was in earnest.



HOUR AFTER HOUR WE WOULD SIT
WATCHING FOR EACH OTHER TO GO

CHERRY

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER I.

MR. STUCKEBERRY.

ACROSS the most vital precincts of the mind a flippant sprite of memory will sometimes skip, to the dismay of all philosophy. So it was with me no longer ago than last night: as I sat writing a treatise upon a subject worthy of the profoundest concentration, there suddenly fluttered before my mental eye some cherry-colored ribbons; and, quite inexplicably, at the same time, it became clear to me that the most charming morning of my life was that sunshiny one in 1782 when Miss Sylvia Gray and I went walking.

There may be those who will declare that an aging, unmarried person would do better to get forward with his treatise than to waste the treasure of his talent upon a narrative of the follies of youth; but this I refute. The flicker of cherry color having caused my pen to wander and me to have dreams all night—I never dream—I seek relief in setting down the bewildering circumstances connected with the ribbons. For I have found by many experiences that setting down a thing lightens the burden of it, as a full-worded person must be lled of his words, or they coagulate within him and choke the veins of his mind, a condition which, in my younger days, was often like to bring me to the very italics of suffering.

Very early on the sunshiny morning to which allusion has been made, I found Miss Sylvia waiting at her gate to take the walk she had promised me. It was then, even before we set out, that I noticed the ribbons she wore that day. The fact that I remember a detail of this insignificance so great a number of years after is the more uncommon because at the time I do not think I particularly noticed the ribbons, my mind being occupied with considerations of the lady's mental and moral attributes. However, it may not be gainsaid that this twinkling of bright colors seemed most befitting her appearance.

I had arrived at my father's house in the country but two days before, repairing thither upon finishing my third year of study at Nassau Hall, and I had proceeded at once to renew my pleasing acquaintance with Miss Gray, an acquaintance begun in childhood on account of our parents being neighbors, and continued later because of a feeling of growing admiration and reciprocal regard, clearly apparent, I think, between the maiden and myself. There was another lady of the neighborhood, Miss Amelia Robbins, who attracted me somewhat by the grateful and appreciative manner in which she received my attentions, but at the time of which I speak my greater pleasure was in Miss Sylvia's company—I may put it: my infinitely greater pleasure.

In candor I feel that I am justified in stating that certain qualities I was admitted to possess must have appealed to her liking, a something thoughtful and philosophic, a leaning towards theologic earnestness, and a contempt for the gayeties of the world, mingled with a particular earnestness and a nice severity of habit; which attributes, I think it must be confessed, are uncommon in a youth of nineteen. In addition, my achievements in the classics and mathematics under Dr. Finley must have exerted in her the warmest feelings of respect, such attainments being out of the reach of women. It may be that some will say I claim much for my character at that period of my career, but it is not I who make the claim. I had the heartiest assurance of my mother and others of my family that these things were so, and, as they have always shown themselves to be persons of great judgment and verity, I have accepted their opinion, and now write it down, hoping that, if there

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be any immodesty in my so doing, it is attributable to them.

In regard to my feeling for Miss Gray, I have never learned to outward appearance as a test of true worth, yet I will not attempt to deny that I found some attraction in the lady's uncommon likeliness of face and form, and in the gracefulness of her bearing. What occupied my graver consideration, however, was the fact that, although at times she exhibited a taste for frivolity which disturbed me somewhat, I believed her, underneath, to be of an exceedingly serious character; she at all times manifested a ready sympathy with a mind investigating the deeper things of life; she had a quick perception of the beauties of the classics—when translated and pointed out to her—and a suddenness of clear perception concerning the foibles of some partisans who advocate pernicious liberality in divers questions—when the two sides of the debate had been explained to her. I have remarked the same quality in all the agreeable women I have ever known. Miss Amelia Robbins is an almost perfect example of it.

But I digress from the sunshiny morning. After greeting me as I joined her, "Where shall we go?" cried Miss Gray.

"Miss Sylvia," I replied, as she descended the steps from the gate, "it matters little whither we betake ourselves this morning, for—"

"Why?" she interrupted, at the same time casting down her eyes and speaking in a low voice. I remember thinking her manner strange, and it still seems so to me. There were many incomprehensible things about this young lady, as will be luminously set forth ere the conclusion of my narrative.

"Because," I said, briskly, "to him who truly understands the art of conversation, time and place count for little."

"Then why should we walk at all?" she asked.

"Why, indeed?" said I, pausing; but she went straight on, quickening her steps instead of stopping; so, without more words, I followed.

"Shall we go to the brook, Mr. Sudgeberry?" she asked as we reached the lane. "Shall we cross the fields?" Not waiting for my assent, she climbed the stile, and we set forth toward the brook. "How glorious it is to be stirring so early!" says she, presently. "See the dew shining on the cobwebs in the grass, and listen to the birds in the grove. La! I could dance for the very gayety of it!" And she began to sing a little song.

It had ever been my custom to reply to such outbursts of Miss Gray's with some thoughtful sentiment, delivered in a serious tone, as tending to check (or moderate) the ebulliencies of her disposition, so I answered, walking the while with quiet dignity:

"How often do we unthinkingly pass by lessons which humble nature sets forth for our improvement! Here in the lowly cobweb we see an allegory, if we be not too heedless. What lesson do you obtain from it, Miss Gray?"

My purpose was effected at once, for the song, which was an idle one, with no moral to it, ceased, and she became all interest and sympathy.

"What lesson, Mr. Sudgeberry?" she asked, gravely.

"Why," I answered, "the lesson of industry, of perseverance!"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Sudgeberry; I see; —the spider's industry. How appropriate!"

I looked upon her approvingly, and continued: "See how laboriously he has builded himself a place of refuge and rest for his weary head, and a retreat where he may raise and shelter the young ones, and—"

"Surely," she interrupted, "I have read somewhere that the females do that."

Quite confounded for the moment, I walked on in silence, whereupon she began to sing again. Then, not because the sound of her voice was distasteful to me (although I have no great patience with music of any sort), but because I regarded the theme of the song as unworthy to occupy time which might be spent in profitable interchange of ideas, I began a modest dissertation upon the place allegory has occupied in history. "Oh," I concluded, "how easily it puts to shame the baser uses of fiction! How unworthy the time thrown away upon the study of poetry—except the classics —compared to that which is filled with

the reading of allegories, great moral truths tending ever to our improvement in diligence and learning, and conceived by the loftiest intellects for our advancement and profit!"

Our walk had fatigued Miss Gray, for at this moment she exclaimed, with an accent of relief: "How beautiful, Mr. Sudgeberry! Here we are at the brook," and sat down in the grass.

After ascertaining that the ground was not damp, the sun having by this time sucked up all the dew, I sat down beside her. We were upon a knoll which ran down to the little stream, and, shaded by a group of great trees, our position was not unpleasant. The spot was remote from the customary haunts of the youth of the neighborhood, a fact upon which I considered us both subject for felicitation, especially as there was an intolerably dull fellow, William Fentriss, who was everlastingly in attendance upon Miss Sylvia. Indeed, as he was forever lolling at or near the Grays' domicile, I had been under some apprehension that he might spy us as we crossed the fields and join us, forcing upon us his idle talk, which was never aught but the veriest nonsense, and utterly unintelligible to an intellect concerned with anything of weight or worth.

This impertinent, though never my companion, was my fellow-student at Nassau Hall, being one year beneath me; and in that I could treat him with the superiority I felt. He lavished those golden hours of youth in wanton idling, or profitless visiting with the liveliest young ladies of the surrounding country. I could not understand how he was tolerated by women of tone, refinement, and cultivation, being, as he was, always grossly overdressed to the extreme point of fashion; but even the most impeccable model of female manners and charm seemed, to my amazement, ever ready with a gracious smile when he came near.

It was impossible to comprehend how Miss Gray could find his conversation worth hearing, or how she could permit his continued presence near her; and I judged the present time to be appropriate for the venturing of a few remarks which might indicate, indirectly and delicately, her error, and at the same time point out the preferable merits of true worth as subject for her esteem. I did not wish to make her very unhappy, yet I hoped for a few signs of contrition.

Therefore, after turning over the matter in my mind and thinking up with care the opening sentences, as well as the general trend of the conversation as it should be directed, I began as follows:

"Oh, how oft," said I—for I judged there could be no harm in a somewhat poetical phrase or two—"how oft in the lot of man does he encounter circumstances and things which leave him speechless with amazement, upon which there is no profit in pondering, and as a final dictum upon which there can be no other than, 'I do not understand'!"

"There can be no doubt of that," agreed Miss Gray, looking thoughtfully at the buckle of my shoe.

"Take, as an instance," I continued, "an anomaly furnished by human nature. How frequently do we see true merit neglected, or even despised, for the sake of those more gaudy attributes which lie but upon the surface! If it were given to me to consult an oracle—I have explained to you this usage of the ancients, I think—there is one question I would propound to it before any other, and that is: 'Why do ladies sometimes prefer the idle and superficial to those from whom they might derive lasting benefits of a serious and learned nature?' A spectacle I have sometimes observed, and which has astonished me beyond words, is that of young ladies, apparently sane and desirous of improvement, listening with seeming pleasure to the conversation of the light and sprightly, ay! to all appearances enjoying the society of mere men of fashion, who pour into their ears pernicious extravagancies, pitiful nonsensicalities, and flippant nothings, while deeply philosophical and pious youths who are incapable of lightness, and who would scorn to utter a word unfraught with earnest sobriety or profoundest learning, are allowed to remain unnoticed!"

Here, I judged, the tone of my expressions demanded more than ordinary address; so, with proper gravity and deliberation, I reached out to take her hand, which lay close to mine upon the grass; but, encountering a spider-nest in my progress towards it, the mother-spider

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issued from the interior of her mansion and bit me on the thumb, which I was forced to place in my mouth in order to extract her poison. But I could see that my argument had not been without its effect upon Miss Sylvia, for she cast down her eyes and turned her face away.

"Ah, let us consider," I was beginning to continue, approaching my climax,—when we suffered an interruption of the most annoying description. From a group of trees on our right came the sounds of a guitar, strummed in preliminary chords, and then a man's voice, the airy, impertinent quality of which I was at no loss to recognize, though the singer was hidden from our sight, buzzed out the following ditty, and we were compelled to listen, willy-nilly:

"When Beauty wanders far from home
For a June-time ramble,
Then Cupid starts to ambush her
At a rapid amble.

"Sylvia, Sylvia, turn not away;
List to the words I'd be saying.
Sylvia, Sylvia, Love lurks all day
Where'er your feet go a-straying!

"No fancy could depict what charms
Always must surround her,
Till Cupid heralds them abroad
When he's caught and bound her.

"Sylvia, Sylvia, never berate!
List to the song I'd be sighing.
Sylvia, Sylvia, Love lies in wait,
Ever his nets for you trying."

"So!" I exclaimed, with great contempt, at the conclusion. "What vain pretension to elegance is disclosed in the imperfections of the last stanza! One does not 'sigh' a song, but sings it. 'Tis pulled in with a rope for the rhyme!"

At this moment William Fentriss stepped into view from behind the trunk of a great tree, and, the guitar swung over his shoulder by a silken ribbon, came towards us with the easy swagger and confident manner of which impudence is invariably master. Such cheerful insolence, combined with greater foppery of attire, mine eyes have never beheld.

"Nay, nay!" cries he. "A song to cruel Lady Sylvia must needs be sighed. Take my word, Mr. Sudgeberry, 'tis the only way to find half their favor. Sigh, sir, be humility itself, and you will win half of a lady's heart."

"And the other half, Mr. Fentriss?" smiled Miss Gray. I could not understand this smile, particularly after what I had said to her.

"Oh, for the other half, you'd best take a stick and beat her," he answered, laughing. "But, until you have won the first portion, constantly prostrate yourself at her feet." With that he deliberately flung himself on the ground within an inch of Miss Gray's shoes, and marvellous clumsy I thought he looked. "And sigh," says he. And he fetches a sigh! Never have I seen an uninvited person appear more invited. After a pause, "Such gayety, Mr. Sudgeberry!" says he.

At this I showed the scorn I felt by so stern and commanding a frown that he had surely been confounded and left in pitiable consternation, but Miss Gray intervened. "What a pretty day!" she instantly exclaimed.

"Indeed," I was replying, "it—" I achieved only so far when the impudent varlet took the words out of my mouth, as if the lady's remark had been addressed to him.

"A morning of the gods!" he cried. "A perfect day; a sweeter never dawned. Pearls and emeralds under foot and sapphire overhead—a jewel of a day! No wonder nymphs stroll abroad! I leave it to Mr. Sudgeberry if a woman is a woman on such a morning. The poorest of the sex becomes a divinity in these airs. And what does the fairest appear"—with a look at Miss Gray which methought must have near made her buffet him—"when the meanest of her sisters is so transfigured! Queen Titania herself, faith!"

"In that case, sir," I said, loftily, "she has small use for flatterers and idlers; queens, if they have been brought up properly, discovering early in life how to detect such gentry. Queens, sir," I repeated with dignity, "queens, having sober lessons to learn, far prefer employment in useful and improving conversations with persons of sense and breeding. Queen Titania, rest assured, would have small interest in the cheap figure of speech which would turn nature into a goldsmith's shop."

"No," said he; "you would have it that she is still in love with the gentleman with the ass's head!" And he burst into a mannerless guffaw.

Here Miss Gray rose in haste, and announced that she must be returning, as the sun would soon be too warm for pleasure on the homeward stroll. I marked with indignation that our unwelcome companion proposed to accompany us, and this purpose he had the effrontery to carry out; I walking in intense and bitter silence, he chattering as easily as though he had not thoroughly disgraced his bringing-up in a dozen ways, while he made such speeches to the lady as I thought must have undoubtedly called forth a chilling rebuke; but none came, to my sore regret.

When we reached her gate, Miss Sylvia turned and bade us good-morning, with a little nod to each. "Such a pleasant stroll you've given me!"

"Yes," I replied, "*to* the brook."

"Was it not!" said William. "I was but a little way behind you. The walk *from* the brook has been too warm for you, Mr. Sudgeberry? We must go again."

"We!" I exclaimed. "We!"

"Good-morning, gentlemen!" cried Miss Gray, and she ran into the house.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONFESSION OF LOVE.

THE events I have described may be accepted as a sample of what took place through the entire summer. Time and again, I would no sooner have Miss Gray's company to myself and begin the deduction of some truth for her benefit, or open an instructive conversation, than that graceless fellow would pop up and hurl his nonsensicalities upon us. Often, too, he succeeded in monopolizing her entirely, by drawing her away into obscure recesses, when I seldom failed to be thrown into the society of her father, a stout, dull old gentleman, with no more profit or capacity for improvement in him than a pulpy oyster.

Nothing could have been clearer than that Mr. Fentriss's attentions often annoyed Miss Sylvia, but he never would have believed it, so conceited is impudence, so secure in its own fastness. Even one well-merited rebuke which he had from her failed to shake him. Tossing up her head at some brazen love-making (he made love to her under my very eyes), she turned pointedly to me, one evening, while I was endeavoring to converse with old Mr. Gray, and said: "Please talk to me in an improving way, Mr. Sudgeberry. Nay, Mr. Fentriss, I prefer listening to something profound. I'll hear no more of the speeches you make during the winter, and use again upon us poor home ladies in summer. Proceed, Mr. Sudgeberry; I am all ears. Let me have some great lesson, please."

I at once began a conversation on the decline and fall of the Persian Empire; to which she listened attentively, while I triumphantly watched my rival, looking to see him betray signs of defeat and shame. Had I suffered the public rebuke which he had so well merited and received, I should have hung my head and left the place, but he was without the power to perceive his own downfall.

Evening after evening, on repairing to Miss Gray's, I found him already there; always before me. This almost led me to suppose that Miss Sylvia might be in the habit of asking him to dine with her and her father, but I dismissed the suspicion as unworthy, with the conclusion that if he did dine with them he forced himself upon them, for he was capable of it.

Another thing to his discredit: while the mere fact of his preceding me in arrival at the Grays' should have dictated to him an early departure, he was so insensate that he always managed to remain until after I had left—and this, too, in spite of many a strong hint from both the young lady and myself, and also in spite of the fact that I staid there every night till I could fairly hold up my head no longer, and was forced to depart through sheer drowsiness at a time long after decent folk had gone to bed. I sometimes hinted at this in his presence; so did Miss Gray; and as for old Mr. Gray, he openly said it, along toward midnight. I have even known him to groan without disguise, and most piteously; but what effect did that have on William Fentriss? None in the wide world! So impervious was he that he would brazenly reply to the good old man with the mockery of a responsive sigh. No comment on such conduct is necessary.

Hour after hour would we sit, watching for each other to go, he ensconced

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nearer Miss Sylvia—his art in accomplishing this feat was little short of magic—and I would have to converse with old Mr. Gray. I often raised my voice in order that the lady might have the benefit of my remarks, but at such times Fentriss would break into peals of laughter over some private witticism of his own (I made sure), and my effect would be lost.

Often I thought I should die of the effort of talking to that dull old man. When I would come to a climax in my discourse, and, striking the main question of a theme, thus, perhaps, putting it—"And what, then, *was* this all-pervading error of the ancients?"—I would give, of course, the proper rhetorical pause, intending to proceed at once; but invariably old Mr. Gray would appear to think I had finished the subject, and at once interject some such remark as, "The north field is looking very well for oats."

Will any intelligent mind require me to enlarge upon the mere statement that the introduction of such observations into the heart of a discussion leaves its logical continuance well-nigh impossible, and must ever be the occasion of acute distress to any earnest expounder?

Mr. Fentriss continued to take up so much of Miss Sylvia's time that I might have been disheartened and led to suspect it was by her connivance, except for some expressions of hers which fell to my knowledge by a happy chance. The evening before the occurrence I mention, I had made (to Mr. Gray) a long and able defence of infant damnation, tracing the creed and quoting many commentators with laborious exactitude. Now I would not have it thought that my efforts went always without result upon my constant listener. Nay, the influence I gradually came to exert over him is another proof to me that determined perseverance *cannot* go unrewarded. May I confess it was not without a degree of pleasure that, as time went on, I perceived my conversation producing, little by little, a stronger and stronger effect upon Miss Sylvia's father? I have known him to be so moved by my modest flights that, at the end, he would reply thickly, even (I may say) with a broken utterance. What suitor, let me ask, is not glad of a power obtained over the near relatives of the admired one? and was not my pride pardonable for this achievement, which, as the sequel shows, I had performed entirely by means of my own unaided conversation? Therefore I will make no apology for recording my triumphs in this direction.

This evening Mr. Gray appeared somewhat restless during my argument, but the peroration fixed him in his chair as immovable as if I had pinned him to it with a knife. I felt that I had thoroughly convinced him, and was confirmed in this impression when he rose and explained, with a curious incoherency in his voice, that he must consult some of the authorities in his library; but he did not return, though I waited a considerable time.

The following afternoon I was riding along a quiet lane, with the reins on my horse's neck, and perusing a work of merit, when I perceived two mounted figures ahead of me, which I at once recognized as those of Miss Gray and her father. I clapped my book in my pocket, and quickened my nag's gait to overtake them, but, as I drew near, I perceived they had not noticed my approach, the dust being thick and muffling the hoof-beats, so I pulled in, meaning to come upon them unexpectedly and give them a pleasant surprise. Thus, by chance, I happened to overhear part of their conversation.

The old gentleman appeared to be excited, flinging his arms about in the most vigorous gestures. It was a warm afternoon, and that part of the back of his neck unprotected by his queue was quite purple.

"Saints and martyrs!" cries the profane old man. "I'll bear it no longer! I will not! Do you want to see your old father in a mad-house? For the sake of my white hairs tell that fool to go away and stay there!"

At this my heart beat high with happiness. "Aha!" thinks I, "my work has not gone in vain! Mr. Gray is on my side! Now, Master Will, I wish you had been here to hear her father's opinion of you!" I could see that Sylvia was amused.

"Stop your laughing!" the old gentleman bawled, violently. "It's no laughing matter. I've fallen off three stone this

summer, and I'd rather take the plague than go through it again! You've got to let me talk to Fentriss."

"So!" thought I, my respect for Mr. Gray greatly increased, "Master Will is not to bother me much longer. This good old man will send him about his business, a-humming."

"Why do you let him come?" the old man asked, angrily.

"To amuse you, father dear," responded the daughter, roguishly.

"Amuse *me!*" I feared Mr. Gray would burst his coat seams. "If you are going to have the other, why—"

Here, with joy, I saw the fair one bend her head in maiden modesty, and her voice fell so low I scarce could hear the words she said. Her posture, graceful and coy, bespoke a sudden shyness, as tender as it was, in her, unexpected—an attitude of revelation, which, I confess, caused a thrill, a warmth of satisfaction, to pass through my veins. I admit, additionally, that, for some inexplicable reason, both the thrill and the satisfaction were irrationally increased by the manner in which, as she began to blush exceedingly, the wave of her hair, falling from her brow, shone against the crimson of that brow and of her cheek.

She turned her downcast eyes away from her father, so that her profile was toward me; then she lifted her face and her glance, and spoke—to the air, it seemed. "You know—oh, do I need to say it?—there is only one in the whole world that I—" She paused.

But I would listen no more to a confession so much to my advantage, and therefore, coughing loudly, I gave my nag a flick and rode up beside them. Judge the pleasure of my feelings when I saw that my arrival threw the object of my affections into the most delightful confusion; while good Mr. Gray, in his surprise, welcomed me with broken monosyllables and cries of pleased amazement.

It only remained for me to choose when I should put the question. Secure in her father's approval, aware of my place in her own good graces, and knowing their joint condemnation of my rival, I only laughed in my sleeve, after this, when he would talk all evening to Miss Gray, leaving me to address myself diligently to her good father. At this period I had fears that all was not well with Mr. Gray's constitution, and I believe that he was having business troubles, for he sometimes suffered spells of terrible depression; also, his complexion took on a sickly, pallid hue, unusual, and sinister in a full-blooded person.

Only one thing could have added to my triumph and the pleasure of it; and that very thing did not fail to take place. William Fentriss was thereby exhibited in his true character and left outside the pale of reputable company, and moreover, through an incident as happy for us as unfortuitous for him, utterly banished from Mr. Gray's and his daughter's society.

In the city a few miles distant there lived—if gyrating to the fiddles all night and snoring abed all day be living—a number of romping, Mohawkish youths who were friends of William Fentriss. One Saturday night—well I recall it! for it was the first evening of the summer he did not obtrude himself upon Miss Sylvia and me—Will repaired to town for a banquet given by these roisterers. Now, emerging from their feast, confused and elevated by the noxious fumes of their potations, the party rioted over the place till the watch was summoned; the young men were surrounded, and, in the state of enfeeblement which then befell them, easily captured and conveyed to the lock-up. Such exploits, vicious as they must be held, were commonly overlooked in those days; but our little community was, for the greater part, a proper, serious, disciplinarian one; and by noon the next day Will Fentriss was being held up as a warning example to every apple-thieving or anywise-depraved child of the neighborhood, for the story was immediately brought out to us and widely spread; and though there were found those impertinent enough to excuse the young man, alleging in defence his early departure from the banquet, before the acts of maraudery were committed, yet none could deny he had been of the party, or that the young men were his friends; and sentiment was strong against him.

There was one curious detail concerning his actions which I shall not overlook, but which has received more weight in the minds of many than its due; in-

deed, there have been people dull enough to use it as the basis of a completely laughable theory concerning Miss Gray's course in regard to William, a theory so far from being borne out by the facts that I need not more definitely mention it. The origin of this nonsense was the report that at the banquet, when the toasts to the ladies were called and William's turn came, he rose, and instead of crying, "I give you Sylvia!" as all expected, pronounced the word "Cherry!"

The very next morning there was a clacking about this which bade fair to outdo and smother the righteous indignation over Will's wildness and perpetrations; there was also vast curiosity and hopeful prying in regard to the identity of Miss Cherry, with much wondering how Sylvia Gray would take it. This, of course, was the very arrogance of misconception, as well I knew, since the day I rode up behind Mr. Gray and Miss Gray, that William Fentriss might toast a thousand Cherrys if he would, it was less than nothing to Sylvia.

It was about two of the afternoon, I think, when, as I sat studying beneath an apple-tree, near our front gate, I heard my name called—somewhat tremulously—from the road, and turning, beheld Miss Gray herself, upon her little gray mare. She impatiently awaited my approach, flicking her skirt with her whip and glancing up and down the road. I could not fail to perceive her very visible agitation, nor did I find the expression of her emotions unbecoming. Her eyes, now veiled as she followed the flickings of her whip-lash, now turning away from me, then toward me, but never directly meeting mine, were of a troubled brightness; her breath came quick; her face was overspread with a high color; her whole attitude betokened an excited determination.

"Saddle your horse, Mr. Sudgeberry," says she; "I want you to ride with me, if you please."

Then well I understood that flushing brow, that heaving bosom, that tumultuous yet decided glance! Having cognizance of the condition of her affections, here was no trying riddle to read. She was as modest and proper a maiden as breathed, and I knew she must have made a great struggle ere she allowed herself to come seeking a gentleman's society, instead of waiting at home for his invitations.

She looked over my head for a moment, with a great sweetness, and continued: "I was engaged to walk, at this hour, with Mr. Fentriss; but I prefer to ride with you—that is, if you—wish;" she finished, faltering tenderly.

At this point I came near making a declaration of my purpose regarding her future; but I had already given this question a searching consideration, deciding not to speak until the Christmas holidays, and my wisdom now held me silent; for a betrothal, at the present time, entailing a reciprocal correspondence when I returned to Nassau Hall, would have interfered with my studies during the following term, which was the crucial one of the whole course, and had I not thus regulated my conduct with a stern hand, I might have lost the Latin prize, which was the climax of my career as a student.

I replied to Miss Sylvia's request cautiously, making reference to my scholarly tasks for the afternoon with a regretful glance at my books, as I judged it expedient in dealing with a woman to exhibit plainly the sacrifices made for her—yet at the same time I gave her to understand that I willingly fell in with her invitation, and in less than half an hour we were jogging side by side along the road, she leaning towards me from her saddle with the most blushing and flattering attention to my discourse. Never had a man a more perfect listener than I that afternoon. Her orbs of vision, exponents of the enrapt mind, were fixed upon the distance; in them dwelt a profound glow which gratified me exceedingly; and the people whom we met turned and stared after us as we went along. This also pleased me. But nothing touched me to such extreme delight that day as the first sight of Will Fentriss's face when he saw us coming up the road together.

CHAPTER III.

THE NOTE.

ONE fine evening near the close of the following week, Mr. Gray, Miss Sylvia, and I sat upon the porch in sympathetic converse, when whom should we behold walking towards us from the gate in

the clear moonlight but old Vawter Fentriss, Will's uncle and guardian! Vawter Fentriss was a loose, apple-cheeked old man, full of hoarse jests; a shame to his years. You could not pass his house any day in the summer but to see him, always dressed in a green coat and velvet cap, romping amongst his dogs, or mayhap seated on the rim of the horse-trough, smoking a long pipe, an admiring semicircle of stable-boys and farm-servants listening to Heaven knows what kind of tales from his undignified lips. He would exchange quips in loud shouts with every passer-by of his acquaintance, never leaving off as long as both remained in hearing; so that the sober-minded were forced to make long, painful détours to avoid his house. However, it was in no jesting humor that he came to-night; his heavy face was troubled and anxious, and often he kicked at some of the hounds that had followed him.

I observed Miss Sylvia's bearing with commendation and approval. She rose to greet the visitor, but held herself haughtily, and, returning Vawter's salutations with a proud bearing, showed him a chair by Mr. Gray.

"Nay," says he, "I'll not sit, thank you. I came on an errand to you, Miss Sylvia, and—" He paused, as though hoping she might offer to speak with him in private, but he was disappointed therein, for she, at once taking on an air of patient languor, only looked over his head.

At this he showed considerable discomfort, knowing not how to continue. "Well," he observed, presently, "it is a fine night. I just thought I would come by this way."

There was no reply, and after a silence of some duration he wiped his face several times with his kerchief, and repeated, in a low voice, "I just thought I would come by this way." Then he kicked his dogs down the steps, apologizing for their presence, as nothing could withhold them from following him wherever he went. This done, he stood muttering in a low voice that it was a fine night, until one of the dogs again obtruded himself upon the steps, whereat his master turned and booted him clean over another dog. This seemed of great help to Mr. Fentriss.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Am I to stand here like a frozen ninny and have even the manners of my own dogs disgrace me? Will you tell me," he continued, turning upon Mr. Gray with a suddenly choleric face, "what it is you have against my boy?"

"*I!*" exclaimed Mr. Gray. "What have *I* done against him?"

"Will's a good lad," cried Vawter; "as good and well-behaved as any living; yet here, because of a little gayety, and the granny-patter over it, you forbid him your house. What kind of neighborliness do you say that is?"

"*I* forbid him the house!" said the other. "I had nothing to do with it. I—"

"Why, it is common talk all over the place that he was forbidden to come here, that you disapproved his courses; that—"

"I tell you, sir," interrupted Mr. Gray, "I did not forbid him. I had noth—"

But Vawter, in his turn, took the words out of his neighbor's mouth. "Well, Heaven pardon you! Why, it's the common gossip, and Will himself could not deny it when I put it to him flat. 'Twas the very day after that supper-doings in town. Will was to walk with Miss Sylvia here; and she, instead of keeping her word with him, came slowly riding by with Sudgeberry just as poor Will came out of your gate, having found her away. There were others that saw it, Mr. Gray; I know whereof I speak. She took no notice of my nephew's bow, and would have passed him by, making much of Sudgeberry the while; but Will would not be so used, and ran in front of her horse. She bade him clear the path, and, upon his demanding an explanation, she told him bitterly that he had friends in town he'd best return to; that neither she nor you desired more of his company; he was too gay a gentleman, she said; and she gave him the message from you that he was forbid the house. Hey, sir, if that—"

"Now, now!" Mr. Gray cut in. "'Twas only at Sylvia's bidding. She had the tale that Will was in disgrace, and she desired my authority; it's true I sent the message, since she wished it, but—"

"Well, what d'ye call that?" said Vawter. "If that ain't forbidding a man your house!"

"'Tis easy to see," Mr. Gray observed,

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plaintively, "that you have no daughter."

"But I have a nephew."

Mr. Gray lifted his hands in a feeble gesture of protest. "I give it up," he murmured. "I can't make head nor tail of it. What with the evenings I've had and the troubles I've been through this season, and losing sleep, and Sylvia's crying about the house all week, and neighbors quarrelling with me on account of her affairs, I doubt I last the summer."

"You may be troubled, sir," rejoined Vawter, "but so am I. I can't bear to see Will as he's been since Miss Sylvia has thrown him aside—and for Sudgeberry, here—for do it she did; yes, like an old moth-eaten cap! I can't bear to look at the lad, sitting all day in one place with his head in his hands, he that has all his life been the gayest of the gay, and made my widower's house cheery, and—" He coughed several times at this point, then spoke up sharply:

"Look, now! Don't think I come from him, or that he knows it! He's proud as you are, ma'am. 'Tis best I tell you that. But if you can't be kind to him again, I don't know what we are to do; not for the life o' me! I don't mean he will be doing anything wicked or desperate—he has his good sense, and much of it—but can't I say a word to turn you to him? He's thought the world and all of you, and dreamed of little else these five years. If it is as I hear, and you're angry with him for that toast to 'Cherry,' why, it may be that could be explained."

"*Sir!*"

Sylvia's voice was husky with indignation, and she lifted her head proudly. "He may toast as many 'Cherrys' as he pleases, so he does not come near me. His connection with the affair in town is my reason. What can it be to me whom he toasts? He is proud, is he? Well, sir, you may tell him that I am too proud myself to allow young men to be the associates of Mohawks and Heaven knows whom, in town, and then seek company in me! He will not sit with his head in his hands long; never you fear for that, sir! 'Twill be a mighty little time till he finds consolation in his 'Cherrys'; and *they* will not be too proud, you will see! —ladies with whose names he was free enough to mention before that company! Proud! 'Tis my one satisfaction, tell him, that he *is*—or pretends to be—since it keeps him out of my sight!"

Now I ask all the world: What completer proof was ever offered that a woman cared nothing for a particular man than this speech of Sylvia's that Will Fentriss was not, and never had been, the weight of her little finger to her? Also, observe that Mr. Gray spoke of her weeping much of late. Ay, though I had not seen her weep, I knew she had been dismal enough; and so had I myself, at times; I confess it. The end of my holiday was fast approaching, and with it a separation of months was coming upon us. What wonder that I sighed sometimes; what wonder that she wept?

When she had said her say to Vawter, she turned haughtily and swept away to the other end of the porch, where she remained, lost in her reflections.

It seemed to me befitting and proper that a few words be hereupon addressed to Mr. Fentriss; advancing, therefore, to where he stood gasping with astonishment on the steps, I extended the first finger of my right hand toward him in dignified reproof, and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, fie!"

An expression of the most astounding and intolerable rage suddenly overspread his features.

"Well, upon my soul and vitals!" he burst forth. "If it's come to this, I'll—"

But I cut him off sharply and allowed him not one word more.

"Ay, sir!" I cried, loudly. "I repeat: Fie! Fie!—and be ashamed! Compose yourself to a more respectable frame of mind while I expound your own case for your benefit and good. Is it the part of Age to be the messenger of petulant Youth, justly rebuked and sulking?"

"I'll not stand this!" Vawter replied, in tones which alternated between hoarse remonstrance and apoplectic choking. "If I do, may I—"

I immediately asserted my human right to speech, conquering him by the force and, may I say, the majesty of will-power, which I possessed to as great a degree in my younger days as now. I poured forth upon him not the vials of contempt, but the silver decanters of eloquent instruction. I gave utterance to the wisdom of the ancients upon the proper courses for

aged men to follow, adding thereunto my own deductions, clearly demonstrating that the only path now open to him was a silent and contrite withdrawal. At first he waved his hands violently, and attempted to drown my words by his roarings; but these ran into a dangerous coughing fit, and he was forced to pound himself upon the chest. As I went on, he slowly backed himself down the steps, until, as his face came into the moonlight, no one could have failed to perceive that consternation alone was writ upon his face. His little red eyes were opened to an extent no man ever saw before or again. I followed him, whereat he faintly motioned at me with the palm of his hand held outward, as if to keep me off, and retreated toward the gate.

At last we had the satisfaction of seeing his discomfiture complete. He went rapidly down the lane in the moonlight, his chin in his chest, a crushed and humbled man, his dogs slinking after him, not bounding and barking as they had arrived, but carrying their tails concavely on the inner curve. As for myself, I sank, somewhat exhausted, but triumphant, upon the steps.

There is but one thing more to tell of Vawter Fentriss. As I have said, it was his daily habit to sit somewhere about his grounds and exchange quips with every one who passed his house, shouting jibes and jests at every passer-by of his acquaintance until out of hearing, and I had not escaped his feeble wit whenever I went that way. Now let me chronicle the result of this night's address to him: I write it simply, and without parade or pride; but from that time forth he never called another jest at me to the day of his death; and I never afterward passed his house that he did not get up from his seat, or quit whatever he was doing, and go in the house as soon as he caught sight of me. The man had some shame.

Only one week now intervened before my departure, and while the thought of this would naturally cast a dark shadow over the spirits of my friends, causing in them a plainly apparent though silent depression, still, that was a truly delightful period; for the mar-pleasure, William Fentriss, was absent, nor did one of us catch the slightest glimpse of his outrivalled and disgraced head. Each evening, at earliest dusk, I repaired to the house of my mistress, cogitating by the way, so that the time, though pleasant, should be spent in improvement and to the profit of all three of us—for Mr. Gray still made one of our little party. Many and many a time did he, out of delicacy, arise and make as if to withdraw, but, in spite of a thousand earnest excuses which he offered, Miss Sylvia ever firmly detained him, being a conscientious daughter who would not alone enjoy a pleasure or a benefit when she could possibly share it with those toward whom her duty lay.

On that account I still directed toward the old man a great part of my conversation. To do otherwise, I hold, would have been a graceless act. He had been my nightly companion and constant listener throughout the whole season. Should I desert him now? Such a treachery it was not in my nature to conceive.

Miss Sylvia, as I have indicated, was possessed by a melancholy which grew deeper every day; her face was exceedingly sad; but as for myself, I was conscious of a pleasant tingle of excitement; the highest spirits followed my triumph; and never have I been more joyously inclined,—I could have talked till daylight every night. My excitement took the place of rest, and thus, feeling no need of sleep, I was enabled to make my calls at the Grays' extend far into the night.

In my enthusiasm I selected only the gravest topics, often, I fear, going too deep for Mr. Gray to follow. Let that be as it may, I can truthfully declare that during this week it was an actual pleasure to talk to him. I have no wish to assume undue credit, yet it was a worthy performance to arrest his attention and keep him from brooding upon the business troubles which I have mentioned. To this end I exerted every endeavor; I called into play my utmost powers, as I saw the inroads his anxieties had made upon his hitherto hardy constitution. His hands were nerveless; his flesh had grown flabby; a dull, fishy glaze was come over his eyes, together with a perpetual twitching of the lids which would have softened a heart of adamant.

He was far from being the man he had been at the first of that summer, not only physically, but mentally; for there were

times when the glaze would leave his eyes, and I could see them shining in the darkness with a baleful light, like the eyes of a beast at bay. Simultaneously his sunken lips would work and mumble, and he would whisper hissingly to himself.

When these unhappy spells came over him I would fare on briskly, with whatever discussion was in hand, pretending I noticed nothing. So, presently, his head would fall on his chest, and I would understand—without his saying it—that he was grateful to me for soothing him. It is the unspoken gratitude which is deepest.

William Fentriss took his departure three days before mine, not out of any virtuous anxiety to renew his studies, you may be sure! The afternoon before he went, I had the pleasure of passing him in the lane with Miss Sylvia upon my arm. I could not tell whether it was from sheer insolence, or to conceal (which it did not) the extreme, painful flushing of his face, but he ventured a very low, formal bow, receiving the cut direct for his pains. We swept on with the finest air, and left him standing there with his head bared. I could not repress a pleasant laugh, in which the lady joined me, though I could feel her arm tremble with indignation.

This indignation of hers was not suffered to diminish, for, on returning from our stroll, a note was brought to her, which she opened and read in my presence, her face growing even redder than Will's had been; her hand shook with anger; yet her passion was far from unbecoming.

"Read it," she said, furiously, thrusting the paper upon me. "Read it, sir! Read it, for I would have you carry the answer, which is this scrawl, back to him again. Does he think I will bear everything!"

The note was short; I read it.

"Farewell, madam," it began. "I have just now determined to go away upon the morrow. You have put a great deal of shame upon me, and for nothing. Yet, let me tell you, I have only thanks for your mercies. You and your escort had the pleasure to laugh at me, a little while ago; believe me, your choice of another to favor causes me the greatest mortification but the lesser alarm. You will not speak to me. You will not hear me. You draw your skirts aside lest they touch me as you pass. Yet I shall make you listen, make you speak to me, and gladly, ere the year be run. Never fear but I shall win you. Ah, dear Sylvia!"

I did not carry the note to Will myself. I took it home with me, and sent it to him, deciding upon that as the better course. But before I sent it, I sat me down and wrote upon the back of it the words:

"Opened by Miss Gray—and me—by mistake."

CHAPTER IV.

THE INTERVIEW.

AS I turned in at the gate for my last evening, I observed Mr. Gray get up from the porch and go hastily into the house. "Good old man!" I thought, smiling slightly at this mark of his emotion. "His attachment is indeed sincere." Then, during the four or five delightful hours I spent in the society of Miss Sylvia, I discoursed much upon the virtues and delicacy of her father, whereat she seemed somewhat cheered; nevertheless, throughout the whole of our interview her signals of sorrow increased, until, unable to conceal her agitation, she excused herself and withdrew.

I was fearful that she would break down altogether when it came to the farewells of the following afternoon; however, at the final moment she exhibited surprising fortitude and courage. But Mr. Gray—that good old man—Mr. Gray!—ah, there was a parting indeed! The tears stood in his eyes; he said "Good-by" a thousand times, murmuring under his breath words which I could not catch, growing more mixed and incoherent every moment, and finally quite breaking down.

His fingers worked convulsively, so that he had to clinch them tight to hide it: and one of the clearest and most vivid pictures which memory brings of my youth is that which comes before me now, as fresh as though it all happened only yesterday, of the good old man (when I turned and looked back from the road) standing there by the steps, waving his hand to me in farewell, his fingers still clinched to conceal his emotion. His arm

dropped to his side as I turned, and confusion overspread his countenance, for men do not willingly exhibit their deepest feelings. So I left him there in his trouble, with his mouth open.

Ah, how wonderfully, little by little, do the seeds of affection grow! Thus, at the beginning of that summer, Mr. Gray and I were nothing to each other. But, drop by drop, I had watered the simple herb of his attachment till it spread and blossomed into a beautiful and wondrous flower! There was not much in common between us; often I felt his mind unable to accompany mine to those higher pinnacles of thought whereunto my own desired to flee, and after arrival, perch; nor can I say that I ever gave him my whole confidence or friendship; yet the good old man's devotion touched me.

I found William Fentriss already arrived at Nassau Hall. Although we rarely met, and had little to do with each other, I made out that his downfall had no improving effect upon him; indeed, so far as his manner in public was an exponent of his condition, he appeared to have recovered every whit of his pristine jauntiness; he was no less impertinent and easy; nor did he betray a consciousness of the disgrace of his wrong-doing by visible contrition, moral conduct, or a diligent energy at his books. Nevertheless, I learned that he was indifferent to that society he had formerly sought with eagerness in the surrounding country, for now he shunned the ladies, and spent his time dawdling about the country-side on long, lonely rambles, with a face as long (I was convinced, in spite of the gay exterior he presented in company) and as lonely as his walks. This thought was no unpleasant one, and I dwelt upon it somewhat with quiet satisfaction. 'Tis well for impudence to realize that, hide as it may under the finest surface, it is no continuing rival for true merit and intelligent attainment.

The term wore on; the holidays were at hand. It was late of a windy night in December, and I had almost completed my preparations for retiring, when there was a knock at the door. Candle in hand, I drew the bolt, and there, to my astonishment, stood William Fentriss.

I gazed upon him forbiddingly, and inquired his pleasure.

He coolly entered, and dropping at half-length into my easy-chair, crossed his legs in an attitude of foppish langour, placed the tips of the fingers of his two hands lightly together, and looked at me quaintly, with the faint apparition of a smile in his eyes and on his lips. "I petition for a word with the master of all learning," he said, assuming a cheerfulness which well I knew he could not feel. "What a charming nightcap you wear! Faith, there'd be conquests aplenty, if you wore it by day! Ah, if only the la—"

I interrupted him. "I think the subject of conquests may be a sore one for you in my presence. You exhibit a praiseworthy fortitude in referring to it!"

He stared at me a moment. "You give me my just deserts," he rejoined, slowly. "That was well said. We will leave conquests out of our conversation, then, if you please. And may I suggest that you shut the door before you take a cold in that light, though becoming, drapery of yours, Mr. Sudgeberry?"

I took a comfort from my bed, and folding it round me, at the same time eying him sternly, again requested his business with me.

"I thought it possible that you might consent to my company on the journey home for the holidays," he answered. "I suppose you are going?"

"Certainly, sir," I said.

"If I may make so bold, Mr. Sudgeberry, are you going by coach?"

"No, sir; I shall travel upon the back of a horse my father sends for the purpose."

"Good! You will travel upon the back of a horse your father sends for the purpose. Now, I live with my uncle, as you may have been so kind as to notice, and my uncle is to send up one of my horses for the same purpose, as regards the back, you observe, that your father designs yours. Well, the roads are vile, the weather is treacherous, and good Dr. Finley has ordained that no one, under horrid penalties, departs until noon of the twenty-fourth. Therefore, to reach home for Christmas, we shall be compelled to leave here immediately upon the stroke

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of twelve; and, the roads and weather being what they are, we stand a chance of riding late into the night, or even of being detained at some way-side tavern until morning. In this, or any case, I offer you my poor company. And also," he continued, with a twinkling glance at me, "we might encounter some gentleman who would be glad to relieve us of our purses, mayhap cut our invaluable throats. We should add to our safety by taking the trip together. Do you think you could bear with me for the dozen hours or so?"

I turned the proposition over in my mind, all my inclinations naturally urging me to give a peremptory and decided refusal. But, on the other hand, I shrank from the contemplation of the journey, short though it was, in winter, without the assurance of company; and Will and I were the only students who would be going that way. The thought of meeting rough fellows was exceedingly discomforting, the vision of a night attack in the lonely wastes occurring and recurring to me with horror; and my companion's reference to a throat-cutting sending the very chills down my spine. After debating the matter carefully, I finally determined to close with his offer.

"Splendid! splendid!" cries he, waving his hand to me gayly. "Splendid, Mr. Sudgeberry! Have your saddle-bags packed and your nag waiting by noon of the twenty-fourth, and then—Sola for home!"

His gayety sprang up suddenly, and as suddenly fell and passed out of him, so that in the very instant he turned a white, tired face upon me, one much older than he had worn in June. He went to the door, bidding me good-night in a melancholy voice. "Sleep without dreams, Mr. Sudgeberry. Pray for me. 'Nymph, at thy orisons remember—' *Good*-night, sir!"

It was long before I slept that night; not only because William Fentriss's remarks aroused an uneasiness and fear of misadventure by the way, upon which I was loath to dwell, but I was much disturbed to think that I might be seen, perchance by folk from our parts, with this wild, reputationless fellow for my companion. There was one contingency which was too remote to cause me anxiety. Mr. Gray and his daughter were in New York, and were to return—as my advices from home let me know—the day before Christmas. William and I should be some hours ahead of them, and our chance of meeting was so exceedingly slight that, though I had no mind the Grays should see me riding in such company, I dismissed the possibility from my meditations. I resolved, moreover, that when we came into our own neighborhood I would make some excuse to leave him and ride separately; and I hoped that whoever might see us together would put the best construction on my conduct, and judge that I accompanied him in the hope of improving his courses and directing the irregular channels of his mind.

I was more tranquil in the assurance that William had no inkling of the information I possessed—the present whereabouts and intended journey of Mr. Gray and Miss Sylvia. My own family had it by accident, and, since the night of Vawter's visit, there had been no communication between the households of Fentriss and Gray. Mr. Gray had gone off suddenly to New York on an errand of business, taking his daughter with him, and setting his return for Christmas eve. Considering these and other matters, and repeating to myself fragments connected with the morrow's scholarly duties, I finally closed mine eyes in profound slumber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ETCHINGS

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

THESE pencillings of light and shade,
By forest boughs and moonbeams made,
Are etchings whose soft outlines seem
Drawn by an artist in a dream.

A MIXED PROPOSAL

BY W. W. JACOBS

MAJOR BRILL, late of the Fenshire Volunteers, stood in front of the small piece of glass in the hat-stand, and with a firm and experienced hand gave his new silk hat a slight tilt over the left eye. Then he took his cane and a new pair of gloves, and with a military but squeaky tread, passed out into the road. It was a glorious day in early autumn, and the soft English landscape was looking its best, but despite the fact that there was nothing more alarming in sight than a few cows on the hill-side a mile away, the Major paused at his gate, and his form took on an appearance of the greatest courage and resolution before proceeding. The road was dusty and quiet, except for the children playing at cottage doors, and so hot that the Major, heedless of the fact that he could not replace the hat at exactly the same angle, stood in the shade of a tree while he removed it and mopped his heated brow.

He proceeded on his way more leisurely, overtaking, despite his lack of speed, another man, who was walking still more slowly in the shade of the hedge.

"Fine day, Halibut," he said, briskly; "fine day."

"Beautiful," said the other, making no attempt to keep pace with him.

"Country wants rain, though," cried the Major, over his shoulder.

Halibut assented, and walking slowly on, wondered vaguely what gaudy color it was that had attracted his eye. It dawned on him at length that it must be the Major's tie, and he suddenly quickened his pace, by no means reassured as the man of war also quickened his.

"Halloa, Brill!" he cried. "Half a moment."

The Major stopped and waited for his friend; Halibut eyed the tie uneasily—it was fearfully and wonderfully made—but said nothing.

"Well?" said the Major, somewhat sharply.

"Oh—I was going to ask you, Brill—Confound it! I've forgotten what I was going to say now. I dare say I shall soon think of it. You're not in a hurry?"

"Well, I am, rather," said Brill. "Fact is— Is my hat on straight, Halibut?"

The other assuring him that it was, the Major paused in his career, and gripping the brim with both hands, deliberately tilted it over the left eye again.

"You were saying—" said Halibut, regarding this manœuvre with secret disapproval.

"Yes," murmured the Major. "I was saying. Well, I don't mind telling an old friend like you, Halibut, though it is a profound secret. Makes me rather particular about my dress just now. Women notice these things. I'm—sha'n't get much sympathy from confirmed old bachelors like you—but I'm on my way to put a very momentous question."

"The devil you are!" said the other, blankly.

"Sir!" said the astonished Major.

"Not Mrs. Riddel?" said Halibut.

"Certainly, sir," said the Major, stiffly. "Why not?"

"Only that I am going on the same errand," said the confirmed bachelor, with desperate calmness.

The Major looked at him, and for the first time noticed an unusual neatness and dressiness in his friend's attire. His collar was higher than usual: his tie, of the whitest and finest silk, bore a pin he never remembered to have seen before: and for the first time since he had known him, the Major, with a strange sinking at the heart, saw that he wore spats.

"This is extraordinary," he said, briefly. "Well, good-day, Halibut. Can't stop."

"Good-day," said the other.

The Major quickened his pace and shot ahead, and keeping in the shade of the

hedge, ground his teeth as the civilian on the other side of the road slowly, but surely, gained on him.

It became exciting. The Major was handicapped by his upright bearing and short military stride; the other, a simple child of the city, bent forward, swinging his arms and taking immense strides. At a by-lane they picked up three small boys, who, trotting in their rear, made it evident by their remarks that they considered themselves the privileged spectators of a foot-race. The Major could stand it no longer, and with a cut of his cane at the foremost boy, softly called a halt.

"Well," said Halibut, stopping.

The man's manner was suspicious, not to say offensive, and the other had much ado to speak him fair.

"This is ridiculous," he said, trying to smile. "We can't walk in and propose in a duet. One of us must go to-day, and the other to-morrow."

"Certainly," said Halibut; "that 'll be the best plan."

"So childish," said the Major, with a careless laugh, "two fellows walking in hot and tired and proposing to her."

"Absurd," replied Halibut, and both men eyed each other carefully.

"So, if I'm unsuccessful, old chap," said the Major, in a voice which he strove to render natural and easy, "I will come straight back to your place and let you know, so as not to keep you in suspense."

"You're very good," said Halibut, with some emotion; "but I think I'll take to-day, because I have every reason to believe that I have got one of my bilious attacks coming on to-morrow."

"Pooh! fancy, my dear fellow," said the Major, heartily; "I never saw you look better in my life."

"That's one of the chief signs," replied Halibut, shaking his head. "I'm afraid I must go to-day."

"I really cannot waive my right on account of your bilious attack," said the Major, haughtily.

"Your right!" said Halibut, with spirit.

"My right!" repeated the other. "I should have been there before you if you had not stopped me in the first place."

"But I started first," said Halibut.

"Prove it," exclaimed the Major, warmly.

The other shrugged his shoulder.

"I shall certainly not give way," he said, calmly. "This is a matter in which my whole future is concerned. It seems very odd, not to say inconvenient, that you should have chosen the same day as myself, Brill, for such an errand—very odd."

"It's quite an accident," asseverated the Major; "as a matter of fact, Halibut, I nearly went yesterday. That alone gives me, I think, some claim to precedence."

"Just so," said Halibut, slowly; "it constitutes an excellent claim."

The Major regarded him with moistening eyes. This was generous and noble. His opinion of Halibut rose. "And now you have been so frank with me," said the latter, "it is only fair that you should know I started out with the same intention three days ago, and found her out. So far as claims go, I think mine leads."

"Pure matter of opinion," said the disgusted Major; "it really seems as though we want an arbitrator. Well, we'll have to make our call together, I suppose, but I'll take care not to give you any opportunity, Halibut, so don't cherish any delusions on that point. Even *you* wouldn't have the hardihood to propose before a third party, I should think; but if you do, I give you fair warning that I shall begin too."

"This is most unseemly," said Halibut. "We'd better both go home and leave it for another day."

"When do you propose going, then?" asked the Major.

"Really I haven't made up my mind," replied the other.

The Major shrugged his shoulder.

"It won't do, Halibut," he said, grimly; "it won't do. I'm too old a soldier to be caught that way."

There was a long pause. The Major mopped his brow again. "I've got it," he said at last.

Halibut looked at him curiously.

"We must play for first proposal," said the Major, firmly. "We're pretty evenly matched."

"Chess!" gasped the other, a whole world of protest in his tones.

"Chess," repeated the Major.

"It is hardly respectful," demurred

Halibut. "What do you think the lady would do if she heard of it?"

"Laugh," replied the Major, with conviction.

"I believe she would," said the other, brightening. "I believe she would."

"You agree, then?"

"With conditions."

"Conditions?" repeated the Major.

"One game," said Halibut, speaking very slowly and distinctly; "and if the winner is refused, the loser not to propose until he gives him permission."

"What the deuce for?" inquired the other, suspiciously.

"Suppose I win," replied Halibut, with suspicious glibness, "and was so upset that I had one of my bilious attacks come on, where should I be? Why, I might have to break off in the middle and go home. A fellow can't propose when everything in the room is going round and round."

"I don't think you ought to contemplate marriage, Halibut," remarked the Major, very seriously and gently.

"Thanks," said Halibut, dryly.

"Very well," said the Major, "I agree to the conditions. Better come to my place and we'll decide it now. If we look sharp, the winner may be able to know his fate to-day, after all."

Halibut assenting, they walked back together. The feverish joy of the gambler showed in the Major's eye as they drew their chairs up to the little antique chess table and began to place their pieces ready for the fray. Then a thought struck him, and he crossed over to the sideboard.

"If you're feeling a bit off color, Halibut," he said, kindly, "you'd better have a little brandy to pull yourself together. I don't wish to take a mean advantage."

"You're very good," said the other, as he eyed the noble measure of liquid poured out by his generous adversary.

"And now to business," said the Major, as he drew himself a little soda from a siphon.

"Now to business," repeated Halibut, rising and placing his glass on the mantel-piece.

The Major struggled fiercely with his feelings, but, despite himself, a guilty blush lent color to the other's unfounded suspicions.

"Remember the conditions," said Halibut, impressively.

"Here's my hand on it," said the other, reaching over.

Halibut took it, and, his thoughts being at the moment far away, gave it a tender, respectful squeeze. The Major stared and coughed. It was suggestive of practice.

If the history of the duel is ever written, it will be found not unworthy of being reckoned with the most famous combats of ancient times. Piece after piece was removed from the board, and the Major drank glass after glass of soda to cool his heated brain. At the second glass Halibut took an empty tumbler and helped himself. Suddenly there was a singing in the Major's ears, and a voice, a hateful triumphant voice, said,

"Checkmate!"

Then did his gaze wander from knight to bishop and bishop to castle in a vain search for succor. There was his king defied by a bishop—a bishop which had been hobnobbing with pawns in one corner of the board, and which he could have sworn he had captured and removed full twenty minutes before. He mentioned this impression to Halibut.

"That was the other one," said his foe. "I thought you had forgotten this. I have been watching and hoping so for the last half-hour."

There was no disguising the coarse satisfaction of the man. He had watched and hoped. Not beaten him, so the Major told himself, in fair play, but by taking a mean and pitiful advantage of a pure oversight. A sheer oversight. He admitted it.

Halibut rose with a sigh of relief, and the Major, mechanically sweeping up the pieces, dropped them one by one into the box.

"Plenty of time," said the victor, glancing at the clock. "I shall go now, but I should like a wash first."

The Major rose, and in his capacity of host led the way up stairs to his room, and poured fair water for his foe. Halibut washed himself delicately, carefully trimming his hair and beard, and anxiously consulting the Major as to the set of his coat in the back, after he had donned it again.

His toilet completed, he gave a satis-

fied glance in the glass, and then followed the man of war sedately down stairs. At the hall he paused, and busied himself with the clothes-brush and hat-pad, modestly informing his glaring friend that he could not afford to throw any chances away, and then took his departure.

The Major sat up late that night waiting for news, but none came, and by breakfast-time next morning his thirst for information became almost uncontrollable. He toyed with a chop and allowed his coffee to get cold. Then he clapped on his hat and set off to Halibut's to know the worst.

"Well?" he inquired, as he followed the other into his dining-room.

"I went," said Halibut, waving him to a chair.

"Am I to congratulate you?"

"Well, I don't know," was the reply; "perhaps not just yet."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Major, irascibly.

"Well, as a matter of fact," said Halibut, "she refused me, but so nicely and so gently that I scarcely minded it. In fact, at first I hardly realized that she had refused me."

The Major rose, and regarding his poor friend kindly, shook hands and patted him lightly on the shoulder.

"She's a splendid woman," said Halibut.

"Ornament to her sex," remarked the Major.

"So considerate," murmured the bereaved one.

"Good women always are," said the Major, decisively. "I don't think I'd better worry her to-day, Halibut, do you?"

"No, I don't," said Halibut, stiffly.

"I'll try my luck to-morrow," said the Major.

"I beg your pardon," said Halibut.

"Eh?" said the Major, trying to look puzzled.

"You are forgetting the conditions of the game," replied Halibut. "You have to obtain my permission first."

"Why, my dear fellow," said the Major, with a boisterous laugh, "I wouldn't insult you by questioning your generosity in such a case. No, no, Halibut, old fellow, I know you too well."

He spoke with feeling, but there was an anxious note in his voice.

"We must abide by the conditions," said Halibut, slowly; "and I must inform you, Brill, that I intend to renew the attack myself."

"Then, sir," said the Major, fuming, "you compel me to say—putting all modesty aside—that I believe the reason Mrs. Riddel would have nothing to do with you was because she thought *somebody else* might make a similar offer."

"That's what I thought," said Halibut, simply; "but you see now that you have so unaccountably—so far as Mrs. Riddel is concerned—dropped out of the running, perhaps, if I am gently persistent, she'll take me."

The Major rose and glared at him.

"If you don't take care, old chap," said Halibut, tenderly, "you'll burst something."

"Gently persistent," repeated the Major, staring at him; "gently persistent."

"Remember Bruce and his spider," smiled the other.

"You are *not* going to propose to that poor woman nine times?" roared his incensed friend.

"I hope that it will not be necessary," was the reply; "but if it is, I can assure you, my dear Brill, that I'm not going to be outclassed by a mere spider."

"But think of her feelings!" gasped the Major.

"I have," was the reply; "and I'm sure she'll thank me for it afterwards. You see, Brill, you and I are the only eligibles in the place, and now you are out of it, she's sure to take me sooner or later."

"And pray how long am I to wait?" demanded the Major, controlling himself with difficulty.

"I can't say," said Halibut; "but I don't think it's any good your waiting at all, because if I see any signs that Mrs. Riddel is waiting for you, I may just give her a hint of the hopelessness of it."

"You're a perfect Mephistopheles, sir!" bawled the indignant Major.

Halibut bowed.

"Strategy, my dear Brill," he said, smiling; "strategy. Now why waste your time? Why not make some other woman happy? Why not try her companion, Miss Philpotts? I'm sure any little assistance—"

The Major's attitude was so alarming

that the sentence was never finished, and a second later the speaker found himself alone, watching his irate friend hurrying frantically down the path, knocking the blooms off the geraniums with his cane as he went. He saw no more of him for several weeks, the Major preferring to cherish his resentment in the privacy of his house. He also refrained from seeing the widow, having a wholesome dread as to what effect the contemplation of her charms might have upon his plighted word.

He met her at last by chance. Mrs. Riddel bowed coldly and would have passed on, but the Major had already stopped, and was making wild and unmerited statements about the weather.

"It is seasonable," she said, simply.

The Major agreed with her, and with a strong effort regained his composure.

"I was just going to turn back," he said, untruthfully; "may I walk with you?"

"I am not going far," was the reply. With soldierly courage the Major took this as permission; with feminine precision Mrs. Riddel walked about fifty yards and then stopped. "I told you I wasn't going far," she said, sweetly, as she held out her hand. "Good-by."

"I wanted to ask you something," said the Major, turning with her. "I can't think what it was."

They walked on very slowly, the Major's heart beating rapidly as he told himself that the lady's coldness was due to his neglect of the past few weeks, and his wrath against Halibut rose to still greater heights as he saw the cruel position in which that schemer had placed him. Then he made a sudden resolution. There was no condition as to secrecy, and, first turning the conversation on to indoor amusements, he told the astonished Mrs. Riddel the full particulars of the fatal game. Mrs. Riddel said that she would never forgive them; it was the most preposterous thing she had ever heard of. And she demanded hotly whether she was to spend the rest of her life in refusing Mr. Halibut.

"Do you play high as a rule?" she inquired, scornfully.

"Sixpence a game," replied the Major, simply.

The corners of Mrs. Riddel's mouth relaxed, and her fine eyes began to water, then she turned her head away and laughed. "It was very foolish of us, I admit," said the Major, ruefully, "and very wrong. I shouldn't have told you, only I couldn't explain my apparent neglect without."

"Apparent neglect?" repeated the widow, somewhat haughtily.

"Well, put it down to a guilty conscience," said the Major; "it seems years to me since I have seen you."

"Remember the conditions, Major Brill," said Mrs. Riddel, with severity.

"I shall not transgress them," replied the Major, seriously.

Mrs. Riddel gave her head a toss, and regarded him from the corner of her eyes.

"I am very angry with you indeed," she said, severely. The Major apologized again. "For losing," added the lady, looking straight before her.

Major Brill caught his breath and his knees trembled beneath him. He made a half-hearted attempt to seize her hand, and then remembering his position, sighed deeply, and looked straight before him. They walked on in silence.

"I think," said his companion at last, "that, if you like, you can get back at cribbage what you lost at chess. That is, of course, if you really want to."

"He wouldn't play," said the Major, shaking his head.

"No, but I will," said Mrs. Riddel, with a smile. "I think I've got a plan."

She blushed charmingly, and then, in modest alarm at her boldness, dropped her voice almost to a whisper. The Major gazed at her in speechless admiration and threw back his head in ecstasy. "Come round to-morrow afternoon," said Mrs. Riddel, pausing at the end of the lane. "Mr. Halibut shall be there too, and it shall be done under his very eyes."

Until that time came the Major sat at home carefully rehearsing his part, and it was with an air of complacent virtue that he met the somewhat astonished gaze of the deserted Halibut next day. It was a bright afternoon, but they sat in-doors, and Mrs. Riddel, after an animated description of a game at cribbage with Miss Philpotts the night before, got the cards out and challenged Halibut to a game.

They played two, both of which the diplomatic Halibut lost; then Mrs. Rid-

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"DON'T YOU THINK MAJOR BRILL IS SOMEWHAT HASTY IN HIS CONCLUSIONS?" SHE INQUIRED, SOFTLY

del, dismissing him as incompetent, sat drumming on the table with her fingers, and at length challenged the Major. She lost the first game easily, and began the second badly. Finally, after hastily glancing at a new hand, she flung the cards petulantly on the table, face downwards.

"Would you like my hand, Major Brill?" she demanded, with a blush.

"Better than anything in the world," cried the Major, eagerly.

Halibut started, and Miss Philpotts nearly had an accident with her crochet-hook. The only person who kept cool was Mrs. Riddel, and it was quite clear to the beholders that she had realized neither the ambiguity of her question nor the meaning of her opponent's reply.

"Well, you may have it," she said, brightly.

Before Miss Philpotts could lay down her work, before Mr. Halibut could interpose, the Major took possession of Mrs. Riddel's small white hand and raised it gallantly to his lips. Mrs. Riddel, with a faint scream, which was a perfect revelation to the companion, snatched her hand away. "I meant my hand of cards," she said, breathlessly.

"Really, Brill, really," said Halibut, stepping forward fussily.

"Oh!" said the Major, blankly; "cards!"

"That's what I meant, of course," said Mrs. Riddel, recovering herself with a laugh. "I had no idea— Still—if you prefer—" The Major took her hand again, and Miss Philpotts set Mr. Halibut an example—which he did not follow—by gazing meditatively out of the window. Finally she gathered up her work and quitted the room. Mrs. Riddel smiled over at Mr. Halibut and nodded towards the Major.

"Don't you think Major Brill is somewhat hasty in his conclusions?" she inquired, softly.

"I'll tell Major Brill what I think of him when I get him alone," said the injured gentleman, sourly.

PSYCHE WINGED

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

I AM a free and flying thing;
I am a soul.
My course is the eternal ring;
The All, my goal.

I flutter in your hand awhile,
Not long to stay;
Unending mysteries beguile,
I must away.

I'll tie a golden thread to you,
Then wander far;
And when you seek me in the blue,
I'll be a star.

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DR. GOWDY AND THE SQUASH

BY HENRY B FULLER

I

WHEN Dr. Gowdy finally yielded to the urgings of Print, Push, and Co. — a new firm whose youthful persistency made refusal impossible—and agreed to steal from his sermon-writing the number of half-hours needed for putting together the book they would and must and did have, he certainly looked for a reward far beyond any recognizable in the liberal check that had started up his pen. For *Onward and Upward* was to do some good in the world: the years might come and go for an indefinite period, yet throughout their long procession young men—it was for them he was writing—would rise up here, there, and everywhere and call him blessed. To scrimp his sermons in such a cause was surely justifiable; more, it was commendable. "Where it has been dozens it will now be thousands," said the good Doctor. "I will guide their feet into the right path, and the thanks of many earnest strugglers shall be my real recompense."



"*Onward And Upward*"

Onward and Upward was full of the customary things—things that get said and believed (said from mere habit and believed from mere inertia)—things that must be said and believed (said by the few and believed by a fair proportion of the many) if the world is to keep on hanging together and moving along in the exercise of its usual functions. In fact, the book had but one novel feature—a chapter on art.

Dr. Gowdy was very strong on art. Raphael and Phidias were always getting into his pulpit. Truth was beauty, and beauty was truth. He never wearied of maintaining the uplifting quality resident in the Sunday afternoon contemplation of works of painting and sculpture, and nothing, to his mind, was more calculated to ennoble and refine human nature than the practice of art itself. The Doctor was one of the trustees of the Art Academy; he went to every exhibition, and dragged as many of his friends with him as could be induced to listen to his oro-



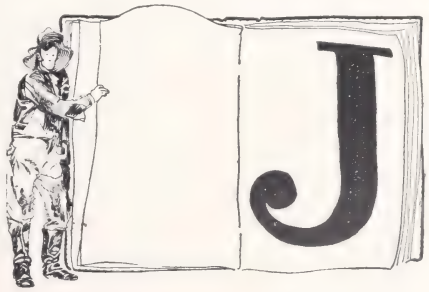
Art—The Contemplation Of It, The Practice Of It—Worked Toward The Building Up Of Character

tund commentaries; and he had almost reached the point where it was a tacit assumption with him that the regeneration and salvation of the human race came to little more than a mere matter of putting paint upon canvas.

These were the notions that colored the art chapter of *Onward and Upward*. I hardly know where the good Doctor got them; surely not from the ordinary run of things in the Paris studios, nor from any familiarity with the private lives of the painters of the Italian Renaissance, which show, if anything does, that one may possess a fine and rigorous conscience as an artist, yet lapse into any irregularity or descend to any depravity as a man. But Dr. Gowdy ignored all this. Art—the contemplation of it, the practice of it—worked toward the building up of character, and promoted all that was noblest in human life.

These views of his were spread far and wide. They competed with the novel of adventure on the news-stands, and were tossed into your lap on all the through trains. One copy penetrated to Hayesville, Illinois, and fell into the hands of Jared Stiles.

II



JARED was an ignorant and rather bumptious young fellow of twenty-four, who was hoping to make something of himself, and was feeling about for the means. He had a firm jaw, a canny eye, and vague but determined ambitions.

Jared lived on a farm. He liked the farm life, but not the farm work—a fine distinction that caused his fellow-laborers to look upon him as something of a shirk. He would rove the fields while the rest were working in them. He thought his own thoughts, such as they were, and when a book came his way, as now and then happened, he read it.

Onward and Upward was lent to him by the daughter of the county attorney. She thought it would tone him up and bring his nebulousness toward solidity — she too being anxious that Jared should make something of himself, and unwilling to wait indefinitely.

Jared took the book and looked at it. He passed quite lightly over the good Doctor's platitudes on honesty, perseverance, and the like, having already encountered them elsewhere; but the platitudes on art arrested his attention. "I shouldn't wonder but what all this might be so," said Jared to himself; "I don't know but what I should like to try it"—meaning not that he had any desire to refine and ennoble himself, but only a strong hankering to "get his hand in," as the phrase goes.

It was about this time that the Western Art Circuit began to evangelize Hayesville. The Western Art Circuit was started up by a handful of painters and literary men in "the city"; they too believed that it was the mission of art to redeem the rural regions. It was their cardinal tenet that a report on an aspect of nature was a work of art, and they clung tenaciously to the notion that it would be of inestimable benefit to the farmers of Illinois to see colored representations of the corn-fields of Indiana done by the Indianians themselves. So presently some thirty or forty canvases that had been pushed along the line through Bainesville and Miller and Crawford Junction arrived at Hayesville, and competed in their gilt frames with the canned peaches and the drawn-work of the county fair.

"There, Jared," said the county attorney's daughter, who was corresponding secretary of the woman's club that had brought about this artistic visitation, "you see now what can be done."

Jared saw. He walked the farm, and drew beads on the barn-yard, and indulged in long "sights" over the featureless prairie landscape. The wish to do, to be at it, was settling in his finger-tips, where the stores of electric energy seemed to be growing greater every day.

"I believe I could do something of the kind myself," said Jared. "I like the country, and I'm handy at light jobs; and if somebody would give me an idea of how to start in—"

The Hayesville Seminary had just celebrated the opening of its fifth fall term by adding an "art department"; a dozen young women were busy painting a variety of objects under the guidance, good as far as it went, of an eager lady graduate of Dr. Gowdy's Academy.

"Why don't you get Miss Webb to show you?" asked the county attorney's daughter.

"I can't study with a lot of girls," muttered Jared, loutishly.



Jared Took The Book And Looked At It

"Of course not," replied the other, quickly. "Make it a private, individual matter. Get some ideas from her, and then go ahead alone."

Jared picked up a few elementary facts about colors, canvas, and composition in the art atmosphere of the seminary, and then set to work by himself. "Something sizable and simple, to start with," he said. Autumn was over the land; nothing seemed more sizable, more simple, more accessible, than the winter squash. "Some of 'em do grapes and peaches,"



He Walked The Farm, And Drew Beads On The Barn-Yard

he observed, in reminiscence of the display of the Circuit at the fair, "but round here it's mostly corn and squashes. I guess I'll stick to the facts—that is, to the verities," he amended, in accord with the art jargon whose virus had begun to inoculate the town.

He elected the squash. And he never went far beyond it. But the squash sufficed. It led him on to fame (fame of a certain curious kind) and to fortune (at least a fortune far beyond any ever reached by his associates on the farm).

III

Yes, Jared kept to the squash, and made it famous; and in due course the squash made him famous. He came to be known all over Ringgold County, and even beyond, as the "squash man." He painted this rotund and noble product of the truck-farm in varying aspects and with varying accessories. Sometimes he posed it, gallantly cleft asunder, on the corner of the bran-bin, with its umber and chrome standing out boldly against a background of murky bitumen; and sometimes he poised it on the threshold of the barn door, with a rake or a pitchfork alongside, and other squashes (none too certain in their perspective) looming up from the dusky interior.

Jared mastered the squash with all the ease of true genius. He painted industriously throughout the early winter. He had saved two or three of his best models from the fall crop, and they served him for several months. Squashes keep. Their expression alters but slowly. This one fact alone makes them easier to paint than many other things—the human countenance, for example. By the end of January Jared was emboldened to exhibit one of his squashes at a church sociable.

"Well, Jared," said the minister's wife, "you *be* a genius. I don't know that I ever see anything more natural." Other ladies were equally generous in their praise. Jared felt that at last he had found his life-work. Henceforward it was to be onward and upward indeed.

The men were more reserved; they did not know what to make of him. But none of them openly called him a fool—a sort of negative praise not without its value. Nor was this forbearance misplaced — as was seen when, along in March, Jared's father ended his fifty unprofitable years of farm routine by dying suddenly and leaving things more or less at loose ends. Farming was not his forte — perhaps it is nobody's. He had never been able to make it pay, and he had gone in seeming willingness to shuffle off the general unsatisfactoriness of it all on to other shoulders.

In the settlement that followed, nobody got the better of Jared. There were itching fingers among the neighbors, and sharp wits too in the family itself, but Jared shrewdly held his own. He climbed into the saddle and stuck there. He cajoled when he could, and browbeat when

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he must. "No, he ain't no fool," said Cousin Jehiel, who had come up from Bainesville, with his eye on a certain harvester and binder. "He may make the farm pay, even if the old man didn't."

About this time Jared, partly for solace, subscribed to an art journal. It came once a month, and its revelations astounded him. He took a day off and went into "the city," and spent eleven dollars to satisfy himself that such things could really be.

"I declare, Melissa," he reported to the daughter of the county attorney on his return to Hayesville, "but it was an eye-opener. The way the people poured into that place!—and just to look at creeks and corn-fields and sacks of potatoes!"

"Of course," replied the girl. "Why not? Don't your paper tell you that the hope of American art is in the West, and that the best thing we can do is to paint the familiar things of daily life? That's all the cry just now, and you want to take advantage of it."

"And there was a sort of book," pursued Jared, "hung up by the door near the desk where that girl sat and kept track of things. I see people looking at it, so I looked too. You won't believe me! 'No. 137, two hundred and fifty dollars; No. 294, six hundred and seventy-five dollars.' I looked for No. 137, and what do you suppose it was when I found it? It wasn't more'n two foot by eighteen inches—just a river and a hay-stack and a cow or two. No. 294 was some bigger, but there wasn't nothin' in it except a corn-field—just a plain corn-field, with some hills 'way off and mebbe a few clouds. And there was a ticket on it, and it said 'Sold.' What do you think of that?"

"That's all right," said Melissa. "If you want to get money, you've got to get it out of the people that have got it. And you've got to go where they are *to* get it."

"And there was another picture that the book said was 'still life'—apples and ears of corn and a bunch of celery or such and a summer squash. Not my kind, but a squash all the same. About a foot square—one hundred and twenty dollars. What do you think of that?"

"I think the squash has its chance, the same as anything else."

"I asked the girl who it was painted all these things. 'This is the second annual ex'bition of the Society of Western Artists,' says she."

"There!" cried Melissa. "'Western artists!'"

"'Are they all for sale?' says I.

"'Cert'nly,' says she.

"'Are folks interested?' says I.

"'Look around you,' says she.

"I did look around.



"Some Of 'Em Do Grapes And Peaches"

People was walking along close to the wall, one after another, a-smellin' every picture in turn. In the other rooms there was women standin' on clouds, and there was children with wings on and nothin' else; but everybody give them things the complete go-by. Yes, sir, let me tell you, Melissa Crabb, all those folks was once just country folks like you and me. Those there city people had all come from the country some time or other, and they was all a-longin' for country sights and country smells. They're Western people,

too, and they want Western scenes painted for them by Western artists. There's fame a-waitin' for the man who can do that—and money too. I guess I'm beginning to see a way to make the old farm pay, after all."

IV



JARED during his visit to the city had not confined his attention to the display of the Western artists. He had talked with several dealers, and had visited one or two makers of picture-frames, and had taken note of the prominence given to "art" in the offices and corridors of the great hotels.

"I tell *you*," he declared, roundly, "paintin's got the call everywhere. You go into one of them bang-up hotels, and what is the first thing you notice? A painting — scenery; ten or twelve feet long, too — some of 'em. Well, that's all right; I can paint as big as they want 'em, and frame 'em too, I guess."

He had formed some ideas of his own about framing. The prices mentioned by the frame-makers astonished him as much as those entered in the sale catalogue by the fond artists themselves. No gilt for me; that's clear." He thought of a wide flat frame he had seen at the exhibition. "It was just a piece of plain boarding daubed over with some sort of gilt paint. It had a fish-net kind o' strung round it, I recollect."

"What was that for?" asked Melissa.

"It was a sea view, with boats and things. Seemed a pretty good notion to me."

"Why, yes."

"But there was one old codger come along who didn't seem to like it. Specs and white whiskers standing out. Lot of women with him. 'Well, I declare,' says he, 'what are we coming to? I can't understand how Mr. English could have let in such a thing as that!' He was going for the frame. I stepped over to the girl at the desk—"

"Seems to me you talked a good deal to that girl."

"Well, I did. She was from Ringgold County too, it turned out; hadn't been in town but six months. She was up to all sorts of dodges, though—knew the whole show like a book."

"Oh, she did, did she?"

"Well, she wasn't so very young, nor so very good-looking, if that's what you're after."

"Oh, she wasn't, wasn't she?" said Melissa, somewhat mollified.

"'Who is that funny old feller?' says I to her. He was poking out his arms every which way and talking like all possessed.

"'Why,' says she, sort o' scared like,



The Daughter Of The County Attorney



"Well, You Watch Me," Said Jared

'that's Doctor Gowdy.' You might have thought I had let drive at the President himself. I see I had put my foot in it, so I pulled out as fast as I could."

"Gowdy," reflected Melissa; "haven't I heard that name before?"

"It didn't seem altogether new, somehow," acknowledged Jared.

But neither of them immediately associated this name with the authorship of *Onward and Upward*. They laid no more stress on the title-page of a book than you, dear reader, lay on the identity of the restaurant cook that gets up your dinner.

"It seemed all right enough," said Jared, reverting to the frame.

"Why, yes," assented Melissa. "I don't see what could have been more appropriate."

"Well, you watch me," said Jared, "and I'll get up something equally as good." For this choice collocation of words he was indebted to a political editorial in the county weekly.

Next morning he was strolling along the roadway, carefully scrutinizing a stretch of dilapidated fence.

"What you up to, Jared?" inquired Uncle Nathan Hoskins, who happened to be driving past. The fresh morning air had a tonic effect upon Uncle Nathan; he showed himself disposed to be sprightly and facetious.

"Lookin' after my fences," said Jared, shortly.

"'Bout time, ain't it?—he, he!" continued Uncle Nathan.

"Just about," assented Jared.

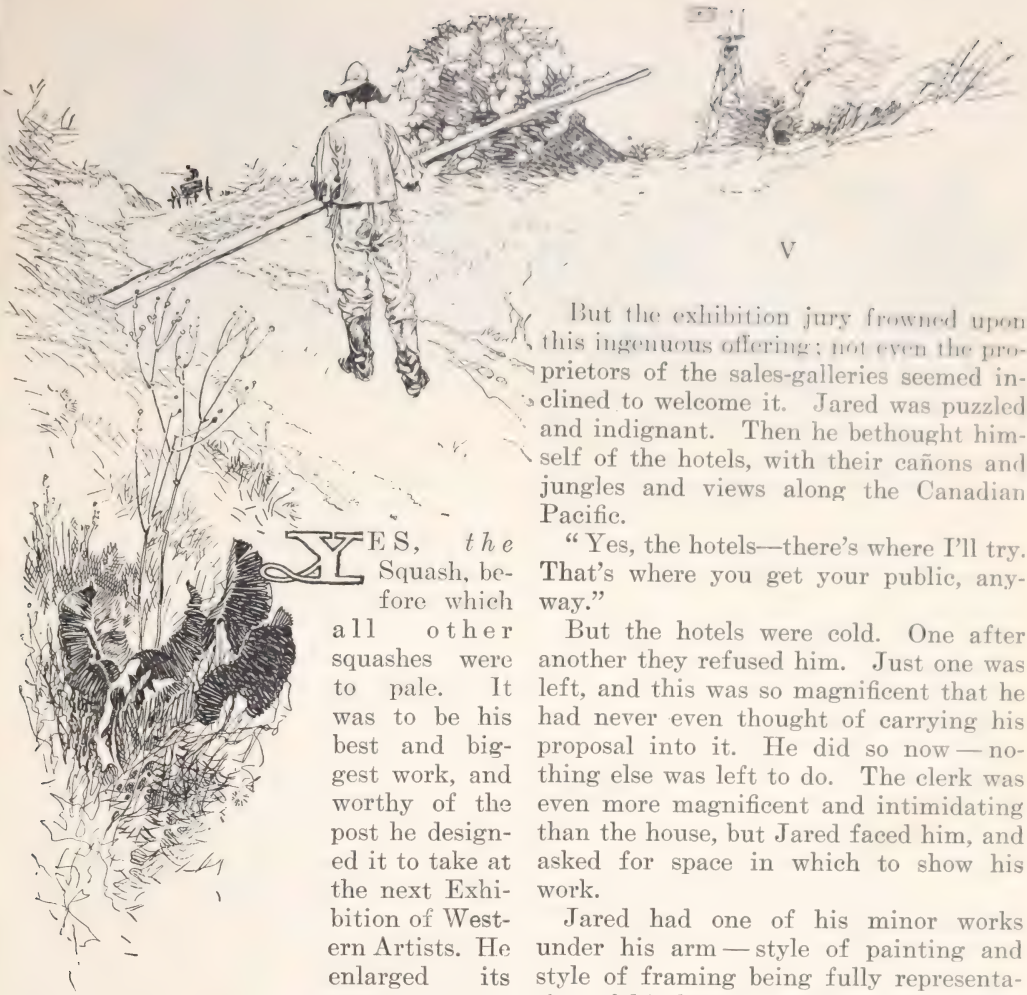
"Might 'a' begun a little sooner, mebbe," proceeded Uncle Nathan, running his eye over several rods of flat, four-inch stuff, weather-worn and lichen-stained, that sagged and wobbled along the road-side. "So far gone ye hardly know where to begin, eh?"

"Where would *you* begin?"

"Well, that len'th right in front of you has got a little more moss on it than 'most any of the others."

"All right; I'll begin here," returned Jared. He struggled up through the tangled growth of smartweed and bittersweet, tore a length of lichened boarding from the swaying posts, and walked down the road with it.

Here at last was a suitable setting for the Squash.



V

YES, *the* Squash, before which all other squashes were to pale. It was to be his best and biggest work, and worthy of the post he designed it to take at the next Exhibition of Western Artists. He enlarged its scope so as to take in a good part of the barn's interior; he boldly added a shovel—an implement that he had never attempted before; and he put in not only bins, but barrels—chancing a faulty perspective in the hoops. All these things formed a repellent background of chill gray-blue, but they brought out the Squash. It shone. Yes, it shone like a beacon-light calling the weary and sophisticate town-dwellers back to the peace and simplicity of country life. And it was enclosed by four neatly mortised lengths of fencing, lichened and silvered by a half-century, it may be, of weather taken as it was sent. Furthermore, the abundance of simulated seeds developed by his bold halving of his model was re-enforced by a few real seeds pasted upon the lower part of the frame.

"If all that don't fetch 'em," said Jared, "what will?"

But the exhibition jury frowned upon this ingenuous offering; not even the proprietors of the sales-galleries seemed inclined to welcome it. Jared was puzzled and indignant. Then he bethought himself of the hotels, with their cañons and jungles and views along the Canadian Pacific.

"Yes, the hotels—there's where I'll try. That's where you get your public, anyway."

But the hotels were cold. One after another they refused him. Just one was left, and this was so magnificent that he had never even thought of carrying his proposal into it. He did so now—nothing else was left to do. The clerk was even more magnificent and intimidating than the house, but Jared faced him, and asked for space in which to show his work.

Jared had one of his minor works under his arm—style of painting and style of framing being fully representative of his biggest and best. "It's this kind, only larger," submitted Jared.

The clerk condescended to look, and was interested. He even became affable. His imposing façade was merely for use in the business, and for cloaking the dire fact that, but two short years back, he himself had been a raw country boy from a raw country town. He looked at the picture, and at Jared—his knuckles, his neck-tie, the scalloped hair on his forehead. "Could *I* have been anything like that?" he thought. He refused consideration to such a calamitous possibility, and became a little more grandly formal as he went on listening to Jared's business.

"Oh, George!" he presently called across his slab of Mexican onyx; "come here."

George came. He was a "drummer": nobody could have supposed for an instant that he was anything else.

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Drummers In The Window Of The Great Western

"What do you think of this?" The clerk took the picture out of Jared's hands and twirled it round on one corner of its clumsy frame.

George looked at it studiously. "Why, it ain't so worse," he said. "That squash is great—big as life and twice as natural."

"What do you think of the frame?" asked the clerk, venturing with no little fondness to run a finger over the lichens.

"Made out of fencing, ain't it? Why, I like it first-rate. Maybe I haven't kicked my bare heels on just such a fence many a time!"

So had the clerk, but refrained from confession.

"Buying it?" asked George.

"No; house-room," responded the clerk, with a motion toward Jared.

"Yours?" asked the drummer.

"Yes, sir; I painted it."

"Frame your idea, too?"

"Yes."

"From the country, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, so are most of the rest of us, I expect. Why, yes, give it room—why not?" the drummer counselled his friend, and turned on his heel and walked off.

The clerk clanged his bell. "Just have Tim come here," he directed. "How much you expecting to get for it?" he asked Jared.

"Well, for *this* one about a hundred and fifty, I should think."

"Right," commented the clerk. "Put a good price on a thing if you expect people to look at it. Never mind about Tim," he called, reminded by Jared's emphasis that the "house-room" was not for this painting, but for another. "Well, you get your picture round here to-morrow, and I'll have it put in the writing-room or somewhere." And he turned toward a new arrival bent over the register.

VI

After the Squash had triumphed in the rotunda of the Great Western, the surrender of the other hotels was but a matter of time. They reconsidered; Jared was able to place a specimen of his handiwork, varying in size if not in character, with almost every large house of public entertainment. He walked daily from caravansary to caravansary, observing the growth of interest, straining his ear for comments, and proffering commentaries of his own wherever there seemed a possibility of acceptance. He dwelt upon his aims and ambitions too, and gave to the ear that promised sympathy the rustic details of his biography. At first there was some tendency to quiz him, especially among the commercial travellers, who seemed to be, of all the patrons of the hotels, the most numerous and authoritative. But they soon came to a better understanding of him. Beneath all his talk about being a poor farmer boy and a lover of nature whose greatest desire was to make others share the joy that nature gave him, they saw that his eye was as firmly set on "business" as theirs, and a sort of natural freemasonry kept them from making game of him. He had chosen a singu-

lar means, true, but the end in view was in substantial accord with their own.

About this time a great synod, or conference, or something of the kind, flooded the hotels with ministers from town and country alike. One forenoon the chief clerk of the Pandemonium—these functionaries were all on familiar terms with Jared by this time, and had begun to class him with the exhibitors of reclining-chairs and the inventors of self-laying railways—called our artist's attention (temporarily diverted) back to his own work, before which a group of black-clad men were standing. A stalwart figure in the midst of them, with shining spectacles and bushy white whiskers, was waving his arms and growing red in the face as he poured forth a flood of words that, at a moderate remove, might have passed either for exposition or for expostulation.

"*There's* a big gun," said the clerk.

Jared followed the other's quick nod.

"Why," said Jared, "it's Doctor—Doctor—"

"Dr. Gowdy," supplied the clerk. "The Rev. William S. Gowdy, D.D.," he continued, amplifying. "He's the king-pin."

"The Rev. William S. Gow—" repeated Jared. The title-page of *Onward and Upward* flashed suddenly before his eyes. The man to whom he owed his earliest quickening impulse, the man whose book had shone before his vision like a first light in a great darkness, stood there almost within reach of his grateful hand. He stepped forward to introduce himself and to voice his obligations.

But Dr. Gowdy, with what, to a disinterested spectator, would have seemed a final gesture of utter rejection and condemnation, turned on his heel and stalked down a long corridor, with his country members (who were prepared to like the Squash, but now no longer dared) pattering and shuffling behind.

"Of all the false and mistaken things! Of all the odious daubs!" puffed Dr. Gowdy to his cowed and abashed following. For Dr. Gowdy, town-bred and town-born, had no sympathy for ill-considered rusticity, and was too rigorous a purist to give any quarter to such a discordant mingling of the simulated and the real.

"I've never seen anything worse," he continued, as he swept his party on; "unless it's that." He pointed to another painting past which they were moving—a den of lions behind real bars. "That's the final depth," he said.

The country parsons, left to themselves, would have admired the ingenuity of this zoological presentation, but Dr. Gowdy's intimidating strictures froze their appreciation. They pattered and shuffled along all the faster.

Meanwhile Jared, proud to have awakened the interest of the "Rev. Gowdy" (as the reading of the Ringgold County *Gazette* had taught him to express it), was busy whirling the leaves of the hotel's directory to learn the good man's address.

VII

Before Jared could catch up with the Doctor a new tidal wave broke upon the town and slopped through the corridors of the hotels. The provincials (both clerical and lay) were enticed to the metropolis by a "Trade Carnival." The Squash met them everywhere. Here, in the midst of the city's strange and shifting life, was something simple, tangible, familiar, appealing. Jared had had the happy thought to mount one or two of his best pieces on easels fitted out with a receptacle for holding a real squash. "Which is which?" cried the dear people, delightedly. The country merchants expressed their appreciation to the commercial travellers, and these factors in modern life, whose business it was to know what the "public wanted" and to act accordingly, passed on the word (casually, perhaps) to the heads of the great mercantile houses. In this way the eminent firm of Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. became conscious of the Squash.

Now, individually considered, the members of this firm made no great figure. Nobody knew Meyer from Adam. Nobody knew Van Horn from a hole in the wall. Who the "Co." might be there was nobody outside of certain trade circles that had the slightest notion. But collectively these people were a power. Except the street-railway companies, they were the greatest influence of the town. They paved the thoroughfares around their premises to suit themselves;

they threw out show-windows and bridged alleys in complete disregard of the city ordinances; they advertised so extensively that they dictated the make-up of the newspapers, and almost their policy. Above all, they were the arbiters of taste, the directors of popular education. That they sold shoes, hardware, soda-water, and sofa-pillows to myriads was nothing; that they pulled your teeth, took your photograph, kept your bank account, was little more. For they supplied the public with ideas and ideals. They determined the public's reading by booming this book and barring that; their pianos clanged all day with the kind of music people ought to like and to buy; and the display in their fifteen great windows (during the Christmas season people came from the remotest suburbs expressly to see them) solidified and confirmed the popular notions on art.

Well, Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. had set their minds on having a "ten-thousand-dollar painting." It would be a good advertisement.

They sent for Jared.

"Ten thousand dollars!" gasped the young fellow. He saw the heavens opening. "Why, I could get up a *great* thing for that!"

"I guess you could!" retorted old Meyer, brusquely. "You could do it for five hundred. That's what you *will* do it for, if you do it at all." He treated Jared with no more consideration than he would have given a peddler vending shoestrings and suspenders from the curb.

"Why," said Jared, abashed, indignant, "you said ten thou—"

"Let me explain," put in Van Horn, a little less inconsiderately. "We want a ten-thousand-dollar painting, and we're willing to pay five hundred dollars for it."

"Who'd come to see a painting billed at five hundred dollars, do you think?" snarled Meyer. "Nobody. You can see that kind of thing anywhere, can't you?"

"I s'pose you can," assented Jared, mindful of his first exhibition.

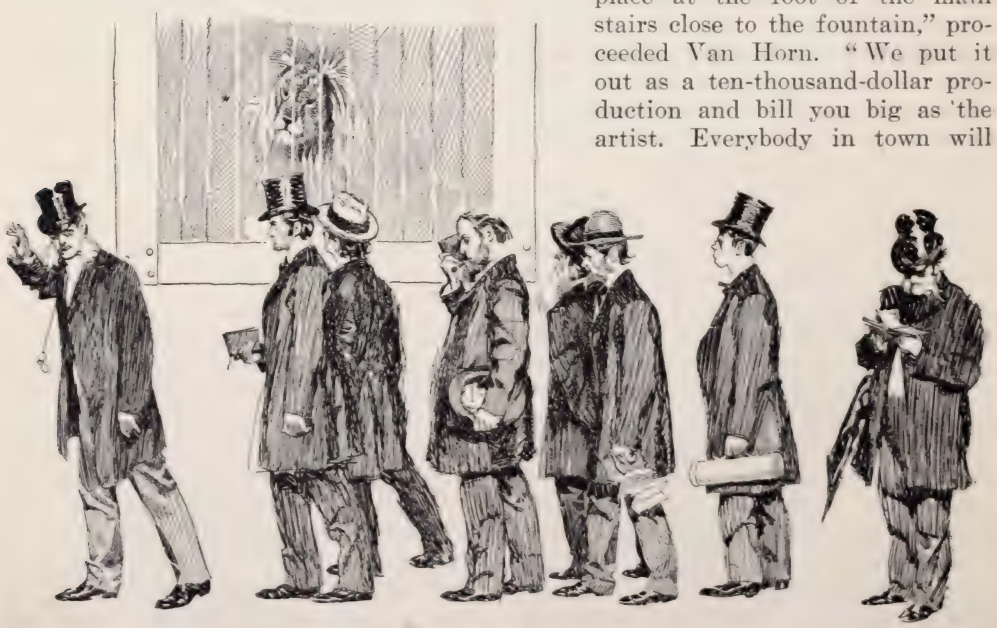
"But ten thousand will fetch 'em."

"Five hundred dollars, then," said Van Horn; "that's what we'll give you. And it wants to be bigger than anything you've got on show anywhere, and the frame wants to be twice as wide. I suppose you've got plenty more of that fence left?"

"Yes," assented Jared.

"Well," said Meyer, "you'll never have a chance to realize any more on it than you've got right here. And don't economize with your seeds—stick 'em on good and plenty."

"We'll give you a whole window, or a place at the foot of the main stairs close to the fountain," proceeded Van Horn. "We put it out as a ten-thousand-dollar production and bill you big as the artist. Everybody in town will



"That's The Final Depth," He Said

see it, and the advertising you'll get—why, ten thousand won't begin to express it."

"And we want you to put in a lot of farm stuff," said Meyer junior, whose taste in window-dressing had often roused the admiration of the entire town. "Vines and grasses, and a lot of squashes—real ones. I suppose you've got enough faith in your work to face the comparison?"

"I s'pose I have," said Jared. "I guess I've faced it before this."

"I want some real squashes on the frame too," said the elder Meyer, from whom the son's fine taste was directly derived. "Ever tried that?"

"In a small way," said Jared.

"Try it now in a big way. Half a squash, like a big rosette, on each corner of the frame—the half with the handle on it, y'understand." Meyer saw the squash as a kind of minor pumpkin.

"If I put it in the window," said the son, thoughtfully, "I shall want some saw-horses and bushel baskets and"—

"Take 'em right out of stock," said his fond father.

—"something to make a real country scene, in fact. And possibly a farmer sitting alongside in jeans. Just the place for the artist himself. It might be better, though, to put the whole show by the fountain. In that case I'd have a band, and it would play 'On the Banks of the Kankakee.'"

"Have you got that song on hand?" asked his father.

"It ain't written yet, but it will be inside of a week; and in a week more the whole town will be going wild over it, or my name—"

Van Horn cut short the youthful visionary. "Well," he said to Jared, "you hustle off and get the show together. Check for five hundred on delivery. And mum's the word," he added, with good-natured vulgarity, "on both sides."

"Ain't nobody ever said I talked too much," mumbled Jared, reaching for his hat.

VIII

Soon the Squash dawned on the town — the Last, the Ultimate. Jared had soothed his ruffled feelings and gone back to his old barn and worked for a fortnight. The result was in all men's eyes: a "Golden Hubbard"—an agricultural novelty—backed up by all the pomp and circumstance a pillaged farm could yield.

"There it stands, Melissa," he said to the girl, who had come out with an admiring little company to bid Jared's masterpiece godspeed. "And here *I* stand—a ten-thousand-dollar artist, and the only one in the country."

"I'm proud of you, Jared," panted Melissa, with little effort to conceal the affectionate admiration that filled her.

"And I'm grateful to you. You believed in me—you encouraged me—"

"Yes, I did, Jared," said Melissa, shyly. They were alone, behind the shelter of the barn door.

"And next to Dr. Gowdy—"

"You've seen him? You've thanked him?"

"Not yet. But I'm going to as soon as I get this picture in place. This ain't the end, Melissa; it ain't hardly the beginning. There ain't a picture of mine all over town that won't be worth double next week what it is this—and people anxious to pay the money, too. Just wait a little, Melissa; there's a good deal more to follow yet"—an ambiguous utterance to which the girl gave the meaning that her most vital hope required.

A few days later the city press was teeming with matter pertinent to young Mr. Meyer's newest display—the paper that refused to teem would have had to tell him why. Jared stood in the calcium-light of absolute unshaded publicity. "An American Boy's Triumph." "A New Idea in American Art." "The Western Angelus"—from a serf that submitted, indeed, yet grimaced in submitting. Under head-lines such as these were detailed his crude ideas and the scanty incidents of his life. And there were editorials, too, that contrasted the sturdy and wholesome truthfulness of his genius with the vain imaginings of so-called idealists. These accounts rolled back to Ringgold County. "Ten thousand dollars! ten thousand dollars!" rang through township after township. "Ten thousand dollars! ten thousand dollars!" murmured the crowds that blocked the street before the big entrance to Meyer, Van Horn, and Co.'s. All this homage helped Jared to gloss over the paltriness of their actual check. By reason of this

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. . . Behind The Shelter Of The Barn Door

double hosannah he was a ten-thousand-dollar man in very truth.

"And *now*," said Jared, "I will go and see Dr. Gowdy."

IX

"Dr. Gowdy is not at home this afternoon," they told Jared in response to his ring; "he is addressing a public meeting down town."

This would have applied to half the days of every calendar month throughout the year. When Dr. Gowdy let a day pass without making some public utterance, he counted that day as good as lost. He spoke at every opportunity, and was as much at home on the platform as in the pulpit. Perhaps even more so; there were those who said that he carried the style of the rostrum and the hustings into the house of prayer. Certainly his style was immensely "popular" — vigorous, nervous, downright, jocular, familiar. Whether he talked on Armenia, or Indian famines, or street-railway franchises, or primary-election reform, or the evils of department stores (he was very strong on this last topic), the reports—he was invariably reported—were sure to be sprinkled freely with "laughter" and "applause." To-day Dr. Gowdy was talking on art.

"It's going to be a hot one!" said the students among themselves. And they packed the assembly-hall of the Academy half an hour before the Doctor's arrival.

The lecturer who was carrying on the Wednesday afternoon course on Modern French Sculpture had failed to come to time, and Dr. Gowdy, almost on the spur of the moment, had volunteered to fill the breach. He telephoned down that he would talk on Recent Developments in Art. This meant the display of Meyer, Van Horn, and Co.

Dr. Gowdy had seen the abominable exhibition—who, during the past week,

had not?—and had been stirred to wrath. He fumed, he boiled, he bubbled. But it was not merely this that had roused his blood to fever-heat. No; Jared Stiles, emboldened by his success in the shopping district, had applied to Mr. English, the director of the Academy, for a room in which to make a collective exhibit of the masterpieces at present scattered through various places of public resort and entertainment. Mr. English had of course refused, and Dr. Gowdy, of course, had warmly backed him up. But Mr. Hill, the vice-president, and Mr. Dale, the chairman of the finance committee, had taken the other side. They had both been country boys—one from Ogle County, the other from the ague belt of Indiana—and their hearts warmed to Jared's display over on Broad Street. Their eyes filled, their breasts heaved, their gullets gulped, their rustic boyhood was with them poignantly once more. They murmured that English was a hide-bound New Englander who was incapable of appreciating the expansive ideals of Western life, and that Gowdy, city-born and city-bred, was wholly out of sympathy with the sturdy aims and wholesome ambitions of the farm and prairie. For once Art might well take a back seat and give honest human feeling a fair show. They hinted, too, that the approaching annual election might bring a general shake-up; English might find himself supplanted by some other man more in touch with the local life and with that of the tributary territory; and Gowdy — well, Gowdy might be asked to resign, for there were plenty of citizens who would make quite as good a trustee as he had been.

Some inkling of these sentiments had come to Dr. Gowdy's ears. He had scented the battle afar off. He said "Ha! ha!" to the trumpets. He pranced, he reared, he caracoled, he went through the whole *manége*. He outdid himself. The students, to the last man, simply went mad.

For the past year there had been a feud between Dr. Gowdy and Andrew P. Hill. Hill, relying on his own taste and judgment, had presented the city with a symbolical group of statuary, which had been set up in the open space before the Academy. This group, done by a jobber and accepted by a crass lot of city officials, was of an awful, an incredible badness, and the better sentiment of the community had finally crystallized and insisted upon its removal. Dr. Gowdy and Professor English stood on the steps of the Academy and watched the departure of the truck that was carrying away the last section of this ambitious but mistaken monument.

"Well," said English, with a quizzical affectation of plaintive patience, "we learn by doing."

"And sometimes by undoing," retorted Dr. Gowdy, tartly.

Hill heard of this observation, and came to the scratch with animadversions on Dr. Gowdy's maladroit management of the finances of the Famine Fund (a matter that cannot be gone into here). This was blow for blow, and ever since then Dr. Gowdy had panted to open the second round.

Jared Stiles, standing on his own merits or demerits, might have got off more lightly, but Jared Stiles, as a possible protégé of Andrew P. Hill, was marked for slaughter. This new heresy and all its supporters must be stamped out — especially the supporters.



. . . On The Steps Of The Academy

X

Dr. Gowdy stamped it out — and the crowd stamped with him. The fiery denunciations of the Doctor kindled an answering flame in the breasts of his youthful auditory. In five minutes hands, lungs, and

feet were all at work. The youth before him awakened the hot, headlong youth still within him, and he launched forth upon a tirade of invective that was wild and reckless even for him.

"This folly, this falsity, this bumptious vulgarity—shall we not put an end to it?" cried the Doctor.

"Yes, yes," responded the house.

"No; go on," said a single voice.

The Doctor laughed with the rest, and a wave of delighted applause swept over the place.

"Shall we not purify the temple of art? Shall we not drive out the money-changers?"

"Yes, yes," called the audience. For Jared had never drawn from the antique—he was trying to climb in like a thief and a robber.

"Shall we not?" repeated the Doctor, searching the house for that single voice.

"Sure," said the voice, and another wave of applause rolled from the foyer to the rostrum.

"Ten thousand dollars!" shouted the Doctor. "The man who says he paid ten thousand dollars for that agglomeration of barn-yard truck is one of two things: if he did pay it, he's a fool; and if he didn't, he's a liar! Which is he?"

"He's a fool!" cried half the men.

"He's a liar!" cried the other half.

"Oh-h!" shrilled the young women.

The Doctor wiped his streaming brow.

"What kind of a community is this, anyhow?" he resumed, stuffing back his handkerchief into his pocket. "Here we have this magnificent school [applause] that for the past fifteen years has been offering the highest possible grade of art instruction. A corps of thirty earnest and competent teachers [loud applause and a few cat-calls] are ministering to the needs of three thousand promising and talented young people, the flower of our great Northwest—" (tremendous and long-continued applause, during which the continuity of the speaker's remarks was lost). The Doctor filled in the minutes of tumult by taking several sips of water.

"Why, you, we, this Academy, should be the leaven, the yeast, to work upon our great metropolis; not merely the flower, but the self-raising flour"—a pause for appreciation of the pun—"the self-raising flour [loud laughter, easily yielded and unnecessarily prolonged] that is to lift yourselves, and the city with you, from the abyss of no-art, and from the still deeper abyss of false art. That's where we're groping; that's where we're floundering. I declare, when I was elbowing my way through that struggling, gaping crowd [cries of "Oh, Doctor!" and laughter], I could only ask myself the question that I have just asked you here: what kind of a community is this, anyhow?"

Up popped a shock of black hair from northern Michigan.

"It's rotten!" Shouts. Cat-calls.

"I should think it was!" vociferated the Doctor.

He went ahead for half an hour longer, crowding on more steam, acquiring a more perilous momentum, throwing out an ever-widening torrent of reckless personalities, not forgetting the ill-fated monument of Andrew P. Hill. ("Applause" and "laughter" were very frequent just here.) He ended his improvisation without the clearest idea in the world of just what he had said, and went home well pleased.

XI

When Dr. Gowdy took up the *Daily Task* next morning—there were sixteen pages of it—the first thing that met his eye was a picture of himself—the familiar two-column cut that had not had an airing for more than three months. "Gowdy Gives Us Up," said the headline.

"What now?" wondered the good Doctor. "Or rather, which?" For he knew that every public utterance reported in the daily press of the town was given one of two twists, the local or the personal. This was apparently the local. The personal was to follow—and it did.

Yes, the *Daily Task* had been represented at the Academy, and its young man, by a marvel of mutilation and misrepresentation, had put together a column to convey the impression that Dr. Gowdy was a carping Jeremiah, intent upon inflicting a deadly wound on local pride. "Oh, shucks!" said the worthy man, and went on with his toast and coffee.

But the other papers, though unrepresented at the Academy, had quickly



"Oh, Shucks!" Said The Worthy Man

detected the possibilities resident in Dr. Gowdy's abounding personalities, and the evening sheets were full of interviews. What did Jared Stiles think of the attack on him as a representative Western artist? What did Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. think of Dr. Gowdy's characterization of their enterprise and the pointed alternative it presented? What did Andrew P. Hill, as the representative of local wealth and culture, think of Dr. Gowdy's strictures on the self-made man's endeavor to adorn the city that had given him success and fortune? All these people had thoughts, and none of them was slow in expressing them.

"I can't understand it, nohow; I swan, I'm completely knocked off my feet," said Jared to the young man of the *Evening Rounder,* in the rustic dialect of the vaudeville. "Why, that there man—I've allus looked on him as my best friend. It was that book of his'n that give me my start, and now he turns agen me. But he's wrong, and I've got the hull town to prove it. And if he's wrong, by gum, he'll have to pay for it. He can't trip up the heels of an honest country boy and not get tripped up hisself. I don't know yet just what I'll do, but—"

With the *Evening Pattern* Jared was more academic. "I acknowledge that this attack comes as a great surprise. I had always regarded the reverend gentleman as the chief of my friends. His own book for young men [name not mentioned—Print, Push, and Co. did not advertise in the *Pattern*] was my earliest inspiration. Such conduct seems as inconsistent as inconsiderate. The public, I think, will be found to support me. And if the words of the address are correctly reported, I shall be found, I believe, to have good grounds for an action at law. An intelligent jury, I make no doubt—"

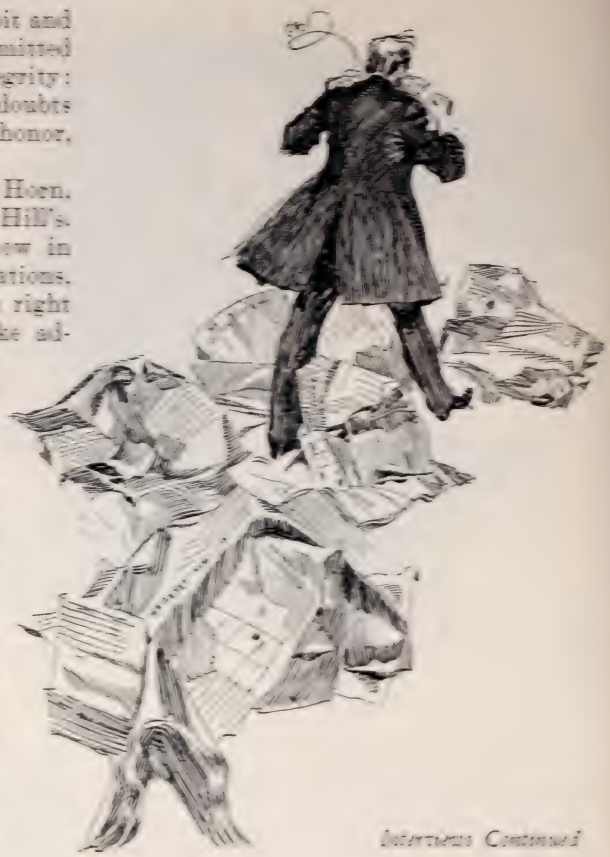
The two Meyers were delighted. This was advertising indeed! Van Horn, a shade less thick-skinned, stuck at the animadversions made so spiritedly by the Doctor and so vociferously supported by his audience. They wore upon him; they seemed almost actionable. He sent for the son of their credit man, a youth enrolled at the Academy, where he was learning to design carpets and curtains, and tried to get from him just what the Doctor had really said. This solicitude reacted upon the Meyers, and Meyer junior, who gave the interview, intimated that such language was actionable beyond a doubt. "Our Mr. Levy will attend to this. We have the endorsement of the general public, and that makes us still less willing to have anybody challenge our business acumen"—all this was but an elegant paraphrase of Sidney Meyer's actual remarks, for he had left school at sixteen and had never looked into a book since—"or our business integrity."

As for Andrew P. Hill, he did not wait for the interviewer; he wrote to his favorite journal over his own signature. If he himself, straying outside of his legitimate field (real estate and investments), had failed with "Our City Enlightening the Universe," Dr. Gowdy, astray in the field of finance, had failed no less egregiously. Yes, his handling of

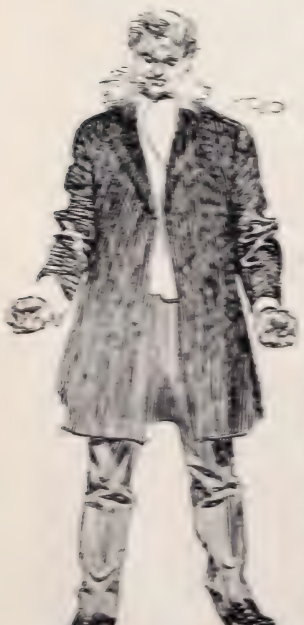
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the Famine Fund had been maladroit and eccentric to the point that permitted doubts as to his own personal integrity: why, then, should he be casting doubts upon the veracity, the business honor, of others!

This was a word for Meyer, Van Horn, and Co., who were tenants of Hill's. Landlord and tenant were just now in the midst of some delicate negotiations, and Hill hoped that a word of the right kind from him might help to make adjustment easier. Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. were intending to arrange a summer garden on their roof. Query: was the roof theirs—was it included in the lease? Hill felt sure of carrying his point,—decidedly the roof was an entirely distinct matter from the ten floors beneath it; but the situation might well stand a little lubrication if good feeling were to endure. Therefore Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. had the satisfaction of reading that William S. Gowdy was altogether too impulsive and erratic and unreliable—happily Hill did not employ the word "untrustworthy"—for holding a quasi-public position of some importance. Age was impairing his judgment and setting a term to his usefulness.



Interview Continued



Dr. Gowdy Flies Into A Passion

Dr. Gowdy flew into a passion. Threatened with legal proceedings!—he, the blameless citizen. Accused of dishonesty!—he, the pattern of integrity. Taunted with failing powers!—he, the inexhaustible reservoir of vigor, of energy! What, after all this, were the pin-pricks daily, hourly inflicted by the press, the post, the tongues of indignant associates, all intent on vindicating the honor of a community he had so wantonly attacked! What were squibs, caricatures, saucy verses, anonymous letters, cold looks from former friends, hot taunts from casual acquaintances! For art had been attacked in the very home and haunt of art! The town had been knifed under the ribs by one of her own sons!—made ridiculous in the eyes of the rihald East, and dubious in the regard of the trusting, tributary West!

Well, what would they have? demanded the Doctor. Should we gain anything whatever by always throwing bouquets at ourselves? Could we go along forever living on the dub-dub of self-praise?

But a truce to all this!—for Dr. Gowdy was coming to see, to feel, to consider but one thing—the Squash. Here was the fountain-head of all his woes. "Perdition take that fellow!" he exclaimed, with his thoughts fiercely focussed on the unseen Jared Stiles.

XII

Yes, the Squash had begun to run, and nothing, apparently, had the power to stop it. It was putting out leaves here, blossoms there, and tendrils everywhere. Particularly in the press. Interviews continued. Generals, judges, wholesalers, capitalists—the whole trying tribe of "prominent citizens"—were asked what they thought of such an attack on the fair fame of the city by one of its own sons. Less prominent citizens sent in their views unasked. Professors of crayon portraiture wrote to tell the Doctor he knew nothing of art. Lecturers to classes in civics advised him that he little realized the citizen's duty to his native town. The *Noonday Worm,* which had more than once praised the Doctor's public spirit, now turned on him and called him a renegade. The *Early Morning Fly,* amongst other buzzings, buzzed this: "If you don't like our city, Doctor, there is Another—higher up. Good-by; we'll see you later!" The Doctor, who had always felt that he had done as much as any for the town's well-being within, and more than many for its repute abroad, saw now that he had been taking much too favorable a view of himself.

Only the staid old *Hourglass* had a word in his behalf—a sober editorial on the art conditions actually prevalent. The *Hourglass* was in some degree Dr. Gowdy's mouthpiece. It had a yearly contract with him for the publication of his sermons—they came out every Monday morning—and Dr. Gowdy handed over the proceeds to the Board of Foreign Missions. This contract was about to expire, and it was a question whether it should be renewed. Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. said no. Dr. Gowdy had a column or two in the *Hourglass* on one day in the week, but Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. had a whole page every week-day and a double one on Sunday. And they paid for it! They disliked the editorial. They disapproved the sermon. The contract was not renewed, and Dr. Gowdy raged.

On the heels of this came a bill from Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. for tin-ware. This had been purchased but a week before, yet the bill bore these words, stamped in red ink and set askew with a haste that seemed to denote a sudden gust of spite: "Please remit."

"Henrietta!" called the Doctor to his wife; "how's this? You know I never trade at any of those abominable department stores! You know what I think of them: they demoralize trade; they take the bread out of the mouth of the small dealer; they pay sinfully low wages to the poor girls that they enslave—"

It was the new cook, it appeared, who had purchased a few pie-pans on her own initiative.

"Discharge her!" roared the Doctor.

Two or three days later the Squash put forth a new tendril. It had invaded his home, and now it invaded his pulpit, so to speak. Exacerbated by persecution, Dr. Gowdy had thrown off all restraint. His one real weakness, his inability to keep from talking when talking was going on, grew plainer every hour in exact proportion as his invective, his vituperation, grew stronger. He rushed into print, like some of the others, and his expressions were made matter for consideration at the monthly meeting of the ministers of his own denomination. Briefly, his brethren themselves (brutishly insensible to the abundant provocation) censured him for language that was violent and unchristian.

"I'll resign!" said Dr. Gowdy.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said his wife.

"Of course I sha'n't," he returned.

Then the Squash invaded the Academy. The shake-up came; Professor English was removed; and Dr. Gowdy was requested to withdraw from the board of trustees.

"I'll resign this time, anyway!" said he.

"I wish you would," said his wife.

Next day came a letter from "our" Mr. Levy. It as good as asked Dr. Gowdy's attendance at the store. Dr. Gowdy tore the letter into very small scraps, thrust them into an envelope, slapped on a stamp with a furious hand, and sent them back.

Then "our" Mr. Levy called at the house, accompanied by a Mr. Kahn, whose particular function was left in some vagueness.

Mr. Kahn felt around the edge of the

thing. "It can be settled, I am inclined to think," he said, smoothly.

"So it can," said the Doctor—"by your both going out that door inside of ten seconds."

But Mr. Kahn remained. "Your libellous utterance—" he began.

"Mine! Those students', you mean. Sue *them*—in a body!"

"We may prefer to sue you."

"Sue away, then! I'll put my standing against that of any department store in existence! This is a mere impudent speculation, impossible to carry out in the face of the public opinion of a Christian community—"

"Is it?" asked Mr. Kahn, blandly.

This equivoke checked Dr. Gowdy for an instant. "It used to be," he said, with a fierce smile. The smile vanished and the fierceness remained. "Go," he said. "I'm stronger than both of you together. There's the door. Use it!" He towered over them with red face, threatening arm, bristling white whiskers.

"Drop it," said Mr. Kahn to Mr. Levy, as they went down the Doctor's front steps; "he's a fighter."

XIII

An hour later the Doctor, looking out of his study window, saw a buggy drive up and stop at his carriage-block. It contained a rustic-looking young man, dressed in new and showy garments that had the cachet of the department store, and a young woman brave in such finery as young women wear when approaching the most important hour of their lives. Instinctively the Doctor reached for his prayer-book, an inspired volume that had a way of opening almost automatically at the marriage service.

But only the young man alighted. He came up the front walk with a look of fell determination on his firm-set mouth. The young woman, holding the reins, frowned at Dr. Gowdy's house-front in marked repugnance and indignation.

Jared had come to tell Dr. Gowdy what he thought of him—their first and only meeting. Dr. Gowdy at a distance had impressed him as an abstract moral force, but Dr. Gowdy close at hand was a mere man like himself. Jared pushed aside all deference and spoke his mind.

"You set me up an inch," said Jared, hardily, "and then you went to work to take me down an ell. You've tried to harm me all you could; you've tried to ruin me. But it couldn't be done. Let me tell you this: I've sold seventeen hundred dollars' worth of my work here, and the first of the month I'm going East with a lot more of it. A man with money in his pocket can get his rights," said Jared, truculently.

Dr. Gowdy, to whom Jared too had been an abstraction—an abstraction compact of bumptious heresy as regarded art and of crass ignorance as regarded life in general—finally realized him now as a human being, faulty and ill-regulated, indeed, but not altogether unlikable, and by no means lacking in a sort of rude capacity. He experienced, not for the first time, the alleviating quality resident sometimes in personal presence, even the presence of an antagonist.

But Jared had no sense of this. "You've made fun of me," he went on; "you've made me ridiculous in my own home. They're all laughin' at me down there. All but her"—with an awkward gesture toward Melissa, visible through the front window. "She's stuck to me right along. She believed in me from the beginning. It was her gave me that book of yours—"

"That book, that book!" groaned Dr. Gowdy. Alas for the refining and en-



"*I'll Resign!*"



The Shadow. | *Mr. Pennell Rowland, Cameraist*

subtle influences of art! Threatened and bestead in his own house by a lanish, dauntless ploughboy?

"You've interfered with my success; you've taken money out of my pocket. Do you want to know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to sue you, that's what! Her father is our county attorney, and he'll help me see that I get my rights!"

"Sue me? Do, you poor ignorant young cub!" cried the Doctor. "I've just had one lawsuit to-day, and what I want more than anything else is another!"

Jared glowered at him heavily—a look that was not without its effect on the Doctor. Jared knew nothing of the complexities and delays and expenses and uncertainties of the law, but he had already taught Dr. Gondy that the overbearing power of sheer ignorance was not to be despised.

"I may be a poor ignorant young cub," he returned, "but, for all that, I know how to take care of myself. And of another too—that right will be mine within half an hour." A second slight gesture toward the window. Dr. Gondy's accustomed ear recognized the confident tone of the bridegroom.

"Now, see here," said he, with a sudden lurch into what seemed an unpremeditated frankness. "Let me make amends." There was a positive note in Jared that responded to the positive strain within himself. Jared was more likable than Mr. Kahn, and better worthy of cautious heed as an antagonist. Why, indeed, should he be further antagonized at all?

"Yes, let me make amends," said the Doctor. "Let me"—here the prayer-book opened almost of its own accord—"let me—marry you."

Jared's eyes blazed. "Do you think that Melissa Crabb would—"

"Yes, I do," said the Doctor.

"We're going to Mr. Sleears, two blocks down the street," said Jared, imperviously.

"You're going to stop here," said the Doctor.

The force of personal relation prevailed—as it almost always does when given a chance. Jared yielded; Melissa acquiesced. She detached her fingers from the Doctor's house-front, climbed down out of the buggy, accompanied Jared and the Doctor in-doors, and let them take forthwith.

The Doctor's performance of the marriage ceremony was famous—the town was full of people who would never let anybody but Dr. Gondy marry them. To those who knew, Mr. Sleears was nowhere. The Doctor's method was a wonderful blend of gravity and of intimacy; he made you feel that you were the one man and woman in the world—the world summed up, indeed, in a single pair—and that you were going through a ceremony just a shade more solemn than any other man or woman had ever gone through before. His voice would be shot through with little tremors that showed his sincerity and his individual interest—briefly, Jared and Melissa had no cause to regret Mr. Sleears.

The Doctor kissed the bride in hearty, fatherly fashion—Henrietta kissed her no—and refused the fee Jared offered him.

"No," he said; "I've cost you too much already."

Jared wrung the Doctor's hand, and wondered that any mere man could fill his heart with such a tremor and such a glow.

"I'm going to see you again before you leave for the East?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, I have two weeks, at three hundred a week, with the Gayety Theayter," said Jared. "I put the finishing-touches to a picture every night in full view of the audience, and frame it with my own hands."

"Good-by here, then," said the Doctor.

XIV

This was the turning of the tide for Dr. Gowdy. From this time on, things began to run his way once more. The ministerial body, at its next meeting, reconsidered its resolution of censure; surely their brother had been sorely tried. The threatened suit of Meyer, Van Horn, and Co. was quashed by the Doctor's own dauntless bearing. The *Hourglass* agreed to open its columns to him, though but for a short synopsis and without remuneration—so that he had to go into his own pocket for the Foreign Missions. And finally, the students at the Academy refused to hear of his withdrawal as trustee. They met; they protested; they resolved; they clamored. "We want our Gowdy back; we want our Gowdy back!" —such was their cry. Their cry was heard; they got their Gowdy back. When next he addressed them (it was only on Ephesian Antiquities — a safe subject) their cry was heard again—heard, possibly, in the interior of the next State. It was the proudest moment of the Doctor's public life.

Jared Stiles's "Golden Autumn," handled and framed in his usual manner, and "valued at" ten thousand dollars—none of Jared's larger pieces now falls below that figure—will soon go trailing, exhibitionwise, through the halls of the Eastern seaboard. But it is an error to claim that the name of the painting was suggested by the Rev. William S. Gowdy. No; he still stubbornly ranges all this work, and indeed all similar work in any other field of art, under the generic name of the Squash.



SOLITUDE

BY MARY ROBINSON

LONG miles of wave-worn beach,
Farther than eye could reach,
Nor sight, nor sound of living thing—
Only the sea-bird's screech.

The roar and crash of tide—
A waste of waters wide:
A shore, a sea, man ne'er hath known,
Yet there—doth God abide.



THE OLD CABILDO OF NEW ORLEANS

BY GRACE KING

IT will be one hundred years, come December 20, 1903, since the old Cabildo held within its walls that great event of its history, the official ceremony of the transfer of Louisiana by France to the United States.

The new Cabildo, it was then, fresh from the munificent hand of Don Andres Almonester, the Alférez Real. The great stone stairway, easy and majestic of ascent, now blackened and hollowed by a century's footfalls, was then clean and smooth; the noble front, now worn and weather-stained, was then virginal in its beauty! A goodly domicile it was held to be, and indeed it was, for the Very Illustrious Cabildo, and no mean-looking Capitol for that domain, superb though it was, that twice in its council-chamber was signed away to different powers, like a dower to a grasping spouse. Twenty days before the eventful December date the French had taken possession of the city and official possession of the territory. They had raised their flag in the Place d'Armes, where the Spanish colors had

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waved, as the populace were wont to believe, in secure and proud dominion of the earth and sky of Louisiana; they had bowed out of the Cabildo its whole "Illustrious" company of councillors—Alcaldes, Alguacils, Regidores, Escribanos, the Contador, the Alférez Real, the Gobernador; had closed the huge tome of the Spanish Register, the ponderous plodding chronicle of municipal deliberations and decisions for thirty-seven years past—proceedings they could hardly be called—and they had opened a new volume in the name and language and under the date of the French Republic.

Between one volume and the other, as we see them before us, stretches the whole extent of the French Revolution — the whole space of difference between imperial Spain and republican France. The last page of one tome marks the crawling progress of the city; the first page of the other the colossal stride of a Power through the world—his Catholic Majesty and Napoleon Bonaparte.

The Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana holds its sessions to-day in the room where the Very Illustrious Cabildo held theirs—in the room where the two Transfers took place. Busts of former Chief Justices on high pedestals around the tribune, and, thick hung along the walls, portraits of eminent jurists who have passed away, suggest, with some solemnity, a watch and guard that is more than metaphorical—they represent, and represent well, that American domination into whose keeping Bonaparte ceded the great territory—the territory which he predicted would affirm forever the power of the United States, and give England a rival that sooner or later would lower her pride.

The 20th of December fell upon a Tuesday in 1803, a day that dawned with such radiance, and in such contrast with the dull, dark Wednesday upon which the French took possession, that the new proprietors, the Americans, claimed it as a particular compliment from Heaven to their flag—and so demeaned themselves. As they did not know that bright and beautiful days are the common coin of the climate, the Americans might have been pardoned their bragging and strutting; but they were not pardoned; on the contrary, their conduct and language were considered so unmannerly by the polite Creoles that deductions unfavorable even to the Constitution of the United States were drawn from them; and although the chronicles of the time do not mention the fact, no doubt more than one Creole gentleman, and all the Creole ladies, remarked, with ill-concealed disdain, that if old Don Andres could have foreseen what ceremony his stately edifice was called upon to subserve, only five years after his death, he would have lifted not a finger towards repairing the ruin and desolation of the fire sent by God to punish the city for its sins, as the priests accounted for it, on Good-Friday, 1784. Indeed, if, lying over there under the altar of the Cathedral (which he had also built and presented to the city at the same time of affliction)—if, lying over there in his coffin, he could even now dream what was going on outside, no matter whether the prayers for the repose of his soul were said, as compounded for with the Church, every Saturday afternoon at the ringing of the Angelus, was there a prayer in the Church that could ease him of his spite?

The crowd began gathering along the route of the procession, Chartres Street and the Place d'Armes, betimes: not that this means more than the idlest curiosity and wanton excitement, for all the city rose by daylight in that day, and the city all lay within easy stone's-throw of the Cabildo, securely within the Ramparts raised by the careful government to guard against the political accidents that befell so many promising governments in that revolutionary period; tumblings of children out of bed at night —to speak as the Spaniards did. Every household within the Ramparts could be, and in fact was, timed by the Cathedral, timed both for here and for hereafter. Outside the Ramparts it was different. There lay the Faubourg St. Marie, the American quarter, that rough, rude, boisterous, riotous, irrepressible settlement of flatboat men from the Ohio and upper Mississippi, with their congeners from all over the Western country, who, with their wild talk about rights of deposit and ownership of the mouth of the Mississippi, had kept the Spanish Governor in a constant state of preparation for attack, and the President of the United States in a state of preparation for their

filibustering capture of the city from Spain, or a no less filibustering capture of the West by Spain from the United States. It was the Faubourg St. Marie, the American settlement, that handful of squatters, that, in truth, forced the hand of Jefferson, and making the cession of New Orleans the critical political necessity of the hour, had secured it.

At nine o'clock the militia began to arrive and form in the Place d'Armes. The Colonial Prefect, Citizen Pierre Clément Laussat, stood upon the central balcony of the Cabildo to look at them. Robin, the genial historian and traveller, was in New Orleans at the time, and he relates that upon that eventful morning he accompanied Laussat to the Cabildo and stood upon the balcony with him. From that spot then, as from the roof of the building to-day, the eye could sweep unobstructed up and down the river and take in the crescent curve of the bank and all its magnificent possibilities of harborage. Across the Place d'Armes, at the government landing, and along the levee to the right and the left, lay a full complement of vessels loading and unloading. Where the vessels could not be seen, there rose their masts, decked for the day in gala bunting. On each side of the Place d'Armes ran Don Andres's handsome row of buildings, two-storied, with iron-balustraded balconies and high, pointed, red-tiled Spanish roofs — the choice location of the city for trade, on the ground-floor, for residence above. Along the line of the levee could be seen the roof-trees, thick and close, of the warehouses and counting-houses and shops—wholesale and retail—the growth of healthy, vigorous trade. And the Cabildo itself was hardly handsomer than some of the residences about it—hôtels, as they were rightly called, of the wealthy citizens, with their *porte cochères,* courtyards, pigeon-houses, cellars, arching doorways, and marble mantels brought from Italy, and furniture imported from wherever in Europe it was made most luxuriously.

Robin writes that, pending the arrival of the American commissioner, Laussat and he walked up and down the balcony, conversing upon the event about to take place, their eyes, we dare say, losing naught to be seen; gathering in the city not only in general, but also in detail: the motley composition of the crowd, the gallant bearing of the gentlemen militia, the gayly dressed ladies on the balconies surrounding the square, the radiant blue and white sky overhead, and under the sky, so close to it as almost to seem, what it was so often described to be in the fulsome eulogy of the day, a heavenly meteor, the Tricolor, waving proudly, gracefully, beautifully, serenely, at home. It is easier for pride to abandon a territory than to lower a flag, as Laussat felt keenly that day. He knew what Bonaparte only pretended to know—the value of what France was giving away. Robin discreetly does not publish their conversation; but Laussat did not conceal his sentiments in his despatches. "The Americans," he wrote, "have given fifteen millions of dollars for Louisiana; they would have given fifty millions rather than not possess it.... In a few years the country as far as the Rio Brazos will be in a state of cultivation. New Orleans will then have a population of from thirty to fifty thousand souls, and the country will produce sugar enough to supply America and part of Europe. .... What a magnificent New France have we lost!.... The people are naturally gentle, though touchy, proud, and brave. They have seen themselves rejected for the second time from the bosom of their mother-country.... Their interpretation of the cession, and their comments on it, show too clearly the extreme bitterness of their discontent. .... Nevertheless, they have become tolerably well disposed towards passing under the new government.... There are advantages in the Constitution of the United States of which it will be impossible to prevent them from experiencing the benefit.... And being once freed from her colonial fetters, it would be unnatural to suppose that Louisiana would ever willingly resume them....

At half past eleven o'clock was heard the impatiently awaited cannon-shot that announced the marching of the Americans from their camp above the city. Another shot announced their entrance into the city through the Tchoupitoulas Gate. Then came from the forts a salute of twenty-four guns. As twelve o'clock was ringing, the Americans filed in front

of the Cabildo; Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson, the American commissioners, riding side by side, followed by (the enumeration makes it appear small now, but in the vista of time and under the glowing light of tradition it was indeed a grand procession) fourteen dragoons in red uniforms, four pieces of artillery served by forty cannoneers, two companies of infantry, one of carabineers, with an escort of grenadiers from the city's militia.

The Americans aligned themselves in the square opposite the French soldiers. The American commissioners, dismounting, ascended the Cabildo stairs and entered the great council-chamber, where the Colonial Prefect awaited them, surrounded by his staff and all the dignitaries of the city, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, by Spanish officers, and by all the notable citizens of the place. Laussat led the way to a chair of state with a smaller and lower chair on each side. He took the seat of honor; Claiborne placed himself on the right, Wilkinson on the left. The secretaries of the commission stood in front.

The ceremony was opened by the French commissioner, who in a few words stated the object of the assembly. The Treaty of Cession was then read by the secretaries, in English and in French. Laussat read aloud his credentials, those empowering him to receive the colony from the Spanish authorities, and those directing him to transfer the territory to the agents commissioned by the United States to receive it, after which Governor Claiborne read aloud the credentials empowering him to receive the territory from the agent appointed by the French government to deliver it. Thereupon Laussat made the formal announcement that he put the United States in possession of the lands, countries, and dependencies of Louisiana in conformity with the articles of the treaty, under the same limits and conditions as he had received them by the Treaty of St. Ildefonso. Taking the keys of the city, he presented them to the American commissioner, and turning to the assemblage in front of him, pronounced these words: "I declare, in virtue of the powers with which I am invested, and the commission with which I am charged by the First Consul, that all citizens and inhabitants of Louisiana are from this moment relieved from their oath of fidelity to the French Republic." He then changed places with the American commissioner.

Governor Claiborne, on taking his seat, offered the people his congratulations on the event which, he said, had irrevocably fixed their political existence, and no longer left it open to the caprices of chance, assuring them that the United States would receive them as brethren, and that they would be protected in the enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion; that their commerce would be favored, their agriculture encouraged. The secretaries then read aloud the procès-verbal of the transfer, in French and in English. After these papers were signed and sealed by the commissioners, and reciprocally interchanged, the ceremony was declared over, and there was a movement of the audience towards the front of the building.

The commissioners walked out upon the central balcony and stood together. Their appearance was the signal for the lowering of the French flag. Slowly, trembling, fluttering, it descended. The flag of the United States as slowly ascended. When the two came together, midway of the staff, they paused a moment, mingling their colors and their folds. A cannon-shot broke the silence, and it was followed by a hoarse roar from guns all over the city—from the forts, from the ships, from the pieces in the square; the soldiers fired their muskets, the men shouted and tossed their hats, the women on the balconies waved their handkerchiefs — whether saluting the flag going down or the flag going up is not certain; but certain it is the flag that went up and the flag that went down, each went up and went down in the heart of every onlooker.

A French officer standing at the foot of the standard received the Tricolor in his arms, and with all its folds around him, silently strode away with it. Men fell in, one by one, behind him as at a funeral procession; the American soldiers presented arms as they passed; the citizens in the street uncovered before them and made way for them.

The United States banner, despite all efforts to relieve it, hung for a moment

embarrassed from the peak of the staff, and an anxious quiet fell over the Americans as they gazed upwards at it; but by degrees the great folds slowly unwound, caught the breeze, and like a flower burst open against the sky. Then such shouts arose from the Americans; they tossed their hats so wildly, and their fifes and drums played their best so loudly, that that moment at least was theirs.

The Colonial Prefect in a few gracious words presented his successor to the people, and the American Governor, the first American Governor of the Territory, made what may be truly called an inaugural address. "Louisianians, my fellow-citizens...." His language was unintelligible to all but a few, as unintelligible as the government he praised and proposed to inaugurate. The Cabildo itself was not more unresponsive to the patriotic eloquence flowing from its balcony than was the crowd upon whom it flowed. But a hundred years have made a difference. As for the eloquence that has followed Claiborne's from the Cabildo, did words wear away marble like footsteps, the outside of that old building would be more worn than its stairway; did language flow not merely in metaphor, its old walls would be furrowed and rilled like mountain-sides by torrent streams.

Since 1803 time has passed lightly over the stolid building, lightly over the old quarter. As in other cities, the worst ravages have been caused not by time but by the architects; and as in other cities, the architects called their operations a renaissance. It was not time that changed the front of the Cathedral, that replaced the pointed Spanish roofs of the Cabildo with French mansards, and tricked out the old buildings of Don Andres's row in the furbelows of a new régime. It was not time that cut up the fine old martial square into parterres for flowers, and Schilinger-paved the gravel walks—the pleasant evening promenade of so many generations of saunterers. Nor can we reproach time with the long low railroad warehouse that shuts out the view of the river from Cathedral and Cabildo—a view that they owned, we might say, by right divine.

The old quarter was "reborn" between 1830 and 1850; and reborn, it was fondly hoped and proclaimed, American; which then, as now, meant enterprising, progressive, rich. It was a strenuous effort on the part of the artistic French and Spanish Creoles; and a praiseworthy effort, a real step towards progress, it was considered by the appreciative Americans, who applauded and encouraged, and we may say practised, the renaissance incessantly then, as they still do in their own peculiar domain — the American quarter of the city, as it is called by the Creoles;—practising every imaginable step architecturally away from the original taste and temperament of the city, and towards what they, rightfully or wrongfully, call Northern ideals. But as the young Creoles of to-day anglicize their names and forswear their language to Americanize themselves with no better result than to accentuate their ineradicable foreign charm, so the "slang" and brusque manners imposed upon the Creole quarter by the well-meaning architects bring only into higher relief the vestiges that remain there of foreign ideals—the massive dignity of proportion, the noble lines, the graceful archings, the winsome coquetry of balcony and window-seat, the fragile elegance of hand-wrought iron-work.

In view of the approaching centennial anniversary of the cession of Louisiana, the Louisiana Historical Society is proposing that a fitting way of celebrating the great historical event by city and State would be to provide for the preservation of the fine old building in which the actual transfer took place; to maintain it as a perpetual memorial of the 20th of December, 1803, by transforming it into and endowing it as a historical museum, where could be stored and treasured such mementos of the past as it is pleasurable, and needful too, for a wise country to carry into the future.

The Cabildo, pensioned off and cared for, would be the State's veteran, living to all time, an immortal old Granther in his arm-chair telling his stories, over and over again, unwearily to the children clustering about his knee.

LITTLE FRIEND COYOTE

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

IT was in the summer when the Blackfoot and Piegan tribes were camped together that the Blackfoot, Front Wolf, first noticed Su-yé-sai-pi, a Piegan girl, and liked her, and determined to make her his wife. She was young and handsome and of good family, and her parents were well-to-do, for her father was a leading warrior of his tribe. Front Wolf was himself a noted warrior, and had grown rich from his forays on the camps of the enemy, so when he asked for the young woman her parents were pleased—pleased to give their daughter to such a strong young man, and pleased to accept the thirty horses he sent them with the request.

In those days, in the long ago, such intertribal marriages were common, for the two great camps often travelled together in quest of the buffalo, sometimes for a whole winter and summer, and thus the young people became acquainted with each other. Again they would be separated by hundreds of miles of rolling plain.

After their marriage the young couple continued to live in the Piegan camp, for Front Wolf had many friends there of his own age, who begged him to remain with them. They liked to go on raids under his leadership better than with any one else. It seemed to his wife as if he were always away on some expedition, so seldom was he at home, and as she had learned to respect and love him, she was very lonely during these long absences. One summer, only two or three days after his return from a successful war-journey against the Crows, he said to his wife: "It is a long time since I have seen my parents. Now I think it time for me to visit them and give them some horses. If you have any little things you wish to send them, hurry and make them ready, so that I may take them."

"I have some pretty moccasins for your father," said Su-yé-sai-pi, "and a fine buckskin dress for your mother; but I am not going to send them. I want to go with you and present them myself. It seems as if you do not care at all for me. Here you are just home from a long journey, and yet you would start right out again, without thinking about me at all."

"No," Front Wolf replied, "it is not that I do not love you; you may go with me if you insist on it. I did not like to ask you to make the trip, for the distance is great and there is danger on the way."

Su-yé-sai-pi was happy. She began her preparations at once, and only laughed at her parents when they urged her to remain with them, telling her that the plains swarmed with war parties in search of scalps and plunder, and that she would surely be killed.

At this time the Piegans were hunting on the Lower Milk River, but the morning that Front Wolf and his wife started away, the whole camp moved too, for the chiefs wished to pass the hot season along the foot-hills of the great mountains. At the last moment five young Blackfeet, visitors in the camp, decided that they too would return home, so they set forth with the couple, and helped drive the little herd of horses that Front Wolf intended to give his relatives. The northern tribe was thought to be summering on the Red Deer River, and a course was roughly taken for the place where it joins the Saskatchewan. This brought the little party, after three or four days' travel, to the Cypress Hills, or, as they were named by the Indians, the Gap-in-the-middle Hills. They reached the southern slopes of the low buttes one morning, after being without water all the preceding day, and prepared to camp and rest at the edge of a little grove, close to which a large clear spring bubbled up from a pile of sunken bowlders. They did not know that a large camp of Kutenais was just behind the hill where they stopped, and that one

of their hunters, seeing them coming, had hurried home and spread the news. Su-yé-sai-pi had scarcely started a fire when the warriors from the camp were seen to be approaching the little party from all directions, completely hemming them in. Although these two tribes, the Blackfeet and Kutenais, had once been very friendly to each other, they were now at war. When the strangers approached, one of them, the chief, who had learned Blackfoot in other days, called out, "Don't fire; we are friends; we will not harm you."

Front Wolf and his friends had drawn the covers from their guns, prepared to fight and to sell their lives dearly, but when Front Wolf heard this, and saw that the strangers made no motions to shoot, he lowered his rifle and said: "They intend to make peace with us; I guess they are tired of being at war with our people. Do not be afraid; they will not harm us."

The chief came up first, and shook hands with Front Wolf and the rest, saying: "I am glad to meet you. Our camp is near. Come over to my lodge, and we will feast and smoke."

These were kind words. The little party of Blackfeet did not doubt that they were sincere. They packed up again, mounted their horses, and rode around the hill to the lodges. The chief invited them to stop with him, and they rode toward the big lodge in the centre of the village, where many people were gathered. There they dismounted, when suddenly their arms were taken from them by the surrounding crowd, and they were pushed into the big lodge. It was a very hot day, and all around the skin lodge-covering had been raised for several feet to allow the cool breeze to pass beneath it, so the prisoners could see all that was happening without. Their little band of horses was quickly divided and led away; and then the chief and all the men had a long talk.

Presently the chief came inside, and sat down in his accustomed place at the back of the lodge. Following him four warriors entered, and seizing the young Blackfoot who sat nearest the door, led him out some little distance from the lodge, where one of them brained him with a war-club, and then every one tried to get a piece of his scalp, or to plunge a knife into his body. In a moment his hands, feet, and head were severed, and women were pushing and kicking and pounding the mutilated parts here and there, singing as they did so the shrill song of revenge. The Blackfeet looked on at this terrible butchery of their friend with horror, but in stolid silence, all save Su-yé-sai-pi, who gave a frightened cry when she saw the poor fellow struck down, and clasping her husband by the arm, buried her face in his breast. The chief smiled but did not speak. Presently another one of the young Blackfoot was led out, and met the fate of the first one. One after another, when his turn came, each arose and accompanied his captors without struggle or cry, and met his death as a true warrior should.

At last all had been killed except Front Wolf and his wife, and presently they came for him. Su-yé-sai-pi clung to him and cried and begged, but her husband himself put her from him and went out, saying to her a last kind word. "Do not cry," he said. "Take courage. Take courage." As he neared the place of butchery he began to sing his war-song, and the poor wife, looking on, saw him smile as the great stone club descended, and he fell forward lifeless to the ground. The woman now thought that her turn had come, but the executioners did not return. She wished that they would not delay; she wished to have the dreadful ordeal over with, so that her shadow might overtake her husband's as it travelled along on the road to the Sandhills —home of the departed Blackfeet. All the Kutenais, even the women and children, had now painted their faces black, and were dancing the scalp-dance, carrying before them the scalps, stretched on long forked willows.

"Come," said the chief to Su-yé-sai-pi, offering her the scalp from Front Wolf's head—"come, join us in this dance and be happy."

"You may kill me," the woman replied, "but you cannot make me dance. I beg you to kill me, so I may join my husband."

The Kutenai laughed. "You are too young to die yet," he said; "and besides, we do not kill women. Before long we are going to make peace with the Blackfeet and Piegans, and when that time



SU-YÉ-SAI-PI CLUNG TO HIM AND CRIED AND BEGGED

comes we will give you back to your people."

Of course it was a lie, for he had no thought of making peace, but intended to keep the woman.

Su-yé-sai-pi was very sad. If she sat in the lodge, the scalp-song rang in her ears; if she stepped outside, the bodies of her husband and friends greeted her eyes. She could do nothing but cry and wish for death to take her.

Several days passed and the rejoicings of the camp still continued. One afternoon an old widow woman called her into a poor little lodge and said: "I have great pity for you, and will do what I can to help you. I do not know what the chief has decided to do with you, but whatever it is, I would save you from it. Your only chance is to try to get away from here in the night and seek your people. I will fill a good big pouch with dried meat and pemmican, and some moccasins, and as soon as it is dark I will place it out behind my lodge. When the people are all asleep, and the evening fire has died out, leave your bed as quietly as you can, pick up the pouch, and hurry away in the direction from which you came."

Su-yé-sai-pi burst out crying. No one had been kind to her before, and kindness made her cry. She kissed her new friend, and when she could speak she said that she would try to get away that night. It seemed as if night would never come, and then as if the people would never stop talking and feasting and go to bed. But at last everything was quiet in the camp, and in the chief's lodge the fire of small willows had died down, and the deep breathing of the occupants showed that they were asleep. The captive cautiously arose from her couch near the door and

stole outside. She stood and listened a moment, and then coughed once or twice. No one moved inside; so, feeling quite sure that no one was watching her, or had noticed her come out, she went to the widow's lodge, and found the pouch behind it, and quickly but noiselessly left the camp.

The sky was overcast, and presently heavy rain, with thunder and lightning, came up, but she walked swiftly, steadily on, not knowing nor caring whither, so long as it was away from her enemies. The shower passed and the moon came out, and then the poor woman heard shouts and calls, and the rushing tread of horses; the whole camp was aroused, and they were searching for her. She crouched in the shadow of a bowlder, and heard horsemen go by on either side. Once two or three of them rode by in plain sight. She remained there a long time, until everything was still again, and then hurried on. In a little while she approached a small lake, and saw three horses by its edge.

"Here," she said to herself, "would be a good chance if I only had a rope. Perhaps they are hobbled; if so, the thongs will do for a bridle." She walked carefully nearer, when suddenly she saw three dim figures on the ground and heard a loud snore. She almost fainted with fright, knowing that these were some of her pursuers waiting for daylight to resume their search. Quick as a flash she stooped among the low brush, crawled slowly back, and then rising, hurried away in another direction.

In a little while day began to break, and she found herself on a wide plain south of the hills. In a little ravine near by there was an old wolf or coyote den; she crawled down into it, feet foremost, first carefully obliterating her footsteps in the soft loose earth about it. There she remained all day, eating none of her little store of food, for she was so thirsty it choked her. Several times during the day she heard the distant tramp of horses, but she did not look out, much as she wished to see what was going on.

When darkness came once more, she climbed out and started in search of water, not knowing which way to look for it, or whether she would ever find any. She travelled on, and on, and on, and when daylight again brightened the sky, found herself at the place where her husband lay. Yes, there were the bodies of him and his friends, now shapeless and terrible objects. And the Kutenais were gone. Fearing that she might find her people, dreading the awful vengeance that would overtake them if she did, they were no doubt already fleeing toward the pine-covered slopes of the great mountains. Worn out from her long tramp, and nearly crazed from thirst, the poor woman had barely strength to go on to the spring, where she drank long of the cool water, and then fell asleep.

The sun was hot, but Su-yé-sai-pi slept on. Well on in the afternoon she was awakened by something nudging her side. "They have found me," she said to herself, shivering with terror, "and when I move, a knife will be thrust in my side." She lay motionless a little while, and then could bear the suspense no longer; slowly rising up and turning back her robe, what should she find lying by her side but a coyote, looking up into her face and wagging his tail!

"Oh, little wolf!" she cried. "Oh, little brother! Have pity on me. You know the wide plains; lead me to my people, for my husband is killed and I am lost."

The little animal kept wagging his tail, and when she arose and went again to the spring, he followed her. She drank, and then ate a little dried meat, not forgetting to give him some, which he hastily devoured. She talked to him all the time, telling him what had happened, and what she wished to do; and he seemed to understand, for when she started to leave the spring he bounded on ahead, often stopping and looking back, as much as to say, "Come on; this is the way."

They were passing through the broken hills, and the coyote, quite a long way ahead, had climbed to the top of a low butte and looked cautiously over it, when he turned, ran back part way, and then circled off to the right. Su-yé-sai-pi was frightened, thinking he had sighted the Kutenais, and she ran after him as fast as she could go. He led her to the top of another hill, and then, looking away along the ridge, she saw that he had led her around a band of grizzly-bears, feeding and playing on the steep slope. Then she

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knew for certain that he was to be trusted, and she told him to keep a long way ahead, to look over the country from every rise of ground, and to warn her if he saw anything suspicious. This he did; and sometimes he would wait for her at the top of a ridge or hill, where they would sit and rest awhile, and as soon as she was ready to go on, he would run to the top of the next rise before she had taken fifty steps. If thirsty, she would tell him, and he would always take her in a little while to some water. Sometimes it would be a small trickling stream in a coulee; sometimes a soft damp gravel bed, where she was obliged to scoop out a hole; sometimes it was a muddy buffalo-wallow,—and it was always strong with alkali—but it was the best there was.

In this way, after many days, they came to the Little Milk River. The pouch had long been empty, and Su-yé-sai-pi was weak from hunger, and her weary feet were swollen and blistered, for the last pair of moccasins had been worn out. Here by the river were plenty of berries and some roots that are often eaten—good to fill the belly, but not strength-making food. Of them she ate all she could, and frequently bathed her feet, and kept on up the valley; but every day she went more slowly. The stops for rest were more frequent now, and the coyote showed that he was beginning to feel uneasy. When he thought she had sat still too long, he would whine and paw at her dress, and look away up the stream, urging her to go on. He himself fared well on the ground-squirrels and prairie-dogs he managed to catch, and often he brought one to her; but she could not bring herself to eat it raw, and she had no way of building a fire to roast it.

One day, while the sun was hottest, the two stopped to rest in a thick patch of brush. They were near the mountains now, and the valley was wide, with low, sloping hills on either side. The woman had been telling her companion—she talked to him now as she would have talked to a person—that her feet were swollen so badly she could go no farther, and then she fell asleep. She was awakened by the coyote jerking her gown and whining, and she sat up and listened. Pretty soon she heard people talking; they were some distance away, but the murmur of their voices seemed familiar; they came nearer, and she heard one say, in her own language, "Let's cross the river here."

She hobbled out to the edge of the brush and called to them, and when they rode up to where she stood they did not know her at first, she was so worn and thin. She told them her story, and pointed to the coyote by her side, telling them how it had helped her, and begging them not to kill it. They told her that the camp was only a little way above on the river, and offered her a horse to ride, but she asked them to go on and tell her mother to come after her with a travois, for she felt too sore to ride. Presently her mother came, and her father, and a great throng of the people, and when she saw them approaching she put her arms around the coyote and kissed him.

"You have saved my life," she said; "and much as I grieve to, we must part now, for while I might prevent the people from harming you, I could not stop the camp dogs from tearing you to pieces. But do not go far away. Every time we move camp my father's lodge shall be the last to go; and when the rest and the dogs have all left, we will leave food for you where our lodge stood. We will always do that."

The coyote seemed to understand. He licked her face and whined, and as her mother and father approached, he slowly moved away, looking back many, many times.

Su-yé-sai-pi cried—cried at parting with her faithful guide, and because at sight of her mother all her trials and sufferings came back to her mind. They placed her on the travois and drew her to camp, where all the people came to sympathize with her, bringing something from their store of choice food as presents.

The coyote was not forgotten; food was always left at the camp site, as she had promised, and often as Su-yé-sai-pi and her people started on after the others, they saw him standing on a near hill, watching them out of sight.



"OH, LITTLE WOLF!" SHE CRIED

[SEE PAGE 251]



THE WINDOW OF DUN-ANGUS

BY ALICE L. MILLIGAN

DUN-ANGUS lies far away on the Old World's very edge, where are the Islands of the Evening Star. By this name I call in my story the Isles of Arran, that are westward of Ireland in the Atlantic Sea. Look out towards them at eventide from the Connacht shore. They float in the crimson land of sunset, where islands and clouds, sea and heaven, seem blended. The great sun goes down beyond them, the evening star is kindled over them, and when at length it is truly night, you find they have not faded with other clouds of twilight, but see them floating still like dark-hulled ships upon the gloaming sea, then you know they are islands.

On the western coast of the largest of them is a sheer line of cliffs, of giddying height, walling off the ocean. Dun-Angus, a great fort of stone, stands on the very verge above the green water. Its vast broken circle engirdles a space of level floor thinly grass-grown. The stone circle, however, breaks at the cliff edge, and you can peer straight down into the marbling waves and watch the sea-birds hovering, and the black-headed seals swimming, and the white surge flashing and fading far, far below.

No house is within the fort, but once a lordly house stood there. Along the

inside of the wall run ledges for fighting-men to stand upon, and there are steps for them to climb by. Outside, rank upon rank, like warriors bewitched to that grim stillness, are sharp-pointed standing stones. They were ranged there to break the rush of the enemy against the fort wall. You shall hear how that came. Many a time those stones were red with blood that gushed out hot from the spear wounds and sword hacks made in the breasts and sides of men, while cries of pain rang out shriller than the shrieks of the sea-birds.

There are many tales to be told of Dun-Angus, but the one I am about to tell is the most terrible of them all, a tale of love and hate, of wooing and pursuing, of bloodshed and fire and death. Were it told aright it would make the flesh chill upon your bones, and the hair thrill about your brow, and the heart in your breast grow faint with fear and wonder.

There was a warrior lived in the great fort once. Angus he was called. His name clings to the place yet, aye and maybe his ghost haunts it, though he is dead a thousand years and more. Go there at night when the moon is riding through racing clouds and the wind breathes in from the west and the league-long billows swing against the cliff wall. You will see sights undreamed-of in the broad glare of day: white ghostly shapes leaping and writhing down on the rocks below, black flitting spectres crossing the floor of the fort, strange shadowy and shining forms in the gloom of the doorway and couchant among the stone army that stand aguard without. Tossing spray showers, you say, and shadows of the clouds, and moreover that the moans and wails you will hear are but the gurgle of waves in the caverns or the wind *caoining* through the stones.

Such things are easily accounted for! But when you have heard the story of Angus you will allow that there should be ghosts here, and that maybe these are the ghosts of unhappy men and women that haunt the place of their misery and fill the midnight air with pitiful lamentations. There was a lady, nobly born, Findavar, a king's daughter, with knee-long shadowy dark hair, and eyes blue as a mountain loch. She lived on the Connacht shore between the mountains and the sea. In her maiden musings she walked often on the yellow sand, and all her heart's longings went out over the shining water to the cloudlike isles that floated purple in the sunset under the evening star.

The woodlands and moors and lakes and soaring mountains of her father's territory were of no account to her. The rush of the brown salmon-abounding streams, the roar of the wind through forest boughs, stirred her little; but when she came to the rocks and the sands beside the sea and looked westward, and breathed the wind that came brine-laden from beyond the edge of the world, it was as if a spell was wrought upon her. Her heart tingled with strange and nameless hopes, her eyes softened with tender tears, her cheek flushed as if at the kiss of a fairy lover invisible and divine. "And oh," she thought, "what joy to sail out into the sunset and dwell in some palace of those purple isles!"

At length her longing was fulfilled. Once as she paced upon the strand on a breezy day of May, of a sudden a currach came plunging through the white crest of a wave and tossed in upon the shore. Then through the shallowing foam a tall stranger came striding. He shouldered an oar and dragged the light currach with one hand. He was noble and tall, with hair ruddier than gold flowing about him, and eyes blue and glancing. He had splendid manly limbs and a sun-burnt countenance. His cloak was of scarlet and yellow with gorgeous broidery. A brooch of gold flamed below his throat in a great golden circle, and the pin of it went from shoulder to shoulder.

"His ornaments are those of a king," thought the wondering maiden, and she remembered tales of divine warriors who rose from the ocean and wooed the daughters of men. Sea-princes of the tribe of Mananaan Mac-Lir. This was one such, surely!

Suddenly he saw the maiden. He flung out his arms and laughed aloud joyously, then dropped the currach that he was dragging, and came to her side with swift strides. Was he man or sea-god, he staid not to sue, but lifted her to his shoulder, and clasping her with strong arms, turned seaward without delay.

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So much she wondered, and so fearfully her heart beat, that she could not find voice to cry aloud, though her brothers and certain of her father's people were within hearing in a woodland brake near the strand, where they tracked the deer. She trembled like a leaf, and when at last fear overcame her wonder and she struggled, as if she would fain escape, he took her closer in his arms, and kissed her on her red lips, and looked into her blue eyes, laughing triumphantly.

Then, because no lover had kissed her till now, her face grew like the sunset sky, and tears welled in her eyes, and to hide them she drooped her shapely head, so that her shadowy hair might fall and hide those blushes. But the stranger from the sea with caressing hand tossed back those veiling tresses and kissed away the tears, and now she had nowhere to hide her rosy face except upon his heart.

When he saw that he had tamed her he let her slip from his arms unto the sand, and with wooing glance and tender words bade her wait. There she sat trembling but very meek whilst he brought the currach into the waves, then turned to her with outstretched arms. Now she saw that his purpose was to bear her away, and she rose in doubt and would have turned to flee; but, "No," she thought, "that were vain. He is swifter than I." And then she would have cried aloud for her brothers; but, "Oh," she thought, "he would slay them, for he is strong; or, haply, they would slay or wound him." And then in her heart she knew she would not have him hurt, and turned her gaze to look on him where he stood between the waters and the land, in the pride and beauty of his manhood.

He pointed to the islands across the sea, and then he spoke in a voice soft as the whisper of the surge on the shallow as it creeps over and is drunk in by the sand, telling her that he must bear his fair love safe to his island fort before night came with its stars.

Still she wavered, and yet he stood there, and touched her no more, only entreated her with looks of love and soft words, and always held his arms forth to take her.

Of a sudden came the yelp of hounds and cry of men as the deer broke from the woodland unto the shore, and lo! there were her brothers running along the sand with brazen spears poised in the chase.

With a little cry of fear she fled, swiftly as the deer, but those waiting arms were her shelter.

The stranger shouted in joy and defiance as he swung her to the currach, then wading beside her, pushed it through the waves and leaped to the rower's seat.

His strong arms sent it speeding through the water swiftly as a sea-going salmon.

The hounds and hunters ran to the beach, for the deer had taken to the water; but lo! the sons of that King of Connacht saw how they had lost more than their hunting prey. Over the green waves they beheld a currach dancing, and in it was their maiden sister (they knew her by her blue mantle spreading on the wind). She was leaving home and kindred, and a royal husband destined for her, and she knew not even her lover's name, though she went with him of her own accord; but he was Angus of the island Dun, no prince at all, but one that lived by plunder and unlawful prey.

II

By the time the stars came out that night over the purple water, Findavar sat at the feast in the house of the Dun by the side of her Formorian lover. The round house was full of light and noise; in the midst of it the flames licked up about the great brazen caldron, and the smoke rose wavering to the tentlike roof and spread there in a blue mist and curled up out into the air. The princess sat as in a dream, divided between joy and fear. Now the room flared red around her, and she saw in the fierce brightness the faces of all those revellers. Now the fire suddenly gloomed, and the wall was blackened with a ring of grotesque goblin shapes, their shadows. Black monster hands and arms were waved at her from the hollow circle of the roof. Findavar trembled till she found the strong hand of Angus that lay close to hers. Then he clasped it, and forgot to touch the mead that foamed in his oaken mether, and cared only to gaze on the fair face of his stolen lady, and to seek to win a glance from her shy and timid eyes. He rejoiced in his heart and thought:

"I had never so fair a love as this, nor one that came to my arms so willingly. She is so young, so young; she will be my one love and only till fate send me a fairer."

Then he looked where among the women folk a red-haired girl he had stolen from Kerry sat, sad and sullen. She was not sad for him, however, nor jealous at all of the bride, though the son of Angus —and hers he was too—played beside her knee, a merry child and comely and strong.

"She is saucy and proud as ever," thought the pirate; "and since she only wept at my kisses I will trouble her no more. She shall grind at the quern, and can weep her fill there for that lover of hers she left forlorn when I bore her away." He kissed Findavar before the whole company, and laughed to catch the eyes of Shiav fixed on him in moody hate.

The revel grew louder, and above it all Findavar heard confusedly the voice of a bard trolling forth some song to praise her beauty and the valor of Angus. She heard the twanging of ill-tuned strings, and noted the coarseness of the singer's voice. Then sighed softly, remembering the harps and sweet music of her father's court in Connacht.

And yet surely this unknown prince of the island, her lord and lover, had wealth and glory, and might have sweeter music for the asking. His arms were chiming with rings of gold in plenty, and he had decked Findavar with the rarest beads of yellow amber and clear blue pebble. A *mind* of gold like the young moon shone over her white brow against the darkness of her hair. She wondered, therefore, at the hoarse bard and the ill-tuned harp, for she held music as more glorious and fitting in a king's house than either gems or gold.

"But come," said Angus, swinging aside a curtain that hid the foot of a little stair behind their feasting-seat. "Come, see, and tell me if there be in any palace of Connacht as wondrous a grinian as this I have decked for my bride."

He led her up the stair to a room that was small and dark. From one narrow window they could gaze down upon the revellers. A faint light came through it and showed that the wattle-work had been hastily hidden with costly hangings of scarlet, on which were broidered serpents and other mystic twining things.

Angus reached up his strong arm and undid a bolt that let a door swing outward. And lo! through that empty space there was nothing to be seen but the deep gloom of the heaven, lit with great white stars and streaked with the faint glimmering of the Milky Way. Findavar shuddered, yet rejoiced. She had in truth come to her island of the stars led by a fairy lover. He drew her to the window, and holding her in strong arms, let her lean forth. The cold night wind breathed through her hair, bringing with it into the curtained room the strange fresh scent of the sea. Findavar suddenly cried aloud, and lo! she found no garden bower, no grassy lawn, no scented boughs of apple-trees below the window of this grinian, only an awful void abyss that yawned down, down, down. Ah! now her peering eyes had pierced it, and had seen the uncertain shimmer of water, the silvery white swirl of marbling waves, and faintly came the plash and distant boom that told her that this bridal bower was hung like a scart's nest on the verge of a giddy cliff above the restless sea.

It was when she turned shuddering from the window that Angus, laying his hand upon her brow, asked her first what name he would call her by, and of what race she sprang. He had not troubled to ask before. It was enough that he found her fair. He had not dreamed that she was royal. "Findavar, daughter of Lorcan of the Red Spears." He repeated the words that she had spoken, in a tone of wonder and pride. He was silent a moment. Then he laughed aloud in joy and scorn. He had stolen, though he knew it not, a king's daughter, the child of his fiercest enemy, a bride that he would have to fight for and defend from the strongest chiefs of Ireland, till his life or hers was o'er. With love hot in his heart, with Findavar safe in his grinian, what recked he? He laughed aloud in scorn. "My Dun is strong," he said. "Fear not, Findavar, my Dun is strong; but thou shalt be the cause, fair love, of as many wars as the great bull of Cuailgne!" And his laughter rang out into the void and found no echo; but from far below

came the low booming murmur and faint liquid plash of the ever-moving sea.

III

The joy of blue-skied Beltane-tide lit the rocky isle. The joy of love and youthful life shone in the gentle eyes of Findavar. She was well content with the sea-prince of the Dun, and never weary of watching the shade and shine come and go over the immense plain of wrinkling ocean. The summit of the island is a level floor of gray-white limestone, on whose surface grows neither grass nor any other herb.

Across the rock run great rifts, as if a giant plough had been dragged along, and Findavar, reaching her slender hands down into the crevices, brought them up full of the hair-stemmed green quivering fern that is the wonder of those islands to this day. Like giant stairs, the rocky terraces descend to the landward side of the island, breadth and steep alternately, and many a time Angus took the lady's hand in his and led her down to the very sea edge, and standing thus together they looked across the sound to the Connacht shore. And she in her innocent love would soon turn her eyes away to look on the face of her lord, nor did she pine for the meadows where the grass is soft, or the moorland where the heath is long and brown, nor for the trees of the forest, shaking their branches, with whisper of light leaves overhead.

Dearer was the barren isle, because of the prince who ruled it and who swayed her heart.

And Angus, as he looked across the sound, would be watching for any fleet of currachs coming in pursuit, laden with warriors ready to do battle in revenge for the wrong done to Lorcan of the Blood-red Spears. But summer went by till Samhain-time, and there was no sign of the revengeful king. "Doubtless," thought the pirate, "he has learned to fear the name of Angus of the Dun," and then he laughed to think that one day a son of his own might go forth across the stormy sound and stand in the doorway of Lorcan's palace, and claim before all his clan to rule after that old king by right of royal birth and warrior worth.

But when the babe of Findavar was born, lo! it was a girl child, and Angus strode apart in anger and cared not to hide his disdain of that weakling thing. He had no patience, this fierce sea-robber, and even as the young mother sat with her sweet eyes gladdening upon the little one at her breast, he called to him the red-haired boy—his only son—and fondled him in her very presence, and would have him eat beside him at the board. The boy was bold and very wilful, and Angus laughed at his baby fierceness, and loved him for it. One day he proffered him a share of the bread sweetened with honey which was set apart for Findavar and himself.

"Eat, young sea-eagle," said the father. "This is the chieftain's bread, and thou art the chieftain's child."

But the child flung aside the sweet morsel.

"My mother's tears," he said, "are in that bread. I saw them fall into the meal as she bowed above the winnowing-sheet. I cannot eat of it. Why does my mother weep?"

Angus did not answer, but brooded awhile, with eyes of pride fixed upon his son. Findavar thought, "Now I shall lose his love, and my father's love is lost long ago; he has not even pursued me, and cares not that I am gone." Her heart turned sadly homeward, till her tears fell down on the face of the little babe, and, "Ah," she thought, "soon I shall grind at the quern, and another shall sit by his side and feast on the bread kneaded with my tears."

Soon that poor little child that was her only comfort was taken from her too, and laid cold in death in a crevice of the rocks under the quivering fern, and they had much ado to find earth to cover even so small a thing.

Now was Findavar comfortless quite, and thought her reign of love was over, and nothing more to do but die.

She sat on the cliff edge and watched Angus with his warriors go away on a foray. The great fleet of creaking currachs, full of armed men, went with dipping oars across the azure of the sea as a bird flock goes through the blue of the sky.

Shiav, the red-haired woman of Kerry, came and sat by her and looked afar after them with longing eyes. "Oh," said that poor exile, "would that he would bear me

back to my native shore!" and she told how her father's house had been ravaged on the very night of her bridal feast, and she torn from the arms of her chosen love, by Angus of the Dun. Findavar shuddered and thought, "What if he bring home from this foray some new and fairer love? Ah, if he forget me, I can only die! I could not live and look upon their joy!"

But Angus came home sooner than was dreamed, staying no more than a night by the far Clare shore; and when he entered the Dun, all spray-wet from the sea, fiercely he kissed Findavar, and as fondly, she thought, as at his first love-making.

Greatly she wondered. But Angus had heard news which made her again precious in his eyes. Lately he had doubted that she was a princess at all, for surely Lorcan of the Red Spears would have pursued a royal daughter. Now he learned the reason of that delay.

In that very day on which Findavar was stolen there had come against Lorcan's clan and into his territory a dread foe from eastward of the Shannon. All the summer- and autumn-tide had been spent in war. In winter he took time to recover from that strife and to muster new force; besides, the tempests of that season protected the island chief; but now was spring come again, and with it came the day of Lorcan's vengeance.

Angus heard word in Clare of how the dread king was mustering his allies and preparing his currach fleet; so swiftly he came back to Dun-Angus to defend his bride, and now that she was cause of war, dearer was she than ever, his one love and his queen, whom he would hold against all others.

IV

I need not tell you of the battles that were fought ere Lorcan made good his landing in the island. The first strife was on the sea, the warriors of either host in currachs hurling spears at each other, to rend the cowhide that was stretched on the frames of the light vessels. Many a currach, rent thus, sucked water and sank down, leaving its rowers and fighting-men to swim for life, whilst their enemies speared them like seals; the clear green of the ocean was stained with gurgling blood. The long leathern weed that stretches waving arms from the sea-floor enwrapped many a sinking corpse.

The next struggle was on the slippery sea-rocks when the invaders had gained thus far, and in both these first battles Angus had help from Ceannan and Conocobar, chiefs from Inish-maan, who stood him in good stead; but at length they quarrelled fiercely over the plunder of the slain, and the Inish-maan chiefs went away with all their fighting-men, leaving Angus to settle his own quarrel with Lorcan of the Red Spears.

At length he was driven to shelter behind the walls of his Dun, and then was it that he placed those rugged stones in rank outside the north door, so that from that side the fort could be defended easily by a few men skilled in hurling spears. The foemen could not rush in a crowd against the wall, but were broken in their charge by the stones, and many of them died there shrieking horribly, with brazen spears quivering between their ribs and blood spouting.

Findavar could not help but tremble and weep when she heard such shouting around the Dun, and when Angus came back from a sally, flushed and triumphant with trophy, heads of those he had slain, she shrieked and hid her eyes, fearing to see her father's face, or some one of her brethren.

And in her heart she secretly longed to be captured again and taken to her quiet home, and to be restored to her father's love, for though Angus showed her great tenderness, and though she rejoiced that she was not forsaken and that her beauty was praised, yet she doubted his faithfulness, and longed for the more steadfast shelter of fatherly love.

Sorely they suffered from hunger and from thirst. Their food was mainly salt fish stored against such a time as this; and for water one had daily to descend by a rope the face of the cliff to where a little spring trickled through the limestone.

The red-haired slave-woman of Kerry had now little meal to grind, but indeed she was crazy quite, and sat always turning the empty quern and singing a shrill, fierce lay. And what she sang was a curse upon Angus, an incantation to all those mysterious powers that in the estimation of the pagan Irish ruled the des-

tinies of men. Sun and wind, moon and stars, they worshipped, the spirits of evil or beneficent strength whom they called the sidhe—ghosts, men say, of the dead De-daanen warriors and women, who haunt the hills of Eri yet.

She called on them to punish Angus for his cruelty; to rob him of his bride, as he had robbed another; and to give his bones to the birds of the air or the fishes of the sea.

One day Angus rose up in his wrath, for he could endure her curses no more, and he struck her with his great fist upon the lips. With that blow he hurled her back against the hearth-stone so that her temple was struck, and of that hurt she died.

After this, Findavar shrank from his embraces and feared his look; and his little son who had called the dead woman mother shrieked and spat if he came near; and he grew mad in his wrath and went out against the warriors of Lorcan, seeking death. None would fight him, for the king had vowed he should not die in battle, but be starved to death like a gray wolf in winter, or be burned alive in the Dun. But neither by starvation nor fire was he destined to perish, as you shall hear.

It was the middle of a night of balmy air and all was still. The chieftain slept within his grinian; Findavar, vexed with homesick longings, lay still but slept not. Around the walls stood sentinels on guard, but half of them too were slumbering as they leaned upon their spears. Why should they watch when no foe was in sight? Lorcan and his warriors had doubtless encamped beyond the ridge of the rocky summit, intending no assault. One by one the weary sentinels forgot to watch, and each, leaving that care to the others, yielded to the enticing drowsiness.

Findavar arose, as indeed she often did, and paced restlessly through the round house where women and children lay asleep, then by a door she passed out and attained the circling wall of stone and saw how it was with the guardsmen. She did not waken them, but wrapping her great woollen mantle more closely round her, stood there in the starlight, and longed for her father to come and save her.

Of a sudden she saw dark forms loom out against the sky. Men were leaping over the rocks very silently. They bore not only spears, but torches, and she knew well what was meant. They drew near, and fastening the flaming brand on the spear-shafts, hurled them against the house. She fled within for safety, not being able, without wakening the sentinels, to pass out by the stone arch and escape. Their bodies lay across it. Soon she heard a sleepy stir on the wall, then a startled cry. The guardsmen were awake, but too late. The house in the Dun was on fire, the foe was entering. She stood in the middle of the hall and waited only for some of her own kindred to burst through the smoke that she might give herself to their keeping.

And now who was that with great bare arms smiting down a grizzled soldier at the door? Lorcan her father, no other, and behind him Scorain and Ceth, her brothers, and Ciadach, a prince of Clare, to whom she had been promised as a bride. The smoke was now around her and before. The flames hung a curtain of wavering fire about the wall; she stretched out her arms to her father, crying to him to guide her through that awful heat into the cool air. Women and children were waking around her and wailing. She heeded them not.

Suddenly above the crackling of timber and roar of fire and clash of arms a clear voice called her. She turned, and there on the stairway stood Angus with outstretched arms. He was gaunt and wan. Her heart pitied him.

Anon great volumes of lurid smoke rolled between them, but cleared away and showed him still standing there with outstretched arms; behind him was the window, a space of blue-black heaven lit with great white stars.

"Findavar!" her father called, for now he saw her first; and "Findavar!" cried her brethren all; and most entreatingly of all, "Findavar, my beloved!" cried Ciadach, Prince of Clare.

But she turned from those hands stretched forth to save, and turning, fled. Fierce tongues of flame darted across her path, but fearless of all, through the fire she went, and straight to the arms of Angus.

Poor child! I hardly dream she knew



"FINDAVARI!" HER FATHER CALLED

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to what a doom she went. He had no sword wherewith to defend her, but indeed he knew all defence was now vain. He would keep her from his rival's arms. That at least! He clasped her close to his heart as he stepped back to the window. Once they heard her cry aloud in sudden fear; but he kissed her eyes and turned her face to his heart that she might not see. She could not see, but now she knew what was to come, and sobbed weakly.

He stepped back to the window, always facing his foes, who followed through smoke and flame, with bared swords and faces of terror, only hoping to creep near and catch the victim's floating robe and drag her down and save her so.

Their hands were half outstretched to clutch, when Angus saw them and stepped to the window-ledge, poising on one foot. The sweat of horror stood on their brows, their lips murmured, "Spare her!" Then, with a shout of defiance, back he stepped into the abyss. Down, down, down they whirled through that awful space, bride and lover clasped together in a close embrace.

Those that leaned through the window to look after them saw only the great white stars above the violet sea, heard only the liquid plash and faint distant boom of the restless billows.

Thus came it that the Isles of Arran were ravaged by the Connacht men, for Lorcan ceased not with the burning of that one Dun, but went against the pirates in every fort of the three islands, till all were destroyed. The great stone walls you can see to this day, and men say that they afterwards gave shelter to the holy hermits who built their wattle huts within those mighty circles for safety against the Danes.

But within the Dun of Angus there hath never been a house from that day to this; and why should that be if not that it is haunted by the unhappy ghosts of Findavar and her Formorian lover, and of all that perished with them by hunger and fire and sword?
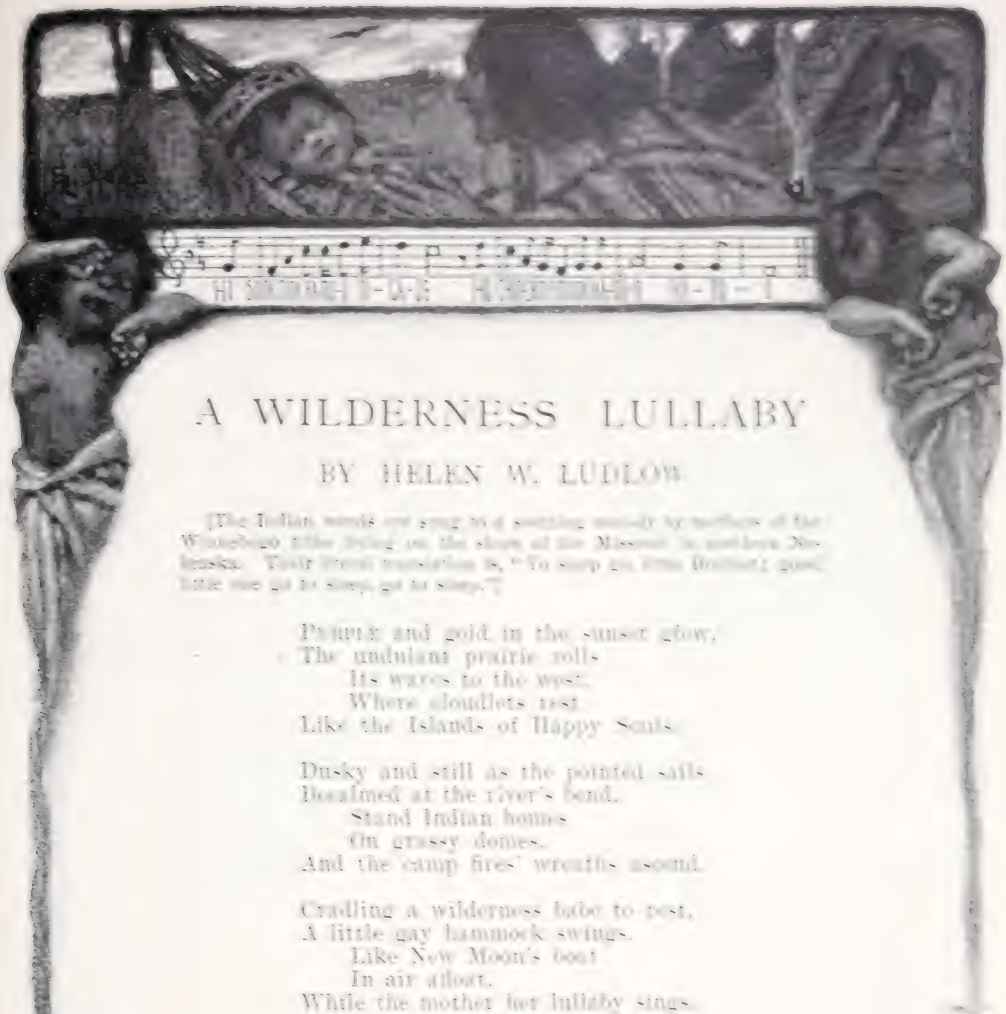
THE BLACK BEAR

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

AT rustle of leaf the red fawn leaps.—
Its mother trembles while she sleeps,—
A whisper breaks the forest hush,
And both are off through the underbrush.

But not a fawn in wild wood born
So timid as he of the coat unshorn,
This mighty one who shuffles along
And never dreams that he is strong:
A cowardly bully, put to flight
By hares that romp in the still twilight,
Barked at by squirrel, by bird-cry stung,
Belabored by every forest tongue:

Gone—a black flash—ere you can make out
What all in the wood are scolding about.



A WILDERNESS LULLABY

BY HELEN W. LUDLOW

[The Indian words are sung to a soothing melody by mothers of the Winnebago tribe living on the shore of the Missouri in northern Nebraska. Their literal translation is, "To sleep go, little Brother; good, little one go to sleep, go to sleep."]

Purple and gold in the sunset glow,
The undulant prairie rolls
Its waves to the west,
Where cloudlets rest
Like the Islands of Happy Souls.

Dusky and still as the pointed sails
Becalmed at the river's bend,
Stand Indian homes
On grassy domes,
And the camp fires' wreaths ascend.

Cradling a wilderness babe to rest,
A little gay hammock swings,
Like New Moon's boat
In air afloat,
While the mother her lullaby sings.

"*Hi-nunk wink ha-ne-o nigesh,*
Ho ehi-ehin pin wink,
Ha-ne-o, ha-ne-o,

"Oh, hush thee now, little Brother,
Thy bright eyes droop
So low, so low;

"The red sun's smile on the prairie
That fell like a rose
Is fading slow

"Then close thine eyes, little Brother;
The wise Owlet cries
'To dream-land go!'"

Melting from vision like wind swept sails
Or gold of the sunset sky,
The camps disappear,
Yet oft I hear
In a dream-song that low lullaby—
That wilderness lullaby:

"*Hi-nunk wink ha-ne-o nisongé,*
Ho ehi-ehin pin wink,
Ha-ne-o, ha-ne-o."

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ADÈLE FOUCHER AT 19
LATER MADAME HUGO

LOVE-LETTERS OF VICTOR HUGO

(1822)

WITH COMMENT BY M. PAUL MEURICE

PART III

TUESDAY, *January 8, 1822.*

ADELE, all that you said to me in your letter of yesterday is perfectly just. I thank you, dear love, for having written it, notwithstanding that it has aroused me as from a dream. It is one of your rights to speak to me of my affairs, for my affairs are yours.

Even more than this, it is my duty, and it is one of my dearest rights, to ask counsel of you in regard to all that concerns me; and my confidence in you, my profound esteem for my wife, advise me very differently in this respect than does her own modesty. I should have wished, long since, to exercise this right, had I not been afraid of taking up these letters, which are my only joy, by details tedious both to you and to myself. But this reason disappears of its own accord from the moment that your wish in the matter answers to my own. There is another, and more powerful reason, however, which still deters me. In giving you an account of all that I am doing, and of all that happens to me, I should be apprehensive of seeming, directly or indirectly, to sing my own praises, and on this account only, my dearest Adèle, the frankness which you ask for—as if, indeed, the request were necessary—will be somewhat difficult. But if I am constrained, in spite of myself, to enter into some explanation apparently lacking in humility, I hope, dear love, that you will recollect that it is not I who have sought an occasion to obtrude myself, and that the details, which I shall try to make as brief as possible, are essential to enable you to understand not only my present position, but the possibilities in my future as well.

What is necessary to our happiness, dear love? Some thousand francs of income, and the consent of my father. That is all. What cause have we, then, for uneasiness? For myself, my distress arises not from uncertainty, but from delay. I am sure that I shall be able, by my own exertions, to earn the means of subsistence for you and for me. I hope that my father, after having wrecked my mother's happiness, will not destroy mine too. I rely also on being able, so soon as I attain my majority, to render him some service, which will, in some sort, oblige him to approve our union. But what reduces me to despair is that patience has never been a virtue of mine, and that I am wholly ignorant when this happiness will arrive, although I know for a certainty that it will do so, at least unless death forestalls it.

Do not ask me, Adèle, how it is that I am confident of obtaining an independent subsistence, for I shall then be obliged to speak to you of a Victor Hugo whom you do not know, and with whom your own Victor is in no way desirous that you should make acquaintance. It is this Victor Hugo, who has friends and enemies, who is entitled by reason of his father's military rank to appear everywhere in society as the equal of all the world, who has attained a precocious reputation on account of some very slender literary efforts, and whom every one in society, where he rarely displays his cold melancholy face, believes to be occupied with some serious undertaking, when he is really dreaming only of a sweet, charming, virtuous young girl, who, fortunately for him, is ignorant of the social world. This Victor Hugo, my Adèle, is a very insipid person. I could—I ought, perhaps, to speak of him at some length, in order to show you by a number of details that his future offers some reasonable expectations; but I beg you to agree to accept this on my word, for the Victor Hugo I speak of is very wearisome to your own Victor, who has already endured a great deal in writing these few lines. I am completely confused, my sweet love, at having been led into speaking so much about myself, but it is your own fault. I repeat that I speak of myself at such length only at your own desire, for if you ask me what I look forward to, it is needful that I should tell you on what my expectations are based.

I am aware that you have been inspired with a prejudice, which has very little foundation, against the profession of letters. Nevertheless, dear love, it is to this that I owe the position which I now occupy. I do not know whether I shall succeed, but I think it is also doubtful whether there are many young men of my age, without private fortune, who can offer you the same guaranty for the future in themselves. What have I done that I should be forced to tell you all this? Yet why should you not enter into my real life? You will have no difficulty in understanding me, and it may even be that your hopes will outrun mine. I am obliged to have recourse to my eternal formula, and to entreat you not to do me the injustice of supposing all this to be the lan-

guage of self-love. My dearest, if there is one thing more than any other that I wish, it is that you would believe in my sincerity; it is that you would believe me when I tell you that there is only one thing which can ever make me boastful, and that is that I am loved by you. I wish that you could be witness how the praise, and even the enthusiasm, of indifferent people bore me, and at the same time, my Adèle, what a profound impression is made upon me by your approval in the slightest degree. You may be very sure that the man for whom you are a model and an idol can never be touched by vanity, self-love, or false pride.

I am often told—it has, indeed, been recently said to me very plainly—that I am destined to achieve a *dazzling reputation* (I repeat this hyperbole in its exact words). For my own part, I care only for domestic happiness. Yet, if this can only be attained by success in my profession, I should regard fame as a means, and not as an end. I should live apart from my own renown, whilst at the same time feeling for it the respect to which fame, in itself, is always entitled. If it should come to me according to predictions, I shall have neither desire nor hope in regard to it, for I have no hope and no desire to give to anything but to you.

Adèle, you are my only object, and all roads for the attainment of my end seem good to me, provided I might follow them in a straightforward and upright manner, without crawling in the dust and without stooping. This was my idea when I told you that I should be much better pleased to earn a livelihood by my own exertions than to wait upon the uncertain good-nature of some man in power. There are a great many ways of making a fortune, and I should assuredly have made mine by some one of them ere this, if I had been willing to do so by favor or by flattery. That is not my way. I confine myself to asking for the fulfilment of that to which I have a right. I have obtained a promise, and I am expecting its fulfilment.

In other respects, dear love, you are already informed of all that concerns me. Tell me, would you have advised any other course than that which I have adopted? Would it have been really worthy of you, that your Victor should go each day to weary every one, from the minister to the lowest clerk, with his persistence? I am still in ignorance as to whether my simple and reasonable claim has been heard, but certainly neither you nor I would have wished it to succeed at such a price. It is well known that men sometimes obtain everything they wish by means of women, through intrigue, through corruption and vanity, things which, bad as they are, are not condemned by the world. I hate myself for telling you, even in the fewest possible words, that I could have done this, but I am confident that it is needless to add that your husband rejects such baseness with horror and disgust.

What remains, then, for a young man who disdains to push himself by the two most easy ways? Nothing but the consciousness of strength and his own self-respect. For me, Adèle, the knowledge of your affection makes all my strength. One must follow one's career with clean hands and a pure heart, and advance in it as rapidly as may be without injuring any one else. The rest one must leave to the justice of God.

You must not conclude from all this, my love, that I am satisfied to abandon myself, in my retreat, to work of my own choice, which is perhaps unfruitful, and that I close my eyes through indifference to any other means of success. Great Heavens! Adèle, is not your future united to mine? If any reasonable opportunity were to present itself to-morrow of doing something that an upright man might do, nothing should prevent my taking advantage of it with alacrity and pursuing it with vigor. If to obtain you three months sooner all that was necessary was to abandon the projects and the dreams of my whole life, to follow a new occupation, to undertake new studies, I should undertake it joyfully, my Adèle. You would be mine, and then should I have anything to regret? I would thank Heaven for all the thorns with which my path might be strewn, provided that path conducted me to you. Oh, tell me, my adored Adèle, by what pains, by what labors, can I obtain you? Everything would seem to me sweet and lovely, provided only there were no baseness in it.

I can tell you nothing further, my dearest Adèle, neither more nor less. On the day that I told you I loved you I told you everything. Love is the only feeling that cannot be exaggerated. You might command me to-morrow to go and amuse myself, or to die, and it would be my duty to obey you instantly, or else I should not love you. To love is to live no longer in one's self; it is to live in another. One becomes a stranger to one's own existence, to interest one's self only in that of the being beloved. Thus, all your Victor's devotion to you, all his sacrifices for you, are not deserving of thanks and praise; they are the necessary consequences of a sentiment developed by circumstances independent of his own will. If you love me, you should understand me. If I love you, I ought to refer everything to you. I am then no longer of any account in my own sight, and if anything of mine can be of use to you, it is perfectly natural that I should devote it to your service on the instant, even if it be my life.

I must recapitulate, dear love, or you will lose yourself in this immense letter. I am able to tell you that my future is full of hope, but that I owe this hope not to myself, but to pure chance. Hope, however, is not certainty; but where does one find certainty in the destinies of men? (Observe here, my Adèle, that I weigh all my words, and that I express myself with frankness, because I am sure that you will not put a false interpretation upon what is said to you.) It is more than probable that I shall some day inherit something from my father;

for, although my family troubles contain more than one secret (I am now confiding one of them to you), it is to be presumed that during the four years that he has exercised vice-regal functions in Spain, he cannot have failed to lay by something. Moreover, he has, in some sort, admitted as much, though almost in spite of himself. As to his consent, I do not do him the injustice to doubt it.

Now, my Adèle, if your parents wish for anything more, I will offer them a heart full of courage and of love for you. I cannot promise them to succeed, but I can promise to do all that is humanly possible to do for it. If all my guarantees fail to satisfy them.....then I shall go and say to them what I should have said at the beginning of this letter, if I had listened to the first impulse of the feeling prompted by yours. I will go to your parents' house and I will say to them: "You have made me very happy by allowing me to see your daughter. Since you granted me this happiness of your own accord, I have resigned myself to renouncing it for a time, if necessary. I do not know whether I shall be able to live long without seeing her, but I shall try to do so, and, with the hope of one day possessing her, I may succeed. At present it seems that you doubt my future prospects. Adieu; you shall see me again when I am in possession of an independence, and the consent of my father, or you shall never see me more."

This is what I had decided to do, Adèle, on the morning after the first day your parents showed that they were afraid of compromising your future by uniting it with mine. Perhaps, indeed, I should already have notified them of this. The happiness of seeing you has made me close my eyes up to the present moment; still, I am aware that only a hint is needed to arouse the susceptibility of my character. Who knows? I flatter myself that perhaps, since I have suffered so much, I may have earned the right to hope for a little happiness. But it may be that all this is an illusion, and if I am really destined to misfortune, what right have I to make you share it? Adèle, your parents are right in wishing to have done with me until I shall be in a prosperous position. In the absence of that, they do wisely to abandon me.

You yourself are happy; you have a father and a mother both of whom are ready to sacrifice everything for your happiness. For myself, no one takes any interest in my future; I am an orphan. On whichever side I turn my eyes, I see myself solitary. You are generous enough to love me; but you are not your own mistress, and, moreover, you will soon have forgotten me when I am no longer near you. That is human nature. Why should I imagine that there would be an exception made in my favor? Yes, it is true that I myself am an exception, because the love that I have for you is an exceptional one. Adèle, you will see that it will be only a short time before we shall say farewell to each other; and if we come to that farewell, you will find, Adèle, that it will be our last. You are kind, you are gentle as an angel; he to whom you will some time belong will be very happy.

Adieu, dear love. May you never shed tears as bitter as those that have been wrung from me while concluding this letter. I was deeply moved even in writing all those frigid details, but it was not within my power to restrain this emotion up to the end. There are in these four pages a great many words which will especially strike you, but which have, notwithstanding, been very sad to me to write. Adieu, adieu, my dearest Adèle. I have never loved you more than at this moment, when I feel that a new separation is in store for us. Adieu; I had a thousand things to say to you, but there is a cloud between my thoughts and me. I am still your husband, am I not? To tell you that I shall be so all my life does not imply that I shall be so very long! Adieu.

SUNDAY MORNING, *January 13*.

Now there is nothing left for me but to hide my face in my hands and await the stroke. Your letter, Adèle, is at once very bitter and very generous; it is very generous because it is filled with a disinterestedness so much the more admirable because it is not inspired by love. I remember that you once said to me *passion is out of place*. My last letter cost me a great deal. You are undoubtedly the only person in the world to whom I could have written all that it contained. In it I pushed frankness as far as it is possible to carry it, perhaps even to an immodest extent. You may now triumph in the sacrifice you have obtained. How will it please you? What more can I say to you in a letter? I do not know, for I cannot even tell whether I should have been able to give you more details in a personal interview. You answer my expansion with reticence. *If I were in your place*, you tell me,....and there you pause. But, Adèle, what more do I ask of you than your advice? I have implored it with insistence. I would have done anything to make you think me worthy of it. But what does it matter? Up to the present time all my actions have been directed towards one end, that of obtaining you, and of obtaining you in a proper manner. I was not sure of success, but I did believe myself sure of a reward, which is to me very sweet, the happiness of being approved by you. I was deceived, it seems, in that hope. At the very moment that I give you the highest proofs of confidence and esteem, you withdraw from me your own confidence and refuse me your esteem. Ah, well, since my fate is nothing in your eyes, leave me to my gloom; take away from me the hand that has sustained me, the look that has encouraged me, the voice that had the power to save me in spite of my own blindness. I shall have no right to complain, for I am a fool, and an outcast, and you yourself are too much in the right not to be happy.

None the less, it is not I who will with-

draw in the first instance. I shall remain up to the last moment such as you have always found me, ready and glad to give my life if it can procure you the smallest pleasure. Since you deprive me of your opinion, I will do everything that your parents may suggest. There is only one human creature for whose sake I could submit to these humiliations without murmuring. I will submit, hopelessly, to fresh ones, if it be necessary, provided that they stop short at the point where humiliations become indignities. Of the phrase in which you reproach me for my *amour-propre* I will not complain. I will take everything upon myself, and if any misfortune occurs, it shall be my fault and mine alone; for I repeat, all that the parents of Adèle require I will do. I wish for nothing more than to give them fresh proofs of a love that, nevertheless, stands, it seems to me, in no need of being proved. I fear that too much precipitation as regards my father may cost us everything; but I bow to a wish which is for me a law. What is my own happiness, at any rate? It is yours, Adèle, which, if necessary, must be separated from my own deplorable future at any price. Moreover, I shall not stay here to complain. My life will have been crowned by a beautiful dream, from which I shall emerge only to enter on a sleep in which one dreams no longer. No, I shall not stay here to suffer. When all is over for me, all will be begun again for you. I shall have crossed your life without leaving a trace behind. My soul will resign itself to an eternal widowhood, if at this price it can purchase any measure of earthly felicity for you. May you be happy.

You are ready to exclaim at this, to ask me what reason I can have to believe in your forgetfulness? Adèle, I do believe in it, and I believe it will be speedy. One night I wrote you in my own mind a letter of twenty pages, in which I related many proofs of affection which I had given you during our separation, and of which you are in ignorance, and I compared them with the evidences of indifference that up to this time I have received from you. But I did not have the courage to write down these miserable details, to record with my own hand my condemnation of you. Moreover, what would it have availed me? It would only have shown that you deceived yourself when you believed you loved me; and it is better to leave this to be done by time.

If any one had come and told me a week ago that you would not be mine, I should have given the lie direct to the devil himself. To-day, I am even more apprehensive than yourself, for you fear only *immense difficulties*. It is not, as you say, my plan *of waiting on events* which is the cause of my distress; this lies in your parents' lack of confidence in me, and in the universal suspicion I inspire in your associates. I will be more generous than all of you, for I am willing to destroy my own future solely to show my submission to your wishes. I shall carry out all your intentions, and I shall do so with an appearance of serenity, although I am aware that I shall succeed in nothing but in destroying my own hopes. I do not know what I say: *My future, my hopes!* Have I a future? Have I any hopes? This rupture would wound me cruelly were it only because it will, perhaps, cause you some momentary annoyance, and it would be my desire never to occasion you the slightest pain. You still repeat, and with sincerity (for you believe it for the moment), that you will be always mine, and that no power shall separate us, for you will withstand every effort. Adèle, I have letters of yours, extending back to March, 1820, in which you tell me the same thing, and yet you have been smiling and happy for the last eighteen months without me. This must be the case, for a marriage (I do not know with whom) has been proposed for you —has been proposed to your father—and it even acquired a sufficiently definite character to be spoken of to a stranger. If you had had me in your thoughts during this time, would you have suffered such an offer to be repeated? Yet how can I stoop to discuss this matter? Some one else will be successful. It may be that he will make you happier than I. I love you too much. I am jealous, extravagantly. It is annoying, is it not, to be adored by your husband? Some day, Adèle, you will appear as the wife of another man. Then you will collect all my letters and burn them, and no vestige of my soul's path on earth will remain; but if your indifferent glance rests for a moment on these records, where I have foretold that you will forget, you will be unable to refrain from admitting to yourself that Victor, for once in his life, judged rightly. What does anything matter, provided you are happy?

Alas! and yet I, I would, with joy, have resigned my hopes of another and a better life to have passed this narrow and gloomy existence at your feet. Do not let us speak of it any more. Everything is about to fall down of itself. I will do everything that your family require, Adèle. I promise you that I will do so. I am most impatient now to reach the time when I can lay aside my cares, although my course in life has not been long. Only you must remember that you refused me your advice, that I implored it of you on my knees, and that you considered it your duty to *keep silence*.

Perhaps you have done wisely. You ought to be the best judge: for, Adèle, I owe it you to bear witness, once again, that the soul of an angel is not more beautiful or purer than yours. I am mad and presumptuous to have aspired to share your life. I tell you this with heartfelt sympathy. I am of no consequence compared to others; and what, indeed, am I beside you?

The end of your letter touched me, because any words of tenderness from my beloved Adèle must do so at the moment when she ceases to be my Adèle. But they are nothing but words. If I shall be taken ill to-morrow, I know that my bed of suffering

will remain as lonely as that of a criminal. You will, perhaps, inquire assiduously for three or four days from the person whose duty it will be to inform you. After that I shall be free to die if I please, or according to the will of the Almighty, and all will be as if I had never lived. I have no mother, and no one is under any obligation to love me.

But all this would perhaps be for the best, for the greater part of my ideas are false and absurd. I am a fool. Oh, Adèle, it is you who will never know how deeply I have loved you! How should you know? You close your eyes and ears. I declare to you that it is one of my rights to consult you in regard to my affairs, and you answer me that you will never discuss them with me, that you owe something to your own dignity, and that I force you to remember that you are a young girl. Adèle, is this your confidence? But I repeat that I will not endure the pain of being the one to bring about another rupture. It shall be the work of your father, whose consent I have had for a year, and whose refusal I shall now have within three months. But your parents are right, and your future must no longer be compromised. It is right for them to consider what they are doing. It is right that you should think of a new future, should prepare yourself for a new happiness. For myself, I am going gradually to withdraw from you.

Do not be surprised, Adèle, if in future you do not find that I shall seek occasions to see you. I shall go to your house when I am invited, but I should fail in my duty if I sought for invitations.

Happily I shall not have many bitter days. And when my sentence shall have been pronounced, I shall quit Paris. If it be done to save your reputation, what is it I would not do?

But no—I will not speak any more about my death. It is a grewsome subject, and possibly you might esteem me less if you knew how weak I might prove in the presence of misfortune. Besides, what is my death to you?

Adieu. Send me an answer yet once more, I implore you. Once more, and as soon as possible. After that I shall cease to importune you. Alas! my adored Adèle, you will probably write to me as to a stranger, for since my last letter displeased you, this one....

Yes, you will treat me like a stranger; yet God is my witness that the heart of him who has been your husband was never more swollen with grief, was never more filled with ardent love for you, than it is now. Adieu.

SATURDAY, *June 19.*

How can I tell you, my adored Adèle, what has been passing in my heart during the last two days? The night of Thursday will always be one of the most sorrowful I have ever passed, and yet full of the most tender recollections. But now that I have seen you once more, rosy and smiling, I am delivered from the worst of my anxieties, the most cruel of my fears. All will go well now, and doubtless in a short time you will be quite yourself again.

Who would have believed that the night in which I had promised myself so much happiness would have brought me so much sorrow? In the first place, there was that of going without you, a disappointment that was the greater because all day I had expected to accompany you. Then I thought you were the cause of the new arrangement. After that came the sorrow of seeing you so unwell, so suffering! Adèle, my dearest Adèle, to have seen you so exquisitely dressed, so charming, so radiant in beauty, and then to see you lying on a bed of pain, while all those other men and women in the house were dancing, frolicking, and laughing, as if there was not near them an aching heart and a suffering angel! Dear love, that night will never be effaced from my remembrance. I, while beside myself with despair, stood in the midst of that joyous crowd, forced to smile and to abstain from weeping, only anxious to be rid of them all, and you thrust me away when I came near you. You cannot conceive what I felt then. In those few hours I lived years of sorrow. My Adèle, I had a heart full of pity, and no one had any pity for me. Oh, what I suffered!—much more than yourself!

And yet this pain was not without its charm, for it showed me all the extent and all the depth of my love for you. Only I could have wished to be in your place, for then I should certainly not have felt any suffering if you had been near me. And when we returned home together, when I held my adored Adèle, sick and suffering, in my arms, when I felt her heart beat beneath my hand, and her face lay close up to my cheek, then—yes, then—I would have thanked God had He let me die at that moment. How happy I should have been, but for the expression of pain upon your face! Oh, what am I? Oh God!....

I, your protector, your husband, I could not prevent my Adèle from suffering, even when I held her in my arms!.... My dearly beloved! Adieu, my angel; adieu, my adored Adèle. Let your poor husband fancy he kisses you a thousand and a thousand times!

I will certainly write to you to-morrow.

SUNDAY, *June 20.*

I go back again to that ball, dear love, for for three days I have thought of little else. It was the scene of some of the strongest emotions I have ever experienced. That ball will be a marked epoch in my memory, like one other ball....

Adèle, I never told you about that other ball. I feel now as if I must talk about the sorrows of that night, so painfully awakened by those of last Thursday.

It was Friday, the 29th of June. Two days before that I had lost my mother. It was ten o'clock at night when I returned

from the cemetery at Vaugirard. I was walking home, hardly conscious, I think, in a state of stupor, when chance led me near your house. The door was open, lamps blazed in the court-yard, and light shone in the windows. I stopped before that threshold which I had not crossed for so long a time. I paused there mechanically. At that moment two or three men roughly brushed past me, laughing loudly. I trembled, for I suddenly remembered that the day with you was a *fête*-day. I was resuming my walk, for this recollection made me feel more deeply my own isolation and bereavement. But I could not stir a step; something seemed to restrain me. I stood still, feeling as if I had no power over my ideas. By degrees consciousness came back to me. Some suggestion of the devil, I think, impelled me to test my fate at once, to decide it, as it were, at one blow. I wanted to see if I had lost my wife, as well as my mother. If I had lost her, what was left to me but death? Adèle, how can I tell you? Despair made me a maniac. I had arms about me. I had grown weak from long watching and anxiety. I wished to see if you could have forgotten me. A crime (is suicide under such circumstances a crime?) seemed a small matter to one who was in the depths of misery.

In short, I know not what insane ideas took possession of me. I am ashamed of them now; but you may see by that, at least, how much I love you. I crossed the court-yard, I ran up the great staircase, I went through the rooms in the first story, which were empty. There, by the light of the festive lamps, I saw the crape on my own hat. The sight of it recalled me to myself. I fled in haste. I concealed myself in the long corridor where you and I so often played together. At the end of the corridor I heard overhead the sound of music and dancing. I do not know what demon impelled me to run up a back staircase which leads to the rooms of the Council of War. There the sounds of gayety became more distinct. I went up higher. On the second story was a little square of glass which looked into the ball-room. I do not know if I was then myself, or what I thought of at that moment. I put my burning face against the cold glass, and looked round for you. I saw you. What tongue could tell you what, at that sight, passed within me? I will merely tell you what I saw. I have no words to describe my feelings. For a long time your Victor, standing mute and motionless, wearing his funeral crape, looked at his Adèle in her ball dress. The sound of your voice could not reach me, but I saw smiles upon your lips, and, dearest, it broke my heart. I was very near you, but I was doubtless very far from your thoughts. I waited. There was still in my heart, though abandoned to despair, some power of love and pangs of jealousy. If you had waltzed, I should have been lost. It would have seemed to me a proof that I was completely forgotten, and I could not have survived it. But you did not waltz, and I took it for a sign that I might hope. I stood there a long time. I was present at the *fête* as a phantom may be present in a dream. There could be no *fête*, no joy for me; but my Adèle was enjoying a *fête;* she could share the joy of others!

It was too much for me. There came a moment when my heart was full, and when I should have died had I staid there a moment longer. Just then I awoke to a sense of my own folly, and I slowly walked down the staircase which I had gone up without knowing if I should ever come down alive. Then I went back to my house of mourning, and while you were dancing I knelt and prayed for you beside the bed of my poor dead mother. Subsequently I heard that I had been seen, but I denied that I was there, for my presence in your house at such a time seemed singular, and few hearts could have understood what I have just been telling you.

Oh, Adèle, you will never know how much I love you. My love for you could lead me to commit all sorts of extravagances, possible or impossible. I am mad, but I loved you so much that truly I do not understand, had I committed a crime that night, how God himself could have condemned me.

Adieu. I love you as men love God, and the angels.

MONDAY, *Jany. 21.*

You have forgiven me, Adèle; but can I ever forgive myself? Upon my knees I should have wished to ask your pardon; with my lips I should have wished to dry your angelic tears; with my blood I would willingly have paid for every one of them. I have been very wrong, my adored Adèle, and I am very wretched for having been so guilty. You may forgive me, but I say bitterly to myself, over and over again, that I never can forgive myself. I thought I never could have experienced greater sorrow than I felt on Thursday, when I saw my beloved Adèle sick and suffering. But that was nothing to what I felt to-day when I saw you weeping and suffering through my fault. I hate myself. I curse myself. The more sweet, kind, and admirable I esteem you, the more odious I seem to myself. To have disturbed the repose of my Adèle when she was ill is a crime for which I never can be enough punished, and your inexhaustible indulgence only makes me more deeply sensible of its enormity.

And yet, dear love, I implore you to believe that indeed I am not really cruel or unkind. I am wholly unworthy of you, but, allowing for my imperfect nature, perhaps my conduct may be excused. It was the first time you had ever seemed to wish me absent. The idea that my presence was unwelcome, and therefore that you no longer loved me, fermented in my brain. You tried to call me back, but the blow was struck. Shall I tell you everything? When I got out of the house I hesitated as to whether I should go back that evening. It seemed to be proved

to me that my presence was too much for you. Tell me, dear love, could I have loved you, and have been able to endure such a thought with indifference? I cannot now tell what I did. Only believe that I could not bear to give you such affliction. Yes, my Adèle, I am very much to blame, but think it over, and if you can read the soul of your poor Victor, you will see that my fault had its origin in an excess of love.

If you could but know what a night I passed!... But I will not speak of that; it does not signify what I suffered. I would gladly have suffered a hundred times more, could that have been possible, to spare you one minute's pain.

Do not imagine I am trying to justify myself. Any justification would be in vain, since I made you weep. Possibly you, in the first place, were a little in the wrong. If you think you were not—for you cannot err—I will take all the fault upon myself, and again I will ask pardon for having dared to attribute any wrong to you.

Ah! your tears deeply moved me. The memory of the angelic sweetness with which you pardoned me will live forever in my heart. Adèle, he whom you love is not ungrateful. The more I see you, the nearer I draw nigh to you, the more I admire you. Every day thoughts of you make me feel how unworthy I am myself, and this comparison, to which my thoughts wander continually, has a charm for me, because it shows me your perfection, your superiority. I am proud of nothing upon earth but of my Adèle.

When will you be mine? When may I daily fold you to my breast and bless Heaven for having given me for my helpmeet a being so generous, so virtuous, so innocent? It must surely be soon. Yes, Adèle, all that can be done to attain that end I will do with joy. However hard the conditions may be made for me that I may win you, they will not seem hard to me, provided only they are such as I can fulfil without loss of honor. I will neglect nothing to secure my own independence, and yours, as speedily as possible, and then I will ask for my father's consent. If he will not grant it, I will give him back the life that he once gave me. But he *will* give his consent, and you will at last be my own!

Adieu, my angelic Adèle. Rely upon my zeal, as well as on my love. Since you have forgiven me, permit me to embrace you, with the respect of a slave and the tenderness of a husband.

I trust I shall have a long letter to-morrow, and that it will contain nothing that can give me pain. You have forgiven me! Adieu. Take care of your health. It is dearer to me than life; and yet.... But all is forgotten, is it not?

THURSDAY, *January 24.*

Your Victor this evening will do nothing but what has reference to you. Think, dear, it is just a week since we both went, not together but separately, to that ball where your husband was to suffer so much because he could not claim that title in the eyes of the world. If you had been mine, Adèle, I would have carried you in my arms away from all those intruders; I would have watched over you while you slept upon my bosom; that sad night would have been less sad for you; my care and my caresses would have soothed your pain. The next morning you would have awakened at my side; all day I should have been at your feet, ready to anticipate your slightest wishes, and every time you felt pain I should have interposed with some new care. Instead of all that happiness, my beloved Adèle, how much constraint and embarrassment we had to endure!

And yet there was enchantment in this torture. When, after trying long to secure one moment of liberty and solitude, I was permitted to enter the chamber where you lay, on tiptoe, and draw near the bed where you were lying so pretty still, in spite of suffering—ah! I was well rewarded for the *ennui* of that ball, and the insipidity of all that crowd of fools. Had I been allowed to kiss your feet, I should have felt it a great happiness. And if, after having for a long time motioned me away, you had given me one tender, gentle word, if I could have read in your charming, half-hidden face a little love for me in spite of all you suffered, then, Adèle, I know not what mingled joy and sadness might have taken possession of my whole being, and I would not have exchanged that painful but delicious sensation for all the felicity of the angels.

The idea that you were my wife, but that others, not I, had the right to surround you, made me most unhappy. Oh, these barriers must soon be broken; my wife must be my wife, and our marriage must complete our union. They say that men go mad in solitude:—what solitude is worse than celibacy? You cannot know, dear, what inconceivable impulses assail me when I lie awake at night, and throw my arms about my bed with convulsions of love, as I think of you. In my dreams I call on you, I see you, I embrace you, I utter your name. I would like to creep in the dust to your feet, to be yours for one moment, and then to die. Adèle, my love for you is as pure and chaste as your own breath; but that makes it only the more ardent. It consumes me like a flame of fire.

But it is a sacred flame, lighted only for you. You alone have the right to nourish it. Towards all others of your sex I am blind and indifferent. I never notice if one woman is beautiful or another is attractive; I am as little affected by their charms as is the glass before which they stand to admire themselves. I only know that among women is Adèle, the good angel of my life, to whom I owe all my virtues, as well as all my joys. Dear love....! And so little is wanted to make us happy!....

What you tell me in your last letter about the night of the seventeenth has greatly touched me. Ah! if my care could cure you!

But wait; very soon I shall have the right to give you every care, or my will and my life will be broken to pieces. Remember, your Victor is a man, and this man is your husband.

Is it true, my Adèle, that on that fatal night of June 29 you would have rushed into my arms had you been free? Oh, how much that idea would have consoled me in that moment of despair, and how sweet it is to me to know it, now that the first moments have passed, and that the proofs you have given me of your generous tenderness have cicatrized that cruel wound! What can you not do with me, and what are not you to me? Joy and sorrow, all come to me through you; both for me depend upon my Adèle. With you, misfortunes would be sweet; without you, prosperity would be hateful. If I consent to walk on my way through life, it must be with you who have deigned to be my companion. Yes, my adored Adèle, you can do what you like with me with a smile or a tear.

I have one great faculty in my soul—the faculty of loving. All my power of loving is yours, for in comparison with what I feel for you, the affection I have for my friends and relations, and even that I had for my admirable and unhappy mother, is as nothing. Not that I love them less than one ought to love friends, relatives, and one's own dear mother, but that I love you better than any other woman in this world ever yet was loved, because no other ever has deserved such love.

Adieu for this evening. I am going to bed much relieved in mind (for they tell me you are well again), at the same hour when, a week ago, I was trembling with anxiety and pity. Adieu, my beloved Adèle; I embrace you. I am about to kiss the adored lock of hair that you have given me, and that I have not half thanked you for, because I can find no words to express my gratitude. For such a pledge of love I can do nothing but, kneeling before thee, beseech thee to be my good angel in this life and my sister in eternity. Adieu! adieu! Thousands of kisses!

SATURDAY, *February 23.*

. . . . Dear love, I am charmed to see that you are not indifferent to what occupies me. I have been afraid you might be, and that is the only reason I have kept silent on the subject. What! may mere friends know what work employs me day by day, while you, my Adèle, my wife, the inspiration of my genius, you, who are all in all to me, are to know nothing! Why did you not speak to me on this subject sooner? Why did you so long leave me to think that the employment of my time and the nature of my work did not interest you?

Most certainly I shall gladly talk on this subject with your father, since I know that this proof of confidence will please you. I have not done it before, Adèle, because it has never been my custom to speak first to others about my literary labors. I do not care to call the attention of others to what I am doing. It is a feeling of reserve that I know you will understand. When you live with me, when you can take your place in the sphere in which I move, you will be surprised, dear, to find in me another Victor you have never known, one of whom I have been reluctant to speak to you, because I loved best to be to you only your Victor, your slave, and your husband. Be very sure, my Adèle, that the one Victor will never hurt the other. It is only because I am so sure of this that I can tolerate in myself the existence of another individual whom you do not yet know.

I will not speak more clearly, for if I ever ought to lay aside all *amour-propre*, it is assuredly with you. However, if I must tell you the truth, yours is the only house in which I visit where my occupations are looked upon with complete indifference. You tell me it was discretion on the part of your parents. I understand that perfectly, and return them thanks. You remind me, dear, that "*six months have passed*," and you add that these six months "*might have been more profitably employed.*" I cannot think that that was really what you meant to say, for I know you are too just to condemn me before you know the truth.

One other word before I begin to tell you what has kept me busy these six months. I shall talk to you, Adèle, of works begun, compositions merely sketched out, of enterprises, in short, which success has not yet crowned. I can speak of them frankly to you, who are all indulgence, and who will not love me less for having experienced a reverse than for having achieved a triumph; but you know it would have been presumptuous on my part to raise your parents' hopes on the result of works still in their infancy. This consideration, joined to that I have already mentioned, will explain my silence. Now I come to facts.

Last May the need I felt of expressing certain ideas which occupied my thoughts, and could not be well done in French verse, led me to undertake a kind of prose romance. My soul was filled with love, sorrow, and with the thoughts of youth; I no longer had you; I dared not confide the secrets of my heart to any living creature. I chose a mute confidant, my pen and paper. I knew, indeed, that this work would certainly bring in some money, but when I began the book that consideration was a secondary one. I wanted to pour out the tumultuous agitations of my heart while they were fresh and ardent, the bitterness of my regrets, and the uncertainty of my hopes.

I wanted to paint a young girl who should realize the ideal of all my fresh and poetic imaginations; a young girl like her whom I had dreamed of in my boyhood, whom I had known when I grew up; pure, proud, angelical—it was yourself, my beloved Adèle, whom I wished to paint, in hopes of giving myself sad comfort as I traced the likeness of her whom I had lost, and who thenceforth I could only see in a far-distant future. I wanted to place beside this girl a young man,

not such as I am, but such as I wish to be. These two beings controlled the development of an event, partly historical and partly invented, which brought out a great moral lesson which was the basis of the composition. Around the two principal characters I grouped a number of other personages, in order to vary the scenes and to make the wheels of the story go round. These personages were grouped in various ways, according to their relative importance.

My romance was a long drama, the scenes of which were *tableaux*, in which description supplied the place of stage scenery and costume. In all other respects the characters depicted themselves. It was an idea which the works of Sir Walter Scott had suggested to me, and that I wanted to attempt in the interest of French literature.

I spent much time in collecting for this romance historical and geographical materials, and still more time in working out the conception, in disposing of crude masses of information, in combining details. I employed on this work all my faculties, so that when I wrote the first line I knew what I was going to say in the last.

I had hardly begun to write the book when a terrible misfortune befell me, dispersing my ideas and upsetting all my plans. I laid the work aside until I went to Dreux, where I had occasion to speak about it to your father, not as a great literary attempt, but as a good literary speculation. That was all your father wanted. When I returned to Paris I roused myself from my long apathy. The hope of belonging one day to you came back to me. I worked steadily at my book until last October, when I finished the fifteenth chapter.

At that time a great subject for tragedy suddenly came into my mind. I spoke about it to Soumet, who advised me to attempt it at once. I had begun to work when I received orders to prepare a *rapport académique*,* which I mentioned to you at the time, and which kept me occupied until the end of November. Last December I made an Ode on the Plague, that the Académie des Jeux Floraux requested of me for one of its public meetings; and at last, on January 1, I wanted to go back to my tragedy, when the same friend whom I have mentioned above came and proposed to me to join him in making a drama out of that admirable work, *Kenilworth*, which you have read. As this might bring me in several thousand francs, I accepted the offer, and consented to cooperate with him; and now, as I write this, I have finished the first two acts. If Soumet were not so much occupied with his tragedy of *Clytemnestre*, our play, of which I was to do three acts and he two, might have been finished in one month, and acted in six. But it was to be anonymous. I consented to undertake the work, my love, only for your sake, and in order to prove to your parents that there can be a money value in letters.

* This essay on *Gil Blas*, Victor Hugo was requested to write by François de Neufchâteau.

Adieu. I am very much hurried. From this time, my adored Adèle, give your husband your entire confidence. I will show you my work if you take an interest in it; I will speak to you of my projects; I will even tell you of the annoyances caused me by my literary associates. Ingratitude and care for number one only are two sad things. Adieu; never fear you can be indiscreet. Your questions always give me pleasure. I love you more than any man has ever loved. Deign to permit me to embrace you.

If you can read this scrawl, remember that I am very busy. It is a quarter past seven, and I am not yet dressed.

Adieu! adieu!

THURSDAY, 1822, P.S.

I have read over what I wrote yesterday, and now, to come back to it, I beg you to tell me, in all sincerity, what effect, good or bad, has been produced on you by the writings I have sent you. They have, of course I know, many faults, that the indulgence of my friends has not permitted them to point out to me, but faults that you will show me, my Adèle, when they strike you. Only try to take nobody's opinion but your own. You would have discouraged the author of *Les Martyrs* if you had spoken to him of his book as you did to me the other day, only assuredly you expressed second-hand opinions. The more I trust you, the more I mistrust others. Be therefore yourself my adviser. You can do anything with me. Let me owe you all.

Remember that if I am talking only of myself, it is to fulfil a wish that you expressed to me. I hope that you will not accuse me of self-love because I show to that Adèle whose good opinion is everything to me unfinished sketches of some poor little works that I have undertaken. I wish you could know how heartily I desire that you should tell me frankly your opinion of them, though I tremble in advance as to what you may say.

I was very happy last Thursday at this same hour. You were near—very near me. I could feel your every movement; I could almost breathe your breath. I gathered up your words—all were for me. When will my whole life be like that? The moments of happiness passed beside you are moments of intense happiness, pure and deep-felt, I can assure you. As soon as they have vanished I regret them as if they were never to reappear; and when I look forward to their return, I long for them as if I had never before known them. I feel when I am with you a joy always immeasurably great, and always new. Such are the signs of an imperishable love. Your lightest word upsets me; sometimes it pains, sometimes it enchants me.

Adèle, those minds are very weak and those hearts very contracted that can doubt the eternity of love. In the depths of the soul that truly loves is a voice which tells it it will always love, for, indeed, love is the life of the soul. To any one who really thinks about it, it becomes a strong proof of

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our immaterial immortality. Do not look on these, dear love, as mere vain words. They are great truths which lie beyond human life that I am now laying before you; and in your heart, as well as in mine, there should be something that responds to them. These are vast and magnificent hopes which make marriage an anticipation of heaven. For my part, when I think that you have been given to me, I am reduced to silence, for there are no words in human speech that can adequately return thanks for such a blessing.

MONDAY, *March 11.*

All my ideas are confused, and my brain is in disorder. Last evening the devotion, the tender words of my beloved Adèle, threw me into a sweet sad train of thought, whose vague emotions I would gladly set down upon this paper, that I might show you what is my state when I am away from you.

Your image could bring me nothing but joy, if it did not renew remembrances of the past and bring me sad presentiments as to our future.

I have just taken out your lock of hair, for in the great and awful doubt which has taken possession of me in these last three days I needed something real, something which had been part of yourself, a palpable pledge of that angelic love in which you encourage me to believe still. For one moment I covered that dear lock of hair with kisses. It seemed to me, as I pressed it to my lips, that you were less absent. It seemed, too, as if a mysterious communication were established between us, that this dear hair had become a link between two separated souls. Do not smile, Adèle, at the delirium which possessed me. Alas! so few hours of my life, my love, have been passed with you that sometimes I am constrained to try, by kissing your hair, or by re-reading your letters, if I cannot find some way to appease that immense need of your presence which seems as if it would consume me. It was by such artificial means that I contrived to exist during our long separation, but then hope every day rose like dawn before my eyes.

At last the answer of General Hugo arrived! He gave his consent! He was even glad to give it, for he himself had to ask his son's forgiveness for a very serious thing. Three weeks after his wife's death he had married the person for whose sake he had left his family, and he had not told his children what he had done.

Yet even under such a cloud sunshine dawned on Victor at the very moment when he least expected it.

As for Adèle, in a letter which has unfortunately been destroyed, she had given Victor the most convincing proof she loved him that could have been given by a girl so timid and so pure. She believed —nay, she knew—that if all hope was lost, and his father's consent to their marriage was decidedly withheld, Victor would be quite certain to take some fatal resolution, and she offered to give herself into his care, and to leave her home. Then, sooner or later, their friends would be forced to see them married. The reply of Victor's father rendered so great a sacrifice on her part unnecessary.

Victor was now officially recognized as the future husband of Adèle! And at his earnest entreaty, and in order that the two young people might not be separated, he was invited to spend the summer in the country as one of the family party of Madame Foucher. An apartment was hired at Gentilly in a house which had a garden, at the end of which was a small detached house, where Victor established himself, but he was to take his meals in the company of her he loved; he could see her every day, and at any moment. . . . Nevertheless, they continued to write to each other! It might have been expected that interest would lessen in their letters, but, on the contrary, happiness, and the prospect of more happiness, seemed to inspire the poet-lover with his most eloquent bursts of affection; we might almost call them hymns of joy—very ardent, and very beautiful.

There was nothing now to be waited for, before fixing a day for the marriage, except the bestowal of that miserable royal pension to which they looked forward.

It was very slow in coming! This, possibly, was somewhat Victor's fault, for he could not bear to solicit favors and "run after ministers." We may also blame the stupid formalities and slow proceedings of the "Bureaux" for causing these young, ardent lovers to languish in uncertainty. Ever since 1819 the odes and articles written by the young poet in the interest of monarchy—the only lasting and sincere testimony we have to the fictitious enthusiasm of France after the return of the Bourbons—did battle for the cause of the Restoration, and it was not until three years later, in September, 1822, that he secured the poor reward of a pension of twelve hundred francs, which afterwards was reduced to a thousand.

WEDNESDAY, *March 13, 3.30* P.M.

Adèle, my Adèle, I am wild with joy. To you my emotion must be first poured out. I had passed a week preparing myself to encounter a great misfortune, and happiness arrived instead! It has but one cloud.

Adieu for a few hours. I will bring you this letter myself this evening, my beloved and too generous Adèle.

FRIDAY EVENING, *March 15.*

After the two delightful evenings spent yesterday and the day before, I shall certainly not go out to-night, but will sit here at home and write to you. Besides, my Adèle, my adorable and adored Adèle, what have I not to tell you? Oh God! for two days I have been asking myself every moment if such happiness is not a dream. It seems to me that what I feel is not of earth. I cannot yet comprehend this cloudless heaven.

You do not yet know, Adèle, to what I had resigned myself. Alas! do I know it myself? Because I was weak, I fancied I was calm; because I was preparing myself for all the mad follies of despair, I thought I was courageous and resigned. Ah! let me cast myself humbly at your feet, you who are so grand, so tender, and so strong! I had been thinking that the utmost limit of my devotion could only be the sacrifice of my life; but *you*, my generous love, were ready to sacrifice for me the repose of yours!

Adèle, to what follies, what delirium, did not your Victor give way during those everlasting eight days! Sometimes I was ready to accept the offer of your admirable love; I thought that if pushed to the last extremity by the letter from my father, I might realize a little money, and then carry you away—*you*, my betrothed, my companion, my wife—away from all those who might want to disunite us; I thought we would cross France, being nominally your husband, and go into some other country which would give us our rights. By day we would travel in the same carriage, at night we would sleep under the same roof. But do not think, my noble Adèle, that I would have taken advantage of so much happiness: is it not true that you would never have done me the dishonor of thinking so? You would have been the object most worthy of respect, the being most respected by your Victor; you might on the journey have even slept in the same chamber without fearing that he would have alarmed you by a touch, or have even looked at you. Only I should have slept, or watched wakefully in a chair, or lying on the floor beside your bed, the guardian of your repose, the protector of your slumbers. The right to defend and to protect you would have been the only one of a husband's rights that your slave would have aspired to, until a priest had given him all the others.

Adèle, when I gave myself up to this delightful dream in the midst of my unhappiness, I forget everything else.... And then came my awakening; and then remorse for having for one moment conceived of such things. I thought of your parents, of your own peace of mind, and of your position, and I reproached myself for having shown you so little devotion as to have been willing to accept so much, for having been so ungenerous as to consent to so much generosity, when my only dream had always been how to increase your happiness, even if I sacrificed my own! Then I cursed myself—I called myself the evil genius of your life, I remembered all the sufferings I had brought upon you, and I took that mad resolution that yesterday cost you those tears, which I was inexcusable for having made you shed, and I went in search of a friend unhappy like myself, who like me had lost his last hope of happiness, and had nothing more to do with life but to endure its last pangs.

Adèle, oh, do not hate me, do not despise me for having been so weak and abject when you were so strong and so sublime. Think of my bereavements, of my loneliness, of what I expected from my father; think that for a week I had looked forward to losing you, and do not be astonished at the extravagance of my despair. You—a young girl—were admirable. And indeed I feel as if it would be flattering an angel to compare such a being to you. You have been privileged to receive every gift from nature; you have both fortitude and tears. Oh, Adèle, do not mistake these words for blind enthusiasm—enthusiasm for you has lasted all my life, and increases day by day. My whole soul is yours. If my entire existence had not been yours, the harmony of my being would have been lost, and I must have died—died necessarily.

These were my meditations, Adèle, when the letter that was to bring me hope, or else despair, arrived. If you love me, you know what must have been my joy. What I knew you must have felt I will not describe.

My Adèle, why is there no word for this but joy? Is it because there is no power in human speech to express such happiness?

The sudden bound from mournful resignation to infinite felicity seemed to upset me. Even now I am still beside myself, and sometimes I tremble lest I should suddenly awaken from this dream divine.

Oh, now you are mine! At last you are mine! Soon—in a few months, perhaps—my angel will sleep in my arms, will awaken in my arms, will live there. All your thoughts at all moments, all your looks, will be for me; all my thoughts, at all moments, all my looks, will be for you! My Adèle!

The marriage of Victor and Adèle took place on the 12th of October, 1822.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a curious psychological fact, which has been noted before this, that any instrument or vehicle of opinion seems to become itself vocal from the mere custom of expression. A newspaper which has been the organ of some man of original power apparently prolongs his thinking as well as his way of thinking after he has ceased to speak through it, and is mystically so imbued with his absent personality that it can hardly be made to interpret any other.

The new incumbent of the Easy Chair, with the best will in the world to take his own view of things, is aware of seeing them largely in the perspectives which the Chair so long commanded. The perspectives are not only the same, but the range of objects is so often, in the turn of human events, the same, that he has wondered at times whether it would not be better to let the Chair speak directly for itself, than force it to the use of an inadequate and reluctant medium, and when he suggested this the other day, the Chair showed itself even too ready to take the floor.

I

"A friend of mine," the editor began, "who has just arrived from Europe, has been saying that nothing struck him so much on getting home as our bad manners. He was tingling with the shame for them which I think I have felt in my time, and he was not tingling the less, but rather the more, because he was contrasting our manners with those of the English, and not of the Continental peoples, whom we have always freely supposed to be so much better mannered. Are we really getting worse? If he could feel the contrast with English manners so painfully—"

"I see what you mean," said the Easy Chair, with an instant relish for the topic, but it paused a moment, as if adjusting itself to a hopeful point of view before it went on. "Still, I am not sure that what pained your friend and what pains us all when we step down that canvas gallery from the steamer, with the light of Europe still about us, and meet a smuggler's welcome from the United States Customs, is just what he thought. I believe I should say that we had not bad manners so much as no manners. You may urge that it comes to the same thing, and so it does, but from a different cause."

"I don't know that I quite follow you," said the editor.

"Why, I mean that all manners come from taking thought of behavior. That is the reason why certain sects, like the Quakers and the Shakers, who have only taken thought of behavior how most to simplify it, have charming manners. Any sort of discipline, like military training or sacerdotal training, gives good manners. But our American life is mainly commercial and civilian, and does not include taking thought of behavior, and so we are without manners. If we ever take thought of behavior, we shall have the best manners in the world, probably."

"I don't see why," said the editor, more in deference than in difference.

"Because we have the best hearts," the Easy Chair returned. "You won't expect me to prove that? You know that Lowell, when he came home from his long stay abroad, complained that the average public servant he met—the conductor, the cabman, the porter, the waiter—would be kind, but he wouldn't be respectful. Some day that sort of man will imagine being respectful without ceasing to be self-respectful. Then we shall have national manners of the highest type."

The Easy Chair leaned comfortably back, lifting the casters of its fore legs slightly from the floor. In an attitude so favorable to thoughtful disquisition it continued: "We are apt to judge people by their manners, and love them or hate them accordingly; but the manners of a people are not a perfect reflection of their morals; otherwise, the morals of the Latin races would not leave so much to be desired as they are now supposed to do. Still, manners are the tokens of character which form the only ground of judgment for the hasty observer. Observers of American manners have always been in a great hurry, and so we have fallen under heavier condemnation

than we might if our visitors could have taken time to look into our morals. If these had been studied as tokens of our manners, we might now be famed for being the politest of the civilized peoples, instead of the rudest."

The editor did not remember irony as much in the Easy Chair's way, and he hardly knew what to make of this. He remarked, vaguely, "Some of our recent French visitors object to our being all alike."

"That doesn't seem very intelligent," said the Easy Chair. "Frenchmen seem all alike to us, but we have learned to distinguish between them; we find that there are good Frenchmen. Is it possible that the cultivated American, who used to be our saving grace with the English, is no longer recognized by our foreign friends?"

"I don't think he's quite so obvious to the native observer, even, as he once was," the editor answered. "Perhaps because he's so much more common; but I believe that even in his case we have come to feel the need of distinguishing, and of being sure that the cultivated American is also a refined American."

"Ah, what has set you thinking about that?" the Easy Chair asked.

"Something of the sort you used to like making the text of your homilies," the editor answered, and he read to the Easy Chair a paragraph which he had found in one of the public prints concerning a lecturer in a Western university, whom a class of young ladies had lately taken to task for his manners. If the public prints could be trusted (it is said that they sometimes cannot be trusted), this lecturer was in the habit of using slang of a poor witless kind in his lectures; and when he wished to single out one of his students, he addressed her as "Heigh!" or "You!" or at the most, "You, there!" The young ladies protested against these forms of address, and what they called, justly but perhaps too elegantly, his "inelegant expressions."

"And what has been the result of their protest?" the Easy Chair asked.

"The public prints have not advised us yet. But I expect to learn," the editor ventured, "that the lecturer has reformed himself altogether."

"He could not begin too soon," said the Easy Chair, with uncommon severity. "There is something very strange in the effect of a man's manners upon his character. A man may say what he does not think, but by-and-by, if he keeps on saying a thing long enough, he begins to think what he says; and then he begins to be what he thinks. His manners, if they are bad or null, end in vitiating or vacating his morals. He cannot behave rudely without ultimately becoming at heart a savage."

"And you think we are in some such danger as a people?"

"That is apparently the logic of my position," said the Easy Chair. "But it may be, as I have suggested, that our having no manners is merely provisional: a step toward good manners. There is something in that."

The editor thought, "Not a great deal," but he did not wish to seem less optimistic than the Chair, and merely said, "Then you would infer that if our young ladies have begun to think of behavior in others, they may go on and think of their own behavior, and presently have good manners themselves?"

"Haven't they now?" asked the Easy Chair, rather appallingly.

The editor shrank from a direct reply; he said he supposed the women of a people who had no manners had always better manners than the men.

"Before I was stored," the Chair temporized, "I used to go about a good deal, especially in summer, and what I saw of the behavior of some young ladies at the sea-side and in the mountains did not always give me a high sense of the behavior of the fathers and brothers for whom they were vicariously resting and recuperating. Do you still say *loud* and *fast?* I think they were loud rather than fast, perhaps because it was easier to be loud than fast where there were no men; and because their manners had not yet vitiated or vacated their morals. But I have sometimes sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, and had young girls go trooping and whooping by, and almost treading on my casters, with no more regard for my old red back than if I had been a brand-new piece of furniture from Grand Rapids. They sang; they shouted to each other; sometimes they even whistled; and my years, which would once have com-

manded silence if not respect, had no claim upon these young ladies, who were all tall and muscular, and could have outswum, outboated, outgolfed, outridden, or outclimbed the strongest young men, if there had been any."

"But those were hotel people," the editor suggested. "If you had been among the cottagers—"

The Easy Chair shook its carven top. "Since I was taken out of storage I have heard terrible tales of the cottagers' manners too, both in their town and country places, and at times I am afraid that our extraordinary love of field-sports and athletics of all kinds may have something to do with the decay, or the delay, of manners among us."

"It would be difficult to say," the editor remarked. "Perhaps, so far as concerns the ladies—or the women, as they now wish to call themselves—the athletic appearance is valued more than the fact. For a good many years, now, they have liked to have tanned arms and faces at the sea-side—"

"Yes, they began before I was stored," the Chair interposed.

"They commonly got them, I imagine, by the simple device of short sleeves and bare heads, rather than by any more energetic forms of exposure to the weather. Last summer I noticed at the shore that the men of their acquaintance, who could not be half so athletic, were going bare-armed and bareheaded too. But I don't know that I should regard a sunburnt complexion in either sex as proof of a decline in manners or morals."

"Ah, well, perhaps it isn't true," sighed the Easy Chair, with relief. "It isn't easy to be specific in such an inquiry as this, but it seems to me the great fault of our manners, when we have them, is that they are personal and occasional manners. These, when they are good, are very good, but when they are bad they make you wish that the person's behavior was governed by a convention or a tradition of breeding which prescribed a certain type of conduct, not to be varied at will. That was the old ideal; but no Americans now have any ideal of politeness except the colored Americans. They seem really to love good manners, though perhaps they sometimes value them beyond good morals."

"But they are always delightful!"

"Yes, and no doubt their morals are better than they would be if their manners were bad. But I believe, of course," said the Easy Chair, rising on the wings of optimism again, "the actual state is merely transitional. We have no manners because we are waiting to get the best; and there is a play of rudeness in our life which is no real reflection of our character. But we must not wait too long! Manners are one of the most precious heritages from the past. We may disuse forms, but we must not disuse forms a great while. Goodness of heart, purity of morals, show themselves in forms, and practically do not exist without them. Forms in conduct are like forms in art. They alone can express manners; and they are built slowly, painfully, from the thought, the experience, of the whole race. In literature, for instance, they alone can impart the sense of style; they alone represent authority—"

II

The words of the Easy Chair lost themselves in an inarticulate murmur, but with the last the editor was reminded of something that seemed quite in the line of its thinking. It was something that a woman had said of Mr. Henry James's latest collection of his stories, which for reasons of his own he calls *The Soft Side*. "When you read most books," she said, "you feel merely that you are reading a book. But when you read a book of Henry James's, you feel that you are reading *an author*."

She had a right to speak, for she was one of those devoted adherents of his who have read him from the beginning, and who alone are perfectly in his secret: not that they can always tell it! Perhaps she was the more devoted because so many women, of the sort that would rather be flattered than interpreted, are impatient of this master's work, and she wished to distinguish herself from them. In the talk that followed she was not very intelligible, though she was voluble enough, as to what in a writer imparted the sense of authorship; and the editor was left wondering whether it might not be a writer's power of getting at himself. Of course he would have to be of a quality worth getting at, but writers of in-

ferior quality are so much and so finally on the surface that the fact of an author ever getting below it would itself be proof of his quality; and it seemed to him that of all the authors now writing English Mr. James had supremely this gift. It might be said in his reproach, but not by any critic worth while, that he was sometimes so subliminal that he was scarcely on the surface at all. "One may very well penetrate the depths below," this sort of critic might urge, "but why pull the hole in after one?" This would be the worst he could say, however, and how much he would then leave unsaid! It is not merely that Mr. James has supremely the gift of getting at himself, but that when he has got there he has arrived at a view of life such as no one else has framed; and his method of representing life, of making the reader share his view, is of a nature as delicate as it is peculiar. If we could imagine the perfume of a flower without the flower, the bouquet of wine without the wine, we should have something suggestive of the effect of his fiction with the sympathetic intelligence. In this last book of his there are certain pieces—like "The Great Condition," "In Europe," "Paste," "The Abasement of the Northmores," and "John Delavoy," to name no others—which are so captivatingly final in their way that one could not imagine anything better, or if there were anything better, could not desire it. No author has more fully perfected his method; but his control of the sympathetic intelligence is so absolute that this does not concern itself with the method, and is only in too much danger of forgetting it, of ignoring the consummate art, in the joyous sense of the life portrayed. Not since English began to be written has it so clearly embodied a literary intention of such refinement, or so unerringly imparted a feeling of character. In a time when the miasms of a gross and palpable fable are thick about us, this exquisite air breathes like a memory and a prophecy of days when fiction was and shall be valued for beauty and distinction. Here, æsthetically, are the good manners, the best manners, the form of the great world, the fashion of the modernity which is of all times, and to this school young aspirants may come to learn the art of being one's self from a master who is never more himself than when he is making you forget him.

III

Nothing in a man's life can so absolutely free us concerning him as its end; and if we then grieve that our praise can no longer soothe the dull, cold ear, we are safe in knowing that we cannot wound it. We are liberated to the wish of seeing him as he was, and we are as far from the wish to overpraise his work as to censure it. More than ever in that solemn, sudden Absence we feel the grotesqueness of insincerity, and could wish to speak of it as it would wish to speak of itself, if it did not fear being misunderstood. But the friend whom we have all lost, whether we personally knew him or not, in Charles Dudley Warner, was a man little given to speaking of himself. Some literary men have the habit, not less modestly than those who have it not, of talking freely of their work, both in and out of print; but it would not be easy to find in his work any expression of his sense of it. No doubt he knew how to value it rightly, and he was personally present in it in uncommon measure. It was his voice speaking all the more directly for himself because of the transparent mask he put on in those little humorous studies which first charmed us; it was always his voice we heard in what he wrote, and it appealed to each of us as from the heart of his own personality.

The true form of his art was at its best in the series of essays which preceded his fiction. *My Summer in a Garden, Backlog Studies, Saunterings, Adirondack Sketches, Baddeck and that Sort of Thing,*—it is a pleasure to name them over, and for their old lovers each name will have a glimmer of the opalescence which filled the things themselves with lovely light. They were of the quality which we felt in his fiction, but felt not so intimately, and his effort to make it felt intimately there was the defect of this fiction. He had not the novelist's habit of using experience imaginatively, structurally. He had rather the essayist's habit of using it illustratively, even decoratively; and in a time of far greater novelists it was his real distinction to be the first essayist among the rarest few. In one little book of his,

which is still an essay, he made perhaps his most original contribution to literature. It would be idle to say that no one else could have written anything like "Being a Boy," but it is certain that no one else had when he conceived of an autobiographic study of all boyhood, which should be as true to every other man's sense of his own boyhood as it was to the author's, and which, as it were, dramatized the nature of a boy. In its sense of character still in the bud, it has not been equalled, if it ever will be.

No one has seen life more kindly and wisely. His range was very wide, and he wrote with delightful intelligence of other lands and peoples, as different from one another as they were alien to ours. His travels were of the mood which every educated American will recognize as having been his own in the period of moral expansion following the great war, when we were beginning to judge the Old World without provincial arrogance or colonial servility. They are full of that young pleasure in the Continent and Orient which cannot be known to a generation grown over-familiar with both; and this mood, which may make them chiefly interesting hereafter to the student of their period, is strongly characteristic of the essays which it will establish as a part of literature. No man who is not thoroughly of his own time can survive it, and Charles Dudley Warner was conspicuously a New England American of the decades between 1870 and 1890, which witnessed his greatest literary activity.

He first made himself popularly known as a gentle humorist of a certain whimsical dry quaintness; and then, while we were all in love with him for this, we found him a humanist of a temper as fine. While we were still smiling with him at the rich drolling in "A Fight with a Bear," and "Killing a Trout," we found our eyes wet with the pathos he evoked in "Hunting the Deer." It may be forgotten how, without acquiring the evil fame of a reformer, he went on to self-sacrificing labors in various philanthropies; but what he did for mankind in literature, to console or to move it, will not be forgotten if any American work of our time is to become an English classic. None of our authors except Curtis led so much the life of a public man, but Warner was scarcely thought of as a public man, so greatly by virtue of its truest expression was his life that of a literary man. He was a journalist, an economist, a philanthropist; he remains an essayist, a humorist, an artist of delicate fibre, of rare temperament, of a certain charm impossible not to feel peculiarly his. When people were once tried almost beyond endurance by the most exasperating of winters, he said, "Everybody is talking about the weather; why doesn't somebody do something?" and this, with its subtle irony of human futility, is perhaps one of the most representative examples of his wit; but his humor was an aroma which interfused all his thought, and filled his page with the constant surprise of its presence.

He was, in everything he wrote, of a high ideal. He thought literature worthy of the best he could do; and all that he did was in the interest of those more refined good morals which we call good manners; it was polite literature. His artistic conscience was of one make with his ethical conscience, and whether he was always aware of it or not, he addressed himself to his reader from both. What he wrote, that he was; and to praise him as one from whose books no one could rise with a base or rude thought would be an offence to his memory, so much was his literature a positive counsel of civility, so far was it above the poor virtues of omission. It remains, and will remain, an influence for right behaving through right feeling and thinking.

No one to whom letters are dear could help feeling an intimate loss in the sudden passing of that fine and clear intelligence; and if it was one's fortune to be long associated with it, through the same years of aspiration and endeavor, one must feel something of his own life gone out of him with it. It is not for such a one to put on the prophet and declare his future; and it is not the present affair to fix Charles Dudley Warner's place in literature. It is more useful to ascertain its place in him, and to realize that whatever the beauty and sweetness of his literature, it was the fainter and slighter image of the beauty and sweetness of his nature.

Editor's Study.

I

THE editor trusts that every one of his readers feels quite at home with the old Maga. The Greeks had a beautiful word for homesickness—*nostalgia*—meaning literally the *pain to return*. The effect of lotos-eating upon the companions of Ulysses, in the Homeric description, reaches its climax of pathos when it involves the extinction of this pang. Whatever songs the sirens sing, may our readers never lose the desire of return!

When they return they naturally look for the familiar signs in even the outward appearance of the home, something they will know it by yet afar off. The house may be newly painted, but the eye keenly searches, finds the old name, and—yes, always, there is the boy aloft, blowing his bubbles!

Something more there is than fond habit and the love of old acquaintance that leads one home. Where else may be found the solace of perfect ease and leisure?

There are some things which may be better done in the service of readers by the daily newspaper than by the monthly magazine. The great dailies of our time not only electrically illuminate the world for their readers in bright flashes of intelligence, showing the doings of that world in every field of human interest—including, besides battles, murders, and sudden deaths, the latest discoveries of science, and the results of recent explorations, with ample and luminous comment suggested by the news of the day; they also give their readers the benefit of the slower mail-service in letters from able correspondents who are at the same time brilliant writers, and who marshal the previously heralded facts in close and dramatic array. In its mammoth Sunday edition the great American daily is a house of intelligence whose rooms are lined with pictures. But the limitations of the newspaper are obvious. Its tent, however large, and however ample and varied its entertainment, is pitched only for the day, and even for but the morning or the evening. Its special excellence involves the sacrifice of every element not pertinent to its momentary advantage and value. If it ignores its limitations—which are not those affecting its ability, but those imposed by the conditions under which it is produced and published, and by the wants, expectations, and inclinations of its readers—the result will betray as great unfitness and as unwise economy as would be shown by a monthly magazine that should invade the proper field of the newspaper, appealing to the momentary interest at the sacrifice of its leisurely advantage.

The atmosphere of leisure and the sense of permanence and stability make the magazine seem more homelike both to its writers and its readers. The book is really the author's highest aim, as it is also the form of publication most highly appreciated by readers of literary taste. Next it in companionableness, and having a more general acceptance, is the monthly magazine, which from the first has been more highly favored by American readers than by those of any other country. In England the weekly periodical is the greater favorite. In France there is no important illustrated monthly magazine. In America, when books were less abundant and when the population was scattered over a wide area, the monthly magazine became a household treasure, and the grateful affection with which it was cherished became a habit.

Harper's Magazine owed its first prosperity to these conditions and to its success in meeting them. It was a part of the home life of our people in every State and Territory of the Union and in all their dispersions abroad. It thus helped to bring the different sections of the Union nearer together—even the North and South—and it has the felicity of that vocation still. One of the most pleasing memories we have of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's association with this Magazine is connected with his visit to the South (with what was called the "Harper party"), wherein, at a most critical period, he brought about a better understanding between the sections so recently arrayed against each other in armed con-

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flict. Since its simultaneous publication in London, twenty years ago, the Magazine has done much to unite in closer bonds the whole English-speaking people. When Gladstone wished to address the largest possible constituency of thoughtful Americans, explaining his attitude toward our country during the Civil War, he naturally chose this Magazine for that purpose.

We begin a new century in this January number. The changes which have been wrought during the last fifty years have in many ways altered the architecture of the mansion within which the reader now finds homelike leisure and entertainment. The general diffusion of knowledge has relieved it of the educational feature formerly so pronounced; and it has not to such an extent the appearance of a World Exposition. It is more and more a House of the Imagination, built up by the creative work of great writers, and upon its walls are hung the pictures of creative artists. Its journalistic aspect is not that of the newspaper, but that which marks all great and living literature.

In this mansion the largest room is the Library of Fiction. Here have always been found the greatest works of contemporary novelists, from Lever and Bulwer down to Mrs. Humphry Ward. Last year Mrs. Ward gave us a brilliant romance set in the Italy of to-day, and Mr. Zangwill presented a true and vivid drama of present-day political and social life in England. Now the scene is shifted, and we have an American romance by Gilbert Parker, and a bright and humorous story of American country life of the eighteenth century by Booth Tarkington, whose exceedingly clever work in *Monsieur Beaucaire* is a thing of fresh remembrance. By-and-by we shall have Mary Wilkins in a novel also distinctively American.

The Eastern continents seem to be quite excluded from our library for the present; but the balance will be in some measure restored by the short stories, of which there are more to be displayed than ever before. So much space, indeed, is given to these that every year of this Magazine may be called a year of romance.

There is other great writing besides fiction, and equally demanding a high quality of imagination. We shall look out upon the world from our mansion through windows facing every point of the compass, and no important movement in science or art or literature—no new marshalling of the forces of Christendom to realize the next and more advanced conception of its destiny—shall escape our notice.

In the mean time, as the reader will already have observed, we have erected at the very entrance of our edifice a spacious Hall of History. This also, for the time being, is American. Let us see what it is and what it promises.

II

Truth is really stranger than fiction. True history is therefore more interesting than any other writing. Bald facts are not the truth; they will not serve for so much as the mere warp of its texture. Every great fact of history as aggressively as the Theban Sphinx propounds its riddle concerning itself, not only as to Whence and Why, but as to What it is. Accuracy is not illumination; and no logic furnishes a key to interpretation, for there is no philosophy of history distinct from that of our human nature. Some of the writing known as fiction—like a few of Harrison Ainsworth's novels—more vividly and clearly tells the truth than any annalist. Imagination of a high order seems essential to the fidelity of portrayal. The historian must be an artist and his interpretation creative—a vital speculation. The impenetrable mask under which the event first appears to us is withdrawn and the living alchemy disclosed. Next to poetry the best history should be the highest form of literature. The ideal has never been fully realized, but all great historians have had a conception of the dignity and magnitude of their office. Thucydides, the earliest of them, breathed that air which was the inspiration of Phidias and Sophocles, and boldly claimed for his work that, like theirs, it was something everlasting. Gibbon and Macaulay show signs of this lofty claim and aspiration, not so apparent in the easy and graceful narrative of the genial Hume.

Giving ample credit to the erudition and versatility of Freeman and to the

vividly dramatic power of Froude, yet it is true that for a real history of her national development England waited for Green, who was the first English historian willing to sacrifice all else to the one simple purpose of writing a history of the English people, and whose accomplishment of this ideal had a literary and artistic value which gave it distinction and general acceptance.

It is no disparagement to the able writers of United States history to say that none of them thus far has met or attempted to meet the requirements which Green deemed essential to the realization of his ideal. Bancroft gave fifty years of his life to his elaborate work, closing with the adoption of the Constitution, but neither in structure nor in style can it be called satisfactory. Hildreth, covering a later period, is to the student what good dry wine is to the epicure, but his history is wholly political. Henry Adams, covering much of the same period as Hildreth, gives a fuller view, and is so picturesque and brilliant that, for merely intellectual satisfaction, we regret the limitations of his canvas, and wish that he might in the same vein write a complete history of the United States. No one better than Parkman could have written the story of the conflict between the French and the English for the dominion of this continent. McMaster has undertaken a history of the people of the United States which is most interesting, and grows better with each new volume; but the plan he set out with necessarily limits its value as history in the largest sense. Winsor has embodied in a true and skilful narrative his most valuable collection of material concerning the discovery and early history of America. Rhodes impartially and with graphic portraiture tells the story of the conflict between freedom and slavery. John Fiske has given the most philosophical interpretation of our history; whatever he touches he illuminates; to the thoughtful reader he is explicit and satisfactory, and he effectively does what he attempts—which is not a direct narrative wherein the philosophy is wholly implicit and the illumination incidental. None of the historians we have mentioned has attempted to give in large lines and on a plan similar to Green's a comprehensive history of the United States.

Such an undertaking has been ventured by Professor Woodrow Wilson, and the first instalment of his "Colonies and Nation: A Short History of the People of the United States," is presented in this number of the Magazine. The purpose rather than the plan suggests a comparison with Green's work. The ideal is the same, though the method must be different. The history of the United States has a unity which belongs to that of no other modern nation. There is no break in it like that which Freeman points out dividing the England before from the England after Edward the First. For a century and a half—its longer period — our history is properly English, as racially and radically it must be to the end; moreover, our colonial determined the lines of our national development, institutionally. But the conditions of our growth, and especially of our national growth, have been peculiar, and have made for us critical moments quite distinct from those punctuating English history. It is only now that, in the crucial conflict of Christendom, we stand before the world in policy as well as in race alongside of England. Napoleon in the Louisiana cession anticipated our perpetual antagonism to that nation; and the chief enemies of England have, from the Revolution, been the friends of the United States.

It is interesting, when a historical work is undertaken like that of Professor Wilson, to note the author's own views concerning the writing of history.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who is president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, said, in a recent address before the Historical Society of Wisconsin, that the three elements which enter into the make-up of the ideal historian are training, judgment, and the literary sense, and laid stress upon the necessity for such a historian to be in close touch with the generation he addresses: "The true historian—he who most sympathetically as well as correctly reads to the present the lessons to be derived from the past—I hold to be the only latter-day prophet."

This is in accord with Freeman's view that "past politics is present history,"

and following out this conception we shall doubtless have in every generation new histories of the United States reading new lessons from the past, adapted to new audiences and new conditions. The lessons will have value, but is the office of the historian primarily didactical? Listen to Professor Wilson in his essay on this subject, published (in a volume entitled *Mere Literature*) a few years ago:

"The truth of history is a very complex and very occult matter. It consists of things which are invisible as well as of things that are visible. It is full of secret motives and of a chance interplay of trivial and yet determining circumstances; it is shot through with transient passions, and broken athwart here and there by what seem cruel accidents; it cannot all be reduced to statistics or newspaper items or official recorded statements. And so it turns out, when the actual test of experiment is made, that the historian must have something more than a good conscience, must be something more than a good man. He must have an eye to see the truth; and nothing but a very catholic imagination will serve to illuminate his matter for him: nothing less than keen and steady insight will make even illumination yield him the truth of what he looks upon. Even when he has seen the truth only half his work is done, and that not the more difficult half. He must then make others see it just as he does; only when he has done that has he told the truth. What an art of penetrative phrase and just selection must he have to take others into the light in which he stands!... It is his purpose, or should be, to give a true impression of his theme as a whole—to show it, not lying upon his page in an open and dispersed analysis, but set close as an intimate synthesis, every line, every stroke, every bulk even, omitted which does not enter of very necessity into a single and unified image of the truth. Standing sure, a man of science as well as an artist, he must take and use all of his equipment for the sake of his art—not to display his materials, but to subordinate and transform them in his effort to make, by every touch and cunning of hand and tool, the perfect image of what he sees, the very truth of his seer's vision of the world. The true historian works always for the whole impression, the truth with unmarred proportions, unexaggerated parts, undistorted visage."

Professor Wilson instances Green as an exceptional example of one "who saw the truth and had the art and mastery to make others see it as he did in all its breadth and multiplicity"; but he complains of this great master of narrative as lacking variety: "His method, whatever the topic, is ever the same. His sentences, his paragraphs, his chapters, are pitched one and all in the same key. It is a very fine and moving key,.... but some themes it will not serve." His book "is full of a certain sort of variety, but it is only a variety of a great plan's detail, not the variety of English life. It has none of the irregularity of the actual experiences of men and communities. It explains, but does not contain, their variety. The matter should rule the plan, not the plan the matter."

Professor Wilson insists that the historian should not from his present point of view look backward upon the material he handles. "A nineteenth-century plan laid like a standard and measure upon a seventeenth-century narrative will infallibly twist it and make it false." He thinks comment, deliberate and formal comment, by the historian is, from the point of view of his own day, futile and impertinent. In other words, the thing is not a matter of didactics, but a matter of art, of reproduction. The only present-day element to be admitted is the mind of the audience—and this only so far as necessary to insure the production of the illusion of reality for present-day minds. Speaking for himself, in regard to his present undertaking, he would say: "I am writing a history of the people of the United States—a short history, but upon a plan which allows the writer more freedom than that of a work designed for a text-book. It is my intention to give a true picture, with a just perspective. I am trying to produce explanatory narrative, the explanation being not so much express and formal as carried in the colors and grouping of the narrative itself, and being an explanation made (or rather implied) as much as may be from the point of view of the times described."

EDITOR'S DRAWER

LARRY DEVENNY'S LEG OF GOOSE

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS

IT was a long, long night drive of fifty Irish miles over bare mountains and bleak moors, right through the wild centre of Donegal, that Bob McGlanachy and myself were upon. We had taken the mail-car, which, driven by old Larry Devenny, rattled along at the breakneck speed of between four and five miles an hour.

"It's a fearsome enough thing, too, to be *up* for murdher," said Larry, apropos of the history of Pat the Pedlar's violent death long ago at Letterfrae, the which he had been detailing for us as we jingled by that haunted locality. "And shure it's no light thing to be up for attempted murdher, either. Och, I spake from experience."

"Let us hear how it was, Larry," said I.

"Take yer time till I get over this rough groun'. Aisy there, High-stepper! Aisy! Now we go, and we've three mile of a level afore us. Tuck up the rugs, and make yerselves happy." Larry paused a full minute, then he went ahead as follows:



It was just in this self-same month of June, and full five and thirty years ago. I was then on the route from Ballina, through Sligy and Ballyshanny, into Donegal town—a long journey, and a sore wan, God knows, at some times of the year. Ye left Ballina in the mornin', and dhrivin' all day as if the divil was afther ye, landed in Donegal close upon the heels of midnight. At Donegal I got me relaisement; Corney McCabe takin' charge of the coach there, and dhrivin' her through Barnesmore Gap, and through Raphoe to Darry, which he reached in the early mornin'.

But behold ye! There was wan night, an' when I come to me journey's en', an hour and a half late, bekase of a gazened wheel loosin' its shoin', doesn't I find that there was no Corney McCabe there to relieve me. Corney had gone that mornin', they said, to cock-fights up Glenfinn, and hilt or hair of him hadn't been seen since, barrin' that young Dinny Melly, who had gone to heel the cocks for the Inver men, fetched word that Corney was dhrinkin' dhry all the shebeen houses in the Glen, and that accordin' to all signs and tokens they might expect him home the week afther next! And there wasn't hair or man there to take charge of the coach through the Gap. Says Misther Dillon, says he, at the Donegal Head Inns, where we transferred and changed horses, says he to me, "Larry, I see nothin' for it but you to go yerself!" Afther the br'ak-down and all, to tell truth about it, meself wasn't in the sweetest temper landin'. But when I found this state of affairs, and heerd this ordher, there was naither houldin' nor tyin' of me.

"No use yer flinging, Larry," says Misther Dillon, "and usin' far-fetched langidge: what can't be cured must be endured. Though the moon was to burst in the sky, the mail-coach must go—and it can't go without a dhriver. Come, the horses," says he, "is changed, and always ready for off. Make haste with ye!" "Well, the divil take ye body and bones, if ye'll excuse me makin' the liberty," says I (for I was in a hard temper). "But shure even mait hasn't parted me lips yet. Do ye think am I unicorn, or a wild lion, or what, to dhrive to Darry on the emp'y stomach?" "Ye're 'most two hours behind time as it is," says Misther Dillon. "an' ye might 'a' been aitin' while ye were jumpin' around me and choppin' logic, like a dancin' bear. Yez haven't any time for aitin' now. Get onto yer sait," says he, "as fast as fury."

The horn was blowin', and every sowl of seven starvin' wratches that I had carried into the town were scramblin' an' climbin' onto their seats for feered the coach would be gone without them. But small concarn either their haste or Misther Dillon's give me. Into the kitchen of the Inns I walked, and dhrunk a bowl of tay Kitty Clery had steamin' on the table. "Musha, and bad luck to ye, Larry Devenny," says she, "and small good may it do ye. And me afther brewin' that dhrop of tay for meself for a cure for a disthress I have in the stomach these seven years."

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"The divil send ye may have it seven years more," says I, not to be outdone in politeness. "It's for a disthress in my stomach I'm afther usin' it now," says I. "Have ye anything aitable now," says I, "to send down afther it?" "How would a feed of fish bones and tenpenny nails agree with ye?" says she. "I'd take that afore I'd take your temper for a gift, Kitty," says I. And I made my way to the dhresser where I seen four duck eggs. I whipped a pin out of the flap o' me coat, and while ye'd be sayin' "thrapsticks" I had the eggs sucked an' the shells tossed by Kitty's nose into the fire.

I was on the bounce then to be off, bekase the passengers was braken' to get off the car again and get something to relieve their hunger when they found the delay, and Misther Dillon I could hear threatenin' them, and callin' down all manner of bad prayers upon my head, without—I was on the bounce. I say, to be off when, as Heaven would have it, somethin' peepin' out from in under a dish on the dhresser took me eye. I jumped, and got off with a fine stout leg of a large goose she had hid past for herself. And I went off laughin' hearty at me good luck, and lickin' me lips at the thoughts of the fine feed I'd have of it afore mornin', as, wrapt in a bit of paper, I stuck it into the left pocket o' me big coat, and tore out and onto the coach and was away.

Now, of the seven lads I carried with me, if there was wan more than another that I hadn't a particular *gradth* for it was an oul' curmudgeon named McFeeters, some sort of a Scotchman from the County Down; whether he was some sort of a missionary to the haythen in our parts, or what else, the sorra wan of me knows. But he had come and gone with me so often that I knew him to the hole in the heels of his stockin'; and, in throth, it was small good I knew of him. All the times ever I dhruv him the shine of his sixpenny bit niver crossed my palm; he was a sight readier with his praichin' than his purse, and with his gab than his gift. Any time ever he was with me I couldn't swallow half a glass of whiskey in paice, but he'd nag and nag at me till the journey's en' afther. And to complaite his villany, and poison me out and out again' him, there was wan day he was with me, about four months afore, and I mismanaged to give the coach an ugly upset into a *sheuch* at Grange; barrin' for a rowl in the mud McFeeters wasn't (I'm sorry to say) a pin point the worse, but for all that he reported me fer bein' dhrunk and unfit for handlin' horses. Now I wasn't no more dhrunk than (by yer laive) you yourself are. I had been at Patsy McCran's weddin' the night afore, and I had about as much dhrink in me as bothered me head a bit—but sartainly not dhrunk. No matter for that, the oul' sinner sent in again' me a report would reach from here to Hallow-day, that brought me an awful reprimand entirely, and fined me for the damages to the coach—and only me long good character saved me from bein' sent to the sarra about me business.

Now, McFeeters hadn't aiten from he left Sligy that day; and, for the same lad loved his stomach, had laid out his accounts for a grand fill-up in Donegal. And as a good Providence would have it, he was the only man of the seven who didn't get a morsel. And when meself heard this, maybe it's me wasn't the well-plaised man in my own heart.



When McFeeters carried a countenance would sour crame, and a bark in his voice would frighten a badger, he was in his best humor, but on this night, goin' through the Gap of Barnesmore with an emp'y stomach that he had fetched forty mile, and would have to fetch, so, forty more, ye may picthur for yerself what he was like, for it's more nor I can do for ye. And in throth, as ill-humored as the other passengers—and small wondher—had been, they couldn't help nudgin' and chucklin' and actially got gay, over his grumpiness; and grew into purty good humor.

Well and good, we got along our journey without anything sthrange till, afther we left Raphoe behind us I sayed to meself, "Now for yer leg of a goose, Larry." Into my left pocket I dives me arm, but behould ye, there was ne'er a bone or a pick there Whew! "That's sthrange," says I, in me



"WHERE I SEEN HIM DISAPPEAR"

own mind, "for I'm sartin that was the pocket I put it in." I sarched the right-han' pocket with the same luck. And then I didn't leave hole or bole in me garments I didn't ransack, all to as little purpose.

I was in a sweet temper, ye can take yer davy, and, "The curse o' the crows light upon yous boys, whichever of ye was the mane thief," says I in me own mind, for I was too wise to give them the satisfaction of lettin' on to them that I discovered they'd overreached me. "A mane thief he was that hangin's too good for," says I, still in me own mind, "whoever was so unprincipled!"

At the Cruckel Brae here every man got off to stretch their legs and to aise the bastes. And as I was joggin' alongsides the horses' heads, up to me comes wan o' the lads and says, "What was it ye had bundled in paper in yer pocket?" "What do ye think?" says I, short, that way to him. "Somethin' aitable, I'll be bound," says he. "Did it taste well?" says myself, dhryly. "Faith, I'm sorry to say I don't know," says he. "Ou!' McFeeters, though, can tell ye," says he, "for he's about finishin' up the rear of it there behind." I looked back down the hill, and in the gray twaylight, sure enough, I seen McFeeters slinkin' up the hill aback of every wan else, and at that selfsame minute was throwin' from him a whack of paper, and brushin' down the breast of his coat. Says the lad was informin' me, "The end of it was stickin' out of the pocket of your coat, right by his leg, and he sneaked it out when he thought no wan was lookin'—but I seen him, and knowin' the poor divil was ready to dhrop with the dint of the hunger, I was loath to intherfair."

Meself was too mad to make answer. To the divil himself if he was hungry I wouldn't 'a' begridged it, but—God forgive me!—I begridged it to McFeeters with all me sowl.

All mounted again at the top of the hill, and not wan word did I say about me leg of goose, or let on that I missed it.

Just a mile and a half farther on there lived Ned Nowlan, and Ned owned the most undherbred, onmannerly whelp of a dog ye would meet in a week's walkin'—a dog that was never known to let coach or car pass without givin' them a warm reception. Of course as I had expected, we didn't well come in sight of Ned's till the dog was comin' for us like a sthrake of lightnin' with his throat open. "Here's Ned Nowlan's onmannerly dog comin' for us now," says wan of the passengers. "It's a mortial disgrace to dhrivers goin' this road that that dog hasn't met suddint daith years ago." "Plaise Heaven," says I, "it 'll not be much longer a disgrace, for I've brought something in me pocket here, all the way from Donegal, especially for Ned Nowlan's dog." "Good for ye, Larry," says they; "what is it?" "A leg of a goose," says I, "steeped twenty-four hours in poison," and I dived me hand into me pocket to produce it. "It was a doethor thravellin' from Darry on the coach give Corney McCabe the resait for puttin' Ned Nowlan's dog off the walk—where the divil did I hide it away, anyhow?—and Kitty Clery had it prepared and ready and stuck it. I thought, in that outside left pocket. In the name of wandher what have I done with it?" "Ye maybe dhropped it," says the lad who *did* know what happened to it. "I hope to Heaven no," says I, "for the Lord only knows what onfortunate poor hungry wraich's way ill luck would throw it

across." I was ransackin' every corner of me clothes like a man frantic. "It was a tasteless poison, purposely," says I, near a'most cryin', "and if—as may God forbid—any misfortunate begger should pick it up, and ate it, thinkin' some thraveller had lost his bite, it 'll be a meracle if he isn't got in his last gasp, for there was a double dose for a dog in it. Bad scran to me if it isn't clean gone! Oh, musha, musha!"

Curmudgeon McFeeters he was wrigglin' on the car like an eel with a pin in its gizzard, and the color in the face of a three weeks' washed shirt; and he was *peichin'* and sighin' like a calf a-smotherin'. He had been thryin' hard to groan inside of himself only, but in a couple of minutes he let a hard-pent wan escape him. Every wan on the coach turned to him; and, "Presarve us! Mr. McFeeters," says I, "is anything the matther?" "With me?" says he, jumpin'. "No, no; nothin' with me. A toothache!" then says he, and he give a groan would grind rocks. "Lord pity ye, poor man!" says I till him. "There isn't many has sympathy with a man in the toothache, but I have, for me poor mother (rest her sowl!) used to suffer ojious with it. Do ye niver thry any cure at all, at all, for it, Mr. McFeeters?" But he give me no answer, only he met his knees and his nose together, like in a stoon of pain. "Ye do right, sir," says I, "not to open yer mouth in the cowl' air. Now," says I, "let me tell ye a good cure for toothache that me poor mother (the heavens be her bed this night!) used to thry, and she sayed it was the best she ever come across. She used to fill her mouth with the cowl' well-wather just when the tooth would be at its very ragin'est, an' the divil (as she used to say, poor woman!) dancin' in it—fill it then, she used, with the cowl' well-wather, and take her stand with her back to a good hot fire till the wather would boil in her mouth; then, she sayed, there wouldn't be a stoon of the toothache but 'ud be gone as complete as the snow in June. You should thry it, sir," says I. But he let another groan out of him, and, "Och, murdherer!" he yells at me, "murdherer!" and made every sowl on the coach jump. Says I: "In the name of all that's sinsible, sir, don't let a bad stoon of toothache dhrive ye out of yer wits. Didn't I tell ye for not to be lettin' the cowl' night air intil yer mouth?" "Murdherer!" he yells again. "I'm poisoned! By you! And the poison's workin' in me already like a wee mill!" "Surely, surely," says I, "ye don't mane to tell me, Mr. McFeeters, that you have ate the leg of the goose!" "It's workin' in me! it's workin' in me!" says he, doublin' himself up again, "like a wee mill! Wather! Murdher! Murdher! Wather!"

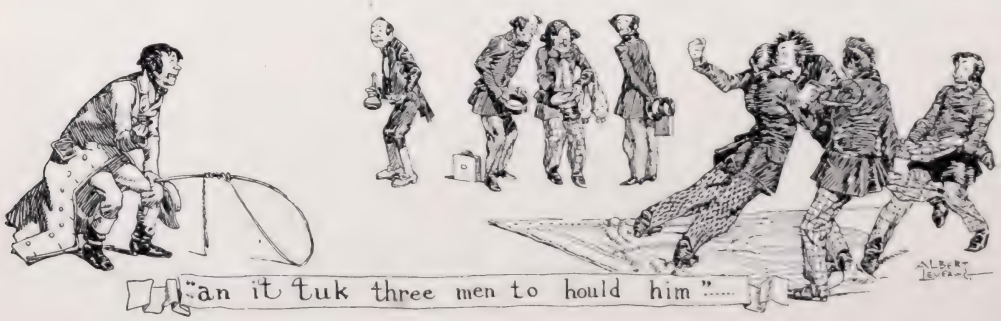
"Bear witness," goes on McFeeters, "that if it kills me, if there's an inquest, this is my murdherer—deliberate murdher—I reported him for bein' dhrunk and tossin' the mail-coach wan time, and he swore he'd be revenged. He is, he is revenged—it's workin' in me like a wee mill! Oh! Oh! Murdher! Wather! Wather! Murdher!"

And there the fella was bawlin' like a bull, and disgracin' us, as we rattled into Darry in the early mornin'; dacint people throwin' up their windies, an' shovin' out night-capped heads to find who was a-murdherin' on the public streets. I lost little time dumpin' himself and all of them at the Stag Inns, where I seen him disappear, bawlin' still, and groanin'.

But behould ye! I hadn't me horses stabled till two polismen come in and tuk me pres'ner for the attempted poisonin' of Solomon McFeeters, they sayed, and marched me, like a turkey-cock for the spit, to the Stag Inns and to the bed-room where two docthors were examinin' the groanin' Solomon, and quizzin' him regardin' how the pains was workin' him: and that minute in walks another polisman with a magisthrate and the Clerk of the Petty Sessions, to take the dyin' man's dispositions; and at the tail of that in was marched the other six passengers was on the coach. The docthors beseeched me to relent and to tell them what the name of the poison was till they'd give him a nimetic; meself created a *furore* when I sayed that the only poison the man was dyin' from was a stolen goose leg Kitty Clery had given me—and the pain that made him groan was a toothache in his conscience.

The peelers and the magisthrate they could only tongue-bang him—and, in throth, they did that; but he had to pay the docthors with two goold sovereigns; and he give them as if they were his eye-teeth.

"Misther McFeeters," says I, then, "if ye stand a good dhrink for the company I'll not mind suin' ye for the leg o' me goose." An' it tuk three men to hould him whilst I got down the stairs.





PROVERBIAL EXCEPTIONS

AN INSTANCE WHEN FAINT HEART WON FAIR LADY

THE PARTITION OF MR. HYKES.

DELLA, our Southern importation, was at her duties when I went into the kitchen. A married friend, living in New York, at what Della called "One-Hundred-and-Fifty-seventh Avenue," had invited our cook to pay her a visit. She accosted me with a shake of her woolly head:

"Miss Rufe, w'ile ah'm in Noo Yawk, Ma'y she wants ah should go t' a doctah 'bout mah teef."

"Well, Della," said I, "why not? You've been planning to have them pulled."

Suddenly a gloomy black face was turned upon me: "Ah don' know." She gazed across the table, uncertain as to whether she should proceed: "Ah don' know. Ye see — Miss Rufe" — another pause and appealing glance — "they's doctahs 'n' they's studiums. Ah might get int' a studium's office."

"A studium?" I repeated, dully.

"Yaas, 'm. Donche know? Ye has t' be a studium 'fore ye kin be a doctah."

"Oh," I assented.

"An' ye cain't tell 'em. Looks jes like doctahs. Acts jes like doctahs. Gots bottles round, 'n' chairs 'n' tables, jes like doctahs. But—Miss Rufe"— in a burst of horror—"*ef they's studiums they kills ye.*"

"Oh no!" I feebly gasped.

"Yaas, 'm. Down t' my home, down t' 'Gusta, they cut Mr. William Hykes all up."

"Well," I urged, "wasn't Mr. William Hykes dead?"

"Yaas, 'm," somewhat reluctantly. "An', othah times, they kills 'em. Once they was a studium, an' he was fixin' t' kill a man 'at was goin' ovah a bridge. An' th' man he says" (in a sepulchral chant): "'*Be suah ye kill me dead. Be suah ye kill me dead.*' An' th' studium he was scairt, 'n' he run away. Mos' times" (in a brisker tone) "they kills 'em."

"Oh no," I foolishly insisted. "Why, no. If they did, Della, they would be hanged."

"Not down t' my home: not down t' 'Gusta," said she. "It's this way, Miss Rufe: they *has* t' kill 'em, orless they cain't be a doctah. They kills 'em 'n' cuts 'em up."

So was revealed to me the medical test of courage. If they cannot "cut 'em up," they show too poor a spirit for a future physician.

"Against ignorance the gods fight in vain." I cast about in my mind for arguments that should convince.

"But, Della," I finally repeated, "don't you know that would be murder? And murderers would be hanged."

She extended a pitying smile to my inexperience. "Not down t' my home," the soft drawl persisted; "not down t' 'Gusta. They cut Mr. William Hykes all up."

I was dumb. I had no powers of persuasion to controvert that fact of the dismemberment of Mr. William Hykes.

RUTH HALL.

ADVENTURE OF A BOOK AGENT.

"When I was a young man," remarked Judge Crabtree, "I was pretty hard up sometimes, and did various things to raise the wind. Acted as book agent one summer. While at this I ran across the most ingenious man I ever heard of—man named Hobroy."

"Any more ingenious than that friend of yours who proposes to put a rubber-cushion fence around golf-links so that carrom shots may be made?" inquired Major Dodge.

"You mean Bickly. Bickly is ingenious, but his inventions lack feasibility. It was different with Hobroy—his were practical and useful. Hobroy was a real benefactor of mankind, though it didn't seem so to me at the time. It was up at Syracuse. Hobroy was president of several corporations. The word got passed around that he was an easy subject for agents, and his door-knob was kept in a state of high polish by the fraternity. I saw that I might as well join the procession, so one afternoon I headed his way.

"At the door an ambulance was just driving off, but I thought nothing of it. I went on up stairs, and sent in my card. A young man came out who said he was Hobroy's private secretary, and asked my business. I saw there was nothing for it but to tell the truth—that is, the modified, book-agential truth, so I said: 'I am introducing a work on a subject in which Mr. Hobroy is greatly interested, and several of his business friends have advised me to see him. In fact,' I added, looking the other in the eye candidly, 'I understand that Mr. Hobroy has expressed a desire to examine the work in question.' I then took one step backward, and made ready to parry his blow. I was young, but not without experience. To my surprise, he simply said, 'Step this way, and Mr. Hobroy will see you,' and led me into a back room, waved me toward a man at a desk, and disappeared.

"Of course I knew that Hobroy didn't want my book, so I went at him hammer and tongs. Began talking like a phonograph, and never gave him a chance to say a word. Dragged out my specimen pages. Read him the introduction and the strongest passages in each chapter. Showed him the illustrations, and pointed out the index. Quoted the best press notices the book had received, and rattled off the list of people who had taken the work. Pulled out fac-simile letters of commendation from prominent men, and displayed the different styles of binding. Hobroy seemed interested, but never said a word, though that wasn't strange, since I hadn't given him a chance. By the time I got through I was pretty well warmed up, so I thought I might as well go over the whole thing again, which I did, practically, throwing in some additional touches which I had forgotten before. When I finished this time I made a longer pause, but he said nothing, not even replying to my inquiry if I might put down his name. This rather surprised me, still I didn't show it, but in a general way gave him the whole course once more. This time I stopped. I had to. I was exhausted. Still my victim said nothing. I looked at him closely—been too busy talking before—then sprang up and placed my hand on his head. Wax figure, Major, true's you're alive! Wax figure made to resemble old Hobroy, and put in a room fitted up like his. I sank down on the floor. I have a confused remembrance of footsteps and subdued voices. 'Ring for the ambulance again,' said one voice. When I recovered consciousness two doctors were bending over me."

THE ANTI-HOUSE-AFIRE APPARATUS.

Crumpville is the worst agent-infested town in the State. So everybody says, especially "Uncle" Amos Skinner, who freely proclaims on all occasions that he "don't like 'em." "Book agents, insurance agents, lightning-rod agents, apple-tree agents, sewing-machine agents, patent-medicine agents, war-map agents, and forty other kinds of agents—they all just naturally seem to flock here and go to roost," Uncle Amos is wont to exclaim. "Or rather, they flock here and go to scratching—they never appear to go to roost anywhere. And I don't know which kind is the peskiest. The book agents will nail you the hardest; and you want to kick the insurance agents the most; and you're the tiredest when the lightning-rod agents go 'way; and the apple-tree agents hang on, and stay with you, and camp on your trail the worst. I declare to Halifax, they all ought to be loaded into one of these here big guns and shot out."

It need scarcely be said that Uncle Amos is often the victim of the zealous agents. He has bought books that no force under the sun could induce him to read, medicines for diseases which even a lively imagination cannot conjure up, apple-trees for which he has not the land necessary to accommodate their roots, and there is even a legend in Crumpville that he once took one hundred feet of lightning-rod for a house not yet built, the accommodating agent sticking one end in the ground and crooking the rest about up in the air like a figure 4, all ready for Uncle Amos to rear his house underneath and catch his first mess of lightning. This probably never happened, however.

But recently Uncle Amos had an experience with an agent in which he thinks he got even with the whole race. The man was selling a new and highly improved patent fire-extinguisher—one of these things that you take on your back and squirt at the fire with a nozzle—"play on the fire" is the technical term, as if the fire was a musical instrument. This man's appliance was called the Seek-No-Farther Anti-House-Afire Apparatus. He soon landed on Uncle Amos. "I don't want it," was the old gentleman's answer, pretty crusty. "Wouldn't have it as a gift. House so full of consairned things bought from agents now that I wish it *would* burn down so I could get rid of 'em. Go

'way and lemme 'lone! Fire is the least of my troubles." But the agent's self and professional pride was wounded.

"Fire don't trouble you, eh?" he returned. "You may see the time it will!" and he pointed an ominously suggestive thumb—downward.

Uncle Amos was now in turn aroused, ordered the man off the premises, and vowed vengeance. Part of the working campaign of the extinguisher agent was the erection of a small shedlike structure in rude imitation of a part of a house, with a hollow board chimney, all built of the driest pine lumber and well soaked in kerosene and other enthusiastically burning chemicals. During the evening he would have this set on fire, and when it was burning with the greatest fury, the flames roaring up the wooden chimney, he would calmly force his way through the crowd, silk hat on head, kid gloves on hands, and patent extinguisher on back, and proceed to "play" with loud but confidential ejaculations of "So!" "Thus!" "Observe!" "Gentlemen, watch the wonder of the waning century!" till the fire was put out.

Fifty years' experience with agents had given Uncle Amos a familiarity with the ways of all, so he knew the coming programme. That afternoon while the man was busily at work upon his inflammatory house Uncle Amos sought the hotel-keeper where he was staying. This genial host was an old crony of Uncle Amos's, so he readily got access to the apartment of the unsuspecting agent. Then the indignant old victim of ten thousand agents decanted the flame-destroying fluid and substituted two gallons of gasoline, going home whistling "Buffalo Gals" and other antebellum ditties.

It was evening. The population of Crumpville was gathered around the fire-fated structure on the common. A village character of bibulous habits who had been hired to apply the match approached amid loud cries of. "Touch it with your nose, Jim!" The blaze leaped upward. Hotter and hotter grew the fire. The crowd fell back slightly to escape the intense heat. The flames leaped up the wooden chimney and poured out the top like a volcano. The whole thing was a mass of roaring fire. Where was the agent? Would he never come? Suddenly, with a cry of, "One side, gentlemen!" he pushed his way to the front, the cylinder on his back. "Ladies and gents," he said, "watch the Anti House Afire Apparatus!" He swung around the nozzle with a deliberate air, touched a spring, and began to "play." "So!" he exclaimed. But somehow things didn't seem to "so." The fire only burned the harder. "Thus!" he added, turning the stream farther up. Nothing "thused," either. The spray from the nozzle seemed to be burning finely. "Observe!" cried the man with fierce confidence, turning the stream boldly on the raging chimney. Here the crowd saw that the stream was on fire almost to the nozzle. "Gentlemen, watch the wonder of the waning—" The nozzle melted off and the flame leaped to the cylinder on his back and lapped up the nap on his silk hat. He turned and ran. Uncle Amos and the landlord deluged him with two pails of water. The inflammatory gentleman was extinguished. Uncle Amos went home whistling tunes which antedated the Mexican war and reached back almost to that of 1812.

H. C.



THE REV. MR. LASTLY EXPLAINS TO HIS CALLER THAT THE RECENT DONATION PARTY GIVEN TO HIM BY THE LADIES OF HIS FLOCK TOOK PLACE THE NEXT DAY AFTER AN UNPRECEDENTED MARK-DOWN SALE OF LAMPS AT THE NINETY-NINE-CENT STORE



SOME FORMER RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK, WHILE REVISITING THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE, MEET WITH A SURPRISE ON THE BOWERY

VICTIM OF STAGE CUSTOM.

"Got a night off last week," remarked the old property-man, "and went to see one of these new society dramas that we hear tell of so much. Didn't care for it. Furniture and other props too new and shiny. And the villain's voice was the same way—sort o' fresh and smooth—not the good old rusty bass voice of the genuine villain, such as they used to have in the palmy days when I entered the perfession. But one thing was all O. K., and that was the comic love-making. Just the same's it's always been. Hero tried to propose to the heroine, and the rest of the company popped in on 'em. Five doors onto the stage, seven people, twenty-eight pops. Only pop that lagged back was the hero's—didn't get it off for two acts. Best and oldest legitimate comic stage device known to the perfession. Young gal in chair, young man on one knee, rest of company popping in promiscuous and unexpected—'specially the comic man. Might's well try to make it snow with the thunder-machine as to keep *him* out.

"I remember Bob North. Popular man in the 70's. Great matinée actor. Always the hero, and always had to propose to the heroine. Generally begun in the first act, but it 'd be the last 'fore he'd get through—they *would* pop in on him in the *funniest* way. Lost Bob a good thing later on, too.

"You see Bob got acquainted with a stunning young widder. Rich she was, too—late departed been in the plumber business or something. But she didn't know no more about the theatrical perfession than a cat—or a newspaper critic. Well, Bob got gone on the widder, and reckoned he'd propose. Thought it wouldn't be anything 'cause he'd done it a thousand times on the stage. But he found it *was* something. Got took with reg'lar stage fright soon's he tried to begin. The widder just sot and looked at him and never tried to help him out in that innocent, laughable way the heroine always does on the stage. Bob begun to hum and haw, trying to make a start, then he happened to think of that awful comic man that must be lurking round the right upper entrance, and he jerked his head over his shoulder and give a scart look. Then he seen where he was, and looked back at the widder and made another start, and got along just so's she seen what he was driving at; then he forgot himself again, and fetched around his head so's to get a squint at the right lower entrance, and the widder couldn't stand it no longer.

"'Mr. North,' says she, mad as anything—'Mr. North, may I inquire if you expect the sheriff or are you keeping your eye on a line of retreat for use when I say no?'

"'Are you *going* to say no?' says Bob.

"'Just consider it said,' says the widder, 'and run while you've got the chance.' And poor Bob seen there wasn't anything else to do."

HARRY V. MARR.

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Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins.

A VIRGINIAN PLANTER IN HIS OWN BOAT
ON THE JAMES RIVER, WITH HIS ATTENDANTS

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COLONIES AND NATION

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

PART II

THE business of both church and state had altered very ominously in England during the eventful years which brought James's reign to a close and gave Englishmen their first taste of Charles's quality. The air had filled with signs of revolution; and it was one of the most serious of these that the Puritans, who had once been merely champions of pure doctrine and a simplified worship within the church, had now become a political party, and were trying to put a curb upon the king in every exercise of his power. At first they had thought that they might reform the church, which they loyally loved, by the slow and peaceable ways of precept and example,—by preaching the new doctrines of Calvin, and by slowly simplifying the worship in their churches until they should have got the forms and notions of Rome out of them altogether. Elizabeth had taught them that that was impossible while she was queen. Harsh measures had hardened their temper, and had made them a distinct and active party: first for concert within the church; now at last for concert also in matters of state, because the times had changed.

James had come to the throne and grievously disappointed them; and Charles, after him, had turned out to be no serious opponent of Rome itself. The terrible Thirty Years' War had begun (1618), that mighty struggle between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic states of the Continent; and yet Charles had married a Roman Catholic princess, and showed himself as ready to make bargains with Roman as alliances with Protestant princes. Moreover, he was as indifferent to the political rights of his subjects as he was to their Protestant opinions. When his Parliament, disapproving his policy, refused to vote him money, he levied taxes without their consent, and seemed determined to break as he pleased every understanding of the constitution. The salvation of the church and the salvation of the liberties of England he made seem one and the same thing: for he would respect neither law nor opinion. And so the chief Puritan gentlemen of the kingdom became politicians, and filled the House of Commons with men of their way of thinking, grimly determined to make a single piece of work of the purification of the church and the maintenance of their liberties. Charles found no way to be rid of their protests except to do without a Parliament altogether; and to that at last he made up his mind. He dismissed the Parliament of 1629, resolved to have done

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with the Commons. For eleven years he kept his resolve. No Parliament was summoned; money was raised without the warrant of law; and the government was conducted entirely as he willed.

It was in that way he brought a great revolution on and lost his head, for he was dealing with men who could not safely be defied. But for the moment he seemed master. The first shock of such events was enough to dismay men who were lovers of law and of right, who had intended no revolution, who had meant to fight tyranny only by legal process and in behalf of privileges acknowledged time out of mind. Even stout-hearted men lost hope for a little, and thought their cause undone in that dark year 1629, when they saw their leaders in the king's prisons, and the king masterful and hot against all who dared so much as protest. And so a new exodus began, not to Holland this time, but direct to America,—an exodus not of separatists, of whom the law had already made outlaws, but of those sober Puritans who had remained in the church, and had been its hope of reform.

A company had been formed among them for the purpose of attempting a settlement in America even before the end of all Puritan hopes had seemed to come. Lands had been purchased from the Council for New England in March, 1628, and a party of settlers had been sent out that very summer under John Endecott, a blunt, passionate, wilful man, hard to deal with, but more efficient than any other the company could find, and more likely to succeed. He chose Salem, not far within the northern cape of the great Bay of Massachusetts, as his place of settlement; and when a large body of new settlers were sent out to him the next summer he and his people were ready, with houses built and crops ripening. That same year, 1629, the company in England obtained a charter from the crown, and assumed a new importance and authority as "The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England."

There could have been no better time to get recruits for a Puritan colony,—not mechanics merely, and such humble folk, or men out of employment, but people of consequence also, who would give themselves and their fortunes to the enterprise, in the hope that they might at any rate find freedom of conscience, and establish a free state in America. The Company itself was transferred over sea, its Governor and Council themselves taking ship to the colony they were to govern. There was not to be a "Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay" set up in London to rule and dispose of a distant colony, as the Virginia Company had ruled Virginia. It was to have its seat where it had its possessions. More than seventeen ships and a thousand colonists got away from the western and southern seaports,—Bristol, Plymouth, Weymouth, Southampton,—in the spring and summer of 1630, Mr. John Winthrop, a man of gentle breeding, of education, of private means, and of the high principles of the best Puritan tradition, a man trained to the law, and, what was much better, schooled to a firm but moderate temper, sweet yet commanding, going out as Governor to supersede Endecott. Thomas Dudley went as his deputy, a man cast in another mould, a doughty Puritan soldier who had served under Prince Henry of Navarre; an uncompromising partisan, more man-at-arms than statesman.

Want and disease had done their accustomed work among Endecott's people before the new Governor and Company reached the Bay. Mr. Higginson, who had written them from Salem scarcely a year ago that "a sup of New England's air was better than a whole draught of old England's ale," was hardly able to stand to preach to them when they landed, a fatal fever having taken hold upon him. It was necessary to separate at once and begin other settlements where Mr. Winthrop's people might prepare shelter for the winter. As soon as possible places were chosen, — Watertown, Roxbury, Boston, Dorchester, were begun, and the preparation of Charlestown, already begun before their coming, was pushed forward,—all places far within the Bay, where groups of sheltering islands shouldered out the heavier seas, and harbors were quiet. But it was too late. Autumn had come and was gone before much could be accomplished. A full hundred of the immigrants lost heart and went back with the ships to England. Winter found those who re-



JOHN ENDECOTT

mained short of food and still without sufficient shelter, and want and disease claimed two hundred victims among them. Even the ships they despatched hastily to England for corn brought very little, for grain was scarce and dear at home also.

With the spring came health and hope again; but bad news too. Those who had returned home disheartened had spread damaging reports about the colony, not only telling of the sore straits it was in to live, but also declaring that Mr. Winthrop and his people had openly repudiated the Church of England and turned separatists, like the people at Plymouth. It was difficult to quiet these reports, because they were practically true. It was not easy to explain away what had undoubtedly been done. Both the immigrants with Mr. Endecott at Salem and those who had come with Mr. Winthrop had left home members of the Church of England: Puritans and reformers, indeed, but still not separatists, and publicly professing a warm loyalty for the mother church. And yet Endecott had hardly begun his settlement at Salem be-

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fore he took counsel with Mr. Bradford and other leaders at Plymouth, and rearranged both the worship and the government of his church after their model. Mr. Winthrop's people had done the same. Those who protested and showed themselves unwilling to accept the new ways of church government were compelled either to conform or else return home to England. The whole thing looked like the carrying out of a deliberate plan made beforehand to get rid of the church as well as of the government of England: to set up a separate church along with a separate commonwealth.

They could hardly say that it was the necessary result of their removal to a distant continent; for the numerous body of Englishmen long ago settled in Virginia had done nothing of the kind, though they maintained their own churches. The Virginians had remained stanch supporters of the church as it was at home. Their own assembly had passed strict laws to enforce the accustomed discipline of the English church and to protect its forms of worship. It could not be said that they did not love their freedom as much as the settlers at Plymouth and the Bay loved theirs. They were glad enough to have an ocean between them and the bishops, and took leave to make very free use of the opportunity to rule their own affairs. But they loved the ancient church in which they had been bred none the less, and they meant to maintain it.

Virginia had been planted before the full warmth of the Puritan temper had made itself felt in England, when it was esteemed a reproach to be called a separatist, and a proud duty which went along with a man's allegiance to hold fast to the standards of the nation's church. Virginia had been recruited, too, as she grew, not out of a special class like the Puritans, with a cause at their hearts, but out of the general body of the English people, in whose lives and thoughts the disputes which grew so keen from year to year within the church played very little part. They had brought their religious beliefs and their forms of worship with them to Virginia in their blood, unseparated and undistinguished from their English citizenship. The new settlers on Massachusetts Bay, on the contrary, had been selected out of a special class. They were men bent for conscience' sake upon setting up a particular standard of their own both in church and in state. They had a deliberate plan from the first to withdraw themselves from the general body of Englishmen and establish in America what should seem to them "a due form of government, both civil and ecclesiastical." "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain out into this wilderness," one of their own preachers said. They tried to explain away their novel proceedings when they wrote to persons of influence at home; they tried to persuade even themselves that they were not separatists, but only a distant and necessarily separate fragment of the Church of England, as they hoped and expected to see it some day become; but they were, in fact, founding a separate establishment which denied the authority of the mother church entirely.

Virginia had slowly grown to a population of five thousand while the Puritans organized their company and transported it to America. Virginians bore themselves very much as Englishmen did everywhere. There was nothing peculiar about them except their hardihood, as of frontiersmen, and their knowledge of how life was to be managed and set forward in a wilderness. It had not made much difference among them that the Virginia Company was dissolved and the colony put into the hands of the king. For the first four years that followed the change no assemblies were summoned, it is true, and they were ruled by the governors and the governor's councils whom the king appointed. But the governors chosen by the king during those years were men of their own number, their trusted friends, already experienced in their affairs, men whom the Company also had employed. Leading men of the colony were appointed to the council also. Their interests were consulted, though there were no elections. Before a Governor not to their taste was put over them the old practice of calling assemblies had been resumed. They wished their individual rights to be left untouched, and watched their government narrowly to see that

it did not impose upon them; but their life went well enough, and they were not disposed to seek changes either in church or state.

They were not settled in close groups, and were not always discussing their common affairs, as men do who live together in towns or organize themselves in compact neighborhoods for business. There was no real town in the colony, except Jamestown. The homes of the colony were scattered through wide neighborhoods along the margins of the rivers, which flowed broad and deep, the natural highways of the place. Each planter farmed as much of the fertile land as he could; but he planted little for sale except tobacco. His tobacco he shipped away in vessels which came to his own wharf and the wharves of his neighbors to be laden. It was not hard to live in that genial climate. Great clearings had at last been made; the sun had been let wholesomely in to take the feverish vapors of the forest off, and the land had begun to yield health as well as abundance. Secluded country churches were the neighborhood gathering-places of the colony, for talk as well as for worship. Planters made their way to Jamestown down the rivers in their own boats, or through the quiet paths of the forest on horseback, to be present at the gathering of the assembly, or to attend the quarterly meetings of the Governor's council, at which lawsuits were heard and determined. It was all a leisurely way of life, and was not apt to bring changes rapidly about so long as the king suffered them to enjoy their reasonable liberty as Englishmen, and did not put men who wished to rule overmuch into the Governor's chair.



JOHN WINTHROP

New Netherland grew, meanwhile, also, in a way which might have looked to a chance visitor very like the growth of Virginia. The Dutch West India Company had found that if they kept to the plan with which they had begun, they could not hope to make anything more than a mere trading station out of their slow-growing settlement at Fort Amsterdam. The council of the Company, accordingly, determined to offer large tracts of land to any one who would send over at his own cost fifty adult settlers, with stores and equipment,—and with the land extraordinary powers of independent control, which should constitute the owner a sort of feudal prince, as "patroon" and lord of his estate. The offer had in it the enticing prospect of dignity and power and safe wealth, such as the landed gentry of Holland had time out of mind enjoyed and the merchants of the towns had unavailingly envied, and some were tempted, as the Company had hoped. A good many rich men did



THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, 1633 THE ENGLISH GENTLEWOMAN, 1631

bestir themselves to send settlers over, and great stretches of the best land on both the North and the South rivers of New Netherland were presently made over to private owners. It was no easier, however, for private individuals than it had been for the Company to bring the land successfully under cultivation, or to establish settlements which would thrive and endure, and the new way of building up the colony went as slowly as the old. Many of the new proprietors failed; only a few succeeded. The most notable of the estates which were actually established by settlement was that of Kiliaen van Rensselaer, the wealthy jeweller of Amsterdam, which stretched for miles upon either bank of the North River in the fertile region far up the stream where the Company's Fort Orange stood, and where the heart of the fur trade with the Indians was.

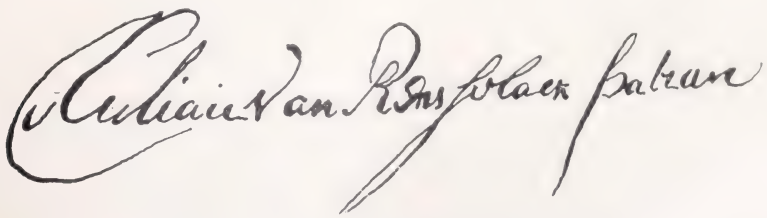
Even where this new way of growth succeeded, however, it was in fact very different from the slow and natural spread of broad plantations in Virginia, where no man was by law more privileged than another. The Dutch farmers and peasants who slowly filled the estates of the patroons with tenants were not like the free yeomen of the southern colony of the English. They were just as little like the New England colonists to the northward. Among these settlement had still another way of growth. They did not develop by the slow spreading of private estates along the river valleys. The New England valleys were not fertile; the rivers were not deep or broad enough to be the highways of the colony. The sort of government the Puritan settlers wished to maintain, moreover, would have been almost impossible had the people not kept together in close groups for common action and worship. The Governor and Company who ruled Massachusetts Bay governed there very watchfully in the midst of the settlements, and took care to know the men to whom they made grants of land. Sometimes they made grants to individuals for special services or liberal contributions to the Company's funds; but usually they gave land only to bands of settlers who meant to form communities, and who were under the leadership

of persons whom the Governor and his associates trusted. The new settlers owned their lands jointly, as if they were a corporation. Their "town meeting" determined what portion each individual among them was to have for his own use. No other settlers could join them unless admitted by their town meeting to the partnership. All local affairs were managed by officers whom the town meeting elected. Each town, the newest no less than Salem or Charlestown or Roxbury or Boston, was its own mistress, except when matters which the Company determined in the common interest were to be acted on.

In each town there were "selectmen" chosen to administer the general business of the town; constables to keep order; cowherds to take the cattle to the common pasture, keep them there while their owners did their tasks through the day, and bring them back at sunset; swineherds to drive the swine to their feeding and return them safe in the evening; a hayward to catch stray beasts and keep them safe till they were claimed: a man for each simple duty. The swineherd made his way along the village streets early in the morning, sounding his horn, and every man who had swine brought them out to him at the summons to join his noisy procession. The cowherd took his lowing charges to pasture from a common pen, to which their owners brought them in the gray of the dawn. The town meeting decided all things, small and great. It did not hesitate to order in what way the houses should be set and distributed along the street, and their gardens disposed about them. Every freeman and proprietor of the village had his vote in the meeting, and he deemed himself self-governed when it governed him.

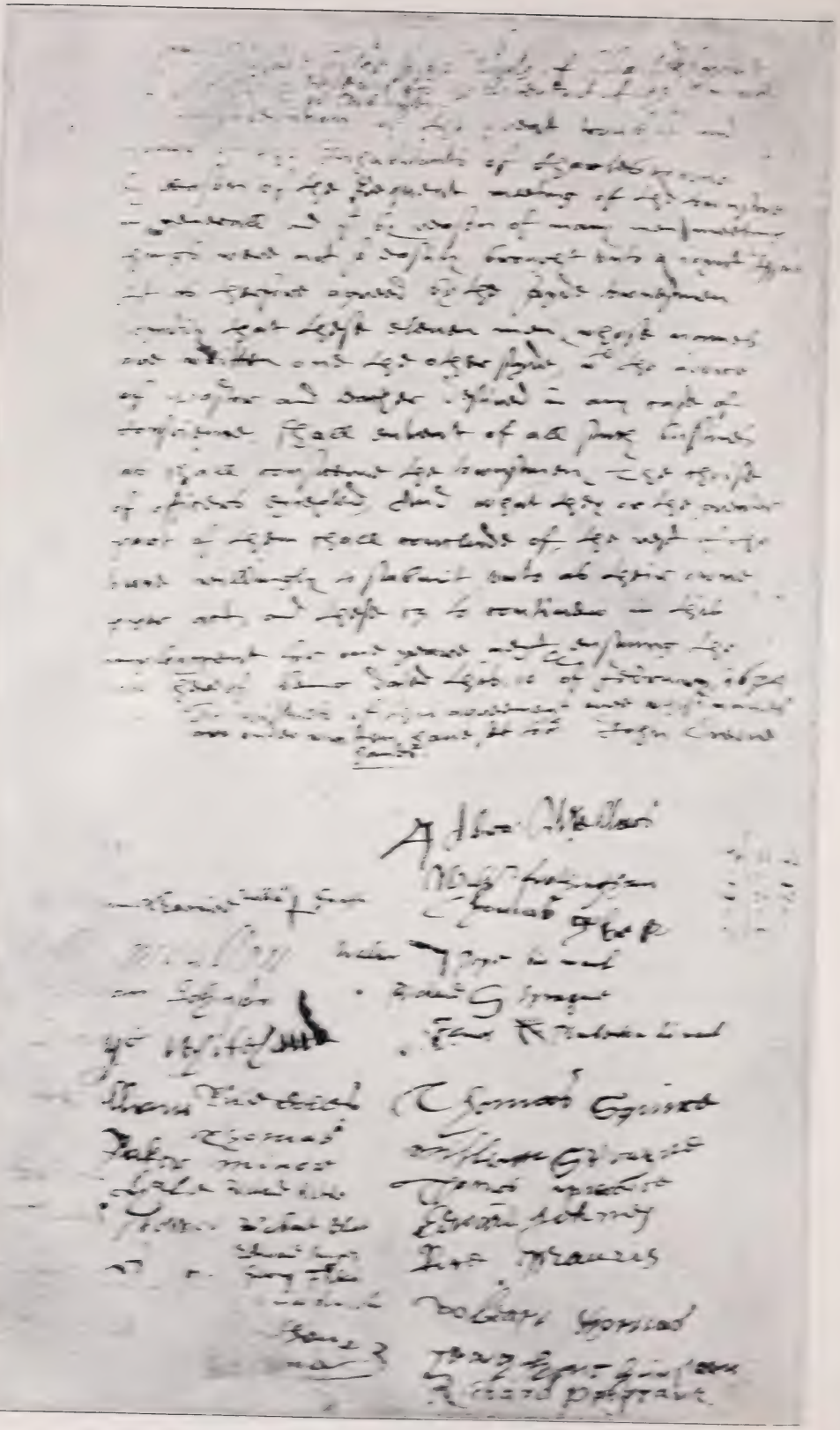
The government of the colony as a whole was by no means so democratic. The "Company" governed; and the Company consisted only of those who were admitted as "freemen" by its own vote. At first there were only twenty such among all the thousand settlers at the Bay, and twelve of these twenty were the officers of the Company. By slow degrees the number was enlarged; but the Company was very reluctant and very cautious about increasing its membership. Four years went by before there were so many as three hundred and fifty "freemen," and by that time there were more than three thousand settlers. The new and very severe rule was adopted that no one should be chosen a freeman who was not a member of some one of the churches of the settlements. In England every subject was reckoned by law a member of the Church of England; but in Massachusetts men became members of the churches only by profession of faith and upon a searching examination in matters of doctrine and worship. Those who did not hold the strict creed of the Puritan ministers, being excluded from the church, were excluded also from voting.

Nor did the rule of doctrine and church authority stop there. Men were fined, whipped, sentenced to have their ears cut off, or banished out of the colony altogether for speaking scandalously of the church or of the government. Several who had come to the Bay before the Massachusetts Company was formed were so put upon and sought out for prosecution by their new masters, the magistrates of the Company, for their refusal to conform to the new practices in matters of worship, that they finally resisted to the length of bringing sentence of banishment upon themselves, or voluntarily took themselves off to escape the searching tyranny. It was a very rigorous government, under which only those could live and be at ease who professed



Signature Of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, Patroon

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Facsimile of Great Charter Issued by Edward I, 1297

and proved themselves Puritans; and common men suffered more than gentlemen, after the manner of the age, so that it seemed an aristocratic as well as an ecclesiastical establishment.

The king and his ministers over sea did not fail to observe how the Company made its colony a stronghold for the obstructive Puritans. The temper of Charles's government grew harsher and harsher during those first years of settlement at the Bay, and became as meddling and tyrannical in the management of the church as in the management of the state. In 1633 he had made Laud Archbishop of Canterbury. Now he was backing the implacable primate in a thorough-going and pitiless attempt to clear the church of all Puritans and nonconformists. Laud was quick to see what comfort the rapidly growing colony at Massachusetts Bay gave his enemies, and complained very hotly that it was filling up with persons openly hostile to the king's government. Certain persons connected with the old council for New England, jealous of the prosperous Company at the Bay, with its independent royal charter, easily persuaded the all-powerful archbishop, and through him the law officers of the crown, to take steps to destroy it; and in 1635 the blow came. A judgment was obtained against the Massachusetts charter in the Court of King's Bench; the government of the colony was declared transferred into the king's hands, as the government of Virginia had been, and orders were issued which authorized the despatch of a Governor-General, to be accompanied, if necessary, by an armed force.

The magistrates at the Bay, when the ugly news reached them, came to the desperate resolution to resist by force. But troubles in England saved them. Their charter was, indeed, in law annulled, but the judgment was not carried out against them. The king's purse was empty. His subjects were very slow about paying the illegal taxes he demanded of them. Signs of revolution were growing more and more frequent, more and more evident and ominous. Charles could not afford to send an expensive expedition out to New England, and was much too anxious about things at home to think very often about the little group of troublesome settlements across the sea. Mr. Winthrop and his associates, accordingly, lived quietly on under their forfeited charter, and admitted no one they did not like to the partnership.

THE PROVINCE OF MARYLAND

It was a thing for statesmen to take note of, and all to wonder at, how Englishmen of all sorts and creeds began to think of America, and to desire homes there, when once it had become evident that Virginia and Plymouth and the Massachusetts settlements were certainly permanent, and colonization no mere scheme of the foolhardy. There were others besides the Puritans who felt uneasy at home in England because of the troubles in church and state and the threatening face of affairs. For men who loved novelty and adventure, life in the New World had always a charm which even hardship could not take away; but such men were nowhere in a majority, and it was not mere love of adventure that made the English swarm to America. It was the spirit of liberty and mastery. It was the most spirited men who were most uneasy in those evil days of the Stuart kings; and because they were cramped and thwarted and humbled at home, they thought the more often and the more longingly of the freedom they might find in America. Virginia had been planted and had thriven, it is true, before there was this sting of uneasiness to drive men over sea. She had been created because of the spirit of trade and of conquest, the impulse of international rivalry, the love of gain, and the capacity for independent action which had come to Englishmen in the stirring sixteenth century; and it was, after all, that "ancient, primitive, and heroic work of planting the world" which was to prove the permanent motive of English success in America. But now, for the time being, there was added to the high spirit of mastery the unquiet spirit of discontent, and America reaped a double harvest.

It happened that Roman Catholics felt almost as uneasy as Puritans. James, it was true, had proved himself no Presbyterian, after all, and Charles had put Laud at the head of the church, apparently to carry it as far back as possible

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towards Rome, if not to Rome itself. But it needed no prophet to see how the temper of the nation darkened at sight of these things, and no thoughtful Roman Catholic could find sound reason to hope for a long period of tolerance. America would no doubt prove a freer place for Roman Catholics as well as for Puritans, and their exodus began the very year Laud became primate. It was for them that Maryland was founded by Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. It was a scheme he had inherited from his father. Sir George Calvert had been a very noticeable figure when James was king. He had led the Commons, alongside Wentworth, his friend, as spokesman for the king, whose intimate companion and devoted servant all knew him to be; and there was much to admire in his courtesy, his tact and moderation, his unobtrusive devotion to affairs. The opponents of the crown in Parliament thought him servile, and suspected him of being corrupt, like the rest of the king's agents; but those who knew him said that both in public and in private he bore himself like a man of honor.

In the last year of the reign he had resigned his offices and withdrawn from the king's service, though still in his prime. He had become a convert to Roman Catholicism, and he felt that candor obliged him to make known his conversion and give up his place and hopes of preferment. James had created him Baron Baltimore at parting, as a special evidence of his good-will, and then Calvert had turned to devote himself to plans of colonization. He had been a large subscriber to the funds of the East India Company, had become a member of the New England Company, and had served on the commission appointed in 1624 to wind up the affairs of the great Virginia Company. As far back as 1620 he had interested himself in colonizing schemes of his own, while he was yet in the midst of affairs,—before Plymouth was founded. He had bought an extensive tract of land lying on the southern peninsula of Newfoundland; had put colonists upon it; and when he turned from holding office under the king, had himself gone to reside among his settlers.

But a single year in that rigorous climate, with its icy cold from October to May, convinced him it was no place to build a colony yet, especially since the French were near at hand to be reckoned with, in addition to the weather. He turned his thoughts southward, therefore, and in 1629,—the very year Parliaments ceased to sit and the Massachusetts people got their charter,—asked the king to grant them lands on either side the great Bay of Chesapeake, close by Virginia: from the Potomac northward and eastward, across the Bay, to the fortieth degree of north latitude and the river and bay of Delaware. All this was land granted long ago to the Virginia Company; but the Virginia Company was dead; the king had resumed his sovereign rights with the withdrawal of its charter,—and was Calvert's friend, as his father had been before him. The Virginian colonists were hot against the grant, and many influential persons in England, who seemed to hope still to see the old Virginia Company revived, protested to the Privy Council against it. But though they held the matter off for a year and a half, until Calvert was dead, they did not prevent it. The charter was issued in 1632, and Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, carried out his father's plans in his father's spirit.

It had been evident from the first that George Calvert had meant his colony to be, among other things, a place of refuge, freedom, and safety for men of his own faith. There had long been stories afloat in London how he had carried Romish priests with him to Newfoundland, and had celebrated mass there every Sunday. He had named his colony there Avalon, because it was at Glastonbury, which men had once called Avalon, in old Somersetshire, that the Church of Rome had first set up her altars in Britain. The colonists whom Cecil Calvert sent out to Maryland late in the autumn of 1633 were by no means all Romanists, but probably quite half of them were; and Jesuit priests, who had covertly come aboard after the ships had left the Thames, went with them to act as their spiritual leaders and preceptors in the New World. Protestants and Catholics consorted very comfortably together on the voyage and after the landing, however. It was no part of Lord Baltimore's



ARCHBISHOP LAUD

purpose to be a proselytiser and make converts of all whom he sent out, and he was too cool and prudent a man to wish to set up a colony to which none but Roman Catholics should be admitted. He knew very well how all England would soon be talking and protesting about such a colony as that, should he attempt it. He meant only to make a place so free that Roman Catholics might use full liberty of worship there no less than Protestants, for he knew that there was as yet no such place in America.

His colonists reached their new home in March, 1634, and chose for their place of settlement a high bluff which rose upon the eastern bank of a little stream which emptied itself into the great Potomac but a little way from the Bay. The mighty Potomac, flowing silent between its wide banks there in the lonely wilderness, made a deep impression on them. "The Thames, compared with it," they said, "can scarcely be considered a rivulet. It is not rendered impure by marshes, but on each bank of solid earth rise beautiful groves of trees, not choked up with an undergrowth of brambles and bushes, but as if laid out by the hand, in a manner so open that you might easily drive a four-horse chariot in the midst of the trees." It was this broad and stately stream which was to be their



GEORGE CALVERT, FIRST LORD BALTIMORE

boundary-line, separating them from Virginia. Lord Baltimore called his province Maryland, in honor of the queen, and the first settlement there on the bluff they called St. Mary's, in honor of the Virgin.

It was a very bitter thing to the Virginians that they should be obliged thus to give up all the fair region of the upper Bay to these new-comers, whom they disliked equally as intruders and as papists; and feeling ran so high among them against Lord Baltimore's people that they deemed it an intolerable sort of treason for any man to speak so much as a kind word concerning them. They knew that they might themselves once have had all the Bay for the taking, and now the king had granted it away forever. They had, indeed, established a trading outpost on Kent's Island, where Mr. Clayborne, who was of the Governor's council, had interested himself to build up some commerce with the natives. But now the island was far within Lord Baltimore's jurisdiction; and though Mr. Clayborne begged aid of the Privy Council at home, and even put arms into the hands of his servants to keep his own by force, it was of no avail. The king's grant made Lord Baltimore master, and Mr. Clayborne had to stomach as he could the unpalatable necessity of submitting. Maryland's settlers had come to stay, and yearly spread and multiplied, and the Virginians in due time let their anger cool.

Maryland turned out another Virginia in its ways of life and government. In form, indeed, its government was very different. The king had no direct authority there. Lord Baltimore was made by his charter literally proprietor of the colony,—a sort of feudal prince, from whom, and not from the king, all titles and all authority were to be derived. He was empowered to confer rank even, and set up a kind of nobility, had he chosen; and though his charter obliged him to submit such laws and regulations as he might think best to impose upon his province to the approval of the freemen of the colony, or their deputies, "called together for the framing of laws," that need have restrained him little more than the king was restrained by the Parliament at home. He could create "manors," also, with their separate courts, and their proprietors as independent, almost, as the barons of older days; and as the colony grew he did be-

stow here and there, upon a few of the richer men among his colonists, these greater gifts of privilege.

But, notwithstanding his power was so great on paper, he did not in fact use it to give the colony a character apart. Assemblies of the freemen met and made terms with the Proprietor in Maryland as they had met and made terms with the Company in Virginia. At first, while all the settlers were still within easy reach of St. Mary's, there were no elections. The freemen came themselves instead of choosing representatives. It was only by slow degrees that a system of elections was established. But in the end things were arranged there very much as they were arranged in Virginia, in matters of government no less than in matters of daily life. There were broad rivers there as in Virginia, and ships traded from wharf to wharf upon them as in the older colony. There were few villages and many spreading plantations. Virginians might have felt that there was practically little difference between their own colony and Lord Baltimore's, had they not seen Roman Catholics enjoy rights of worship there which were not granted them in Virginia. Virginians were expected to observe the ritual and order of the Church of England. Only in Maryland was there freedom in such matters, and the freedom there made Virginians feel, uneasily, that Maryland was in some unlawful way a Jesuit and papist refuge, which would bear jealous watching. The two colonies might speedily have forgot their differences but for that.



THE SECOND LORD BALTIMORE

THE EXPANSION OF NEW ENGLAND

While Maryland was being founded and Virginia was getting used to the intrusion, affairs moved with strong tide in New England, and the whole face of the country was changed for the English, the Indians, and the Dutch alike. During the ten years 1630-1640, the first ten years after Mr. Winthrop's coming to Boston, a great immigration poured steadily in at the Bay. These were the years during which there was no Parliament in England, the years during which the government at home seemed most intolerable, and the Puritan colonies in America most inviting, to the Englishmen who took their politics and

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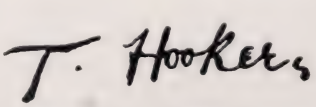
their religion seriously. No less than twenty thousand people came within that single decade to seek homes in New England. In 1634 fourteen ships came in at the Bay with settlers in the single month of June, and the next summer eleven came in in a single day. In 1638 three thousand immigrants arrived within a space of three months. There could be no pause in events while such a tide was running.

Most of the new-comers found the Bay settlements altogether to their liking, and made their homes there very contentedly. They did not object to the strictness of the church government set up there, for they were themselves Puritans almost to a man, and liked very well to see their own opinions made compulsory. It did not incommode them that the sterner ministers of the settlements made bold to imitate his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and silence those who differed with them. It was an age "when every sect demanded tolerance, yet none had the generosity to grant it," and it was very comfortable to dwell with your own sect.

There was a great deal besides the church in New England,—a great deal to make the novel life in the wilderness stirring and interesting, and worth taking part in. The government, it was true, tried to regulate everything, just as the government at home did: made laws as to what wages should be paid, what prices should be charged by merchants, what uses the farmer should make of his corn, how the fisheries should be conducted, and the fur trade with the Indians carried on. But it was not as easy to enforce such regulations as it was to make them. Fishermen fished in the open sea, where there were no magistrates; fur traders carried on their barter with the Indians in the depths of the forest; merchants got whatever purchasers were willing to pay; farmers used their land as they thought most profitable and advantageous; and the simple life of the colony was freer than life in England, after all.

There was a good deal of uneasiness and disquiet, nevertheless. These stirring, austere, uncompromising Puritans, who had crossed the sea to live in a wilderness rather than submit to Laud and the king, were not likely to be all of one mind, or always submissive to one another when they differed; and within less than five years after Mr. Winthrop's first company had established themselves at the Bay signs of a partial breaking up began to appear. Each town was a sort of little commonwealth, and every town followed its minister, if he was of the mettle to lead. The Reverend Thomas Hooker, of Newtown, and the Reverend John Cotton, of Boston, were, in those first days, the most notable men among all the ministers of the colonies. Laud had picked both of them out as heretics specially to be feared and disciplined; they had been obliged to make their escape very secretly from England, and had been welcomed at the Bay with a special satisfaction and distinction of greeting upon their landing, in 1633. They were both scholars, and both orators whom it moved men to hear; but they were of opposite views and unlike tempers in dealing with affairs. It was observed after Mr. Hooker was settled at Newtown "that many of the freemen grew very jealous of their liberties." Watertown ventured to protest very strongly against being taxed for a fort to be built at Newtown, notwithstanding it was meant to serve in case of need against a common enemy; and it was not doubted that Mr. Hooker's very liberal opinions in matters of government had spread to them, and inclined them thus to press their independence.

Mr. Cotton's views were much more to the liking of the magistrates. "Democracy," he said, "I do not conceive that God ever did ordain as a fit government either for church or commonwealth. If the people be governors, who shall be governed?" He had, moreover, "such an insinuating and melting way in his preaching that he would usually carry his very adversary captive." The magistrates generally invited him to preach, accordingly, at every crisis in affairs, to the freemen or to the courts which were to decide what to do, and he had presently such an ascendency "that whatever he delivered in the pulpit was soon put into



Signature Of Thomas Hooker

an order of court or set up as a practice in the church." The Newtown people, who deemed Mr. Hooker no less a master of wise speech and sound doctrine than Mr. Cotton was, and Mr. Haynes, their chief citizen, as worthy to be Governor as Mr. Winthrop himself, or Mr. Dudley, one or the other of whom the freemen seemed determined always to choose, grew jealous of a government which seemed to lie so entirely with Boston.

They were too loyal and too prudent to wish to disturb the peace and order of the colony by insisting too strenuously upon having their own way; but they did not dissemble their discontent, and asked leave of the Company's government to remove to another place of settlement. There was not a little alarm and opposition when it was learned that they wished actually to go outside the Massachusetts grant and establish themselves entirely apart on the distant Connecticut. But it became evident very soon that their spirits were too strongly bent upon their new purpose to be restored to ease or contentment where they were. Moreover, the same desire to get away began to show itself elsewhere,—in Watertown and Roxbury and Dorchester; and, with great bodies of new settlers constantly coming in, there seemed no conclusive reason why they should be held, unwilling, within the colony. Though the matter had to be fought through long debates, and many delays, therefore, the magistrates at last felt themselves constrained to grant Newtown's petition; and the people of Watertown, Roxbury, and Dorchester chose to consider themselves included in the permission. The three years 1635-1637 saw a notable migration begin. By the spring of 1637 there were fully eight hundred settlers on the banks of the Connecticut and on the shores of the Sound below.

Dutch seamen had discovered the Connecticut, so long ago as 1614, when the Virginia Company was still young, and the Massachusetts colony not yet thought of. They had explored also the shores of the Sound below, and both river and Sound had seen their trading boats pass frequently to and fro these many years. The Dutch had seen the English multiplying fast at Plymouth and the Bay of Massachusetts; had realized that they must be quick to secure what they had discovered and meant to claim; had formally purchased a tract of land from the Indians at the mid-course of the Connecticut; and at last, just before the English came, had built a little fort there to mark their possession, placing it at the fine turn of the river which, as it fell out, Mr. Hooker also and his congregation from Newtown were presently to take a fancy to. The Dutch agent in charge had hardly got further in his first work there than the throwing up of an earthen redoubt or two and the planting of a couple of small guns, and had but just named his post "Good Hope," when the English began to come. When once their coming had begun, they crowded in faster and faster, closer and closer, despite every protest. Not many years went by before they were ploughing the very land upon which the little Dutch fort stood, saying that it was a shame to let good bottom soil lie idle.



JOHN COTTON

Governor Winthrop had sent word to Van Twiller, the Dutch commander at Fort Amsterdam, that he must not build

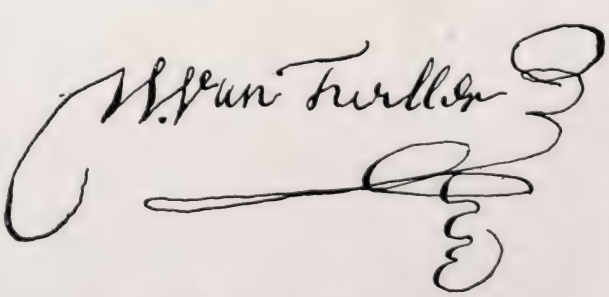


MINOT HOUSE, AT DORCHESTER

upon the Connecticut. It lay, he said, within the territories of the King of England. But Van Twiller had replied that he held the lands upon the river by as good a title, in the name of the States General of Holland and the authorized West India Company. "In this part of the world are divers heathen lands that are empty of inhabitants," he had pleaded, "so that of a little part or portion thereof there need not be any question." A tide of English immigrants swept in, nevertheless: a few from Plymouth, a great many from the Bay settlements. The Dutch blustered and threatened and protested; but they did nothing more, and were soon outnumbered and surrounded. "These people give it out," reported a Dutch sea-captain returned from the river, "that they are Israelites, and that we at our colony are Egyptians."

In 1635 settlers from Watertown began to build upon the river, six miles below the Dutch at Good Hope, at a place which they presently called Wethersfield. The same year Dorchester people came and sat themselves down beside a little group of protesting Plymouth men at Windsor. John Winthrop, the Bay Governor's genial and capable son, built a fort at the mouth of the river, as agent for Lord Say and Sele and Lord Brooke, who had bought the Connecticut River lands from the president of the Council for New England. In 1636 Mr. Hooker came with a hundred settlers from Newtown and joined some pioneers who had gone before him and planted themselves, as most unwelcome neighbors, close alongside the Dutch at Good Hope, calling their settlement Hartford.

It had been no easy matter to struggle through the dense tangle of the almost pathless forests all the long ninety miles which lay between these new regions and the Bay. There were household goods and stores to be carried; there were cattle to be fed and driven all the long way; there were women and children to be thought of and spared; and those who made the hard journey spent weeks of weary travelling and lonely camping in those vast forests, which seemed to spread everywhere without border or any limit at all. Even boats could not be



Signature Of Wouter Van Twiller



DUTCH FORT "GOOD HOPE"

expected to make the journey round about by sea unless they chose their season: for when winter came the river was apt to be choked with ice. But these were not men to be daunted, as the Dutch found to their cost. The journey was made again and again and again, by party after party, as if there were no obstacles which even the women need dread.

The Connecticut was not the only goal of the new immigration. Those who were uneasy at the Bay turned their eyes southward also, and went the shorter journey, of but a little more than forty miles, which carried them through Plymouth's grant of lands into the country of the Narragansetts beyond, where deep rivers and a spreading bay, dotted with inviting islands, made an open way to the sheltered seas of the great Sound below. These shores and islands soon became a place of refuge for all who were specially thrust out from the Bay settlements for errors of life or opinion, and for all who voluntarily quit the austere churches there in search of an absolute individual freedom, such as was not to be had even with Mr. Hooker on the Connecticut. It was to this place that Roger Williams led the way, in 1636, the year Mr. Hooker went to Hartford. He was a man whom his very enemies were constrained to love, when they had hearts under their jackets, — even while they sincerely condemned his opinions. He had come to the Bay almost as soon as Mr. Winthrop himself, in February, 1631, in a ship which put in weather-beaten amidst a great drift of ice; and, though a mere youth, had given the magistrates trouble from the first. He had given up first a career at the bar under the patronage of the great Lord Coke, and then a career in the church, for the



Old Fort At Saybrook, 1639



DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY'S HOUSE, HAARLEM STREET, AMSTERDAM

sake of absolute liberty of conscience and belief; and he would no more accept what he did not believe at the Bay than in England. He upbraided the congregations there which had not openly separated from the Church in England; he denied the validity of the colony's charter, saying that the Indians alone, and not the king, owned and could grant the land; and he declared that magistrates had no rightful power except over a man's body and goods, and were wrong when they tried to command what men should believe and how they should worship.

The magistrates at the Bay could not permit such views as these to be preached and keep their authority; and yet it was five years before they made up their minds that Mr. Williams must be expelled from the colony. He was so gentle, so sweet-tempered, so ready to reason calmly with those who differed with him, so awkward to worst in an argument, so passionately loved by all his friends, so mildly hated by most of his foes, that they hesitated again and again what to do. It was unquestionable, however, that he kept the minds of the Salem people, to whom he preached, in something very like an attitude of rebellion towards the governing authorities of the colony; and at last he was driven out, obliged to fly secretly, even, lest they should seize and send him back to England. Undoubtedly he bred discord and contention wherever he went. He had lived for two years at Plymouth, to escape persecution at the Bay, before the final breach came; and even there, where they were inclined to be almost as liberal as he in matters of opinion, he had made trouble. "A man godly and zealous," the kindly Bradford had pronounced him, "having many precious gifts, but very unsettled in judgment." And so he became a fugitive, and went with four devoted companions, in the midst of bitter winter weather, deep into the icy forests to the southward, to find covert beyond the grants of the crown.

And then, almost immediately, he was able to do the men who had banished him an inestimable service. That very summer (1637) war came,—war with the bold and dangerous Pequots, the Indian masters of the Connecticut and the shores of the Sound; and nobody but Roger Williams could have held the Narragansett tribes off from joining them to destroy the settlements. The Narragansetts occupied the lands which lay between Plymouth and the valley of the Connecticut. Mr. Williams had been much among them while he lived at Plymouth; had learned their language,

and thoroughly won their liking. Their keen and watchful eyes had seen how true and frank and steadfast he was, and how sincere a friend. They had given him lands very gladly when he came among them a fugitive; and now they hearkened to him rather than to the fierce Pequot chiefs, whom he faced at the risk of his life at their council fires. The magistrates of the Bay had begged his intervention, and he had undertaken it cheerfully. Such was the generous nature of the man.

The Pequots had grown very hot against the English crowding in. No Englishman's life was safe anywhere, upon the river or the Sound, because of them through the anxious winter of 1636-1637. Men at the little fort at Saybrook hardly dared venture forth for fuel or forage. When summer came, therefore, the settlers set themselves ruthlessly to exterminate the tribe. A single bloody season of fire and the sword, and the work was done: the braves of the tribe were slain or driven forth in little despairing groups to the far Hudson in the west; the few women who survived were taken and made slaves of. The terrible business cleared all the river valley and all the nearer regions by the Sound, and English settlers began to pour in again with a new heart.

Massachusetts had lent her aid to the annihilation of the tribe, but the Connecticut towns had begun the deadly work unaided. Until then Massachusetts had maintained a formal oversight, an unbroken assumption of authority among them; but now (1637), being clearly outside the Massachusetts grant, they took leave to hold a General Court of their own and assume independent powers. They had, indeed, no grant themselves, either of land or of authority, from the crown; but there were no king's officers there in the quiet wilderness, and they would not, for the present, at any rate, be molested. For two years (1637-1639) they acted without even formal agreement among themselves regarding the method or organization of their government, choosing and obeying their magistrates, electing and holding their assemblies, according to their habit before they came. But in 1639 they adopted a formal constitution, which they called their "Fundamental Orders." Mr. Hooker's liberal temper showed itself very plainly in the principles by which they resolved to be governed. "The foundation of authority is laid in the free consent of the people," he had said, preaching to them from Deuteronomy, i. 13; and it is best that it should be so, for "by a free choice the hearts of the people will be more ready to yield" obedience. This was the principle of the Fundamental Orders. Their Governor was always to be a member of some approved congregation; but any man might be a freeman and voter and fill any other magistracy whose town admitted him to be a resident, without test of doctrine or church membership; and the freemen were to elect the deputies by whom the laws of the colony were to be made in General Court.

The churches at the Bay had found very promptly that they could ill spare Mr. Hooker from their counsels. They had sent for him, indeed, at a very criti-



HOOKER'S HOUSE AT HARTFORD

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cal juncture in 1637: when the ministers needed all the support they could get against a single masterful woman in Boston. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson had come to the colony in 1634, to be near Mr. Cotton once more, whom she had been used to hear and love in old Boston, in Lincolnshire, where, until Laud drove him from the kingdom, he had been minister of stately St. Botolph's. At first she had seemed only a very energetic and helpful woman, with an engaging earnestness and eloquence which gave her an indisputable pre-eminence among her sex in the little town; but before two years were out she had set the whole colony agog. She undertook to preach in her own house, and presently both men and women were crowding in to hear her. Great and small alike felt the woman's singular charm and power. The whole colony knew before long how many persons of parts and wit had become her partisans,—how many magistrates, gentlemen, scholars, soldiers. Even grave Mr. Winthrop shielded her from criticism. Young Mr. Harry Vane, the most distinguished youth that had yet come to the colony, whom all had loved from the moment of his landing, and whom the freemen had promptly chosen Governor, though he was but twenty-four, was openly of her party. But only Boston, after all, was within reach of her power. Elsewhere men knew only her opinions; and they were rank heresy. She taught mystical errors touching the Holy Ghost which no church of the colony could accept. She even claimed, it was said, direct revelations to herself. The council to which Mr. Hooker was summoned roundly condemned her opinions. It had hardly done so before it began to look as if the woman's partisans would bring not only ineradicable mischief into the churches, but also disorder and contempt of authority into civil affairs. Boston men refused to enlist for the Pequot war. That year, accordingly (1637), saw very peremptory action taken. Mrs. Hutchinson was commanded to quit the colony by the next spring. The exiled woman turned, like other refugees for opinion's sake, to the Narragansett country, whither Roger Williams had shown the way.

And then, the Pequots being driven from the forests, and Massachusetts purged of Mrs. Hutchinson's heresies, every one began to think again of the new settlements to the westward and southward, on the Connecticut and the Sound. The tide of immigrants from over sea was still pouring in at the Bay, with no show of slackening. More came in 1638 than ever before. Finding the lands by the Bay already full, hundreds pressed on to the farther shores below. Settlements were presently to be found scattered at intervals, long and short, all the way from Saybrook at the mouth of the Connecticut to Greenwich, built within twenty miles of the Dutch at New Amsterdam: here a group of villages, there an isolated hamlet, set far apart. The Sound itself was crossed, and new settlements nestled here and there within the bays and harbors of the northern shore of Long Island. It was plain enough by what long and steady strides the English were approaching



FIRST MEETING-HOUSE (1634-1638):
ROGER WILLIAMS'S CHURCH



ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE, ENGLAND

the gates of the Hudson. New Amsterdam grew and throve well enough in a slow way; but new colonists did not come to the Dutch by families, ship-loads, congregations, as they came to the Bay. The Dutch saw very clearly what they were to expect, how aggressive the English would be, knowing them of "so proud a nature that they thought everything belonged to them."

Most of the settlements near the river or the Sound, no matter how deeply buried in the forested wilderness, connected themselves with the free and simple government set up by Mr. Hooker's people at Hartford; but no community or government owned the region more than another, and some chose to keep an independent authority of their own. In June, 1637, a very notable company had arrived at the Bay under the leadership of the Reverend John Davenport,—people of substance, the chief part of a congregation Mr. Davenport had served in London. They wished, above all things else, to keep together, make and maintain a separate church and parish for Mr. Davenport, and live their life in a place of settlement of their own. They found what they wanted (1638) within a safe and pleasing harbor on the Sound, which they presently called New Haven. Busy Captain de Vries, putting in at New Haven in June, 1639, found "already three hundred houses and a handsome



ANNE HUTCHINSON PREACHING IN HER HOUSE IN BOSTON

church" built there. They had been at the pains to erect "fair and stately houses, wherein they at first outdid the rest of the country"; and they soon enough found their town become a sort of capital for that part of the shore. Almost immediately other settlements sprang up close at hand,—Milford upon the one hand, Guilford on the other, and others still as the years went by. Deeming themselves a group apart, though in the midst of towns joined with the river settlements above them, these associated themselves with Mr. Davenport's people to form an independent government, upon another model. No one but a church member, admitted under the strictest tests of belief, could among them, it was decreed, either vote or hold office. They tried, in their singular stiffness and candor of faith in an absolute and uncompromising Puritan order, for commonwealth as well as church, to make the laws of the Old Testament the laws of their own political life and practice also, and steadfastly held themselves to the self-denying liberty they had left the Old World to find.

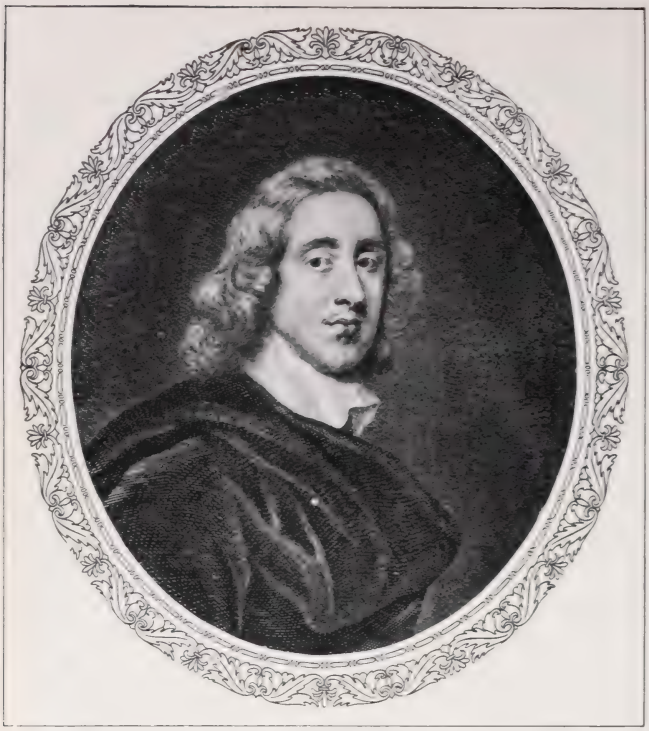
Settlements grew almost as numerously in the Narragansett country, though not in just the same way. By 1638 some fifty settlers had drawn about Mr. Williams at the place of refuge which he had reverently called "Providence"; and as the other shores of the Sound filled, Narragansett Bay was not overlooked. Colonists crossed the waters of the Bay from Providence, which lay at its head, to the fair island at its seaward end, which the Dutch had named Rhode (Red) Island, because when first they saw it its cliffs showed ruddy in the sun. There Pocasset and Newport were founded. But the settlers on those waters were not like settlers elsewhere. They were people of many creeds and beliefs,—Baptists, dissentient Puritans, partisans of Mrs. Hutchinson—men and women whose views and practices were not tolerated elsewhere. They came hither, as Mr. Williams had come, to escape being governed in matters of opinion. They established very simple forms of government, —for they generally agreed in wishing as little government as possible,—but, how slack soever the authority of rulers among them, they did not find it easy to live together. They were often turbulent; always disposed, upon a disagreement, to break away and live elsewhere in small independent groups, rather than in strictly organized communities. Mrs. Hutchinson herself, who came to Pocasset when forced to leave the Bay in 1638, did not stay long. Her presence bred disquiet even there, and she soon removed again (1642) to a place on Long Island within the territory of the Dutch, only twelve miles from New Amsterdam.

Many of the immigrants who crowded the ships coming yearly in at the Bay came expressly to be with old friends and comrades at Plymouth, and not a few others turned thither also when they had had time to make a choice. Until 1632, which was twelve years after its founding, the single village upon the hill at Plymouth had sufficed to hold all who came; but between 1632 and 1639 the colony was transformed by mere growth. Seven towns were to be counted within the Plymouth grant; the government of the colony had been readjusted, and a



HOUSE AT GUILFORD, 1639

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SIR HARRY VANE

new code of laws drawn up. A new and more various life had come to the quiet bay. Captain Standish had been the first to set the example of expansion. In 1632 he had crossed the little harbor which lay before the town and had begun to build at Duxbury. Others followed his lead. Villages sprang up in quick succession, both on the shore to the northward facing the open sea, and on the shore to the southward which lay within the sheltering curve of the great arm of Cape Cod. Settlers turned inland also, and began to build at Taunton, full twenty miles and more away in the forest, upon one of the larger streams which ran southward into the bay of Narragansett.

The Dutch were not slow to see what they must do against the swarming of the English at their doors. The best and only chance for New Netherland, as they saw, lay in pushing her own enterprises very vigorously and multiplying her own population as fast as possible, and so growing too strong to be despised and encroached upon. The great grants of land and privilege offered to "patroons" had attracted some rich purchasers, but not many actual settlers. Not many could be found who wished to go to the New World to live under feudal lords more absolute than any in the Old. The Company changed its policy, therefore. It offered patroons less and actual farmers more. It arranged to let every settler have land "according to his condition and means," and to give him free passage to the colony; and it opened the trade of the colony to all upon equal terms. French Huguenots, as well as Dutch farmers, even Englishmen from New England and Virginia, came to take advantage of the new terms of settlement. It was no small part of the attraction of the place for the English in New England that there was as complete liberty of conscience in New Netherland as at Providence with Mr. Williams or on Rhode Island. The colony grew steadily and in a way to countenance the brightest hopes.

But every prospect was marred by bad administration. The place was spoiled by a veritable pest of Governors. The Company sent out either mere clerks, or else men of questionable reputation and ruined fortunes, to take charge of its affairs. The weak and silly Van Twiller, who blustered and threatened but did nothing when the English began to crowd in at the Connecticut, was succeeded in 1638 by the no less foolish Kieft,—a good enough agent for business to be done on a small scale and by rote, but incapable of understanding men or any large question of policy; and Kieft brought everything to the verge of utter ruin by his faithless and exasperating dealings with the Indians. He prompted attacks upon them for what they had not done; demanded tribute from friendly tribes who were the colony's best defence against those which were hostile; suffered them to be treacherously massacred

when they fled to Fort Amsterdam for succor against the Iroquois; finally brought friend and foe alike to such a pitch of exasperation that they united for a war of extermination. Every outlying farm was rendered uninhabitable; scores of white men were put to death; the nearer English settlements suffered with the Dutch, and all the slow work of peaceful growth was undone. In that fearful year of plunder and death (1643) Anne Hutchinson lost her life, her last refuge swept away with the rest.

In the South River the very friends of the Dutch played them false. Kieft did not scruple, in 1642, to drive away a body of English settlers there whom the New Haven people had sent down to take the trade of the region; but quite three years before that other rivals had fixed themselves on the western banks of the river, of whom it was not so easy to get rid. In 1638 Samuel Blomaert, who had but a little while before taken out the rights of a patroon under the Dutch West India Company, and Peter Minuit, who had once been the Company's Governor at New Amsterdam, set up a colony at the South River under a charter from the King of Sweden, Minuit himself leading the settlers thither, and bringing with him more Dutch than Swedes. And there the colony he established remained, safe at its "Fort Christina" because stronger than the Dutch at their lonely "Fort Nassau." The new-comers cheerfully lent a hand in driving the New Haven men out; but they kept their own foothold; multiplied faster than the men of New Netherland; grew steadily Swedish rather than Dutch in blood; and seemed likely, though neighborly enough for the present, to oust their lagging rivals in good season.



JOHN DAVENPORT

THE CIVIL WARS AND THE COMMONWEALTH

On the 19th of May, 1643, commissioners representing Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, sitting in Boston, made a formal agreement that their colonies should be joined in a confederation for mutual support and defence, under the name of The United Colonies of New England. Mr. Hooker and Mr. Haynes had been urging such a union for quite six years, ever since the synod of churches had sat, in 1637, to draw up its list of heresies and unwholesome opinions in reproof of Mrs. Hutchinson and her supporters in Boston; for the Connecticut towns had no charter of their own, and these prudent gentlemen knew how much they might need the aid and countenance of their neighbor colonies should the time come when their rights were too narrowly questioned,—by the Dutch, for example. New Haven, with her government but just formed, and with as little show of charter rights from the crown, was glad to come into the arrangement for very much the same reason. Plymouth and Massachusetts agreed because there was common danger from the Indians all about them and from the French in the north, and because there were awkward boundary disputes to be settled between the several colonies, for whose discussion and peaceful decision it would be well

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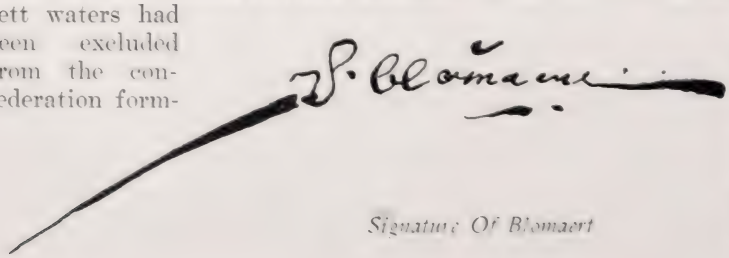


View Of New Amsterdam, 1656

to have some common authority like that of a confederation. Massachusetts, by far the greatest and strongest of the colonies, no doubt expected to rule in its counsels; the other colonies hoped to restrain Massachusetts and hold her back from dominating overmuch.

That same year, 1643, Roger Williams went into England to get a charter for the settlements in the Narragansett country. It was hard to deny Mr. Williams anything he seriously set himself to get and went in person to obtain, and young Mr. Vane, who had been Governor of Massachusetts in Mrs. Hutchinson's day, and who was Mr. Williams's friend, was one of the "Commissioners for Plantations" whom the Parliament in England had recently appointed to govern the colonies; so that by March, 1644, "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations" had their own separate charter rights, and could assert them upon a footing of equality with Plymouth and Massachusetts. The settlements on the Narragansett waters had been excluded from the confederation formed in Boston because they were thought to be too full of troublesome persons and uneasy politicians to be safe or peaceful partners; but now that they had their own charter they could endure the exclusion without too much anxiety as to how their rights should fare.

The "United Colonies" had not asked leave of anybody in England to form their confederation, and no doubt their independent way of acting without authority in matters of the greatest importance would have got them into trouble with the government at home had there been a government there which had time or means to deal with them. But England was convulsed with civil war. At last she was reckoning with Charles, the false king, who for ten years had refused to summon a Parliament, and who had seemed from year to year to become more and more openly an enemy of the liberties which Englishmen most cherished, until the slow fire of indignation against him, which had smouldered hotter and hotter the dark years through, burst into flame in Scotland, and men saw a revolution at hand. Even Charles saw then



Signature Of Blomaert

how fierce a feeling had sprung up against him, and yielded so far as to consent to call a Parliament. The Parliament, once called together, assumed a new tone of mastery. Under the leadership of such men as the steadfast Pym, direct in speech, indomitable in purpose, no revolutionist, but a man whom it was wise for a king who ignored the laws to fear, and Hampden, whom all just men loved because he was so gentle and gracious in his gallant uprightness, the Commons impeached the men who had aided the king's injustice, and proceeded to bring the government back again under the ancient restraints of freedom.



Water-Gate, Foot Of Wall Street, New York

Charles saw that he must either yield all or else openly resist. He chose to resist; set up his royal standard at Nottingham (August, 1642); called upon all loyal subjects to rally about it for the defence of their king; and so brought civil war and a revolution upon England. Every one knows what followed: how at first the cause of the Parliament seemed desperate, because Pym died and Hampden was killed, and there was no leader in the field who could withstand Prince Rupert; and then how an increasing number of steadfast partisans of Parliament in Norfolk, Cambridge, Essex, Suffolk, and Hertford formed an association, levied troops, and put Oliver Cromwell beside the Duke of Manchester to command them; how Cromwell's horsemen drove Prince Rupert's men in hopeless, utter rout from Marston Moor on a July day in 1644; and then, in June of the next year, at Naseby, repeated the terrible work, and finished what they had begun, to the utter undoing of the king; and how Charles, on a day in May, 1646, seeing his cause desperate, surrendered himself into the hands of the Scots, in order to play the game of politics,—the game of war having failed; knowing that the Scots, who were Presbyterians, would not easily come to terms with Cromwell, whom it would be very hard to bring into any Presbyterian arrangement.



The Canal, Broad Street, New York

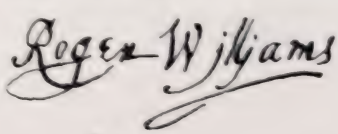
Three years went by, and the subtile king was dead upon the scaffold at Whitehall (January, 1649), showing a gentle majesty and steadfastness at the last, though he had not known how to keep faith even with himself and his own friends while he lived. He was not brought to his death by the Parliament, but by the army, and the army did not represent the nation. Cromwell had not

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put his men to any test of opinion; but in the end it had turned out that the rank and file of the army were, for the time at any rate, "Independents," holding opinions concerning worship and the government of church and state like those which he held, and the strict Puritans who had gone over sea into New England. They were the more likely to hold their opinions stiffly and without compromise because Parliament, leagued with the leading men of Scotland, was Presbyterian, was jealous of the army's rising power, and wished to disband and send them home without so much as paying their wages. Though Cromwell held them back as long as he could from violent measures, they at last made bold to win by force in their contest with the Commons, and he found it best to lead them. All who were not partisans of the army and the Independents were driven from the House, and the handful who remained brought the king to his trial and condemnation, and finally to his death at Whitehall, close by the window of his banqueting hall. They were acting for a minority of the nation, but no one dared withstand them.

With such matters as these to look upon at home, there was no time in England to watch events in the far colonies across the sea. The New Englanders could form their confederation if they pleased without molestation. But if the war gave them freedom of action, it brought other things in its train which were not so acceptable. No new settlers came any more. Men began to return into England instead,—ministers to give counsel, as well as soldiers and men of affairs. Stephen Winthrop, the Governor's son, George Fenwich, of Saybrook, Israel Stoughton, captain of the Massachusetts men sent against the Pequots, and not a few others less known, entered the Parliamentary army. Edward Hopkins, who had but just finished his term as Governor of Connecticut, and Edward Winslow, who had been with the Plymouth people from the first, went back into England to assist in the administration of the navy maintained against the king. Mr. Hooker was begged by letters signed by many chief men of the Parliament to come over and lend his counsel in the task of reforming the church, but would not go because he saw the Presbyterians so strong in Parliament, and did not wish to be in a minority. It looked for a little as if John Winthrop himself might be drawn into the struggle at home. Mr. Hugh Peters, of Salem, who had been a leader among those who drove Roger Williams forth from the Bay into the wilderness, was among the first despatched to England to give counsel in the Puritan cause; and it was he who "preached the funeral sermon to the king, after sentence, out of Esaias": "Thou art cast out of the grave like an abominable branch. . . . . as a carcass trodden under feet. . . . Because thou hast destroyed thy land and slain thy people." It was a Puritan revolution, and the thoughts and hopes of the Puritans in New England turned eagerly towards the mother country again.

It was a very serious thing for the Puritan colonies that their rapid growth was thus stopped of a sudden. It meant that no farmer there could any longer get the high prices for his cattle or for his corn, or for any crop he might raise, which he had learned to count on while immigrants poured in; that the value of land suddenly dropped; that every trade fell off; that money, always exceedingly scarce from the first, now stopped coming in altogether, for it could come only from England. Some of the colonists lost heart, and hastened to return to England, not to see the wars, but to escape ruin. Some took themselves off to the islands of the West Indies, where, they heard, it was easy to live. Some even joined the Dutch at Hudson's River. It required not a little steadiness of mind and purpose, not a little painful economy and watchful good management, to get over the shock of such changes and settle down to make the best of the new conditions. Fortunately the colonists were not men to be daunted, and had made too good a beginning to fear failure. Massachusetts, with her four counties and thirty towns, her fourteen hundred free-



Signature Of Roger Williams



CHARLES I.—(VAN DYCK)

men, her organized militia, her educated clergy, and her established leadership among the colonies of the north, was ready to stand upon her own feet, with a little practice; and the other colonies, on the Connecticut and on the Sound, had proved themselves from the first to be fit to live by struggle. Massachusetts had even established a college of her own, and was no longer entirely dependent upon the universities at home to supply her clergymen and her gentlefolk with an education. The General Court had begun the setting up of a proper school in 1636, had changed the name of Newtown, where the school was to be placed, to Cambridge, in order that it might seem to the ear a more suitable home for it, and, two years later, had called the little college Harvard, in honor of the young clergyman who, dying in their midst (1638), had bequeathed to it his library of two hundred and sixty books and a few hundred pounds, the half of his modest estate. The doughty little commonwealth had already learned in no small degree how to be sufficient unto herself.

Only Virginia reaped any sort of direct material benefit from the civil wars. Her people were not Puritans. They were drawn from the general body of Englishmen who believed in the sanctity of the church and of the crown, at the same time that they loved their own lib-

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PETER STUYVESANT

erty and did not mean to be imposed upon by any man's power, whether in church or state. Perhaps they did not know how much they were attached to the established order of things in England until those days of revolution came; for until then they had been very easy-going in church discipline, and very tolerant indeed of differences of opinion. But when they heard of what was happening over sea in England they knew their own minds very promptly, for they looked upon disloyalty as a thing not to be separated from dishonor. Their Assembly, when they learned of the king's death, flatly declared it an act of treason, the more impudent because brought about under the forms of law, and resolved that it was the right of Charles, the dead monarch's son, to be king in Virginia "and all other of his Majesty's dominions and countries." They were led in their hot defiance by their Governor, Sir William Berkeley, who had come to them by the king's appointment the very year Charles set up his standard at Nottingham (1642). A bluff, outspoken man was Sir William, bringing with him to the rural colony the gallant thoroughbred airs of the court, and standing square to his opinions and traditions. But the frank and genial humor of his ordinary moods gave place to very hot and stubborn passion when he saw how things went against the king at home, and it was he who led the Burgesses in their defiant protests against the revolution.

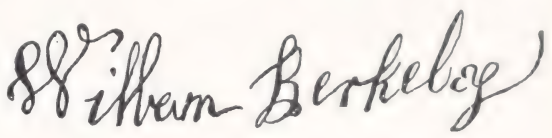
The king's partisans in England, when they saw things grow too hot for them at home, were quick to perceive that Virginia was their natural and safest place of refuge, and her open counties began slowly to fill with exiled cavaliers. It was this new tide of immigration that brought with it, in 1656, Mr. John Washington, to find a home in the new county of Westmoreland. It was the "Northern Neck" in particular, and the whole stretch of rich lands upon the Potomac, that was filled, both now and afterwards, with this new stock out of the mother country. The tide-water counties got a new character with this new infusion of rich blood, and Virginia grew while New England stood still.

But it was not safe for Virginia, for all she was so far away, to defy the Puritan government at home; for, the fighting in England over, and the intrigue that centred about the king ended, the Puritan leaders were masters of the kingdom. Even Sir William Berkeley swallowed his mortification and submitted when an armed frigate came into the river (1652) with commissioners on board, whose orders were to reduce Virginia to obedience to the

commonwealth, and who had the promise of all necessary force to sustain them in what they did. The real temper of the colony was not as fierce as the tones of the Burgesses' resolutions had been when they condemned those who had killed the king. There was a singular mixture among the Virginians of loyal sentiment and a stubborn, matter-of-fact independence in all practical matters. The rank and file of them, though Church of England men in religion, had in them a dash of hard-headed sagacity very like the circumspect caution of the Puritans themselves,—a way of seeing the wrong time to fight and the right time to make terms. They saw as well as other men the necessity to bow, at any rate for the present, to a government which had Cromwell at the head of its forces,—and Sir William Berkeley accepted the prudent course with the rest. The commissioners, fortunately, were men who knew the colony. They did not oblige it to receive a Governor at the hands of the Parliament; they simply ousted the king's men, and put the government into the hands of the Burgesses, the people's representatives. Until 1660 Virginia was to rule herself, practically as she pleased, herself a commonwealth, subject to the greater commonwealth over sea.

She was very well able to take care of herself. Her twelve good counties held fifteen thousand thrifty English people,—and more, a great many, were being added now that ships were fast coming in full of the fugitive friends of the king. Twenty thousand cattle grazed upon the broad pastures which sloped green to the margins of the rivers, as well as great flocks of sheep, and, in the deep woods, swine without number. Ships passed constantly in and out at the rivers,—from Boston and New Amsterdam, as well as from London and Bristol, and the home ports of Holland. Though many in the colony ate from rich plate and were wealthy, the well-to-do were not much better off than the humble, after all, for no man needed to be very poor where there was such abundance for all. It was a democratic place enough, and the poor man's small-beer went down with as keen a relish as the rich man's wine. The rough disorderly ways of the early days of settlement were past, and were beginning to be forgotten now. Virginia had acquired some of the sober dignity and quiet of a settled commonwealth. Her clergy had often, at first, been as rough fellows as those not of the cloth, who came to Virginia to have leave to live as they pleased, and had been no help to religion; but now men of a better sort began to rule in her churches, and to sweeten her life with true piety. She could fare very well upon her own resources, whether in church or state.

In Maryland, her neighbor, things wore a much harder face because of the revolution. The Parliament's commissioners were friends of Virginia, and had dealt very lightly with her,



Signature Of Sir William Berkeley

but they felt no kindness for Maryland. Before their coming the little province had had its own taste of war. In 1644 William Clayborne, seeing his opportunity, had seized Kent Island again, from which Lord Baltimore had driven him at the first setting up of his government; and that same year one Richard Ingle, who was little better than an impudent buccaneer, had actually drawn together an armed force of lawless men and seized St. Mary's itself. It was close upon two years before he was driven out, and by that time he had stripped the people and the place of everything he could conveniently manage to send away and sell. And then, six years later (1652), the Parliamentary commissioners came, and William Clayborne was one of them. At first they thought it best to make the same moderate use of their power in Maryland that they had made of it in Virginia, and simply confirmed its government as it stood, content that it should be conducted in the name of the commonwealth in England; but they thought themselves warranted in keep-

ing their authority under their commission from the Parliament, and two years later asserted it again to effect a revolution, because they saw the Proprietor likely to regain control of his province. They assisted (1654) to put the government of the colony into the hands of a group of Puritans who had made a settlement there, and for a time, —until Cromwell himself intervened to give Lord Baltimore his rights again,— the distracted province was ruled very rigorously by this masterful minority.

The Puritans who were thus made masters had most of them come out of Virginia. For a little while they had maintained their congregations almost unnoticed in Virginia, in the quiet lower counties below the river and near the Bay; but Berkeley had driven them out when he grew hot against the Puritan revolutionists in England, and they had made a new home for themselves in tolerant Maryland, where not only custom, but a formal Act of Toleration, drawn by the Proprietor's own hand, made them safe against molestation. They did not use their own power gently, however, when the Parliamentary commissioners gave them control of the government of the colony; and called together an Assembly of their partisans to support them. They repealed the Act of Toleration, and no more suffered any man to differ with them than Laud had permitted Englishmen at home to differ with him before the revolution, or than the Puritan Parliament had tolerated dissent from its purposes since. For three years they had their own way in all things, and the province was no better off for their handling when the courts in England at last gave it back into Lord Baltimore's hands, in 1657.

The new government in England meant to maintain its authority in the colonies and at home no less steadily and effectively than the old government of the king had done, and Cromwell, when he became Lord Protector, proved a more watchful master than Charles had ever been, as well as a more just. But Massachusetts took leave, because it was a government of Puritans and her own friends, to practise a little more openly the independence in the management of her own affairs which she had all along meant and contrived to maintain. She very promptly dropped the oath of allegiance to the king when she heard that the Parliament had broken with him (1643); and now, when the Commission which Parliament itself had set up sought to dictate to her, though it had full authority "to provide for, order, and dispose all things as it saw fit" in the management of the colonies, she boldly declared that she thought it her right to govern herself without interference or appeal, so long as she remained obedient and faithful to the government at home in all things that affected Englishmen everywhere.

She took occasion, while things went their new way, to set her own government in order (1644),—between Mr. Pym's death and the day of Marston Moor,—while England was too much distracted to know what sort of government she herself had. The Bay government was not a comfortable government for any man to live under who was not a Puritan. The magistrates stood behind the ministers of the congregations to enforce their judgments in matters of morals, as well as the law's commands in every ordinary matter of government. The discipline of life which was thus imposed upon all alike, of whatever age or estate, made the little commonwealth a model place of steady work and clean living. Nowhere else in the world would you hear so few oaths uttered, or see so few idle or drunk or begging. The magistrates watched the lives and behavior of their people very diligently, and no man who did not live decently and reverently could long escape their punishment or rebuke. The weak and the sensitive suffered very keenly under their rigor, and those who were naturally gay and of high spirits found it very irksome and painful to be always on their guard not to jest too often or amuse themselves overmuch. Sometimes the reason of a high-wrought nature would break down under the burden of stern doctrine and colorless living put upon it by church and state. But the strong and naturally grave men who predominated in the staid towns found it a fine tonic to be so governed, and were confirmed in their strength and self-control.

New Haven and Connecticut could



ARRIVAL OF STUYVESANT AT NEW AMSTERDAM



STUYVESANT'S BOWERY HOUSE

have admired the orderly peace and prosperity of Massachusetts more if they had found her juster and more generous in the part she played in the government of the confederation. In that they deemed her selfish. The colonies had an equal vote in the council of the confederation, but were obliged by the articles of their union to contribute to its expenses, not equally, but in proportion to their population, which threw much the heaviest burden upon Massachusetts. She therefore opposed all occasion of expense in matters in which she was not herself particularly interested. She would not vote to help New Haven get redress for the injuries which the Dutch had done her in the South River; she absolutely refused to take part in levying war on the Dutch when the other commissioners of the confederation voted it, when England herself was at war with the Netherlands; and she demanded tolls upon all goods brought from the other colonies into Boston, because the confederation sustained Connecticut's right to charge tolls at the mouth of the Connecticut River. It seemed a profitless partnership enough to Plymouth and Connecticut, but most of all to New Haven, which had suffered most from the Dutch.

The war between England and Holland blew off before it came to actual conflict between the Dutch and the English in America, thanks to Massachusetts's breach of her agreement with her confederates, and New Netherland began to show itself stronger than ever, under a new Governor,—no very wise man, but much better than Van Twiller and Kieft and the rest of the foolish men who had preceded him. Peter Stuyvesant had been sent over as Governor in 1647. He made an odd figure with his wooden leg, marvellously contrived with bands and ornaments of silver, and the sly burghers of the simple-mannered New World made a jest of his pretentious way of carrying himself by calling him their "grand Muscovy Duke." But he moved about among them with a certain show of force and dignity for all that, if he did



OLD STATE HOUSE OF NEW AMSTERDAM

have to limp at the business, and he made men understand at least that he was a person to be obeyed. He was quite as truculent and violent of temper and arbitrary as Kieft had been before him; but he was much more efficient, and was able to come to an understanding with his neighbors, both on the Sound and within the South River. In 1650 a treaty was at last agreed upon with the English which fixed the boundaries between their settlements and the Dutch, reserving on the Connecticut itself only the fort of Good Hope and the little plot of ground about it; and though the people at Hartford nevertheless seized and appropriated that also, once for all, when they heard of the war between the Netherlands and the commonwealth at home (1654), that was no great loss, and did not disturb the boundaries which had been drawn beyond Greenwich on the mainland and across Long Island at Oyster Bay. Stuyvesant more than compensated himself for the loss of Good Hope; for that same year (1654) he took a force that could not be withstood to the South River, and conclusively put an end to the Swedish power there, making the river once more a part of New Netherland, not to be disputed again by Sweden.

Death the while thrust his hand into the affairs of New England, and sadly shifted the parts men were to play there. In 1647, the year Stuyvesant came, Mr. Hooker had been taken, leaving no such shrewd and kindly statesman and pastor behind him: and in 1649, the year the king died upon the scaffold, John Winthrop departed,—the man who had founded Massachusetts, and who had seemed its stay and prop. Then Mr. Cotton died (1652), to be followed, scarcely six months later, by Mr. Dudley. Mr. Haynes went in 1654, and the gentle Winslow in 1655; and then Standish, the bluff soldier, who had carried so many of Plymouth's burdens at the first (1656), and Bradford, the pleasant gentleman and scholar, whom all had loved and trusted (1657). Last of all, Mr. Eaton was taken (1658), and New Haven mourned her grave and princely merchant and Governor as one whom she could not replace. The first generation of leaders had passed away; men of a new kind were to take their places.

Endecott still lived, to be elected Governor year after year till he died (1665); but many years in the wilderness had done little to soften his hard rigor against those who offended, though it were never so little, against the law or order of the colony, whether in matters of life or doctrine. He was quick to bring men and women alike to punishment for slight offences; and the days of his rule were darkened by the execution of several Quakers who had refused to quit the colony when bidden. The air cleared a little of such distempers when he was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEFORE NIGHT

BY ELEANOR NORTON

IT is the hour when faints the long gold day,
That hour when all the spent world sighs to rest,
The low wind sleeps, the lilies idly sway,
And drops the bee into the rose's breast.

Now the last weary swallow wheels on high,
A flash of silver on the rosy light:
Soon the first star shall gleam in the still sky,
And earth be clasped by the cool arms of night.

Now the round notes of restless birds are dead,
Peace on the scented land and shimmering sea;
Now sorrow fades as fades the sunset red,
And with the tender night comes peace to me!

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GUNN PLACED A HAND, WHICH LACKED TWO FINGERS, ON HIS BREAST, AND BOWED AGAIN

CAPTAIN ROGERS

BY W. W. JACOBS

A MAN came slowly over the old stone bridge, and averting his gaze from the dark river with its silent craft, looked with some satisfaction towards the feeble lights of the small town on the other side. He walked with the painful, forced step of one who has already trudged far. His worsted hose, where they were not darned, were in holes, and his coat and knee-breeches were rusty with much wear, but he straightened himself as he reached the end of the bridge and stepped out bravely to the taverns which stood in the row facing the quay.

He passed the "Queen Anne"—a mere beer-shop—without pausing, and after a glance apiece at the "Royal George" and the "Trusty Anchor," kept on his way to where the "Golden Key" hung out a gilded emblem. It was the best house in Riverstone, and patronized by the gentry, but he adjusted his faded coat, and with a swaggering air entered and walked boldly into the coffee-room.

The room was empty, but a bright fire afforded a pleasant change to the chill October air outside. He drew up a chair, and placing his feet on the fender, exposed his tattered soles to the blaze, as a waiter who had just seen him enter the room came and stood aggressively inside the door.

"Brandy and water," said the stranger; "hot."

"The coffee-room is for gentlemen staying in the house," said the waiter.

The stranger took his feet from the fender, and rising slowly, walked towards him. He was a short man and thin, but there was something so menacing in his attitude, and something so fearsome in his stony brown eyes, that the other, despite his disgust for ill-dressed people, moved back uneasily.

"Brandy and water, hot," repeated the stranger; "and plenty of it. D'ye hear?"

The man turned slowly to depart.

"Stop!" said the other, imperiously. "What's the name of the landlord here?"

"Mullet," said the fellow, sullenly.

"Send him to me," said the other, resuming his seat; "and hark you, my friend, more civility, or 'twill be the worse for you."

He stirred the log on the fire with his foot until a shower of sparks whirled up the chimney. The door opened, and the landlord, with the waiter behind him, entered the room, but he still gazed placidly at the glowing embers.

"What do you want?" demanded the landlord, in a deep voice.

The stranger turned a little wizened yellow face and grinned at him familiarly.

"Send that fat rascal of yours away," he said, slowly.

The landlord started at his voice and eyed him closely; then he signed to the man to withdraw, and closing the door behind him, stood silently watching his visitor.

"You didn't expect to see me, Rogers," said the latter.

"My name's Mullet," said the other, sternly. "What do you want?"

"Oh, Mullet?" said the other, in surprise. "I'm afraid I've made a mistake, then. I thought you were my old shipmate Captain Rogers. It's a foolish mistake of mine, as I've no doubt Rogers was hanged years ago. You never had a brother named Rogers, did you?"

"I say again, what do you want?" demanded the other, advancing upon him.

"Since you're so good," said the other, "I want new clothes, food and lodging of the best, and my pockets filled with money."

"You had better go and look for all those things, then," said Mullet. "You won't find them here."

"Ay!" said the other, rising. "Well, well! There was a hundred guineas on the head of my old shipmate Rogers some

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fifteen years ago. I'll see whether it has been earned yet."

"If I gave you a hundred guineas," said the innkeeper, repressing his passion by a mighty effort, "you would not be satisfied."

"Reads me like a book," said the stranger, in tones of pretended delight. "What a man it is!"

He fell back as he spoke, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew forth a long pistol as the innkeeper, a man of huge frame, edged towards him.

"Keep your distance," he said, in a sharp, quick voice.

The innkeeper, in no wise disturbed at the pistol, turned away calmly, and ringing the bell, ordered some spirits. Then taking a chair, he motioned to the other to do the same, and they sat in silence until the staring waiter had left the room again. The stranger raised his glass.

"My old friend Captain Rogers," he said, solemnly, "and may he never get his deserts!"

"From what jail have you come?" inquired Mullet, sternly.

"'Pon my soul," said the other, "I have been in so many—looking for Captain Rogers—that I almost forget the last, but I have just tramped from London, two hundred and eighty-odd miles, for the pleasure of seeing your damned ugly figure-head again; and now I've found it, I'm going to stay. Give me some money."

The innkeeper, without a word, drew a little gold and silver from his pocket, and placing it on the table, pushed it towards him.

"Enough to go on with," said the other, pocketing it; "in future it is halves. D'ye hear me? *Halves!* And I'll stay here and see I get it."

He sat back in his chair, and meeting the other's hatred with a gaze as steady as his own, replaced his pistol.

"A nice snug harbor after our many voyages," he continued. "Shipmates we were, shipmates we'll be; while Nick Gunn is alive, you shall never want for company. Lord! Do you remember the Dutch brig, and the fat frightened mate?"

"I have forgotten it," said the other, still eying him steadfastly. "I have forgotten many things. For fifteen years I have lived a decent, honest life. Pray God for your own sinful soul, that the devil in me does not wake again."

"Fifteen years is a long nap," said Gunn, carelessly; "what a godsend it 'll be for you to have me by you to remind you of old times! Why, you are looking smug, man; the honest innkeeper to the life! Gad! who's the girl?"

He rose and made a clumsy bow as a girl of eighteen, after a moment's hesitation at the door, crossed over to the innkeeper.

"I'm busy, my dear," said the latter, somewhat sternly.

"Our business," said Gunn, with another bow, "is finished. Is this your daughter, Rog— Mullet?"

"My step-daughter," was the reply.

Gunn placed a hand, which lacked two fingers, on his breast, and bowed again.

"One of your father's oldest friends," he said, smoothly; "and fallen on evil days; I'm sure your gentle heart will be pleased to hear that your good father has requested me—for a time—to make his house my home."

"Any friend of my father's is welcome to me, sir," said the girl, coldly. She looked from the innkeeper to his odd-looking guest, and conscious of something strained in the air, gave him a little bow and quitted the room.

"You insist upon staying, then?" said Mullet, after a pause.

"More than ever," replied Gunn, with a leer towards the door. "Why, you don't think I'm *afraid,* Captain? You should know me better than that."

"Life is sweet," said the other.

"Ay," assented Gunn, "so sweet that you will share things with me to keep it."

"No," said the other, with great calm. "I am man enough to have a better reason."

"No psalm-singing," said Gunn, coarsely. "And look cheerful, you old buccaneer. Look as a man should look who has just met an old friend never to lose him again."

He eyed his man expectantly and put his hand to his pocket again, but the innkeeper's face was troubled, and he gazed stolidly at the fire.

"See what fifteen years' honest, decent life does for us," grinned the intruder.

The other made no reply, but rising slowly, walked to the door without a word.

"Landlord," cried Gunn, bringing his maimed hand sharply down on the table.

The innkeeper turned and regarded him.

"Send me in some supper," said Gunn; "the best you have, and plenty of it, and have a room prepared. The best."

The door closed silently, and was opened a little later by the dubious George coming in to set a bountiful repast. Gunn, after cursing him for his slowness and awkwardness, drew his chair to the table, and made the meal of one seldom able to satisfy his hunger. He finished at last, and after sitting for some time smoking with his legs sprawled on the fender, rang for a candle and demanded to be shown to his room.

His proceedings when he entered it were but a poor compliment to his host. Not until he had poked and pried into every corner did he close the door. Then, not content with locking it, he tilted a chair beneath the handle, and placing his pistol beneath his pillow, fell fast asleep.

Despite his fatigue he was early astir next morning. Breakfast was laid for him in the coffee-room, and his brow darkened. He walked into the corridor, and after trying various doors, entered a small sitting-room, where his host and daughter sat at breakfast, and with an easy assurance drew a chair to the table. The innkeeper helped him without a word, but the girl's hand shook under his gaze as she passed him some coffee.

"As soft a bed as ever I slept in," he remarked.

"I hope that you slept well," said the girl, civilly.

"Like a child," said Gunn, gravely; "an easy conscience. Eh, Mullet?"

The innkeeper nodded and went on eating. The other, after another remark or two, followed his example, glancing occasionally with warm approval at the beauty of the girl, who sat at the head of the table.

"A sweet girl," he remarked, as she withdrew at the end of the meal; "and no mother, I presume?"

"No mother," repeated the other.

Gunn sighed and shook his head.

"A sad case, truly," he murmured. "No mother and such a guardian. Poor soul, if she but knew! Well, we must find her a husband."

He looked down as he spoke, and catching sight of his rusty clothes and broken shoes, clapped his hand to his pocket, and with a glance at his host, sallied out to renew his wardrobe. The innkeeper, with an inscrutable face, watched him down the quay, then with bent head he returned to the house and fell to work on his accounts.

In this work Gunn, returning an hour later, clad from head to foot in new apparel, offered to assist him. Mullet hesitated, but made no demur, neither did he join in the ecstasies which his new partner displayed at the sight of the profits. Gunn put some more gold into his new pockets, and throwing himself back in a chair, called loudly to George to bring him some drink.

In less than a month the intruder was the virtual master of the "Golden Key." Resistance on the part of the legitimate owner became more and more feeble, the slightest objection on his part drawing from the truculent Gunn dark allusions to his past and threats against his future, which for the sake of his daughter he could not ignore. His health began to fail, and Joan watched with perplexed terror the growth of a situation which was in a fair way of becoming unbearable.

The arrogance of Gunn knew no bounds. The maids learned to tremble at his polite grin, or his worse freedom, and the men shrank appalled from his profane wrath. George, after ten years' service, was brutally dismissed, and refusing to accept dismissal from his hands, appealed to his master. The innkeeper confirmed it, and with lack-lustre eyes fenced feebly when his daughter Joan, regardless of Gunn's presence, indignantly appealed to him.

"The man was rude to my friend, my dear," he said, dispiritedly.

"If he was rude, it was because Mr. Gunn deserved it," said Joan, hotly.

Gunn laughed uproariously.

"Gad, my dear, I like you!" he cried, slapping his leg. "You're a girl of spirit. Now I will make you a fair offer. If you ask for George to stay, stay he shall, as a favor to your sweet self."

The girl trembled.

"Who is master here?" she demanded, turning a full eye on her father.

Mullet laughed uneasily.

"This is business," he said, trying to speak lightly, "and women can't understand it. Gunn is—is valuable to me, and George must go."

"Unless you plead for him, sweet one?" said Gunn.

The girl looked at her father again, but he turned his head away and tapped on the floor with his foot. Then, in perplexity akin to tears, she walked from the room, carefully drawing her dress aside as Gunn held the door for her.

"A fine girl," said Gunn, his thin lips working; "a fine spirit. 'Twill be pleasant to break it; but she does not know who is master here."

"She is young yet," said the other, hurriedly.

"I will soon age her if she looks like that at me again," said Gunn. "By —— I'll turn out the whole crew into the street, and her with them, an I wish it. I'll lie in my bed warm o' nights and think of her huddled on a doorstep."

His voice rose and his fists clinched, but he kept his distance and watched the other warily. The innkeeper's face was contorted and his brow grew wet. For one moment something peeped out of his eyes, the next he sat down in his chair again and nervously fingered his chin.

"I have but to speak," said Gunn, regarding him with much satisfaction, "and you will hang, and your money go to the Crown. What will become of her then, think you?"

The other laughed nervously.

"'Twould be stopping the golden eggs," he ventured.

"Don't think too much of that," said Gunn, in a hard voice. "I was never one to be balked, as you know."

"Come, come. Let us be friends," said Mullet; "the girl is young, and has had her way."

He looked almost pleadingly at the other, and his voice trembled. Gunn drew himself up, and regarding him with a satisfied sneer, quitted the room without a word.

Affairs at the "Golden Key" grew steadily worse and worse. Gunn dominated the place, and his vile personality hung over it like a shadow. Appeals to the innkeeper were in vain: his health was breaking fast, and he moodily declined to interfere. Gunn appointed servants of his own choosing—brazen maids and foul-mouthed men. The old patrons ceased to frequent the "Golden Key," and its bed-rooms stood empty. The maids scarcely deigned to take an order from Joan, and the men spoke to her familiarly. In the midst of all this the innkeeper, who had complained once or twice of vertigo, was seized with a fit.

Joan, flying to him for protection against the brutal advances of Gunn, found him lying in a heap behind the door of his small office, and in her fear called loudly for assistance. A little knot of servants collected, and stood regarding him stupidly. One made a brutal jest. Gunn, pressing through the throng, turned the senseless body over with his foot, and cursing vilely, ordered them to carry it up stairs.

Until the surgeon came, Joan, kneeling by the bed, held on to the senseless hand as her only protection against the evil faces of Gunn and his protégés. Gunn himself was taken aback, the innkeeper's death at that time by no means suiting his aims.

The surgeon was a man of few words and fewer attainments, but under his ministrations the innkeeper, after a long interval, rallied. The half-closed eyes opened, and he looked in a dazed fashion at his surroundings. Gunn drove the servants away and questioned the man of medicine. The answers were vague and interspersed with Latin. Freedom from noise and troubles of all kinds was insisted upon, and Joan was installed as nurse, with a promise of speedy assistance.

The assistance arrived late in the day in the shape of an elderly woman, whose Spartan treatment of her patients had helped many along the silent road. She commenced her reign by punching the sick man's pillows, and having shaken him into consciousness by this means, gave him a dose of physic, after first tasting it herself from the bottle.

After the first rally the innkeeper began to fail slowly. It was seldom that he understood what was said to him, and pitiful to the beholder to see in his intervals of consciousness his timid anxiety to earn the good-will of the all-powerful Gunn. His strength declined until assistance was needed to turn him in the

bed, and his great sinewy hands were forever trembling and fidgeting on the coverlet.

Joan, pale with grief and fear, tended him assiduously. Her step-father's strength had been a proverb in the town, and many a hasty citizen had felt the strength of his arm. The increasing lawlessness of the house filled her with dismay, and the coarse attentions of Gunn became more persistent than ever. She took her meals in the sick-room, and divided her time between that and her own.

Gunn himself was in a dilemma. With Mullet dead, his power was at an end, and his visions of wealth dissipated. He resolved to feather his nest immediately, and interviewed the surgeon. The surgeon was ominously reticent, the nurse cheerfully ghoulish.

"Four days I give him," she said, calmly; "four blessed days, not but what he might slip away at any moment."

Gunn let one day of the four pass, and then, choosing a time when Joan was from the room, entered it for a little quiet conversation. The innkeeper's eyes were open, and, what was more to the purpose, intelligent.

"You're cheating the hangman after all," snarled Gunn. "I'm off to swear an information."

The other, by a great effort, turned his heavy head and fixed his wistful eyes on him.

"Mercy!" he whispered. "For her sake—give me—a little time!"

"To slip your cable, I suppose," quoth Gunn. "Where's your money? Where's your hoard, you miser?"

Mullet closed his eyes. He opened them again slowly and strove to think, while Gunn watched him narrowly. When he spoke, his utterance was thick and labored.

"Come to-night," he muttered, slowly. "Give me—time—I will make your—your fortune. But the nurse—watches."

"I'll see to her," said Gunn, with a grin. "But tell me now, lest you die first."

"You will—let Joan—have a share?" panted the innkeeper.

"Yes, yes," said Gunn, hastily.

The innkeeper strove to raise himself in the bed, and then fell back again exhausted as Joan's step was heard on the stairs. Gunn gave a savage glance of warning at him, and barring the progress of the girl at the door, attempted to salute her. Joan came in pale and trembling, and falling on her knees by the bed-side, took her father's hand in hers and wept over it. The innkeeper gave a faint groan, and a shiver ran through his body.

It was nearly an hour after midnight that Nick Gunn, kicking off his shoes, went stealthily out on to the landing. A little light came from the partly open door of the sick-room, but all else was in blackness. He moved along and peered in.

The nurse was sitting in a high-backed oak chair by the fire. She had slipped down in the seat, and her untidy head hung on her bosom. A glass stood on the small oak table by her side, and a solitary candle on the high mantel-piece diffused a sickly light. Gunn entered the room, and finding that the sick man was dozing, shook him roughly.

The innkeeper opened his eyes and gazed at him blankly.

"Wake, you fool," said Gunn, shaking him again.

The other roused and muttered something incoherently. Then he stirred slightly.

"The nurse," he whispered.

"She's safe enouw," said Gunn. "I've seen to that."

He crossed the room lightly, and standing before the unconscious woman, inspected her closely and raised her in the chair. Her head fell limply over the arm.

"Dead?" inquired Mullet, in a fearful whisper.

"Drugged," said Gunn, shortly. "Now speak up, and be lively."

The innkeeper's eyes again travelled in the direction of the nurse.

"The men," he whispered; "the servants."

"Dead drunk and asleep," said Gunn, biting the words. "The last day would hardly rouse them. Now will you speak, damn you!"

"I must—take care—of Joan," said the father.

Gunn shook his clinched hand at him.

"My money—is hidden," said the other. "Promise me on—your oath—Joan."

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"Ay, ay," growled Gunn; "how many more times? I'll marry her, and she shall have what I choose to give her. Speak up, you fool! It's not for you to make terms. Where is it?"

He bent over, but Mullet, exhausted with his efforts, had closed his eyes again, and half turned his head.

"Where is it, damn you?" said Gunn, from between his clinched teeth.

Mullet opened his eyes again, glanced fearfully round the room, and whispered. Gunn, with a stifled oath, bent his ear almost to his mouth, and the next moment his neck was in the grip of the strongest man in Riverstone, and an arm like a bar of iron over his back pinned him down across the bed.

"You *dog!*" hissed a fierce voice in his ear. "I've got you—Captain Rogers at your service, and now you may tell his name to all you can. Shout it, you spawn of hell. Shout it!"

He rose in the bed, and with a sudden movement flung the other over on his back. Gunn's eyes were starting from his head, and he writhed convulsively.

"I thought you were a sharper man, Gunn," said Rogers, still in the same hot whisper, as he relaxed his grip a little; "you are too simple, you hound! When you first threatened me I resolved to kill you. Then you threatened my daughter. I wish that you had nine lives, that I might take them all. Keep still!"

He gave a half-glance over his shoulder at the silent figure of the nurse, and put his weight on the twisting figure on the bed.

"You drugged the hag, good Gunn," he continued. "To-morrow morning, Gunn, they will find you in your room dead, and if one of the scum you brought into my house be charged with the murder, so much the better. When I am well, they will go. I am already feeling a little bit stronger, Gunn, as you see, and in a month I hope to be about again."

He averted his face, and for a time gazed sternly and watchfully at the door. Then he rose slowly to his feet, and taking the dead man in his arms, bore him slowly and carefully to his room, and laid him a huddled heap on the floor. Swiftly and noiselessly he put the dead man's shoes on and turned his pockets inside out, kicked a rug out of place, and put a guinea on the floor. Then he stole cautiously down stairs, and set a small door at the back open. A dog barked frantically, and he hurried back to his room. The nurse still slumbered by the fire.

She awoke in the morning shivering with the cold, and being jealous of her reputation, rekindled the fire, and measuring out the dose which the invalid should have taken, threw it away. On these unconscious preparations for an alibi Captain Rogers gazed through half-closed lids, and then turning his grim face to the wall, waited for the inevitable alarm.

TWO FRIENDS

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

I HONOR him who needs must chop the stone,
Must pluck the root up, murder beast and bird,
Then label with a very butcher's word
The bleeding pieces. Though he build his throne
On brittle stalks and hollow carcass bone,
Still by a princely purpose is he stirred;
And such his thirst for knowledge long deferred,
Kind Nature counts him in among her own.
But him I love the Muses make their care,
Leading his feet wherever he may go,
To spell the gentle magic of the air,
Of olden boughs and darkest brooks that flow.
He has my heart; for perfect things and fair
He finds, and leaves them fairer than they grow.

THE RIGHT OF WAY*

PART II

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER VII.

"PEACE, PEACE, AND THERE IS NO PEACE!"

THE sun was setting by the time Charley Steele was ready to leave his office. Never in his life had he staid so late in "the halls of industry," as he called his place of occupation. The few cases he had won so brilliantly and with such certainty since the beginning of his career he had studied at night in his luxurious bed-room in the great white brick house among the maples on the hill. In every case, as at the trial of Joseph Nadeau, the man who murdered the timber-merchant, the first prejudice and animosity of judge and jury had given way slowly before the deep-seeing, sinuous mind, which had as rare a power of analysis as for generalization, and reduced masses of evidence to sentences, and sentences to phrases; and verdicts had been given against all personal prejudice, to be followed outside the court by the old antipathy, the old prejudice, the old look askance at the man called Beauty Steele.

To him it had made no difference at any time. He cared for neither praise nor blame. In his actions a materialist, in his mind he was a logician, a watcher of life, a baffled inquirer whose refuge was irony, and whose personal habits had in five years become a personal insult to the standards polite society and puritan morality had set up. Perhaps the insult was intended, for irregularities were committed with an insolent disdain for appearances. He did nothing secretly; his page of life was for him who cared to read. He played cards, he talked agnosticism, he went on shooting expeditions which became orgies, he drank openly in saloons—he whose forefathers had been gentlemen of King George, and who sacrificed all in the great American revolution for honor and loyalty—statesmen, writers, politicians, distinguished men from whom he had direct inheritance through the stirring forces and strengthening labors in the building up of laws and civilization in a new land. Why he chose to be as he was—if he did choose—he alone could answer. His personality had impressed itself upon the world, first by its idiosyncrasies and afterwards by its enigmatical excesses.

What was he thinking of as he laid the papers away in the tin box in a drawer, locked it, and put the key in his pocket? He had found to the smallest detail Billy's iniquity, and he was now ready to shoulder the responsibility, to save the man, who he knew was scarce worth the saving. But Kathleen—there was what gave him pause. As he turned to the window and looked out over the square he shuddered. He thought of the exchange of documents he had made with her that day, and he had a sense of satisfaction. This defalcation of Billy's would cripple him, for money had flown these last few years. He had had heavy losses, and he had dug deep into his capital. Down past the square ran a cool avenue of beeches to the water, and he could see his yacht at anchor. On the other side of the water, far down the shore, was a house which had been begun as a summer cottage, and had ended in being a mansion. A few Moorish pillars, brought from Algiers for the decoration of the entrance, had necessitated the raising of the roof, and then all had to be in proportion, and the cottage became like an appenage to a palace. So it had gone, and he had cared so little about it all, and for the consequences. He had this day secured Kathleen from absolute poverty, no matter what happened, and that had its comfort. His eyes wandered among the trees. He could see the yellow feathers of the oriole and catch

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the note of the whippoorwill, and from the great church near the voices of the choir came over. He could hear the words: *"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word."*

Depart in peace—how much peace was there in the world? Who had it? The remembrance of what Kathleen said to him at the door—"I suppose I ought to kiss you"—came to him, was like a refrain in his ears.

"Peace is the penalty of silence and inaction," he almost hiccoughed to himself. "Where there is action there is no peace. If the brain and body fatten, then there is peace. Kathleen and I have lived at peace, I suppose. I never said a word to her that mightn't be put down in large type and pasted on my tombstone, and she never said a word to me—till to-day—that wasn't like a water-color picture. Not till to-day, in a moment's strife and trouble, did I ever get near her. And we've lived in peace. Peace? Where is the right kind of peace? Over there is old Sainton. He married a rich woman, he has had the platter of plenty before him always, he wears ribbons and such like baubles given by the Queen, but his son had to flee the country. There's Herring. He doesn't sleep because his daughter is going to marry an Italian count. There's Latouche, his place in the cabinet is begotten in corruption, in the hot-bed of faction war. There's Kenealy. His wife has led him a dance of deep damnation! There's the lot of them—every one, not an ounce of peace among them, except with old Casson, who weighs eighteen stone, lives like a pig, grows stuffier in mind and body every day, and drinks half a bottle of whiskey every night. There's no one else—yes, there is!"

He was looking at a small black-robed figure with clean-shaven face, white hair, and shovel-hat, who passed slowly along the wooden walk beneath, with meditative content in his face.

"There's peace," he hiccoughed slightly. "I've known Father Hallon for twenty-five years, and no man ever worked so hard, ever saw more trouble, ever shared other people's troubles more than he; ever took the bit in his teeth, when it was a matter of duty, stronger than he; and yet there's peace; he has it; a peace that passes all understanding—mine anyhow. I've never had a minute's real peace. The World, or Nature, or God, or It, whatever the name is, owes me peace. And how is It to give it? Why, by answering my questions. Now it's a curious thing that the only person I ever met who could answer any questions of mine—answer them in the way that satisfies—is Suzon. She works things down to phrases. She has wisdom in the raw, and a real grip on life, and yet all the men she has known have been river-drivers and farmers and a few men from town that mistook the sort of Suzon she is. Virtuous as she is, she's a born child of Aphrodite too—by nature. She was made for love. A thousand years ago she would have had a thousand loves! And she thinks the world is a magnificent place, and she loves it, and wallows—fairly wallows—in content. Now which is right: Suzon or Father Hallon—Aphrodite or the Nazarene? Which is peace—as the bird and the beast of the field get it—the fallow futile content, or—"

He suddenly stopped, hiccoughed, then hurriedly drawing paper before him, he sat down. For an hour he wrote. It grew darker. He pushed the table nearer the window, and the singing of the choir in the church came in upon him as his pen seemed to etch words into the paper, firm, eccentric, meaning. What he wrote that evening has been preserved, and the yellow sheets lie loosely in a black despatch-box which contains the few records that Charley Steele left behind him. What he wrote that night was the note of his mind, the key to all those strange events through which he began to move two hours after the lines were written:

Over thy face is a veil of white sea-mist,
Only thine eyes shine like stars; bless or blight me,
I will hold close to the leash at thy wrist,
O Aphrodite!

Thou in the East and I here in the West,
Under our newer skies purple and pleasant,
Who shall decide which is better—attest,
Saga or peasant?

Thou with Serapis, Osiris, and Isis,
I with Jehovah, in vapors and shadows;
Thou with the gods' joy-enhancing devices,
Sweet-smelling meadows!

What is there given us?—Food and some raiment,
Toiling to reach to some Patmian haven,
Giving up all for uncertain repayment,
Feeding the raven.

Striving to peer through the infinite azure,
Alternate turning to earthward and falling,
Measuring life with Damastian measure,
Finite, appalling.

What does it matter? They passed who with Homer
Poured out the wine at the feet of their idols:
Passing, what found they? To-come a misnomer,
It and their idols?

Sacristan, acolyte, player, or preacher,
Each to his office, but who holds the key?
Death, only death—thou, the ultimate teacher,
Will show it to me.

And when the forts and the barriers fall,
Shall we then find One the true, the almighty,
Wisely to speak with the worst of us all—
Ah, Aphrodite!

Waiting, I turn from the futile, the human,
Gone is the life of me, laughing with youth—
Steals to learn all in the face of a woman,
Mendicant Truth!

Rising with a little bitter laugh, and murmuring the last lines, he thrust the papers into a drawer, locked it, and going quickly from the room, he went down stairs. His horse and cart were waiting for him, and he got in.

"Home, sir?" asked the groom.

"No. The Côte Dorion!" he answered, and they sped away through the night.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COST OF THE ORNAMENT.

ONE, two, three, four, five, six miles. The sharp click of the iron hoofs on the road; the strong rush of the river; the sweet smell of the maple and the pungent balsam; the dank rich odor of the cedar swamp; the cry of the loon from the water; the flaming crane in the fishing-boat; the fisherman, spear in hand, staring into the dark waters tinged with sombre red; the voice of a lonely settler keeping time to the *ping* of the axe as, lengthening out his day to nightly weariness, he felled a tree; river-drivers' camps spotted along the shore; huge cribs or rafts which had swung down the great stream for scores of miles, the immense oars motionless, the little houses on the timbers blinking with light; and from cheerful rafts men coming the old familiar song of the rivers:

"En roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule!"

Not once had Charley Steele turned his head as the horse sped on. His face was kept straight along the line of the road; he seemed not to see or to hear, to be unresponsive to sound or scene. The monocle at his eye was like a veil to hide the soul, a defence against inquiry, itself the unceasing question, a sort of battery thrown forward, a kind of field-casemate for a lonely besieged spirit.

It was full of suggestion. It might have been the glass behind which showed some mediæval relic, the body of some ancient Egyptian king whose life had been spent in doing wonders and making signs—the primitive, anthropomorphic being. He might have been a stone man, for any motion that he made. Yet if you had looked at him closely you would have seen that there was a strange and powerful discontent in the eye, a kind of glaze of the sardonic over the whole face.

What is the good? the face asked. What is there worth doing? it said. What a limitless futility! it urged, fain to be contradicted too, as the grim melancholy of the figure suggested.

"To be an animal and soak in the world," he thought to himself, "that is natural; and the unnatural is civilization, and the cheap adventure of the mind into fields of baffling speculation, lighted by the flickering intelligences of dead speculators, whose seats we have bought in the great stock-exchange of mortality, and exhaust our lives in paying for. To eat, to drink, to lie fallow, indifferent to what comes after, to roam like the deer, and to fight like the tiger—"

He came to a dead stop in his thinking. "To fight like the tiger!" He turned his head quickly now to where upon a raft some river-drivers were singing:

"And when a man in the fight goes down,
Why, we will carry him home!"

"To fight like the tiger!" Ravage—the struggle to possess from all the world what one wished for one's self, and to do

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it without mercy and without fear—that was the clear plan in the primitive world, where action was more than speech, and dominance than knowledge. Was not civilization a mistake, and religion the insinuating delusion designed to cover it up, or if not designed, accepted by the original few who saw that humanity could not turn back, and must even go forward with illusions, lest in mere despair all men died and the world died with them?

His eyes wandered to the raft where the men were singing, and he remembered the threat that had been made, that if he came again to the Côte Dorion, he "would get what for." He remembered the warning of Rouge Gosselin conveyed by Jolicoeur, and a half-humorous, half-sinister smile crossed over his face. The contradictions of his own thoughts came home to him suddenly, for was it not the case that his physical strength alone, no matter what his skill, would be of small service to him in a dark corner of contest? Primitive ideas could only hold in a primitive world. His real weapon was his brain, that which civilization had given him in lieu of primitive prowess and the giant's ruthless strength.

They had come to a long piece of corduroy-road, and the horse's hoofs struck rumbling hollow sounds from the floor of cedar logs. There was a swamp on one side where the fire-fly was flickering, and there flashed into Charley Steele's mind some verses he had once learned at school:

> They made her a grave too cold and damp
> For a soul so warm and true.

It kept repeating itself in his brain in a strange dreary monotone.

"Stop the horse. I'll walk the rest of the way," he said presently to the groom. "You needn't come for me, Finn; I'll walk back as far as the Maréchal Tavern. At twelve sharp I'll be there. Give yourself a drink and some supper"—he put a dollar into the man's hand—"and no white whiskey, mind: a bottle of beer and a leg of mutton, that's the thing." He nodded his head, and by the light of the moon walked away smartly down the corduroy-road, through the shadows of the swamp.

Finn the groom looked after him. "Well, if he ain't a queer dick! A regular 'centric—but a regular brick, cutting a wide swath as he goes! He's a tip-topper; and he's a sort of tough too—a sort of a kind of a tough. Well, it's none of my business. Get up!" he added to the horse, and turning round in the road with difficulty, he drove back a mile to the Tavern Maréchal for his beer and mutton—and white whiskey.

Charley stepped on briskly, his shining leather shoes, straw hat, and light cane in no good keeping with the primitive surroundings. He was thinking that he had never been in such a mood for talk with Suzon Charlemagne. Charlemagne's tavern of the Côte Dorion was known over half a province, and its patrons carried news of it half across a continent. Suzon Charlemagne—a girl of the people, a tavern-girl, a friend of sulking coarse river-drivers! But he thought of her brown hair, her dark brown eyes, her strong fine hand, her supple body, the alert precision of her every movement, and the alert precision of her brain—her instinct that clove through wastes of mental underbrush to the tree of knowledge. Her mental sight was as keen and accurate as that which ran along the rifle-barrel with the red deer in view. Suzon Charlemagne no company for Charley Steele? A scandal for the Little City? What did it matter? He had entered into other people's lives to-day, had played their games with them and for them, and now he would play his own game, live his own life in his own way through the rest of this day. He thirsted for some sort of combat, for the sharp contrasts of life, for the common and the base; he thirsted even for the white whiskey against which he had warned his groom. He was reckless—not blindly, but wilfully, daringly, wildly reckless—caring not at all what chance or fate or penalty might come in his way.

"What do I care?" he said to himself. "I shall never squeal at any penalty. I shall never say in the great round-up that I was weak and I fell. I'll take my gruel expecting it, not fearing it—if there is to be any gruel anywhere, or any round-up anywhere, but here!"

A figure suddenly appeared coming round the bend of the road before him. It was Rouge Gosselin. Rouge Gosselin

was inclined to speak. Some satanic whim or malicious foppery made Charley stare him blankly in the face. The monocle and the stare stopped the *bonsoir* and the friendly warning on Rouge Gosselin's tongue, and the pilot passed on with a muttered oath.

Gosselin had not gone far, however, before he suddenly stopped and laughed outright, for at the bottom he had great good-nature, in keeping with his six-foot-six of height, and his temper was friendly if quick. It seemed so absurd, so audacious, that a man could act like Charley Steele, that he at once became interested in the phenomenon, and followed slowly after Charley, saying as he went, "*Tiens!* there will be things to watch to-night!"

Before Charley was within five hundred yards of the tavern he could hear the laughter and song coming from the old seigneury which Théophile Charlemagne called now the Côte Dorion Hotel, after the name given to the point on which the house stood. Low and wide-roofed, with dormer-windows and a wide stoop in front, and walls three feet thick behind, on the river side, it hung over the water, its narrow veranda supported by piles, with steps going down to the water-side, and seldom was there an hour when boats were not tied to the steps; summer and winter it was a place of resort. Inside, the low ceiling, the broad rafters, the great fireplace, the well-worn floor, the deep windows, the wooden cross let into the wall, and the varied and picturesque humanity frequenting this great room, gave it an air of romance. And *yet* there were people in the Little City, people in the country-side, who called the place a "shebang"—slander as it was against Suzon Charlemagne, which every river-driver and woodsman and *habitant* who frequented the place would have resented with violence. It was because they thought Charley Steele slandered the girl and the place in his mind, that the river-drivers had sworn they would make it hot for him if he came again. Charley was the last man in the world to undeceive them by his words.

When he coolly walked into the great room, where at least a half-dozen of them were already assembled, drinking white "whiskey-wine," he had no intention of setting himself right with them. He raised his hat cavalierly to Suzon Charlemagne, who nodded friendlily, and looking round on the men without apparently seeing them, he came up to Suzon with a smile and shook hands with her.

"Brandy, please!" he said. "Why do I drink, do you say?" he added, as she placed the bottle and glass before him.

She was silent for an instant, then she said, gravely, "Perhaps because you like it; perhaps because something was left out of you when you were made, and—"

She paused and went no further, for a red-shirted river-driver with brass rings in his ears came close to them and called gruffly for whiskey. He glowered at Charley, who looked at him indolently, then raised his glass towards Suzon and drank the brandy.

"Pish!" said Red Shirt, and turning round, joined his comrades. It was clear he was anxious for a pretext to quarrel.

"Perhaps because you like it; perhaps because something was left out of you when you were made!" Charley smiled pleasantly as Suzon came over to him again. "You've answered the question," he said, "and struck the thing at the centre. Which is it? The difficulty to decide which has divided the world. If it's only a physical craving, it means that we are materialists naturally, and that the soil from which the grape came is the soil that's in us; that it is the body feeding on itself all the time; that like returns to like, and we live a little together, and then mould together for ever and ever, amen. If it isn't a natural craving—like to like—it's a proof of immortality, for it represents the wild wish to forget the world, to be in another medium. I am only *myself* when I am drunk. Liquor makes me human. At other times I'm only Charley Steele! Now isn't it funny, this sort of talk here?"

"I don't know about that," she answered, "if, as you say, it's natural. This tavern's the only place I have to think in, and what seems to you funny is a sort of ordinary fact to me."

"Right again, *ma belle Suzon*. Nothing's incongruous. I've never felt so much like singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs as when I've been drinking. I remember the last time I was squiffy I sang all the way home that old nursery hymn:

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you!"

"I should have liked to hear you sing it—sure!" said Suzon, laughing.

Charley tossed off a quarter-tumbler of brandy, which, instead of flushing his face, seemed only to deepen the whiteness of his skin, showing up more brightly the spots of color in his cheeks, that white and red which had made him known as Beauty Steele. With a whimsical humor, behind which was the natural disposition of the man to do what he listed without thinking of the consequences, he suddenly began singing, in a voice shaken a little now by drink, but full of a curious magnetism,

"On the other side of Jordan—"

"Oh, don't; please don't," said the girl, in fear, for she saw two river-drivers entering the door, one of whom had sworn he would do for Charley Steele if ever he crossed his path.

"Oh, don't — M'sieu' Charley!" she again urged.

The "Charley" caught his ear, and the daring in his eye brightened still more. He was ready for any change or chance to-night, was standing on the verge of any adventure, the most reckless soul in Christendom—still, though it might seem otherwise, not the most profane.

"On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!"

Stronger and stronger grew the voice, brighter and brighter grew the eye. What more incongruous thing than this smartly dressed fop, this flaneur in patent-leathers and red tie, this "hell-of-a-fellow with a pane of glass in his eye," as Jake Hough, the horse-doctor, afterward said, surrounded by red and blue shirted river men, woodsmen, loafers, and toughs, singing a sacred song with all the unction of a choir-boy, with a magnetism, too, that did its work in spite of all prejudice and hatred? It was as if he was counsel in one of those cases when, the minds and sympathies of judge and jury at first arrayed against him, he had irresistibly cloven his way to their judgment—not stealing away their hearts, but governing, dominating their intelligences. Whenever he had done this he had been drinking hard, was in a mental world created by drink, serene, clear-eyed, in which his brain worked like an invincible machine, perfect and powerful. Was it the case that, as he himself suggested, he was never so natural as when under this influence? That then and only then the real man spoke, that then and only then the primitive soul awakened, that it supplied the thing left out of him at birth? Or was it only art—the cultivated mind—the inheritance of civilization, the product of accumulated intellect and ruling intelligence?

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you!"

One, two verses he sang as the men, at first snorting and scornful, shuffled angrily; then Jake Hough, the English horse-doctor, roared in the refrain,

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you!"

Upon which, carried away, every one of them roared, gurgled, or shouted,

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you!"

Rouge Gosselin, who had entered during the singing, now spoke up quickly in French:

"A sermon now, m'sieu'."

Charley took his monocle out of his eye and put it back again. Now each man present seemed singled out for an attack by this little battery of glass. He did not reply directly to Rouge Gosselin, but standing perfectly still, with one hand resting on the counter at which Suzon Charlemagne stood, he prepared to speak.

Suzon did not attempt to stop him now, but gazed at him in a sort of awe. These men present were Catholics, and held religion in superstitious respect, however far from practising its precepts. Many of them had been profane and blasphemous in their time; may have sworn *"Sacré Baptême!"* one of the worst oaths of their race; but it had been done in the wildness of anger, and they were little likely to endure from Charley

Steele any word that sounded like blasphemy. Besides, the world said that he was an infidel, and that was enough for bitter prejudice.

In the pause—very short—before Charley began speaking, Suzon's fingers stole to his on the counter and pressed them quickly. He made no response; he was scarcely aware of it. He was in a kind of dream. In an even, conversational tone, in French at once idiomatic and very simple, he began:

"My dear friends, this is a world where men get tired. If they work they get tired, and if they play they get tired. If they sleep long they get wakeful, and if they wake long they get sleepful. If they look straight ahead of them they walk straight, but then they get blind by-and-by; if they look round them and get open-eyed, their feet stumble and they fall. It is a world of contradictions. If a man eats too much he feels bad, and if he doesn't eat enough he feels bad. If a man drinks much he loses his head, and if he doesn't drink at all he loses heart. If he asks questions he gets into trouble, and if he doesn't ask them he gets old before his time. Take the hymn we have just sung:

'On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you!'

We all like that, because we get tired, and it isn't always summer, and nothing blooms all the year round. We get up early and we work late, and we sleep hard, and when the weather is good and wages good, and there's plenty in the house, we stay sober and we sing 'On the other side of Jordan'; but when the weather's heavy and funds scarce, and the pork and molasses and bread come hard, we get drunk, and we sing the comic chanson *'Brigadier, vous avez raison.'* We've been singing a sad song to-night when we're feeling happy. We didn't think whether it was sad or not, we only knew it pleased our ears, and we wanted those sweet fields of Eden, and the blooming tree of life, and the rest under the tree. But ask a question or two. Where is the other side of Jordan? Do you go up to it, or down to it? And how do you go? And those sweet fields of Eden, what do they look like, and how many will they hold? Isn't it clear that the things that make us happiest in this world are the things that we go for blind?"

He paused. There had been absolute silence, for his voice had a peculiar power over them all, soothing, compelling, and more insinuating than any one had ever heard it. Now a dozen men came a step or two nearer, and crowded close together, looking over each other's shoulders at him with sharp, wondering eyes.

"Isn't that so?" he continued. "Do you realize that no man knows where that Jordan and those fields are, and what the flower of the tree of life looks like? Let us ask a question again. Why is it that the one being in all the world who could tell us anything about it, the one being who had ever seen Jordan or Eden or that tree of life, in fact, the one of all creation who could describe heaven, never told? Isn't it queer? Here he was—that *one man*—standing just as I am among you, and round him were the men who followed him, all ordinary men, with ordinary curiosity. And he said he had come down from heaven, and for years they were with him, and yet they never asked him what that heaven was like: what it looked like, what it felt like, what sort of life they lived there, what manner of folk were the angels, what was the appearance of the Creator of all things. Why didn't they ask, and why didn't he answer? People must have kept asking that question afterwards, for a man called John answered it. He described, as only an Oriental Jew would or could, a place all precious stones and gold and jewels and candles, in Oriental language very splendid and auriferous. But why didn't those twelve men ask the One Man who knew, and why didn't the One answer? And why didn't the One tell without being asked?"

He paused again, and now there came a shuffling and a murmuring, a curious rumble, a hard breathing, for Charley had touched with steely finger the tender places in the natures of these Catholics, who, whatever their lives, held fast to the immemorial form, the personal service, the sacredness of Mother Church. They were ever ready to step into the galley which should bear them all home, with the invisible rowers of God at the oars, down the wild rapids, to the haven of

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St. Peter. There was savagery in their faces now; there was peril for Charley Steele.

He saw, and he could not refrain from smiling as he stretched out his hand to them again with a little quieting gesture, and continued, soothingly:

"But why should we ask? There's a thing called electricity. Well, you know that if you take a slice out of anything, less remains behind. We can take the air out of this room, and leave scarcely any in it. We take a drink out of a bottle, and certainly there isn't as much left in it! But the queer thing is that with this electricity you take it away and just as much remains. It goes out from your toe, rushes away to Timbuctoo, perhaps, and is back in your toe before you can wink. Why? No one knows. What's the good of asking? You can't see it: you can only see what it does. What good would it do us if we knew where it came from, and what it is? There it is, and it's going to revolutionize the world. It's no good asking—no one knows what it is or where it comes from, or what it looks like. It's better to go it blind, because you feel the power, though you can't see the thing from which it comes. You can't tell where the fields of Eden are, but you believe they're somewhere, and that you'll get to them some day. So say your prayers, believe all you can, don't ask questions, and don't try to answer 'em; and remember that Charley Steele preached to you the fear of the Lord at the Côte Dorion, and wound up the service with the fine old hymn,

"I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land."

A whole verse of this camp-meeting hymn he sang in an ominous silence now, for it had crept into their minds that the hymn they had previously sung so loudly was a Protestant hymn, and that this was another Protestant hymn of the rankest sort. When he stopped singing and pushed over his glass for Suzon to fill it, the crowd were noiseless and silent for a moment, for the spell was still on them. They did not recover themselves until they saw him lift his glass to Suzon, his back now upon them, and again insolently oblivious of them all. They could not see his face, but they could see the face of Suzon Charlemagne, and they misunderstood the light in her eye, the flush on her cheek. They set it down to a personal interest in Charley Steele. He had, however, thrown a spell over her in another fashion. In her eye, in her face, was admiration, the sympathy of a strong intelligence, the wonder of a mind in the presence of its master, but they thought they saw passion, love, desire, in her face—in the face of their Suzon, the pride of the river, the adored of three river-drivers' camps, the flower of the Côte Dorion. Not alone because Charley was a Protestant, not alone because he had blasphemed against religion, did they hate him at this moment, but because every heart was scorched with the madness of envy and jealousy—the black unreasoning jealousy which the unlettered, the dull, the crude, feels for the lettered, the clever, and the outwardly refined.

Charley was back again in that unresponsive air of his natural life. Suzon felt the troubled air round them, saw the dark looks on the faces of the men, and was at once afraid and elated. She loved the glow of excitement, she had a keen sense of danger, but she also felt that in any possible trouble to-night the chances of escape would be small for Charley Steele.

He pushed out his glass again. She mechanically poured brandy into it.

"You've had more than enough," she said, in a low voice.

"Every man knows his own capacity, Suzon. Love me little, love me long!" he added, again raising his glass to her, as the men behind suddenly moved forward upon the bar.

"Don't—for God's sake!" she whispered, hastily. "Do go—or there'll be trouble!"

The black face of Théophile Charlemagne was also turned anxiously in Charley Steele's direction as he pushed out glasses for those who called for liquor.

"Oh, do, do go—like a good soul!" Suzon urged.

Charley laughed disdainfully. "Like a good soul!" Had it come to this, that Suzon pleaded with him as if he were a foolish, obstreperous child!

"Faithless and unbelieving!" he said to Suzon in English. "Didn't I play my game well a minute ago—eh-eh-eh, Suzon?"

"Oh, yes, yes, m'sieu'," she replied in English; "but now you are differen' and so are they. You must go—ah, so, you must!"

He laughed again, a queer sardonic sort of laugh, yet he put out his hand and touched the girl's arm lightly with a forefinger. "I am a Quaker born; I never stir till the spirit moves me," he said.

He scented conflict, and his spirits rose at the thought. Some strange demon of recklessness and adventure possessed him, some stubborn element of self-will, some fatalistic courage was upon him. So far as the eye could see, the liquor he had drunk had done no more than darken the blue of his eye, for his hand was steady, his body was well poised, his look was direct; there seemed some strange electric force in leash behind his face, a watchful yet nonchalant energy of spirit, joined to an indolent pose of body. As the girl looked at him something of his unreckoning courage passed into her. Somehow she believed in him, felt that by some wild chance he might again conquer this truculent element now almost surrounding him. She spoke quickly to her stepfather. "He won't go. What can we do?"

"You go, and he'll follow," said Théophile, who didn't want a row—a dangerous row—in his house.

"No, he won't," she said; "and I don't believe they'd let him follow me."

There was no time to say more. The crowd were insistent and restless now. They seemed to have a plan of campaign, and they began to carry it out. First one, then another, brushed roughly against Charley Steele. Cool and collected, he refused to accept the insults.

"*Pardon,*" he said, in each case; "I am very awkward."

He smiled all the time; he seemed waiting. The pushing and crowding became worse. "Don't mention it," he said. "You should learn how to carry your liquor in your legs."

Suddenly he changed from apology to attack. He talked at them with a cheerful scorn, a deprecating impertinence, as though they were children; he chided them with patient imprecations. This confused them for a moment and cleared a small space around him. There was no defiance in his aspect, no aggressiveness of manner; he was as quiet as though it were a drawing-room and he a master of monologues. He hurled original epithets at them in well-cadenced French, he called them what he hated, but in language which half veiled the insults—the more infuriating to his hearers because they did not perfectly understand.

Suddenly a low-set fellow, with brass rings in his ears, pulled off his coat and threw it on the floor.

"I'll eat your heart!" he said, and rolled up blue sleeves along a hairy arm.

"My child," said Charley, "be careful what you eat. Take up your coat again, and learn that it is only dogs that delight to bark and bite. Our little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes."

The low-set fellow made a rush forward, but Rouge Gosselin held him back. "No, no, Jougon," he said. "I have the oldest grudge."

Jougon struggled with Rouge Gosselin.

"Be good, Jougon," said Charley.

At that instant a heavy tumbler flew from the other side of the room. Charley saw the missile thrown and dodged. It missed his temple, but caught the rim of his straw hat, carrying it off his head, and crashed into a lighted lantern hanging against the wall, putting out the light. The room was only lighted now by another lantern on the other side of the room. Charley stooped, picked up his hat, and put it on his head again coolly.

"Stop that, or I'll clear the bar!" cried Théophile Charlemagne, taking the pistol Suzon slipped into his hand. The sight of the pistol drove the men wild, and more than one snatched at the knife in his belt.

At that instant there pushed forward into the clear space beside Charley Steele the great figure of Jake Hough, the horse-doctor, the strongest man along the river, and the most popular Englishman on the river. He took his stand by Charley Steele, raised his great hand, smote him in the small of his back, and said,

"By the Lord, you have sand, and I'll stand by you!"

Under the friendly but heavy stroke the monocle shot from Charley's eye the length of the string. Charley lifted it again, put it in his eye, and staring hard at Jake, coolly said,

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"I beg your pardon—but have I ever—been introduced to you?"

What madness, what unbelievable indifference to danger, what disdain to friendliness, made Charley act as he did is a matter for speculation. It was throwing away his one chance; it was foppery on the scaffold—an incorrigible affectation or a relentless purpose.

Jake Hough strode forward into the crowd, rage in his eye. "Go to the devil, then, and take care of yourself!" he said, roughly.

"Please," said Charley Steele.

They were the last words he uttered that night, for suddenly the other lantern went out, there was a rush and a struggle, a muffled groan, a shrill woman's voice, a scramble and hurrying feet, a noise of a something splashing heavily in the water outside; and when the lights were up again the room was empty, save for Théophile Charlemagne, Jake Hough, and Suzon, who lay in a faint on the floor with a nasty bruise on her forehead.

A score of river-drivers were scattering into the country-side, and somewhere in the black river, alive or dead, was Charley Steele.

CHAPTER IX.

OLD DEBTS FOR NEW.

JO NADEAU was defying the law of the river—he was running a little raft down the stream at night, instead of tying up at sundown and camping on the shore, or sitting snugly by his fire and cooking-pot by the little wooden caboose on his raft. But Jo Nadeau was always defying custom and tradition, and sentiment too. He had lived in his own way many a year, and he was likely to do so till the end, though he was a young man yet. He had many professions, or rather many gifts, which he practised as it pleased him, with success after a kind. He was a river-driver, woodsman, and a half-dozen other things, as whim or opportunity came to him. On the evening when Charley Steele met with his mishap he was a river-driver—or so it seemed. He had been far up the river, and he had come down stream alone with the raft a hundred and fifty miles, which in the usual course should take two men to guide it, through slide, over rapids, and in strong current. Defying the law of the river, with only one small light at the rear of his raft, he came down the swift current towards his home, which, when he arrived opposite the Côte Dorion, was still a hundred and fifty miles below. He had watched the lights in the river-drivers' camps, had seen the men beside the fires, and had drifted on with no temptation to join in the song that floated out over the dark water, share the contents of the jugs raised to boisterous lips, or thrust his hand into the greasy cooking-pot for a succulent bone.

He drifted on until he came opposite Charlemagne's tavern. The current carried him near inshore just here. He saw the dim light, he saw dark figures in the bar-room, even got a glimpse of Suzon Charlemagne. He passed the house quickly, but looked back, leaning on the oar and thinking how swift was the rush of the current past the tavern. His eyes were on the tavern door and the light dimly coming through it. Suddenly the light disappeared, and the door vanished into darkness. He heard a scuffle, and then a heavy splash.

"There's trouble there!" said Jo Nadeau, straining his eyes through the night, for a kind of low roar, dwindling to a loud whispering, and then a noise of hurrying feet, came down the stream, and he could dimly see dark figures running away into the night by different ways.

"Some dirty work, very sure!" said Jo Nadeau, and his eyes travelled back over the dark water like a lynx's, for the splash was in his ear, and a sort of prescience possessed him. He could not stop his raft. It must go on down the current, or be swerved into the shore, to be fastened.

"God knows, it had an ugly sound!" said Jo Nadeau, and again strained his eyes and ears. He shifted his position and took another oar, where the raft lantern might not throw any reflection upon the water. He saw a light shine again through the tavern doorway, then a dark object block the light, and a head thrust forward towards the river as though listening.

At this moment he fancied he saw something in the water nearing him. He stretched his neck. Yes, there was something.

"It is a man. God save us! was it

murder?" said Jo Nadeau, and shuddered painfully. "Was it murder?"

The body moved more swiftly than the raft. There was a hand thrust up—two hands.

"He's alive!" said Jo Nadeau, and, hurriedly pulling round his waist a rope tied to a timber, jumped into the water.

Three minutes later Jo Nadeau was examining a wound in the head of a man who lay injured but breathing on his raft.

As his hand wandered over the body towards the heart, it touched something that rattled against a button. He picked it up mechanically and held it to the light. It was an eye-glass.

"My God!" said Jo Nadeau, and peered into the man's face. "It is him." Then he remembered the last words the man had spoken to him—"Get out of my way. You are as guilty as hell!" But his heart yearned towards the man nevertheless.

CHAPTER X.

THE WAY IN AND THE WAY OUT.

IN his own world of the parish of Chaudière Jo Nadeau was counted a widely travelled man. He had ventured far and wide on the great rivers and in the forests, and had journeyed up towards Hudson Bay a hundred miles farther than any other man in the parish, or, indeed, in seven parishes.

Jo's father and mother had both died in one year, when he was twenty-five. That year had turned him from a clean-shaven cheerful boy into a morose bearded man who looked forty, for it had been marked by his disappearance from Chaudière and his return at the end of it, to find his mother dead and his father dying broken-hearted. What had driven Jo from home only his father knew; what had happened to him during that year only Jo himself knew, and he told no one, not even his dying father.

A mystery surrounded him, and no one pierced it. He was a figure apart in Chaudière parish. The awful loneliness that possessed him, a dark and dreadful memory that haunted him, carried him out of the village, which clustered round the parish church beside the river, into Vadrome Mountain, three miles away, where he lived apart from all his kind, bitter and alone. It was here he brought the man with the eye-glass one early dawn, after two nights and two days on the river, pulling him up the long hill in a low cart with his strong faithful dogs, hitching himself with them and toiling upwards through the dark. In his three-roomed hut he laid him down upon a pile of bear-skins, and tended him with a strange gentleness, bathing the wound in the head and binding it again and again.

The next morning the sick man opened his eyes and looked at Nadeau as he leant over him. He then began fumbling mechanically on his breast. At last his fingers found his monocle, and he feebly put it to his eye, and looked at Jo in a strange, questioning, uncomprehending way.

"I beg—your pardon," he said, haltingly; "have I ever—been intro—" Then suddenly his eyes closed, a frown gathered on his forehead. After a minute his eyes opened again, and he gazed with an intense, painful, pathetic seriousness at Jo. This grew to a kind of childish terror; then slowly, as the shadow passes, the perplexity and anxiety and terror cleared away, and left his forehead calm, his eyes unvexed and peaceful. The monocle dropped, and he did not heed it. At length he said wearily, and with an incredibly simple dependence,

"I am thirsty now."

Jo lifted a wooden bowl to his lips, and he drank, drank, drank, like a child. When he had finished he patted Jo's shoulder.

"I am always thirsty," he said. "I shall be hungry too. I always am."

Jo brought him some milk and bread in a bowl. When the sick man had eaten and drunk the bowlful to the last drop and crumb, he lay back with a sigh of content, but trembling from weakness and the strain, though Jo's hand had been under his head, and he had been fed like a little child.

All day he lay and watched Jo as he worked, as he came and went. Sometimes he put his hand to his head and said to Jo, "It hurts." Then Jo would cool the wound with fresh water from the mountain spring, and he would invariably drag down the bowl to drink out of it greedily. It was as if he could never get enough water to drink. So the first day in the

hut at Vadrome Mountain passed without questioning on the part of either Charley Steele or his host.

With good reason. For Jo Nadeau saw that the mind of Charley Steele was as that of a little child, that memory was gone from him, that his past was blotted out. Jo had seen that first terrible struggle of memory to reassert itself as the eyes mechanically looked out upon new and strange surroundings, but it was only the automatic habit of the sight, the fumbling of the blind soul in its cell—fumbling for the latch which it could not find, for the door which would not open. The first day on the raft, as Charley opened his eyes upon the world again after that awful night at the Côte Dorion, Jo had seen that same blank uncomprehending look—as it were, the first look of a mind upon the world. Here in the hut there had been the look a second time, but not with the same unconsciousness, not as that of a child in a dream that opens its eyes and looks round, not seeing. This time he saw, and understood what he saw, and spoke as men speak, but with no knowledge or memory behind it, only the mechanical, the automatic, the involuntary action of muscle and mind repeated from the vanished past.

Charley Steele was as a little child, and having no past, and comprehending in the present only its limited physical needs and motions, he had no hope, no future, no understanding. In three days he was upon his feet, and in four he walked out of doors and followed Jo into the woods and watched him milk his goats and fell a tree and do a woodsman's work. Then he followed him in-doors, and watched him again with a pleased and complacent look, and did as he was told readily. He seldom spoke—not above three or four times a day, and then like a child, simply and directly, and only concerning his wants. From first to last he never asked a question, and there was never any inquiry in face or gesture. A hundred and fifty miles there were between him and his old home, between him and Kathleen and Billy and Jean Jolicoeur's saloon, but between him and his past life the unending miles of eternity intervened. He was removed from it as completely as though he was dead and buried.

A month went by. Sometimes Jo went down to the village below, and at first at such times he locked the door of the house behind him, leaving Charley within. Against this Charley made no motion and said no word, but like an obedient child waited for Jo to return. So it was that, at last, Jo made no attempt to lock the door, but with a nod or a good-by left him alone, and though Charley's face would cloud a little at this, he sat and waited patiently for Jo to come back. When he saw him returning he would go to meet him, and shake hands with him, and say "Good-day," and then would come in with him and help him get supper or do the work of the house.

As yet no one had visited the house, for there were no paths beyond it, and no one came to Vadrome Mountain except by chance. However, after two months had gone by the Curé came. Twice a year the Curé made it a point to visit Jo in the interests of his soul, though the visits came to little, for Jo never went to confession, seldom to mass. On this occasion the Curé came when Jo was out in the woods. He discovered Charley Steele. Charley made no answer to his astonished and friendly greeting, but watched him with a wide-eyed anxiety till the Curé seated himself at the door to await Jo's coming. Presently, as he sat there, Charley, who had studied his face as a child studies the unfamiliar face of a stranger, brought him a bowl of bread and milk and put it in his hands. The Curé smiled and thanked him, and Charley smiled in return and said, "It is very good."

As the Curé ate, Charley watched him with satisfaction, and nodded at him kindly.

When Jo came he lied to the Curé. He said he had found Charley wandering in the woods, with a wound in his head, and had brought him home with him and cared for him. Forty miles away he had found him.

The Curé was perplexed. What was there to do? He believed what Jo said: so far as he knew, Jo had never lied to him before, and he thought he understood Jo's interest in this handsome man with the look of a child and no memory: Jo's life was terribly lonely; he had no one to care for, and no one cared for him.

Here was what might comfort him. Through this helpless man might come a way to Jo's own good.

What to do? Tell the story to the world by writing to the newspaper at Quebec? Jo pooh-poohed this. Wait till the man's memory came back? Would it come back—what chance was there of its ever coming back? Jo said that they ought to wait and see—wait awhile, and then, if his memory did not return, they would try to find his friends, by publishing his story abroad.

Chaudière was far from anywhere: it knew little of the world, and the world knew naught of it, and this was a large problem for the Curé. Perhaps Jo was right. The man was being well cared for, and what more could be wished at the moment? The Curé was a simple man, and when Jo urged that if the sick man could get well anywhere in the world it would be at Vadrome Mountain in Chaudière, the Curé's parochial pride was roused, and he was ready to believe all Jo said. He also saw reason in Jo's request that the village should not be told of the sick man's presence. Before he left, the Curé knelt down and prayed, "for the good of this poor mortal's soul and body."

As he prayed, Charley knelt down also, and kept his eyes—calm unwondering eyes—full fixed on the good Monsieur Loisel, whose white hair, thin peaceful face, and dark brown eyes made a picture of patience and devotion at once noble and comforting.

When the Curé came to him and shook him by the hand, murmuring, "God be gracious to thee, my son," Charley nodded in a friendly way, but did not speak. He watched the departing figure till it disappeared over the crest of the hill.

This day marked an epoch in the solitude of the hut on Vadrome Mountain. Jo had an inspiration. He got a second set of carpenter's tools, and straightway began to build a new room to the house. The extra set of tools he gave to Charley with an encouraging word. For the first time since he had been brought to the House on the Hill, Charley's eyes took on a look of interest. In half an hour he was at work, smiling and perspiring, and quickly learning the craft. He seldom spoke, but he sometimes laughed a mirthful, natural boy's laugh, of good spirits and contentment of mind. From that day his interest in things increased, and before two months went round, while yet it was late autumn, he looked in perfect health. He ate moderately, drank a great deal of water, and slept half the circle of the clock each day. His skin was like silk; the color of his face was like that of an apple; he was more than ever Beauty Steele. The Curé came two or three times, and Charley spoke to him in a simple friendly way, but there never came to his tongue a word concerning the past, nor did he have memory of what was said to him from one day to the next. All was automatic, mechanical; there was nothing but the unvexed, unconscious mind of the new-born child in his mind or actions. A hundred ways Jo had tried to rouse his memory. But the words "Côte Dorion" had no meaning to him, and he listened blankly to all names and phrases once so familiar. Yet he spoke French and English in a slow, passive, involuntary way.

The weeks again wore on, and autumn became winter, and then at last one day the Curé came bringing his brother, a great Parisian surgeon just arrived from France on a short visit. The Curé had told his brother the story, and had been met by a keen, astonished interest in the unknown man on Vadrome Mountain. A slight pressure on the brain from accident had before now produced loss of memory. The great man's professional curiosity was aroused: he saw a nice piece of surgical work ready to his hand; he asked to be taken to Vadrome Mountain.

Now the Curé had lived long out of the world, and was not in touch with the swift-minded action and adventuring intellects of such men as his brother, Marcel Loisel. Was it not tempting Providence, a surgical operation? He was so used to people getting ill and getting well without a doctor—the nearest was thirty miles distant—or getting ill and dying in what seemed a natural and preordained way, that to cut open a man's head and look into his brain, and do this or that to his skull, seemed almost inhuman and sinful. Was it not better to wait and see if the poor man would not recover in God's appointed time?

In answer to his sensitively eager and

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diverse questions, Marcel Loisel replied that his dear Curé was merely mediæval, and that he had sacrificed his mental powers on the altar of a simple faith, which might remove mountains, but was of no value in a case like this, where clearly surgery was the only providence.

At this the Curé got to his feet, came over, laid his hand on his brother's shoulder, and said, with tears in his eyes:

"Marcel, you shock me. Indeed you shock me!" Then he twisted a knot in his cassock cords, and added: "Come then, Marcel. We will go to him. And may God guide us aright!"

That afternoon the two white-headed men visited Vadrome Mountain, and there they found Charley at work in the little room that the two men had built. He nodded pleasantly when the Curé introduced his brother, but showed no further interest at first. He went on working at the cupboard he was making. His cap was off and his hair was a little rumpled where the wound had been, for he had a habit of rubbing the place now and then—an abstracted, sensitive motion—although he seemed to suffer no pain. The surgeon's eyes fastened on the place, and as Charley worked and his brother talked to him and to Jo Nadeau, he studied the man, the scar, the contour of the head. At last he came up to Charley and softly placed his fingers on the scar, feeling the skull. Charley turned quickly, and met the kindly searching eyes of the surgeon fixed upon him.

There was something in the long piercing look of the surgeon which seemed to come through millions of miles of space to the sleeping and imprisoned memory of Charley's sick mind. A confused, anxious, half-fearful look crept into the wide blue eyes. It was like a troubled ghost, flitting along the boundaries of sight and sense, and leaving a chill and a horrified wonder behind. The surgeon gazed on, and the trouble in Charley's eye passed to his face, staid an instant, and then he turned away to Jo Nadeau. "I am thirsty now," he said, and he licked his lips in the way he was wont to do in those countless ages ago, when, in the Little City thousands upon thousands of miles away, people said, "There goes Charley Steele!"

"I am thirsty now," and that touch of the lip with the tongue, were a revelation to the surgeon.

A half-hour later he was walking homeward with the Curé. Jo accompanied them for two miles. As they emerged into the wider road-paths that began halfway down the mountain, the Curé, who had watched his brother's face for a long time in silence, said:

"What is in your mind, Marcel?"

The surgeon turned with a half-smile. "He is happy now. No memory, no conscience, no pain, no responsibility, no trouble, nothing behind or before. Is it good to bring him back?"

The Curé had thought it all over, and he had wholly changed his mind since that first talk with his brother. "To save a mind, Marcel!" he said.

"*Then* to save a soul?" suggested the surgeon. "Would he thank me?"

"It is our duty to save him."

"Body and mind and soul, eh? And if I look after the body and the mind?"

"His soul is in God's hands, Marcel."

"But will he thank me? How can you tell what sorrows, what troubles, he has had? What struggles, temptations, sins? He has none now, of any sort; not a stain, physical or moral."

"That is not life, Marcel."

"You have changed. This morning it was I who would, and you hesitated."

"I see differently now, Marcel."

The surgeon put a hand playfully on his brother's shoulder.

"Did you think, my dear Prosper, that I should hesitate? Am I a sentimentalist? But what will he say—I wonder?"

"We need not think of that, Marcel."

"But yet suppose that with memory come again sin and shame—even crime?"

"We will pray for him."

"But if he isn't a Catholic?"

"One must pray for sinners," said the Curé, after a silence.

This time the surgeon laid a hand on the shoulder of his brother affectionately. "Upon my soul, dear Prosper, you almost persuade me to be reactionary and mediæval."

The Curé turned half uneasily towards Jo Nadeau, who was following at a little distance. This seemed hardly the sort of thing for him to hear.

"You had better return now, Jo," he said.

"As you wish, m'sieu'," Jo answered, then looked inquiringly at the surgeon.

"In about five days, Nadeau. Have you a steady hand and a quick eye?"

Jo spread out his hands in deprecation, and turned to the Curé, as though for him to answer.

"Jo is something of a physician and surgeon too, Marcel. He has a gift. He has cured many in the parish with his herbs and tinctures, and he has set legs and arms successfully."

The surgeon eyed Jo, half humorously, but kindly. "He is probably as good a doctor as some of us. Medicine is a gift, surgery is a gift and an art. You shall hear from me, Nadeau." He looked again keenly at Jo. "You have not given him 'herbs and tinctures'?"

"Nothing, m'sieu'."

"Very sensible. Good-day, Nadeau."

"Good-day, my son," said the priest, and raised his fingers in benediction, as Jo turned and quickly retraced his steps.

"Why did you ask him if he had given the poor man any herbs or tinctures, Marcel?" said the priest.

"Because those quack tinctures have whiskey in them."

"What do you mean, Marcel?"

"Whiskey in any form would be bad for him, with his mind as it is," the surgeon answered, evasively.

But to himself he kept saying, "The man was a drunkard—he was a drunkard."

CHAPTER XI.

"I WAS DEAD, AND BEHOLD I LIVE."

FOR two days Jo Nadeau had watched unceasingly by the bed of a man on whom the great surgeon's knife had been used. Monsieur Marcel Loisel did his work with a masterly precision, by the aid of his brother and Jo Nadeau. The man under the instruments, not wholly insensible, groaned once or twice. Once or twice, too, his eyes opened with a dumb hunted look, then closed as with an irresistible weariness. When the work was over, and every stain or sign of surgery removed, sleep came down on the bed, a deep and saturating sleep, which seemed to fill the room with peace. For hours the surgeon sat beside the couch, now and again feeling the pulse, wetting the hot lips, touching the forehead with his palm. At last, with a look of satisfaction, he came forward to where Jo and the Curé sat beside the fire.

"It is all right," he said. "Let him sleep as long as he will." He turned again to the bed. "I wish I could stay to see the end of it. Is there no chance, Prosper?" he added to the priest.

"Impossible, Marcel. You must have sleep. You have a seventy-mile drive before you to-morrow, and sixty the next day. You can only reach the port now by starting at daylight to-morrow."

So it was that Marcel Loisel, the great physician, was compelled to leave Chaudière before he knew that the memory of the man who had been under his knife had actually returned to him. He had, however, no doubt in his own mind, and he was confident that there could be no physical harm from the operation. Sleep was the all-important thing. In it lay the strength for the shock of the awakening—if awakening of memory there was to be.

Before he left he stooped over Charley and said, musingly, "I wonder what you will wake up to, my friend?" Then he touched the wound with an almost caressing finger. "It was well done, well done," he added, proudly.

A moment afterwards he was hurrying down the hill to the open road, where a cariole awaited the Curé and himself.

For a day and a half Charley slept, and Jo watched him as a mother might watch a child. Once or twice, becoming anxious because of the heavy breathing and the motionless sleep, he had forced open the teeth, and poured a little broth between.

Just before dawn on the second morning, worn out and heavy with slumber, Jo lay down by the piled-up fire and went to sleep—a sleep that wrapped him like a blanket, that folded him away into a drenching darkness.

For a time there was a deep silence, troubled only by Jo's deep breathing, which seemed itself like the pulse of the silence. Charley appeared not to be breathing at all. He was lying on his back, seemingly lifeless. Suddenly on the snug silence there was a sharp sound. A tree outside snapped with the frost.

Charley Steele awoke. The body seemed not to awake, for it did not stir, but

the eyes opened wide and full, looking straight before them—straight up to the brown smoke-stained rafters, along which were ranged guns and fishing-tackle, axes and bear-traps. Full clear gray eyes, healthy and untired as a child's fresh from an all-night's drowse, they looked and looked. Yet, at first, the body did not stir; only the mind seemed to be awakening, the soul creeping out from slumber into the day. Presently, however, as the eyes gazed, there crept into them a wonder, a trouble, an anxiety. For a moment they strained at the rafters and the primitive weapons and implements there, then the body moved, quickly, eagerly, and turned to see the flickering shadows made by the fire, and the simple order of the room.

An instant more, and Charley was sitting on the side of his couch, dazed and staring. This hut, this fire, the figure by the hearth in a sound sleep—his hand went to his head: it felt the bandage there.

He remembered now! Last night at the Côte Dorion! Last night he had talked with Suzon Charlemagne at the Côte Dorion; last night he had drunk harder than he had ever drunk in his life, he had defied, chaffed, insulted the river-drivers! The whole scene came back: the face of Suzon Charlemagne and her father; Suzon's fingers on his for an instant; the glass of brandy beside him; the lanterns on the walls; the hymn he sang; the sermon he preached—he shuddered a little; the rumble of angry noises round him; the tumbler thrown; the crash of the lantern, and only one light left in the place! Then Jake Hough and his heavy hand, the flying monocle, and his disdainful, insulting reply; the sight of the pistol in the hand of Suzon's father; then a rush, a darkness, and his own fierce plunge towards the door, beyond which were the stars and the cool night and the dark river. Curses, hands that battered and tore at him, the doorway reached, and then a blow on the head and—falling, falling, falling, and distant noises growing more distant, and suddenly and sweetly—absolute silence.

Again he shuddered. Why? He remembered that scene in his office yesterday with Kathleen, and the one with Billy. A sensitive chill swept all over him, making his flesh creep, and a flush sped over his face from his chin to his brow. To-day he must pick up all these threads again, must make things right for Billy, must replace the money he had stolen, must face Kathleen—again he shuddered. Was he at the Côte Dorion still? He looked round him. No, this was not the sort of house to be found at the Côte Dorion. Clearly this was the hut of a hunter. Probably he had been fished out of the river by this woodsman and brought here. He felt his head. The wound was fresh and very sore. He had recklessly played for death, with an insulting disdain, a mad insolence and contempt, yet here he was alive. Certainly he was not intended to be drowned or knifed—he remembered the knives he saw unsheathed—or kicked or pummelled into the hereafter! It was about ten o'clock when he had had his "accident"—he affected a smile, yet somehow he did not smile easily—it must be now about five, for here was the morning creeping in behind the deer-skin blind at the window.

Strange that he felt none the worse for his mishap, and his tongue was as clean and fresh as if he had been drinking milk last night, and not very doubtful brandy at the Côte Dorion. No fever in his hands, no headache, only the sore skull, so well and tightly bandaged—but a wonderful thirst, and an intolerable hunger. He smiled. When had he ever been hungry for breakfast before? Here he was with a fine appetite: it was like coals of fire heaped on his head by Nature for last night's business at the Côte Dorion. How true it was that penalties did not always come with—indiscretions! Yet, all at once, he flushed again to the forehead, for a curious sense of shame seemed suddenly to flash through his whole being, and one Charley Steele — the Charley Steele of this morning, an unknown, unadventuring, onlooking Charley Steele—was looking with abashed eyes at the Charley Steele who had culminated a doubtful and curious career in the coarse and desperate proceedings of last night! He flushed, and in his confusion he involuntarily sought refuge in his eyeglass. His fingers fumbled over his waistcoat, but did not find it. The weapon of defence and attack, the symbol of inter-

rogation and blank incomprehensibility, was gone. Beauty Steele was under the eyes of another self, and neither disdain, nor contempt, nor the passive stare, was available. He got suddenly to his feet.

The abrupt action sent the blood to his head, and feeling a half-blindness come over him, he put both hands up to his temples, and sank back on the couch, dizzy and faint.

His motions waked Jo Nadeau, who got to his feet quickly, and came towards him.

"M'sieu'," he said, "you must not! You are faint!" He dropped his hands supportingly to Charley's shoulders.

Charley nodded, but did not yet look up. His head throbbed sorely. "Water —please!" he said.

In an instant Jo was beside him again, with a bowl of fresh water at his lips. He drank, drank, drank, until the great bowl was drained to the last drop.

"Whew! That was good!" he said, and looked up at Jo with a smile. "Thank you, my friend; I haven't the honor of your acquaintance, but—"

He stopped suddenly and stared at Jo. Inquiry, mystification, were in his look.

"Have I ever seen you before?" he said.

"Who knows, m'sieu'!"

Since Jo had stood before Charley in the dock near six years ago he had greatly changed. The marks of small-pox, a heavy beard, gray hair, and solitary life had altered him beyond Charley's recognition.

Jo Nadeau could hardly speak. His legs were trembling under him, for now he knew that Charley Steele was himself again. He was no longer the simple, quiet man-child of three days ago, and of these six months past, but the man who had saved him from hanging, to whom he owed a debt he dared not acknowledge. Jo's brain was in a muddle. Now that the great crisis was over, now that the expected thing had come, now that he was face to face with the cure, he had neither tongue, nor strength, nor wit. His words stuck in his throat where his heart was, and for a minute his eyes had a kind of mist before them.

Meanwhile Charley's eyes were upon him, curious, fixed, abstracted.

"Is this your house?"

"It is, m'sieu'."

"You fished me out of the river by the Côte Dorion?" He still held his head with his hands, for it throbbed so, but his eyes were intent on his companion.

"Yes, m'sieu'."

Charley's hand involuntarily fumbled for his monocle. Jo turned quickly to the wall, and taking it by its cord from the nail where it had been for six months, handed it over. Charley took it and mechanically put it in his eye. "Thank you, my friend," he said. "Have I been conscious at all since you fished me out last night?" he asked.

"In a way, m'sieu'."

"Ah, well, I can't remember, but it was very kind of you—I do thank you very much. Do you think you could find me something to eat? I beg your pardon —it isn't breakfast-time, of course, but I was never so hungry in my life!"

"In a minute, m'sieu'—in one minute. But lie down, you must lie down a little. You got up too quick, and it makes your head throb. You have had nothing to eat."

"Nothing, since yesterday noon, and very little then. I didn't eat anything at the Côte Dorion, I remember."

He lay back on the couch and closed his eyes. The throbbing in his head presently stopped, and he felt that if he ate something he could go to sleep again, it was so restful in this place—a whole day's sleep and rest, how good it would be after last night's racketing! Here was primitive and materialistic comfort, the secret of content, if you liked! Here was this poor hunter fellow, with enough to eat and to drink, earning it every day by every day's labor, and, like Robinson Crusoe no doubt, living in a serene self-sufficiency and an elysian retirement. He probably had no responsibilities in the world, with no one to say him nay, himself only to consider in all the universe: a divine conception of adequate life. Yet himself, Charley Steele, an idler, a waster, with no purpose in life, with scarcely the necessity to earn his bread —never, at any rate, until lately—was the slave of the civilization to which he belonged; he had no freedom. Was civilization worth the game?

His hand involuntarily went to his head. It changed the course of his

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thoughts. He must go back to-day to put Billy's crime right, to replace the trust-money Billy had taken by forging his brother-in-law's name. Not a moment must be lost. No doubt he was within driving distance of his office, and, bandaged head or no bandaged head, last night's disgraceful proceedings notwithstanding, it was his duty to face the wondering eyes—what did he care for wondering eyes? hadn't he been making eyes wonder all his life?—face the wondering eyes in the Little City, and set a crooked business straight. Fool and scoundrel certainly Billy was, but there was Kathleen!

His lips tightened; he had a curious anxious flutter of the heart. When had his heart fluttered like this? When had he ever before considered Kathleen's feelings as to his personal conduct so delicately? Well, since yesterday he did feel it, and a sudden sense of pity sprang up in him, vague, shamefaced pity, which belied the sudden egotistical flourish with which he put his monocle to his eye and tried futilely to smile in the old way.

He had lain with his eyes closed. They opened now, and he saw his host spreading a newspaper as a kind of cloth on a small rough table, and putting some food upon it—bread, meat, and a bowl of soup. It was thoughtful of this man to make his soup overnight—he saw Jo lift it from beside the fire where it had been kept hot! A good fellow—an excellent fellow, this woodsman.

His head did not throb now, and he drew himself up slowly on his elbow—then, after a moment, lifted himself to a sitting posture.

"What is your name, my friend?" he said, as the hunter drew the table near.

"Jo Nadeau, m'sieu'," he answered, and brought a candle and put it on the table, then lifted the tin plate from over the bowl of savory soup.

Never before had Charley Steele sat down to such a breakfast. A roll and a cup of coffee had been enough, and often too much for him. Yet now he could not wait to eat the soup with a spoon, but lifted the bowl and took a long draught of it, and set it down with a sigh of content. Then he broke bread into the soup—large pieces of black oat bread—until the bowl was a mass of luscious pulp. This he ate almost ravenously, his eye wandering avidly the while to the small piece of meat beside the bowl. What meat was it? It looked like venison, yet summer was not the time for venison. What did it matter! Jo sat on a bench beside the fire, his face turned towards his guest, watching and wondering, and dreading the moment when the man he had nursed and cared for, with whom he had eaten and drunk for six months, should know the truth about himself. He could not tell him all there was to tell, he had taken another means of letting him know.

Charley did not speak. Hunger was a new sensation, a delicious thing, too good to be broken by talking. He ate till he had cleared away the last crumbs of bread and meat and drunk the last drop of soup. He looked at Jo Nadeau as though wondering if Jo would bring him more. Jo evidently thought he had had enough, for he did not move. Charley's glance withdrew from Jo, and busied itself with the few crumbs which remained upon the table. He saw a little piece of bread on the floor. He picked it up and ate it with relish, laughing to himself.

"How long will it take us to get to the Little City? Can we do it this morning?"

"Not this morning, m'sieu'," said Jo, in a sort of hoarse whisper.

"How many hours would it take?"

He was gathering the last crumbs of his feast with his hand, and looking casually down at the newspaper spread as a table-cloth.

All at once his hand stopped, his eyes became fixed on a spot in the paper—fixed, staring, and appalled. His hands—both hands—went to his eyes with an involuntary motion; he gave a cry, a hoarse, guttural cry, like an animal in agony: an outburst of amazed horror, such as can only once break forth from a human being. His lips became dry, his hand wiped a blinding mist from his eyes. Jo watched him with an intense alarm and a horrified curiosity. He felt a base coward for not having told Charley what this paper contained. Never had he seen such a look as this—a look of terrible amazement, of frozen pain, while over all the face was a white sweat that gave the skin a shining, unearthly look. Jo felt his beads, and told them over and over again,

as Charley Steele, in a dry, croaking sort of whisper, read, in letters that seemed monstrous symbols of fire, a record of himself.

"To-day, by special license from the civil and ecclesiastical courts [the paragraph in the paper began], was married, at St. Theobald's Church, Mrs. Charles Steele, daughter of the late Hon. John Wantage, and niece of the late Eustace Wantage, Esq., to Captain Thomas Fairing, of the Royal Irish Fusileers"—

Charley snatched at the top of the paper and read the date. "Tenth of January, 18—!" It was August when he was at the Côte Dorion, the 5th August, 18—, and this paper was January 10, 18—. He read on, in the month-old paper, with every nerve in his body throbbing now: a fierce beating that seemed as if it must burst the heart and the veins:

—"Captain Thomas Fairing, of the Royal Irish Fusileers, whose career in our midst has been marked by an honorable sense of duty in public and in private. Our fellow-citizens will unite with us in congratulating the bride, whose previous misfortunes have only increased the respect in which she is held. If all remember the obscure and revolting death of her first husband (though the body was not found, there has never been a doubt of his death), and the subsequent discovery that he had embezzled trust-moneys to the extent of twenty-five thousand dollars, thereby setting the final seal of shame upon a misspent life, destined for brilliant and powerful uses, all have conspired to forget the association of our beautiful and admired townswoman with his career. It is painful to refer to these circumstances, but it is only within the past few days that the estate of the misguided man has been wound up, and the money he embezzled restored to its rightful owners; and it is better to make these remarks now than repeat them in the future, only to arouse painful memories in quarters where we should least desire to wound.

"In her new life, blessed by a devotion known to all the world, and respected for its beauty and intensity, Mrs. Fairing and her husband will be followed by the affectionate good wishes of the whole community."

As the cold remorseless truth came home to Charley Steele, there settled on him the numbness of death. Every nerve in his body seemed paralyzed, every atom of life suddenly congealed. He seemed to turn into stone.

The man on the hearth-stone shrank back at the sight of the still, white face, in which the eyes were like sparks of black fire. His impulse had been to go over and offer the hand of sympathy to the stricken man, but his simple mind grasped the fact that it was not possible to invade this awful quiet. He turned his head away towards the fire and huddled on the bench, his hands between his knees, his head bent low.

For his wisdom at the moment he had his reward. No man might with impunity invade the motions of this battered life at this great moment. Charley Steele was frozen in body, but his brain was awake with the fierce intensity of "a burning fiery furnace."

Seven months of unconscious life—seven months of silence—no sight, no seeing, no knowing; seven months of oblivion, in which the world had buried him out of sight in an unknown grave of infamy! Seven months—and Kathleen was married again to the man she had always loved. To the world he was a rogue and thief. Billy had remained silent—Billy, whom he had so befriended, had let decent men heap scorn and reproaches on his memory. Here was what the world thought of him—he read the lines over again, his eyes scorching, but his finger steady as it traced the lines slowly: *"the obscure and revolting death;" "embezzled trust-moneys;" "the final seal of shame upon a misspent life."*

These were the epitaphs on the tombstone of Charley Steele, dead or buried, out of sight, out of repute, soon to be out of mind and out of memory, save as a warning to others, an old example raked out of the dust-bin of time by the scavengers of morality to toss at all who trod the paths of dalliance.

What was there to do? Go back? Go back and knock at Kathleen's door, another Enoch Arden, and say, "I have come to my own again"? Go back and tell Tom Fairing to go his way and show his face no more? Break up this union, this marriage of love in which these two rejoiced? Summon Kathleen out of her illegal intercourse with the man who had been true to her all these years?

To what end? What had he ever done for her that he might destroy her now? What sort of Spartan tragedy was this, that the woman who had been the victim of circumstances, who had been the slave to a tie he never felt, but which had been as iron-bound to her, should now be



HE READ ON WITH EVERY NERVE IN HIS BODY THROBBING

brought out to be mangled body and soul for no fault of her own? What had she done? What had she ever done to give him right to touch so much as a hair of her head?

Go back and bring Billy to justice, and clear his own name? Go back and send Kathleen's brother, the forger, to jail? What an achievement in justice! Would not the world have a right to say that the only decent thing he could do was to eliminate himself from the equation? What profit for him in the great, the unknown summing up, that he was technically innocent of this one thing, and that to establish his innocence he broke a woman's heart and destroyed a boy's life, all on the plea of justice? To what end? It was the murderer coming back as a ghost to avenge himself for being hanged! And suppose he went back—the death's-head at the feast—what would there be for himself afterwards; for any one for whom he was responsible? Life at that price?

No, no, no, he could not go back—the act were too shameless!

To die and end it all, to disappear from this little life where he had done so little, and that little ill? To die?

No. There was in him some deep if obscure fatalism after all. If he had been meant to die now, why had he not gone to the bottom of the river that yesterday at the Côte Dorion? Why had he been saved by this yokel at the fire, and brought here to lie in oblivion in this mountain hut, wrapped in silence and lost to the world? Why had his brain and senses lain fallow all these months, a vacuous vegetation, an empty consciousness? Was it fate? Did it not seem probable that the Great Machine had, in its automatic movement, tossed him up again on the shores of Time because he had not fallen on the trap-door predestined to drop him into eternity?

It was clear to him that death by his own hand was futile, and that if there were trap-doors which were set for him alone, it were well to wait until he trod upon them and fell through in his appointed time and place in the movement of the Great Machine.

What to do—where to live—how to live?

He got slowly to his feet and took a step forward half blindly. The man on the bench stirred. He went over and dropped a hand on the man's shoulder.

"Open the blind, my friend."

Jo Nadeau got to his feet quickly, eyes averted—he did not dare look into the face of the stricken man—and went over and drew back the deer-skin blind. The beautiful, clear, sharp sunlight of a frosty morning broke gladly into the room. Charley turned and blew out the candle on the table where he had eaten, then walked feebly to the window.

It was a goodly scene. The green and frosted foliage of the pines and cedars; the exquisite flowery tracery of frost hanging like cobwebs everywhere; the sparkle of frost in the air; the hills of silver and emerald sloping down to the valley miles away, where the village clustered about the great old parish church; the smoke from a hundred chimneys rising in purple spirals straight up in the windless air; and over all peace and a perfect silence.

Charley mechanically fixed his eyeglass in his eye and stood with hands resting on the window-sill, looking, looking out upon a new world.

At length he turned and saw Jo Nadeau standing near.

"Is there anything I can do for you, m'sieu'?" said Jo, huskily.

Charley held out his hand and clasped Jo's.

"Tell me about all these months," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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FRANZ VON LENBACH

BY SIDNEY WHITMAN

I

MANY who admire the eminent portrait-painter Franz von Lenbach are of opinion that in him Germany possesses one of those rare artists whose work is destined to hand down to coming generations the most faithful portraits of the great characters of her latest heroic period. Did not Prince Bismarck himself tell us how the thought pleased him that he would be known to posterity by means of Lenbach's portraits? In how far posterity will endorse or cut down this high estimate of Lenbach's work, it is not within our scope to inquire. Enough it is to note in the sturdy Bavarian one of those extraordinary men of truly volcanic energy, who, in almost every walk of life, seem to have been, as if simultaneously, called forth by Providence to lend the lustre of their labor to the political rebirth of their country.

Unlike many men of genius, Lenbach has been supremely fortunate in his generation. As a young man his work at once attracted attention, and criticism, though often of an uncompromising kind, was not able to delay recognition for long or bar the road to fame. To-day he is indeed a prophet in his own country, in spite of envious detractors, who here, as elsewhere, ever dog the steps of true greatness. His influence is manifest from cottage to palace. Etchings of his portraits of the great are to be found on the pictorial post-card so much in vogue in the father-land, in libraries as frontispieces of historical biographies of eminent men, as well as in the print-shops of every town throughout the Teuton world. In fact, as far as I have been able to judge, Lenbach's portraits are the only ones in Germany which are thought worthy subjects for the etcher's needle or the engraver's steel. He is almost dictator in the art world of Munich, where his work is exhibited in a room by itself.

II

The story of Lenbach's humble parentage, his boyhood in the Bavarian village of Schrobenhausen, his early struggles and gradual achievement of renown, is too widely known for it to detain us here. One day, some years ago, when driving out in the neighborhood of Varzin with Princess Bismarck—ever one of his stanchest friends—the carriage passed a cottage on the roof of which a man was working. Lenbach turned to the Princess, and with that wistful sad smile of his said: "Just look at him, Princess. I, too, was once at work like that poor fellow." Lenbach's father was a village builder with a large family.

A well-known German art-critic, and one of the first to recognize and appreciate his talent, thus describes the impression his personality made upon him nearly forty years ago: "Although not endowed with engaging manners, there was something in the peculiarly gleaming, piercing, yet so meditative glance of this intellectual Mephistophelian figure which produced an immediate impression. Simple and dignified withal, retiring, and yet boldly self-conscious, the nonchalant, almost disdainful manner of speaking of this young man was very striking. One could see at a glance that he was neither in harmony with himself nor with his surroundings. His demeanor betrayed the uneasy, dissatisfied restlessness of an ideal nature, strenuously calling for the highest attainable standard from the outer world, as well as from himself. Poor as a church mouse, he would have accepted or declined the gift of a kingdom with equal indifference. There was a natural distinction about the man; he never appeared to be excited or flurried, much less carried away by feeling. And yet beneath outward calm, a perfect discipline of self-control, you could still discern a burning ardor of temperament and conviction lurking within. All this

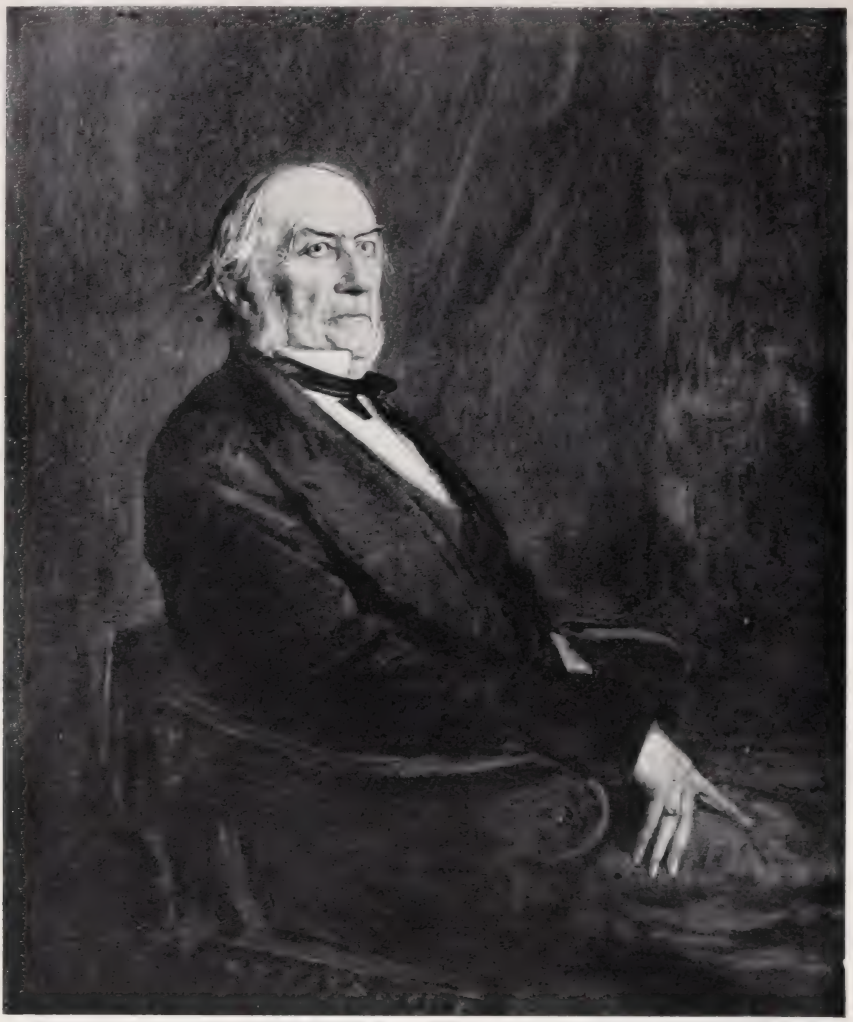


POPE LEO XII
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY LAWRENCE

their station be ever so exalted—the stranger is almost sure to meet some plain-dressed folk of quiet, retiring manners among the throng: they are Lenbach's own relations from the country.

The "Villa Lenbach" is one of the sights of Munich. As a matter of fact it consists of two beautiful villas, distinct, yet adjoining, in one of which he lives with his family, whilst the other—built at right angles towards the Louisenstrasse—is devoted to his studio. They

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GLADSTONE
AFTER A PORTRAIT BY LENBACH

were designed and built by his friend Gabriel Seidl, the Munich architect. The villa in which Lenbach lives was designed after the plan of the well-known Roman Villa Lante, by Julio Romano. Both buildings are beautifully decorated inside from fresco designs by Seidl, and are filled with well-chosen antique marbles, tapestries, curios, and a few very choice pictures, among which are two original Titians from the celebrated Giustiniani-Barberigo collection in Parma, a Rubens, and a Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the centre of the garden stands an enormous marble fountain which is supposed to be 2000 years old, and which Lenbach brought from Italy, together with so many other of his treasures. Many interesting mementos has he received from his friends. Any number of silver tankards bespeak the friendship of the Bismarck family. The Queen of Roumania is represented by an inscribed édition de luxe of some of her writings. A signed and framed colored drawing of a sea-fight bespeaks the kindly regard of the German Emperor, who, Lenbach assures me, is not without definite artistic talent.

III

To name those who from time to time have sat to Lenbach for their portrait would be to enumerate some of the fairest German, Austrian, Italian, English, and American women, and most of the eminent men whose orbit has ever touched the middle of Europe during the last thirty years. The Emperor William the First, the Emperor Frederick, the Empress Frederick and their children, not to forget their eldest son, the present Emperor, the Pope, the King of Saxony, the King and the beautiful Queen of Italy, the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Roumania—these and many other royal and princely personages, temporal and spiritual, have sat to this most uncourtierlike of painters. Statesmen, warriors, princes of science, letters, and arts, queens of song and the drama, distinguished men and women in every walk of life, down to the little snake-charmer, the dark-eyed trick-dancer, all have come in their turn to his magic brush.

Lenbach owed his acquaintance with the Bismarck family to the Minghettis, with whom he had long been on terms of intimacy. The meeting took place at Kissingen in the year 1874, shortly after the attempt of Kullmann to assassinate the Prince. As, however, Bismarck was still suffering from the effects of the wound inflicted by the assassin, Lenbach did not on that occasion have an opportunity of being invited to dine with the Prince — the invariable prelude to personal relationship. It was not until four years later, in 1878, at Gastein, that he was brought into closer personal contact with the great statesman, for whom he had long felt an unbounded admiration. The painter himself gives the following characteristic account of the meeting:

"I happened to be calling on a family living in the upper part of the same house the lower part of which was inhabited by Prince Bismarck and his family. Just as I was on the point of mounting the staircase, I saw Princess Bismarck below, who acknowledged my greeting in a friendly way. I told my friends that I had just met Princess Bismarck, whereupon they urged me as a matter of etiquette to pay my respects to the Prince. I hesitated, and gave it as my opinion that I was not justified in trespassing on the Prince's privacy. My friends, however, insisted, and declared that the least I was bound to do would be to leave my card. This in due course I did, and went away to dine. On leaving the hotel, where I had taken a hasty meal, I met Prince Bismarck, who addressed me very kindly, and told me that he was just intending to return my call. 'There must be some mistake,' I said. 'Your Highness evidently takes me for Rubens, of immortal memory.' (A playful allusion of the *quasi*-princely status of the great Flemish painter.) The Prince asked me in reply whether I had already dined. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to reply that I had not, although in truth I had only just finished. Whereupon Bismarck said, 'Well, then, come along with me; I am dining alone today.' He was in a dreadful state of mind. Some of his official staff had evidently excited the great man's resentment, and he gave unfettered expression to his angry feelings. He said that he was inclined to believe everybody to be a scoundrel who was not able to prove to him the contrary. Thereupon I said: 'In that case I would like to beg your Highness to ask me to dinner as often as possible, so that I may often have an opportunity of proving the contrary—as far as I am personally concerned.'

"I soon came to feel quite at home in the Bismarck family. The Princess, who had a very large circle of friends and connections, knew a number of people with whom I too was acquainted, and this may have contributed to quicken the course of our mutual friendly relationship.

"I never used to feel any restraint in the Bismarck family, and often blurted out just what was uppermost in my thoughts. One day Princess Bismarck confided her troubles to me: 'Now that I am married,' she said, 'I have very little of my husband's company; he works at his desk from morning until night. And as for my two sons, who I had hoped would be a solace to me, they too are day and night in harness.' 'Yes, Princess,' I replied, 'but whatever in the world made you marry into such a family of hard-working bureaucrats?'"

In course of time Lenbach came to

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be one of the most intimate friends of the Bismarck family. At the annual recurrence of the Prince's birthday he was always present, and was regularly deputed to propose the Prince's health at dinner, which he did in a soul-stirring little speech. Finally Lenbach was the only friend—as far as I am aware—who used to embrace the great statesman on his arrival and also on his departure after a visit; he was also one of the very few who were privileged to mourn his loss at the Prince's bed-side when he died.

Count Moltke was another of the eminent men with whom Lenbach had been on terms of intimacy. He was always a welcome guest at the field-marshal's country-seat at Creisau, in Silesia. Moltke was a great admirer of the painter's art; he would sit by the hour to have his portrait painted or sketched in pastels, and to please Lenbach even went the length of taking off his wig in order to give the artist a chance of painting him bare of every meretricious adornment. Lenbach's portraits of Moltke are now among the treasures of the different picture-galleries in Germany.

The Pope has been one of Lenbach's favorite subjects. Although the painter is by no means a devout Catholic, there is something about the personality of Leo XIII., and in fact about Roman pontiffs in general, which exercises a strong fascination over the artist who has spent so much of his life in Rome.

One of Lenbach's pet ideas is that there is little character in our age, which is bereft of color, costume, and symbolism. Fashion forces us all to don the dull, featureless garb of mediocrity—so that the Pope and the chimney-sweep are two of the few people left whose get-up bespeaks the character of their calling. The Pope himself is a most interesting personality to Lenbach, who has repeatedly enjoyed the privilege of painting and conversing with his Holiness. On one occasion he gave me the following account of an episode of his acquaintance with Leo XIII.:

"The Pope got to know that I was acquainted with Prince Bismarck, and showed great interest in everything concerning the Prince, a curiosity I was very pleased to gratify. He was even anxious to possess a portrait of Bismarck. One day Cardinal Moceni came to me and told me that his Holiness wanted me to paint a special portrait of Bismarck for him. So when I returned to Germany—it was in 1884—I went to Varzin and gave Prince Bismarck the Pope's best compliments and told him that his Holiness desired me to paint his portrait for him. Bismarck seemed to be highly amused, and with remarkable prescience of what was to follow, said, smiling: 'Well, I am curious to see what will come of it.' At the same time he expressed his readiness to sit for the portrait.

"I painted the picture and took it to Rome when I went there in the following spring, but, strange to say, the Pope has never seen it from that day to this. Some French papers, inspired by the Jesuits, made a great fuss that the Sacred Pontifical Palace was about to be desecrated by the portrait of an arch-heretic, the father of the Cultur-Kampf, and it was not long before sundry other papers joined in the cry. The long and short of the matter is, that I heard no more of the Pope's desire to claim the portrait, which is now in the Picture Gallery of the good town of Breslau."

Many may think it characteristic of the broad-minded nature of the present occupant of the papal chair that he would invariably ask Lenbach: "Are you a good Christian?"—not: "Are you a good Catholic?"

It is not generally known that Lenbach repeatedly met Mr. Gladstone, and in more than one instance visited at the same house at which the latter was staying. The English statesman came to Munich in the "eighties" to see his old friend Doctor Doellinger; and on one particular occasion, in the autumn of 1887, Lenbach met him with Doctor Doellinger and Lord Acton at Count Arco-Valley's country-seat on the Tegern See, in Bavaria. Mr. Gladstone had his daughter with him. It was on this occasion that Lenbach took the interesting photograph which is reproduced in our illustration here.

It was quite a family party, for Lord Acton was married to a Countess Arco-Valley, and was an old friend of Doellinger. Lenbach had also long been on terms of friendship with Dr. Doellinger

and Lord Acton, but it was more particularly Mr. Gladstone who interested the painter.

"Gladstone," Lenbach tells me, "usually spoke English or Italian, but never German. His face, when engaged in conversation, lit up with extraordinary animation. He had beautiful blue eyes, which reminded me in their brilliancy of those of Franz Liszt. Lord Acton told me that he was a great financier, and from others I had often heard that he was what we Germans call '*ein Volksbeglücker,*' one of those popular democratic tribunes who promise the mob the Millennium—a champion of so-called Truth and Liberty, such as Björnstjerne Björnson, the Norwegian radical poet. But Gladstone always made the impression on me of a prince of the Church—his was the type of a priest. He had a clerical cast of features. It was impossible, however, to be in his company without being struck by his extraordinary activity of mind. He would even stop the school-children in the village and endeavor to glean from them every trifling fact of their daily life. Like Doellinger, he was a very cormorant in pursuit of information—'*aber ein ganzer Kerl*' [a tremendous fellow]. A pity he seemed destitute of that charm of human greatness—a sense of humor." This supposed lack of humor Lenbach often cited to me as the one thing which disappointed him in the great English statesman, whose portrait he painted on several occasions.

Reverting to Doctor Doellinger, Lenbach gave me the following:

"Doellinger reminded me in his appearance of an old raven or a marabou, who might have been a thousand years old. There was something intensely self-concentrated about him, only to be expected in one who had assimilated the best part of the learning of three thousand years. He, Lord Acton, and Gladstone were great chums; they had known each other for many years, and would talk for hours together. Doellinger used to regret that Gladstone had an antipathy to Germany, but thought very highly of him in other ways."

On one occasion Doctor Doellinger expressed himself concerning Gladstone, as Lenbach informs me:

"I have known Gladstone thirty years, and am ready to stand bail for him, for he is an excellent man, and possesses an extraordinary capacity for work. I remember that he paid me a visit one evening about six o'clock; I think it was in the year 1871. We talked about politics and theology till it was nearly two in the morning, when I left him to fetch a book from my library which had some bearing on our conversation. When, after a few minutes, I came back, I found him deep in the study of a book which he had pulled out of his pocket, so as not to waste the time. This at two o'clock in the morning."

IV

Although Lenbach, as already mentioned, does not speak English, he is a warm admirer of English art—more particularly of the products of the last century and the beginning of the present one. Nor is his admiration confined to any one school or section of British painting, for he is almost as eloquent in praise of the landscapes of Constable and Turner as in that of the great English masters of portrait-painting. I have heard him say that one work of Constable or Turner possesses greater merit than the whole record of landscape-painting of some countries during a century. But his keenest sympathies are given to the English school of portrait-painters identified with the immortal names of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough. Often I have heard him expatiate on the supreme excellence of these masters, and assert that even the work of the lesser lights of this great school, such as Romney, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Raeburn, etc., is far above that which is accepted by many as excellent to-day.

He spoke to me on several occasions with great admiration of G. F. Watts, and of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones and his work. "If ever you have an opportunity of making their acquaintance," he said, "I would urge you to avail yourself of it. They are, indeed, earnest and sincere artists."

What particularly excited his admiration for these two great English painters was, that he knew that neither of them had ever swerved a hair's-breadth from their artistic ideals for the sake of making money. They both always stood above the mere pursuit of gain.

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CHERRY

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNEY.

PROMPTLY at noon of the 24th I was cantering down Nassau Street on my father's stout roan, Jeremiah, and looking about for William Fentriss, who was nowhere to be seen. I may state here that my observation has seldom been in fault, and I have often remarked that those who most emphatically impress upon others the necessity for promptitude are most apt themselves to be dilatory. I was internally commenting on this fact with the appropriate severity, when I caught sight of Dr. and Mrs. Finley coming up the street, and with them, chatting merrily, William Fentriss, clad, with his usual worldliness, in a long white great-coat, a heavy fall of lace at the throat. Beholding me, he waved his hat, and turning to Mrs. Finley, kissed her hand in farewell with all the outlandish airs of a man of fashion. Nevertheless, the Doctor only laughed.

Will mounted a large black horse, held in waiting at the corner, and sending a wild view-halloo ringing on the winter air, set his steed in motion to join me; so we presently left the village at a lively gait. Once out on the country road, however, we were forced to pull into a mild canter; and by the time we crossed Stony Brook, settled down to a dull jog-trot. The day was frosty, the sky overcast; rain had fallen all the previous night, but a chill wind springing up and whistling about our ears uncomfortably, stiffened the mud to just that intolerable heaviness through which rapid progress is impossible for the stoutest beast. Presently a thin, damp snow began to come down, and I thought the prospect of reaching our destination that evening blank indeed; certainly we should be upon the road till long after nightfall.

Such considerations, however, had little effect upon the liveliness of my companion, which had come up in him extraordinarily. He seemed to be in the most cheerful spirits, carolling and singing, and hailing everybody we met with some frivolity or nonsense in regard to Christmas cheer; and especially was this the case when the person happened to be a carter or farmer with a rosy-cheeked lass alongside. At such times William would never leave off calling out compliments till they were fairly out of hearing, whilst I, inexpressibly mortified, would muffle my face in the cape of my great-coat, hoping to avoid identification.

At the very start I had a feeling—nay, a strong presentiment—that this reckless fellow would disgrace me permanently ere our journey were done; and this impression grew stronger at the tavern in Trenton, where we were forced to stop to warm our numbed limbs, and where I overheard him commanding hot toddy for all the loungers of the bar, and, immediately after, leading the stentorian chorus of a wassail song which made me shudder to the bone. As if this were not enough, after having wasted half an hour in such a fashion, when we once more set off on our way, a score or more of disreputable, red-nosed idlers came out in front of the tavern and cheered us, to my supreme embarrassment. Added to this, my companion publicly chucked a young maid under the chin in the most godless manner. At that I covered my face completely, and clapping spurs to my horse's sides, galloped away as fast as could be, for I had acquaintances in Trenton that I would liefer beheld me dead than in such society, or connected with these scandalous goings-on.

The wind had increased to such velocity (shifting its quarter till it blew now in our faces), and we had squandered so much time in the town, that it was after three o'clock of the afternoon when we reached the ferry. Finding ourselves again in motion, on the other side of the

Delaware, it came on to snow very hard, and the earth being soon covered with white, the roads became more difficult than before, the drifts rendering the footing treacherous. Nevertheless, we urged forward as fast as able.

I stuck my chin in my collar, and thought of many improving subjects for conversations which I would have by Mr. Gray's fireside. I also determined how, and in what terms, I would couch my declaration to Miss Sylvia. In spite of my knowledge of the unfruitfulness of the soil in which to plant good seed, I would have turned from these musings to an endeavor to inculcate moral principles in the youth beside me, but whenever I opened my mouth to speak, the wind flew in so quickly as to take the words back into my throat before they were uttered.

Indeed, the storm had grown fierce to such degree that Fentriss now rode in silence, his face muffled up so that only his eyes showed, though ever and anon he slapped his arms about for warmth, and gave vent to ejaculations the tenor of which I gathered to be objurgative of the weather. Darkness closing in early, our journey became the more difficult and our progress slower and slower. We were nearly overcome with cold, and quite exhausted, when we reached the King George Inn, and seeking a temporary refuge in the tap-room, thawed our extremities at a fire. The landlord warned us against continuing our journey on such a night, but we ventured again into the tempest, deciding to go on to Hoag's Tavern, some five miles distant, where, in case there was no abatement of the external violence, we could spend the night.

It had by this time grown so bitter that no covering afforded protection from the blast, and our horses stumbled wearily as they picked their way through the drifts and over the uneven ground. The dark was upon us; the wind howled over the fields and shrieked dismally amongst the trees. The loneliness of that scene would have given rise to a tremor in the stoutest heart, and caused all the idle tales of travellers waylaid and murdered to recur, with appalling force, to the most serious and scholarly mind.

At last, through scudding snowflakes, the welcome lights of Hoag's Tavern shone on our view, and soon after our steeds were munching their fodder in the stable; two guest-chambers were being aired and warmed for our slumbers; and we, divested of our boots and outer wrappings, found ourselves seated at a hot supper before a blazing fire.

"Faith, Mr. Sudgeberry, it was a wicked wind!" cried Fentriss as we took our chairs. "I am sure you have suffered greatly to-day. 'Tis the first time I can recall ever being in your company when you did not beguile each minute with useful and instructive discourse; and it would have brought tears to Mr. Gray's eyes to see you speechless so long. No doubt we shall make up for lost time this evening."

He fell to at the viands with a vivacious appetite, and I confess I followed his example; nevertheless, though hungry, I did not confine myself to the satisfaction of purely physical wants, but at the same time reproved my *vis-à-vis* for speaking of what was useful and instructive as mere beguilement, and continued by pointing out at length the superior usage that conversation should be put to, a usefulness far above any mere passing of the time.

We had almost finished our repast, and I was bringing my remarks to a summing-up, when we were interrupted by the arrival of a traveller, who, like ourselves, had been forced to seek shelter from the blast and give up all hope of continuing his journey till the morrow.

This was a ruddy little man of sixty-five or so, covered with snow from head to foot. He flung his saddle-bags in a corner, shaking off the snow with a great fuss and stamping of his jack-boots, at the same time, in a manner exhibiting considerable flourish, he introduced himself as Mr. O'Donnell of New York, late of Belfast, travelling to Philadelphia to spend Christmas with a cousin. He accepted with alacrity William's invitation to join us at table, and, the landlord bringing in fresh supplies, he devoured his victuals with such gusto as to overtake us at the last mouthful, by which time I had discovered that he was a great talker, and, a lamentable thing in one of his years, without that sobriety of meaning, that earnestness of purpose, which lend grace and dignity to any age. Nay,

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his talk, though incessant, contained never one rounded period of length and sonorous rendition; it was as jerky as the movements of his active little body.

"And so," he cried, as he wiped the crumbs from his mouth and pushed back his chair—"and so ye tell me ye're a pair of scholars makin' home from the hard study! Then I've heard of ye!"

"Indeed!" rejoined William. "Mr. Sudgeberry's learning is already famous, then?"

"And so it is!" exclaimed the stranger, leaning back and rubbing his hands hard together, while he looked from one to the other of us and back again, with eyes that twinkled very brightly, like a bird's, in the glow of our heaping fire. Indeed, he had just the spryness of a canary, in spite of the bald head and gray hair that showed his age more plainly when the heat of the room caused him to lay aside the heavy periwig he wore.

"Aha!" he cried. "Indeed the gentleman's learning is celebrated to the extent me ears fairly ring with what I am hearing of it. But, sirs, I've heard of both of ye!"

"Of both of us?" I echoed, mystified.

"Yes, but I have, though—from old man Gray."

"What!" said William, laying down his fork.

"Ha, ha! I thought this was the way of it!" cried the new-comer. "I left New York this very morning in company with him and his daughter. Aha! Which of ye is blushing? Both, be all that's scandalous, both!"

William had risen to his feet. "Where are they? Where did you leave them? Are they on the road?" he cried. "Do you mean to tell me they risked the—"

Mr. O'Donnell cut him off with a roar of laughter. "No, no!" he shouted. "Give me a chance till I present the news of it. No, sir. 'Twas you that stopped him—the pair of ye, I mean!" He rocked himself in his chair in the throes of enjoyment so exquisite it was nearer agony, and for several moments was unable to continue.

"Which of ye," he sputtered at last—"now which of ye is the old man hidin' that jew'l of a girl from?"

"What, sir!" cries William. "What, what, what!"

"'Tis just as I'm tellin' ye," answered Mr. O'Donnell. "Old Gray was for pushin' home, spite of storm and wind and all the snow in the world, he was, till we reached the King George Inn, which we did some half-hour after ye'd left it. There the landlord told us two boys from the college, makin' down this way, had gone on to Hoag's for the night. When old Gray heard that, he asked in a hurry was one of them a handsome, gay-lookin' rip with a wicked gray eye, and the other—and the other—"

Here Mr. O'Donnell turned to me with a polite wave of the hand, and again repeating "and the other," was seized with a fit of choking. He got up and walked about the room in evident distress, gasping out, "Pound me on the back!" and, "Let me have it hard!" with various like objurgations between paroxysms, which instructions William, who had gone to his assistance, carried out heartily. When Mr. O'Donnell grew easier and was somewhat master of himself, he dropped feebly into a chair, whispering weakly, with a wag of his head at me, "And the other—like yerself, sir!"

"What happened then, if you please?" asked William, anxiously.

"The landlord told him yes, ye were, and Gray swore never another step from the place would he budge the night; and that left me to come on alone."

"Leaving them at the King George?"

"Yes, sir—five miles back. The old gentleman said he didn't mind dyin' by storm or freezing. 'It's a comparatively sudden death,' says he, 'and I understand it's painless and easy over. But I'll not risk worse,' says he; 'so here we stay the night!' Gentlemen, I believe I should warn ye against continuing whatever it is ye've been doin' to Gray; he may work ye harm. He was the desperate-lookin' old man when he said that same."

William began to pace the floor with hurried steps, but I was plunged into solemn cogitations. Do but judge the mixture of my feelings: my sentiments when I learned that the charming object of my affections was so close at hand, and, indeed, that I should have seen her this very evening at Hoag's, except for William Fentriss's presence there; and oh, alas! my mortification that she and her father should learn I was his travel-

ling companion! Gossip is not always utterly evil, since it was gossip took down William's spirit; but 'tis a very petard, dangerous to the innocent, in such a one as that prating old landlord of the King George, a needless babbler whom I loathed with an acute loathing.

"What time does Mr. Gray mean to pursue his journey?" Fentriss inquired, too carelessly, of Mr. O'Donnell.

"He's up at five in the morning, the mad old ripster, and looks to be home for to-morrow's breakfast. They start before dawn."

"How does he travel?" asked William.

"How does he travel!" echoed the other. "Faith, then, on the road!"

"No, no; I mean his travelling-carriage. Has he—"

"His own chaise and four."

"Oh!" said William. "Thank you." He stopped in his walking the floor, and stood by the chimney-piece, regarding the ruddy flames attentively, prodding a log end with his slipper. "Postilion?" he asked.

"Two boys; fine cattle under 'em, sir."

"Ah! Man atop with a blunderbuss?"

"No. The times and the road are not so bad as that, are they?"

"Well," returned Fentriss, thoughtfully, "there's no telling. The boys have pistols, have they?"

"Have they pistols! Is there an escort of dragoons! Do they carry artillery! And have I fallen in with a couple of highwaymen? Holy powers!" cried our new acquaintance, excitedly, with a sounding slap on his thigh. "Holy powers! I understand ye! It's an elopement ye're planning!"

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed William, turning a furious crimson, and lifting both hands in protest. "My dear sir, my dear sir—"

"Dear sir, dear sir!" shouted the little man, mocking him. "Don't ye 'dear sir' me! I thought ye were precious solicitous for the old gentleman's safety. Aha! 'A gay-lookin' rip,' says Gray, 'a gay-lookin' rip, with a wicked gray eye!' Faith, he knew ye! Aha!"

"Nay, nay!" cried William.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed the other. "And I'm in with ye! I must be counted in: I wouldn't have missed it for all the world and universe. Ye'll find me a great hand at the business, sir. I'm along in years, they'll tell ye, but into every wickedness came near me since the age of five; goin' miles and miles out of me way to embroil meself in any and all dev—"

"Will you hear me?" William broke in, impatiently. "You far misunderstand me; I haven't a ghost of the intentions you impute, especially since an elopement would be far from the point, and, if I should—if I should, I repeat—if I should entertain any preposterous and impossible design whatsoever, then, sir, let me tell you that the mere presence of this sober-minded and well-behaved comrade of mine, Mr. Sudgeberry, here, would cause me to abandon it in its conception, and be ashamed I *could* conceive it, such is his restraining—nay, his solemn—influence."

Mr. O'Donnell rose from his chair, went close to William and looked him earnestly in the eye for several seconds, ending with the flicker of one of his eyelids. William's glance wandered to me, then fell, abashed; and at this the other began first to smile, and then to laugh.

"Me boy," he cried to William—"me boy, I like ye," and slapped him on the back with a thump that nigh carried the recipient off his feet. "I like ye. I make no doubt we shall spend as pleasant an evening as the heart could desire, even if ye're not for whippin' away from old Gray with that lovely girl across yer saddle. Let be the elegant storm a-ragin' out-doors, 'tis all the tidier night we'll make within!"

They shook hands, laughing together most heartily, presenting a picture of unseemly merriment, of which I could make nothing, but sat staring at them in wonderment.

My conjectures were cut short by the arrival of the landlord, Hoag, a man of monstrous corpulence, who waddled in bearing a huge bowl of brown punch, followed by several servants with fresh logs for the fire, and pipes and tobacco.

"By your leave, gentlemen," cried the host; "by your leave! You are the only guests in the house to-night, and on such an occasion I hope you'll not think I presume in begging you to be guests *of* the house, as well; 'tis the custom of Hoag's

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place, and I pray you'll join me in this cheer of Christmas eve."

If the choice had been left to me, I should have declined this invitation; but my two companions greeted it with hilarious favor, Mr. O'Donnell, without any words on the matter, filling a cup for himself before the bowl reached the table, and launching a song upon the instant.

"Then *sing!*" he began, loudly:

"Good cheer to him who loves a maid!
Hooroo for him who's not afraid,
For her dear sake,
The laws to break!
We'll sing to him, and yet we say:
Lord save the King and his highway!

"And I give you the health of me new comrade-in-arms, Mr. Fentriss!" he finished.

Soon, to my vast annoyance, the room was reeking with the noxious fumes of nicotine, while the rafters rang to the laughter of William, Mr. O'Donnell, and the fat landlord, as they pledged each other (and everything else under the sun) in the hot punch. Mr. O'Donnell was the noisiest little man I ever saw; he trolled forth a dozen catches and ballads of Christmas eve, one after another, without pause, and followed them up with wanton music—on a comb and paper—of his own composing, he claimed; and well I believed him, for more villanous sounds I never heard.

Finally he turned to me. "Come, me young Erasmus!" bawls he, as though I had been a mile away. "Join the festivities. Oh, why should the harp on our green hills be silent, and why has me true love no welcome for me? Give us a toast, me scholar—or, can ye sing?"

"Heaven forbid," quoth I, rising, "that I should practise such levities! Why a series of noises at varying pitches should be held pleasing to the ear has always passed my comprehension. We are now rapidly approaching an age when such barbarous proclivities of the more advanced Caucasian races shall be relegated to those savages from which they have sprung, and such an age every rational intellect must anticipate with symptoms of earnest pleasure."

Thereupon, the landlord, Mr. O'Donnell, and William Fentriss having seated themselves, I branched into a description of the glories of the coming era. I dilated upon the later achievements of scholarship, going at length into the researches of science and learning during the last five centuries, and comparing our present theories with those of the ancients, deduced the results which must inevitably follow in the future from the trend of modern thought, finally concluding with a carefully correct quotation from a work of infinite merit which exactly coincided with my own views.

I was listened to with the most flattering attention, for true learning commands respect even amongst the most ribald minds. Fentriss, gazing into the fire, appeared to be internally revolving my observations with profound consideration; Hoag sat in the shadow of the chimney-piece, so that he could be only dimly discerned, but his absolute silence betokened entire attentiveness; while little Mr. O'Donnell, favoring me with an extremely polite interest, followed my every gesture with open mouth. As I concluded, he sprang to his feet, and seizing a candle from the shelf, exclaimed that he must see me to my room himself.

"For," cries he, "I see that ye're worn out and need rest, and our worthy landlord is so immersed in meditation, brought on be the masterly conversation with which we've been favored, that I'll just save him the trouble. Let us leave him to his reflections. Aha! 'tis the wonderful man ye are, Mr. Sudgeberry! Ye've talked for an hour and a half beyond any one I ever heard before. I gathered something of yer powers from what Mr. Gray said at the King George, but the old man didn't do ye half justice. He's too old to put it the way it should be, and besides, his vocabulary is too small for it. It would take a young man, yes, sir, and an athlete at that, in the full possession of his faculties, to describe ye properly, sir. Indeed, sir," he went on to say, as he lighted me up the stairs, "ye've surpassed me wildest expectations of ye, and they were great!" Then, as he turned to leave me, at the door of my room, he asked, "Me boy, how old are ye?"

"Nineteen," I returned.

"Nineteen!" quoth he. "Nineteen! 'Tis just stupendous! Nineteen! Ah, I'm wishing I could see ye in yer prime!"

Not without a higher opinion of Mr. O'Donnell, and a fear that I had done him scant justice in my first rating of him, I entered my chamber and prepared for the night.

As I composed my limbs for slumber, my thoughts were divided between regrets that my friends had heard of my present association with Fentriss, and musings on the delightful meeting of the morrow. Reflecting, however, that my mind might be better employed, I mentally repeated an oration of Cicero, in order to assure myself that my memory retained it with accuracy, and presently found myself in a fair way to peaceful sleep, when a great disturbance—shouting and laughter, roaring songs, and the clinking of glasses—broke out in the room below, warning me that those pernicious revels, which I congratulated myself I had subdued by a rational conversation, were again in progress.

The tavern was of a shambling character, walls and floors undeadened, whereby, the room in which the roisterers sat being directly beneath me, I could not fail to catch every sound.

It was not long till my elevated opinion of Mr. O'Donnell had sunk again to an extreme low ebb, and I fell into a great pity for his cousin in Philadelphia and the people at the house he said he was on his way to visit. Nay, my meditations took a more sombre turn. What assurance had I that the little man was what he represented himself to be? Was there not, indeed, at least a possibility his business might be of so dark a nature that I shuddered to put a name to it? Why had he accompanied the Grays from New York? Why had he not remained at the King George with them? Why had he pushed on down the road ahead of them? Was it, as he had represented, simply to be nearer his destination in the morning that he had braved, alone, the perils of the storm? These vague suspicions were far from being soothed away by the nature of the song the little man shouted amidst great applause from Fentriss and Hoag, who joined in the chorus.

"I'll now give ye," I heard O'Donnell say—"I'll now give ye a fav'rit' song of the road, and the name of it's called 'The Bold Boy.'" Forthwith he began:

"Oh, the night it's joy
To the old Bold Boy,
Though he's shy from view;
And the mist hangs gray
On his dancing bay
When the coach is due!"

Chorus: (*"Now all of ye join in!"*)

"Lord save the King and the King's highway!
Bold Boy he's out till the break o' day.
Good luck and all to his dear love true!
Good luck to him and his sweetheart too!
For her dear sake
The laws he'll break.
Good luck and all, with the Grand Hooroo!"

The chorus was variable, alternating the stanza just quoted with the one sung by Mr. O'Donnell upon the entrance of the punch-bowl. He sang eleven or twelve stanzas of this sinister ditty, and the others joined the chorus each time with a palpable intention to raise the roof. It was marvellous how three men could make so much noise and so persistently. They kept it up till I thought the pangs of exhaustion must have caused them to cease, but the passage of time only appeared to increase their vigor. I tossed from side to side, until, quite worn out with the effort to obtain relief in slumber, I lay on my couch in distress too great to move another inch.

The only respite I obtained was for half an hour or so, during which the three held an earnest conversation in low tones. The tenor of it I could not determine, though ever and anon they gave vent to delirious chucklings, and once I heard the landlord mention my own name, and Fentriss assuring him that I was long since sound asleep, and tired enough to stay so until late in the morning. Hoag left the party for a time, and I made out that he returned with four or five men who walked with heavy steps, servants about the inn, I supposed, hostlers or what not. They were invited to fill their glasses, and complied with great laughter and a hoarse song to Christmas, after which Mr. O'Donnell sang his song of the road again—twice.

The addition of the low party to the company, and their all joining in toasts and singing, produced an uproar which was like utterly to confound my feverish brain. At last exhausted Nature claimed her own, and in spite of the go-

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ings-on beneath me. I dropped into a painful stupor, not to be called sleep, a state nearer a swooning perturbation of the whole being than slumber, and troubled by malignant visions. More as it were in dreams than in reality, it seemed a semi-quiet fell in the room below; after that, a sound of feet stumbling over the whole house, in every part and division of it, and of doors flung open and slammed to. One called loudly for his boots, and Fentriss's voice said, "Hush!" Another fell over a chair and cried out with vehemence. Then all was still, and I had a long dream of a battle wherein I suffered greatly.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. SUDLEBERRY'S RECKLESS HUMOR.

> . . . "For her dear sake
> The laws he'll break.
> We'll sing to him, and yet we say:
> Lord save the King and his highway!"

METHOUGHT I was at the point of meeting of two great regiments of horse, charging down on each other, while they thundered this chorus; but at the crucial moment my mind leaped instantly into full, alert wakefulness, all my being creeping with horror in the darkness. Everything was silent—silent! I sat up in bed and listened.

> "Hooroa for him who's not afraid!"

There came faintly to my hearkening ear the murmur, like a failing echo, of that rude chorus, as if it came from far down the road.

> "Lord save the King and his highway!"

The suspicions I had entertained of O'Donnell suddenly recurred to me with terrible keenness, bringing with them thoughts so wild that a fit of sinking was their accompaniment. When I had mastered this somewhat, I had a painful apprehension that there was a strange presence in the room; so I crept out of the covers strategically, went to the door, and felt to see if it was still bolted on the inside. All was secure. Returning cautiously toward the bed, I overturned a chair; it fell like a church. The noise of it in the hush ran through the house in a ghastly resonance, seeming to rattle the doors of a hundred empty rooms for admission. I stood stock-still, and the renewed silence was as startling as the noise had been. Then, again, I heard the murmur of that evil chorus, farther away, fainter.

I tiptoed to the window and looked out. The tempest had long since passed: the night was clear and brilliant with stars over the great wastes of snow. In the distance I made out a dark patch against the vasty white, a blur of shifting shape.

This blur was moving slowly, steadily northward. If it was made of men and horses, they were going up the road—the significant and sinister thought flashed into my mind—*toward the King George Inn!*

Not daring to risk a candle, I began to grope for my garments, and to get them upon me as rapidly as was consistent with complete noiselessness, shivering with unspeakable misgiving at the least rustling caused by my haste and the darkness. It was impossible to find all my apparel under such conditions; indeed, I put forth no efforts toward a toilet, but was occupied far more acutely with considerations of an apprehensive character. What was Hoag's Tavern? Was it one of those ominous hostelries where men entered but departed never? I had not stopped in the place before, nor, on my passing by, had I done better than merely note its existence. I remembered no word of its repute. Who and what was the landlord? What connection had he with O'Donnell? And into what plot had they persuaded the weak and reckless Fentriss? Was it possible that they had decoyed him to his destruction? or had *he*, giving way to the desperation of a despised suitor, and welcoming any mad deed as a relief from his own thoughts, bribed and persuaded them to some contemplated violence? But above all these grewsome conceptions there rose one anguished self-reproach: Why had I, like an ill-considering boy, rushed blindly into the unknown, entering this strange inn, which might be a death-trap for aught I knew, without question or cavil, blindly walking to my possible doom, alone and defenceless! They had gone up the road toward the King George Inn; —what had they left in the house for me?

I looked down from the window; it was too long a drop for safety; the thought of attempting such a thing was loathsome to my soul; and I had no more confidence in a rope of bedclothes than in my ability to construct one, or to descend it, supposing it made. I must go out through the house; for I had settled in my mind to get out-of-doors by some means; waiting there in the darkness for what might happen was too horrid to think of. Therefore, summoning the greatest degree of fortitude consistent with the occasion, I stealthily slid the bolt, and opening the door, stole out upon the landing in my stockinged feet.

I remained a considerable time motionless, though the landing was very cold. A hideous creak came from the stairs below, and I leaped back into my room, closed and bolted the door again. Then, after some minutes, concluding that the sound had been caused by the chill in the wood, I issued anew. Twice more did the creaking oblige me to seek refuge within, but at last I gathered my will and descended the stairs, one at a time, shivering from head to heel, my back feeling apprehensive of dangers in the rear.

At the foot of the stairway a patch of faint light lay on the floor, coming from the chamber where the revels had been indulged. Now, employing infinite stealth, I pressed my body close against the wall in the shadow, and crooking my neck so that only the top of my head and my eyebrows might be visible to any occupant if he chanced to gaze at the spot where they appeared (which I had good hopes he might not do), I peered within. There was no one there.

Only blank disorder met my gaze; the empty punch-bowl broken on the floor; the fire a heap of smouldering ashes: the cloth stained and awry; chairs were upset; only one candle remained, burning low in its socket; everywhere was the dreariest confusion, but all a-brooding with a quiet which awed my soul. Something in that fateful hush—I know not what—gave me assurance that the whole house was as empty as the room before my eyes. From the bar the ticking of the tall timepiece could be heard—the only sound except my breathing. The hour sounded. It was five o'clock, and Christmas morning.

Taking the candle, I peered into the rooms on each hand, into the hall and kitchen; not a mouse was stirring. Finding my boots in the kitchen, I drew them on, lit a lantern from the wall, and crept cautiously out of that deserted tavern by the back way, following the path to the stables. The snow was trampled as by a regiment, and what was my horror to find the stables as barren of life as the house! Nay, for here not only man was missing, the beasts were absent; not a horse was in the place: my own, Jeremiah, gone with the rest.

Upon this discovery my sinking-spell returned; an uncomfortable perspiration immediately followed, so that I was forced to sit upon a heap of straw, shivering and chilled. Now, in ruminating upon the painfulness of my situation as I spied about the house, I had reached a certain conclusion, and had formed a determined resolution, the latter being hopelessly foiled by the absence of Jeremiah and all other horses. This was the conclusion, and no doubt of its correctness was left in me: an attack upon Mr. Gray's carriage had been meditated, agreed to, and was now in process of execution, with the abduction and kidnapping of Miss Gray by William Fentriss as part of a design which might include the murder of her good old father. My resolution had been to saddle my horse, then taking the opposite direction from the scene of conflict, to speed down the road until I reached the first house where I could send back aid to the imperilled chaise, while I went on to inform the authorities. But I was left by those horse-robbing villains not only without the means for such a course, but at the mercy of the first wretch to return. My blood paused in its circulation as I thought of the aged but reckless O'Donnell, or the powerful Hoag.

A daring idea entered my head as I sat there in the straw. 'Twas a conception so foolhardy as to cause my flesh to creep, one which my soberer judgment condemns as the rash project of a youth of nineteen. This was to reconnoitre—going *toward* the impending violence, mind you, instead of away from it! Yet, favored by fortune, I believed I might hope to come through with my life, the more as it was quite dark and I was

under no necessity to approach the rascals within pistol-shot. Also, a four-foot hedge ran along the east side of the road, and it was my intention to creep forward in its shelter to hearing distance of the conflict, if possible. Such was the wildness of the mood which now took possession of me!

Blowing out my lantern, I stole forth to the road, and began to grope along through the snow behind the hedge. My heart throbbed with excitement, and ever and anon, the thought of the peril in which I stood coming with great vividness to my mental vision, I paused and reviewed the risk I ran.

But my reckless humor returned each time, and with the low-muttered words, "It is all for Sylvia!" on I pressed. My progress was slow, the snow having piled high on the hither side of the hedge, and so unevenly that several times I stumbled and measured my length in its depths, when it filled the tops of my boots and penetrated every aperture in my hastily donned apparel. A great quantity appeared to have wormed its way inside my collar, where it lay without my having the power to dislodge it, and melting, ran down my back; my head was very cold, my nightcap affording insufficient protection, for I had been unable to discover my hat.

In such discomfort, my teeth chattering the while, I had accomplished some three-quarters of a mile or so, when I unfortunately fell into a wide ditch which ran through the field.

I plunged through its brittle lidding of thin ice, and, after a great struggle and floundering, got upon my feet, more dead than alive, but with the words, "For Sylvia's and old Mr. Gray's sakes!" on my lips. As I climbed up the farther bank there was a sudden loud shout from the road, not ten feet away. Startled as I was, I recognized the voice as that of William Fentriss. There was an answering cry from above, and a man forced his horse close to the hedge and peered into the darkness.

Apprehending, not without reason, a third spell of that terrible sinking, I crept close under the bushes and lay still, while the streams of water running from every portion of my attire melted the snow in all directions.

"Will, me boy," called the second voice, which I was at no loss to attribute to the terrible O'Donnell, "have ye fell in the brook?"

"No," returned the other. "Some animal must have blundered in."

"Some animal!" cries O'Donnell. "Do ye have hippopotami wandering over the fields in this country? I'm thinking 'twas a drove of them by the splashin'. Keep an eye open for um. Where's me mask? I'm off to take command of me merry men. Ha, ha! Cap'n Blacknight and his bloodthirsty crew!"

He set his horse in motion and cantered up the road, while my veins stagnated at his sinister words.

"Be careful of your gallant roan, Captain," William called after him.

"The steed of young Erasmus!" the villain yelled in return.

It was too true: the Irish criminal had stolen my horse, lending his own to some other member of the band. I sighed for poor Jeremiah in such unhallowed hands, but the desperate nature of my own situation required all the resources of my intelligence, especially as Fentriss, leaning over the hedge, looking for the supposed animal, presently discharged a pistol at a small bush near me.

My first impulse was to cry out and warn him that I was no lurking beast, but the words froze tight ere they left my throat, because the thought struck me with frightful force that William's desperation must be a thousandfold increased by the knowledge that he had a human—instead of a brute—witness of his enterprise, and I saw no hope in appealing to his friendship. Nay!—I believed that any declaration of my presence would render his aim only more accurate.

My position was untenable; every movement became a crisis. With Fentriss and the ditch cutting off my escape in the rear, the cutthroat band in front, which way was I to turn? The pistol shot decided for me; hence, with no alternative, I began at once to creep forward, and as soon as I considered it comparatively safe, to run, still leaning close to the hedge—so close, indeed, as to leave particles of my wearing apparel upon its projections, my face and hands suffering considerably from scratches. Meanwhile

my brain was in a tumult of confusion, a thousand questions surging through it. Was the abduction of Miss Gray the only design of the scoundrels? Why was Fentriss left behind? Did their plan include robbery or murder, or both? Why had I been so venturesome?

Why had I not remained in the stable and waited under a pile of straw for daylight? Now, the growing light would not save, but ruin me, with its hideous revelation of my position—caught between two fires! In the east there was already a sombre glow; the western skies, responding with long red streaks, betokened the approach of dawn, while the horizontal stars waxed paler every moment.

A shrill whistle was suddenly blown from the road near by. I dropped flat on my face, then, peering through the hedge, what was my horror to find I had run full into the nest of them! I recognized O'Donnell by my poor Jeremiah; the treacherous landlord, Hoag, by his monstrous girth, though all faces were masked with black cloth. Their followers were distributed on both sides of the road, every man leaning forward in his saddle, listening intently.

"Hark!" said the landlord.

From the distance came the faint cry of a postilion urging his leaders; and then, carried on the wintry air, a few bars of a lively Christmas song, blown on the post-horn.

"Aha!" shouted O'Donnell. "Take your places, me knights of the road!"

"Don't put me too much in the thick of it, Cap'n," whispered Hoag, plucking at the other's arm. "I'm a well-known man and easy recognized."

"Stay back a bit, then," replied O'Donnell. "But ye must bear a good hand in the noise."

"Trust me for that," answered Hoag, wheeling his horse about. He rode over and reined in so close to the spot in the hedge where I lay that I scarce dared breathe, for I could plainly hear his own asthmatic wheezing. My uneasiness was thus augmented at every turn; the man was actually almost over my head; indeed, I could have touched his stirrup by passing my hand through the hedge, without moving the rest of my body. He had an old bell-mouthed blunderbuss across his saddle, and flourished a long cutlass, wearing no sheath that I could discover.

O'Donnell, with two others, rode slowly forward about thirty paces; three more followed them at a slight distance. Then I realized that the chaise had drawn much nearer; it came at a clipping gait, and as the sounds which heralded its approach fell clearer on the ear, mine heart was like to burst. We could hear the postilion carolling and urging his horses between snatches of song. We could hear the creak of the heavy wheels over the snow, the rattle of harness, the clinking of chains; we heard the rapid, muffled hoof-beats of the four; and now, with tossing heads and the snow flying from their heels, they swept round a turn in the road and were upon us.

There rang out on the frosty air a shout:

"Stand and deliver!"

The villain O'Donnell fairly hurtled my poor Jeremiah and himself against the leaders; his immediate followers pursued the same tactics; the chaise stopped with a shock; the leaders reared; one boy was flung off; the plunging four were swung into the hedge, while the brigands of the reserve wheeled into line across the road. The second postilion, knocked from his horse in mid-act to draw a pistol, was immediately bound to a tree; but there came a shot from the interior of the vehicle; a woman's scream was also heard in that quarter, together with an expression of outraged astonishment and indignation in a vocabulary which caused me to shudder for old Mr. Gray's future.

What followed was such a confusion and passed so quickly as to beggar all description. Suffice it to say that the villains who had assaulted the chaise forthwith raised such an uproar and din as no mortal ever heard before. They discharged their pistols in the air, and hammered the sides of the carriage with them, keeping up a most horrid tumult and shouting the while. In all my agony of mind I found time to puzzle at such conduct on the part of highwaymen; it passed my comprehension.

By far the most successful in this earsplitting competition was that scoundrel landlord Hoag, so near whom it was my misfortune to have made my hiding-place. He began to discharge his piece as

fast as he could load, letting it off in every direction under the sun, now in the air overhead, now in the hedge within a yard of my body, so that I gave up all for lost, and at the same time he set up a heathenish bellowing and howling and horrid screaming and squealing, the like never heard outside a mad-house. The others behaved as completely beside themselves as he, and such pandemonium reigned there on the road, that cold Christmas morning, as would have convinced a passer-by he witnessed an orgy of Hades.

Suddenly, from down the way, we heard a great cry: "*A rescue! A rescue!*"

A single horseman came galloping up the road, the reins flung over his horse's neck, a long sword in one hand, a pistol in the other. "*Hold, curs!*" he shouted. "*Turn, dogs, and meet your doom!*" Then, discharging his pistol, he flew into the dark mass of combatants about the chaise. It was William Fentriss!

The uproar now redoubled. A more furious clashing of steel and sound of buffeting, combined with grewsome shrieking and heart-rending groans, was not heard at Blenheim when the French and English horse met by the tens of thousands. Up and down the road, across and over, all round the chaise, the combat raged, with the horrible and prodigious noises ever increasing, while inside the vehicle old Mr. Gray never once ceased from his frightful profanity throughout the engagement.

A thousand cries pierced the ear:

"Ha, have at you, then!" "So, caitiff!" "I'm a dead man!" "We can never conquer him!" and the like; but, over all, rose a voice I knew for O'Donnell's in spite of his attempt to disguise it:

"Fly, fly, me boys; this fiend is invincible! Away, or we are all dead men! Fly! Back to the cave to count our losses!"

"Fly, fly!" cried the others, and, "Don't forget the wounded!" and, "Back to the cave! Escape, escape!" They wheeled about, with great shouting and clatter and screams of fear. The rascally Hoag let off his blunderbuss for a last time almost directly over my head, so that my face was blackened with the discharge and my nightcap full of sparks; added to this villany, the scoundrel had so infuriated his horse by the inhuman disturbance he raised, that when he endeavored to turn and join his fellow-conspirators in their flight, the maddened beast reared upon his posterior limbs, then plunged, and the huge bulk of the innkeeper crashed down through the hedge and landed with extraordinary force at my feet. At the same time, with the sound of a smothered laugh and of galloping hoof-beats down the road, the other villains were gone.

William was setting the postilions at liberty, for both had been tied up, when I heard a sound different in character from those which had so horridly assailed us. This was a light and mellow voice, Sylvia's, yet it held a more vibrant thrill of agitation than all the hoarse clamors preceding. She had sprung from the chaise and was standing by the steps, both hands outstretched toward Fentriss.

"Will!" she cried. "Will!"

He turned to her, and started. "*You!*" he said. "Ah, how I have waited!"

I leaped to my feet. "Unconscionable reprobate!" I shouted; but they did not hear me, nor in that gray light take note of me. I pressed hard into the hedge to break through, beginning to shout again, but I had not half the word "unconscionable" out of my mouth when I was clasped about the middle and flung to earth beneath the weight of the landlord, I on my face, the ponderous villain on my back.

"Hush!" he whispered, angrily. "All's safe if we lay by, now. What on earth were you doing?"

"Help!" I shouted, but he clapped his hand over my mouth and held me down, though I strove frantically to rise.

"Hold your tongue!" he whispered. "What do you mean? It's me, it's Hoag; there's nothing to fear. Would you spoil the fun now, when we've carried all out so nobly, and the young man so liberal to you lads? Why didn't you ride ahead? Were you thrown too? It's Bates, isn't it?"

He took his hand from my mouth, and I attempted to raise another shout, but he buried my face in the snow so instantly, by a shove of his hand on the top of my head, that only a brief gurgle was allowed to issue from me.

"Ha!" exclaimed he. "'Tis the punch, is it? Then I'll hold you fast till they're gone, as a warning not to take such advantage of a free bowl next time!" And he plunged me deeper into the snow.

Only my anger prevented me from swooning through the miseries of this position, knowing that my perfidious rival was receiving the homage due a hero, while I, powerless to prevent, must lie, not ten yards away, choking in the snow under that monstrosity, Hoag!

"In, in with you!" I heard Mr. Gray cry heartily. "I'll take your horse. Not a word, not a word. Heavens, heavens! but who ever saw such swordsmanship! Now, boys, halloo, then! On, on!"

The boys called "Ay, ay!" They spoke to the horses, and I underwent the agony of hearing the cavalcade move forward.

"There!" said Hoag. "You'd have made a fine mess of it, wouldn't you! You ought to be whacked for risking a betrayal of the gentleman, but I suppose we'll have to forgive it for the day's sake." He shook all through the puffy flanges of his person with a great chuckling. "Ha, ha! Of all the wild nights I ever spent! But the fun of it! They're gone," he continued, as the noise of the chaise grew fainter in the distance. "There; you may get up, Bates."

He slowly removed himself from me, but did not rise; instead, he merely rolled over into the hedge in a burst of laughter.

"Bates!" he cried, "Bates! if you was only sober, and intelligent when sober, the fun of this night would be the death of you, as it's like to be of me! That mad rogue, that young Fentriss! Who but one like him, and that ripping, rearing old O'Donnell, could ha' thought out and performed such a plan! And old Gray!—Did you hear him? Did you hear—oh, ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

I brought his roaring to a sudden end. The cutlass he had carried during the engagement of the chaise had spun over the hedge ahead of him when he fell, and as soon as he released me I made myself its master. This done, I came and stood over him, my indignation too great for utterance. I looked down at the shaking, shouting mass of flesh with no more fear of it than of a kitten, for I now understood the heinous plottings of the night. No, not fear moved in my bosom, but a righteous and devouring wrath. As the first measure of justice, the huge calf of the landlord's leg striking my eye temptingly, without hesitation I caused the point of the cutlass to penetrate the flesh; whereat he left off laughing with a surprising shriek, and sat up against the hedge abruptly, staring at me with a countenance of the utmost ruefulness and consternation.

"Villain!" I cried, and threatened him with my sword again.

"It ain't Bates!" he whispered, huskily. "It ain't Bates!"

"Villain!"

"Who is it?" he asked, appealingly. "Tell me who it is."

"Rascal, you know me well enough," cried I.

"No, no," he answered, with a frightened look. The light was growing stronger; he could see me plainly, but, still refusing to recognize me, gazed upon me from head to foot with a bewildered and wondering air.

"Who is it?" he repeated.

"You thought me abed, but I have been a witness to the whole villany."

"Abed—abed!" he rejoined, vacantly. "But I never saw you before."

I menaced him again with the weapon. "No more of this! And now, you villain!" I thundered, "only one thing will save you from the gallows you have richly merited; that is my intervention, contingent upon your public confession, as I direct; nor, if you refuse, shall you know mercy or mitigation!"

His eyes protruded from their sockets, and his hands went up over his head as high as his fat arms could lift them. "Lord deliver us!" he gasped. "'Tis Mr. Sudgeberry!"

CHAPTER VII.

MR. SUDGEBERRY AND THE CHERRY RIBBONS.

THE day was coming on broad and clear as the landlord and I went down the road toward the inn, he walking a pace in front at the point of my sword, and limping somewhat, partly from soreness and partly because he grew more and more loath to proceed, while ever and anon he turned a look of pleading over his shoulder.

"But, Mr. Sudgeberry," quoth he, "it was only after—"

Whereupon I would cut him off sharply and threaten him with the cutlass. Thus I drove him on, and I did not forget to improve the time by delivering a severe discourse to him upon the end of the wicked, pointing out the evils of punch-drinking with loose companions, and the pitfalls that besiege the unwary who listen to the counsels of the dissolute.

At first he had been prone to uncontrollable gusts of laughter every time he met my eye, but now he was sobered and plaintive near to the point of tears.

"Oh, that punch!" he exclaimed, shaking his head ruefully. "'Twas it led me into this business. Ah, but surely you don't mean—"

"I don't mean!" I cried. "I don't mean! You will see I mean just what I say. You are going straight with me to Mr. Gray and his daughter, or I hale you before the nearest magistrate on a charge of attempted robbery by force and arms on the King's highway!"

He was red by habit; now he was sickly yellow, and remained so. "Law, law! 'Twas but a hodgepodge of a jest. What harm in the world was in it, Mr. Sudgeberry? Now, why disgrace Mr. Fentriss, and belike ruin me and my house, for this little—"

"Confession or the gallows!" I answered, with so inexorable a mien that he looked even sicklier than before; and there was nothing like laughter left in the man; he could only splutter out feeble explanations and protests, saying over and over, "But we thought you sound asleep, safe abed, sir," as if that completely excused his execrable conduct. I continued to threaten him both with the weapon in my hand and the terrors of the law until, as we approached the inn, his great body seemed too much weight for his knees, and he was but a heap of flesh and sorrow.

"Confession is your only salvation!" I exclaimed, repeatedly. "Otherwise you climb the gallows steps. Hasten! We follow them to Mr. Gray's, instantly."

"Ah, now if you'd but listen," he expostulated. "Mr. Fentriss is your friend; this will destroy him if you proceed with it. Ah, you can't mean to do him such an ill turn!"

"Not another word. We stop only for horses, and ride straight after them."

"There's no need, if you're set on this cruelty," he answered, hanging his head like the shamed man he was. "They are at the tavern. Mr. Fentriss promised beforehand he would persuade them to stop there for breakfast and recuperation. But surely you won't punish us so hard for a jest which we did not mean should include you or be of hurt to anybody; and for my part I was only talked into it after—"

I bade him be silent, and sternly drove him on, my choler mounting higher and higher, not lessened by mental pictures of that arch-hypocrite, William, reinstated with the Grays by this false rescue. I saw him, the deceiver and traitor, receiving the adulation due a hero, and ensconced in shadowy corners with Miss Sylvia during the holidays, whilst I was left to perform the unmerited task of renewing my conversations with the aged father. No! A thousand times no! William Fentriss was in my power, and he should be humbled and exposed for all time.

There was a call from ahead; a horseman had ridden rapidly up, and taking off his hat with a flourish, disclosed to our eyes the features of the ribald O'Donnell. He was mounted on his own horse, his saddle-bags betokening his intention to continue his journey. He hailed the innkeeper with a shout.

"We missed ye, Hoag, and I was coming to look for ye. Saints and martyrs! what black tatterdemalion have ye there?" He squinted his eyes and stared at me, astonished.

"Pay no attention to him or you suffer from my steel," I said savagely to Hoag.

"Be the gods of perdition, 'tis me little man!" cried O'Donnell. "Young Erasmus! No! Yes! No! It is! Driving a quadruplex Bacchus at the point of his sword, and as disfigured as St. Peter's toe! What in the world has happened to ye, me Achilles? And what has Hector done that ye drag him round the walls in ignominy and disgrace?" He seemed utterly taken aback.

"Go your ways, *Captain Blacknight!*" I answered, grimly. "And be glad that you escape the scaffold. This wretch goes

MAKING PROGRESS

BY GRACE KING

WALKING rapidly along upon some quest of momentary importance that absorbed my thought and dulled observation, I was suddenly stopped by a crowd on the sidewalk in front of me: a compact, eager, curious crowd, not to be threaded, and using its elbows viciously against pushing. No wonder! A cart of the Little Sisters of the Poor stood backed up against the curbing, and four men were just in the act of pushing a stretcher into it. To see such a sight was well worth the while of a whole neighborhood of shopkeepers, for I was in the thickest shopkeeping quarter of the city. Practically speaking, there was very little to be seen: a slight form covered by a sheet, and the outline of a head on a low pillow. Every precaution had, as usual, been taken to ensure concealment, the only privacy possible. But as the stretcher slid into the wagon a murmur passed through the crowd, an involuntary shiver. The woman upon the stretcher slowly raised her head, opened her eyes, and gave a look upon the gazers. What a look! Woe! woe! woe!

The horses jerked forward; the head fell back; the cart rattled away.

I felt my elbow plucked, then grasped, and still looking after the cart, with the rest of the crowd, I was forcibly dragged into a doorway. It was my friend Madame Jacob, the second-hand dealer, who had hold of me, and I perceived now that it was her shop that had furnished the excitement to the street. It always seemed to be furnishing an excitement to the street. I never passed along there without noticing a turmoil: Madame Jacob putting her assistant, her nephew, out upon the banquet with cuffs and harder words, or hauling her husband in from a drinking-shop, or railing against a cautious customer, or assaulting the four corners of the heavens with voluble French, English, and German declamations upon some other misadventure. It was shrewdly suspected by some, and I believed it, that Madame Jacob used her noise and excitement as an auctioneer's drum, to call a crowd together, and so get at people. One could not help slacking one's pace to listen to her, nor, while one listened, glancing into her shop, and every glance of mine into that mysterious interior had, as I calculated it, cost me fifty cents. Others, of course, could get off cheaper, but they were not after bric-à-brac, or, to be more specific, old cut glass.

My eye hastily glanced around now, taking in the prospect of a bargain, as I was still pulled forward through the piled-up junk to a little recess behind the shop, the landing-place of the stairs, where I was thrust into a chair. Madame Jacob squatted on a low stool in the doorway, whence she could dominate her business and watch her nephew; and whenever she saw a customer edging away without buying anything, she would rush at the boy, box his ears, sell something, and come back to her stool, and her story, before the interruption was noticed.

Of course she wanted to tell me the story of the girl just carried away to the Little Sisters of the Poor: the young girl, she called her, although that gray-haired, ashen-faced head could by no means be called young, except in the sense of unmarried.

The story after all is not much, perhaps hardly worth writing down; but when it comes to that, what true stories are worth writing down? They are like natural flowers in comparison with the artificial—good only for the day, not for permanent show. The girl's name was Achard, Volsy Achard. When Madame Jacob first rented her shop, some thirty years before, the Achard family were living in the rooms above; they owned the building, rented the downstairs, and retained the upstairs—two rooms, a large

one, and a small one adjoining. Madame Achard and Volsy slept in the large room. Paul, the boy, in the small one.

The family had been well-to-do shopkeepers in that very house, and in that very business. Madame Jacob intimated, for with a curious delicacy she would not say it outright, that Achard made his start with a sack over his back and a broom-handle with a crooked nail at the end of it. At any rate, when he died and Madame Achard became the head of the family, and sold his business and collected all his profits together, she found that she had enough to invest in two houses—that one and the one next to it—which she rented at, in a round sum, fifty dollars a month apiece. And so, as Madame Jacob said, we see them, rich enough for anybody, with the boy going to the public school, the little girl to the day school of the convent. The family could not have been any more comfortable anywhere, nor happier: close to the market, under the very spire of the Cathedral, and with the opera-house at the end of their foot, so to speak. The little daughter, Volsy, "was so good, so good; . . . and Paul, he was 'smart,' 'smart.'" There was no American in his school who was smarter than he — to quote Madame Jacob's own words. The mother adored her son; the daughter was devoted to the mother. When Paul left school, he said he would be a lawyer, that and nothing else.

Every day the boy would go to his law study, and every day Volsy and her mother would sit together and sew and talk, and watch the soup simmering on the furnace. They went a great deal to church, and Volsy had a particular devotion to the Infant Jesus: the mother with the Infant, or the Infant alone, was all she cared to have on her little altar, and her picture cards: never the Virgin alone, or any of the saints. Paul read law in the office of a low-born but very well known lawyer—one who had a great practice in the shopkeeping class.

When Paul was admitted to the bar, this same lawyer gave him a desk in his office. This was a great advance for Paul, in one way, although in another, as the young man was good-looking, well-mannered, spoke French and English, and was, in short, more than usually intelligent, he was not a bad investment of the sort that older lawyers are ever on the alert to make from among the younger ones. Many a young lawyer, so picked up, has been known in the course of time to carry an old patron on his shoulders and seat him on the bench of the Supreme Court for the reversion of his business, and marrying his daughter to boot. Going ahead means, necessarily, leaving behind, and Paul's advance caused the little family of three to change its rank. It did not, as of yore, march three abreast. . . . Paul stepped on in front; the two women came together after him.

Paul dressed better and better, and associating with lawyers and imitating them, he, in the course of a few years, was not to be distinguished from any gentleman among them. This was the radiant time of life for his mother and sister. They talked of nothing else but Paul, thought of nothing else, lived for nothing else, and in their gratitude to Heaven they devoted themselves more and more to the church, and spent more and more of their money in votive offerings—to ensure the continuance of favors, or patronage, as Madame Jacob put it. And according to Madame Jacob's superior judgment in such business, it is always well to wait awhile and be sure about your blessing before you go into excess of gratitude, for in her experience the greatest blessings, apparently, had turned out to be the most unmitigated curses, and one's prayers and money were thus thrown away.

As if in the course of nature, Paul, marching always farther and farther ahead, advanced beyond coming home to his dinner, — beyond going to church Sunday morning, beyond going to the opera Sunday night, beyond going to picnics in the spring, given by his mother's benevolent society, or the balls in winter, given by the society to which his defunct father had always belonged, beyond going on little excursions of summer evenings to music places, beyond passing even an evening at home,—beyond everything of the past, in fact, except taking the cup of coffee that his mother made for him in the morning, and eating with it the roll fetched from the market for him by his sister.

But the farther he advanced the better



A MURMUR PASSED THROUGH THE CROWD

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he pleased the two women, and the more devoted they became to him, if that were possible. Volsy's first communion dress, white muslin, year after year had been taken out, enlarged, washed, ironed, and fluted. It lay the year through freshly done up, unworn, with the string of pearl beads she always wore with it, and the wreath of pink roses that Madame Jacob herself had presented when Volsy went to some extraordinary event of a ball somewhere. Her brother did not think of her; her mother did not think of her; she did not think of herself. All were too busy thinking of one person—Paul.

Then Paul advanced beyond his little room, and went to live in other quarters—advanced, in plain fact, out of the women's lives; but they, gazing into the place whence he disappeared, were still happy, and praised God all the more. He came at first every Sunday to see them, then every other Sunday, then once a month. They did not seem to mind his not coming—in truth, they did not mind it any more than they did the sun's not shining on a cloudy day. Serenely they awaited Paul's next advancement. It came, and even they had not expected so handsome an answer to their prayers. Paul announced that he was engaged to be married, and not to a nobody, but to the daughter of his patron. They—Madame Jacob, the mother, the sister—did not even know the old lawyer had a daughter! Judge what a miracle it was to them! . . . A young lady who lived in the rich American quarter* of the city, who went into the fine society up there, and gave entertainments that the newspapers described. It was astounding! And then there was inaugurated in that upstairs room a boom of industry and enterprise and "making of economies," to furnish Paul's wedding-present. Table and bed linen, silken and lace coverlets, curtains, cut glass. The second-hand dealer did her part in ferreting out bargains—and indeed some of her triumphs in that line were well worth the pride she took in recounting them. And this, in Madame Jacob's opinion, was the greatest pleasure Paul ever gave his family in his life—the opportunity of complete devotion and self-sacrifice: they could have kept it up forever and never known otherwise but that they were in paradise.

Paul never brought his bride to see his family, never took his family to see his bride. The young lady went away, and the marriage took place in the North, so of course the mother and sister could not be at the wedding. When the young couple returned, it was arranged that Paul would be met by the mother and sister. Paul was to take them on a Sunday. It was a month after his return before Paul found the right Sunday. Then he came for them. Madame Jacob watched them depart, and counted the moments until they returned, when .. She did not recognize the mother! . . . Head up in the air, eyes shining, cheeks glowing, and tongue—talking at both ends. The fine house! The servant-man! The grand madame! Her elegant dress, and her elegant manners! Like a queen, yes, like a queen in the opera! . . .

In his mother's eyes, Paul had risen so high by his marriage that, as Madame Jacob said, he was to her like the picture of the Saviour in the transfiguration. Volsy had nothing to say; she went quietly up stairs.

Shortly after this there was another boom of energy and industry in the room upstairs, another furious making of economies. Laces and linens, piqués and flannels. Madame Achard shopped from morning till night; Volsy never left her seat at the window, but sewed and embroidered, sewed and embroidered, from daylight till dark, and sewed and embroidered on after that by lamp-light. Oh no! The mother's eyes were not good enough for this work. Volsy's even were not good enough, nor her hands, for Madame Jacob never heard the mother say now, as she used to, that Volsy had the eyes and hands to embroider for the saints in heaven,—and Madame Jacob seemed to hear everything that was said upstairs. Volsy grew tired and worn, but not the mother; she looked happier and happier. She lived not in a honey-moon, but in honey-moons.

When she became a grandmother she talked and laughed and boasted about Paul just the same as when she became

* New Orleans is divided into "up" town and "down" town—the new, or American quarter, and the old, or French quarter.



VOLSY NEVER LEFT HER SEAT AT THE WINDOW

a mother. She did not have to wait for Paul now, and she and Volsy raced up to the house, laden with their bundles, and you may imagine how well they were received, bringing so beautiful a present, the layette for a prince.

And now ensued another change in the marching order of the family. It was no longer abreast, no longer one close behind the other. Either Madame Achard stepped ahead or Volsy lagged behind, with a growing space between them; that was the way they went now. Volsy always had an excuse not to go to see her sister-in-law; Madame Achard always had an excuse to go and see her daughter-in-law. Volsy's excuses cost nothing, but her mother's—they cost not only money but work; always something new and pretty; a cap or a bib trimmed with real Valenciennes, a cloak with real Cluny, a silk-embroidered petticoat, dresses tucked to the waist, or hem-stitched in inch-wide insertings—all made by hand, by the hand of Volsy, working still from morning to night, and after. There was no

time for cooking,—sometimes the soup simmered in the pot, but sometimes, too, the fire in the furnace went out, and staid out as long as Madame Achard did in the street. The coffee in the morning was often the only regular meal that Paul and his baby allowed them. And then Madame Jacob, who saw as much as she heard upstairs, observed that the soup meat in the pot began to diminish in size —from ten cents to five cents, from five cents to a quartee (half of five cents) bone, and the soup was saved over longer and longer. Nothing was spent for clothing, nothing for pleasure or comfort. What money did not go for the bare daily fare, went in presents to that baby, and after a while toys were added to clothing, not cheap, common toys, but toys such as the rich American children uptown played with.

Volsy was one of those persons that no one ever notices particularly. She was neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, fair nor dark, pretty nor ugly, sad nor gay. But after two years of her beautiful work Madame Jacob did notice her one day as she passed through the shop on her way from church. She was tall and thin, dark and sad, and Madame Jacob reflected to herself that girls become women, and women become old. And this reflection of hers made so great an impression upon Madame Jacob that she kept it not to herself, but repeated it to everybody she talked to in the shop for a week, and she repeated it to Madame Achard.

"Ay! ay! La! la! la!" . . . What a song she was singing! without a word of common-sense in it! Volsy! bah! bah! And then Madame Achard started off to talk about her grandson, showing his photograph.

Now we may believe it or not, Madame Jacob gives formal permission for the alternative—from that day the mother began to pout against her daughter, ... to sigh, as Madame Jacob expressed it, and to raise her eyes to heaven against her. Why? Because Volsy did not love her nephew as she should. In vain the girl protested, in vain she worked harder than ever, in vain she volunteered special gifts of her own, in vain she carried them herself to the altar of her mother's divinity. The mother remained firm to her "tic," as the Jacob woman called it, and the "tic" changed her completely. In not a very long time she would not mention Paul, or his wife, or the baby, to the girl. She withdrew her confidence on this subject from her: she took to deceiving her about them. She let her do no more work for the baby; she hid its photograph from her; she made a secret of her visits uptown, slipping out of the house as if on an errand in the neighborhood, slipping in again with lips tight shut. But before she took the cars she always slipped into some shop or other and bought a present, which was as far as Madame Jacob's observations went, but the rest was easily inferred.

Volsy attempted an explanation once or twice, but the mother would lose her temper, raise her voice, and say things to the poor girl that were pitiful to the listener. There was no doubt the mother's feelings had changed absolutely, were turned, as the listener said, wrong side out.

Well, the girl changed too, naturally. No one would have said that she was the young girl who had worn the white muslin dress and pearl beads and pink flowers to balls, and laughed and danced there.

She seemed afraid of people; she never spoke to any one if she could avoid it. She never spoke at all, first.

At last, when one did not know what was going to happen next, Madame Achard fell ill with one of those little complaints that seem nothing at first, but which last until they kill.

And now, with Volsy nursing her, like an angel, with such tenderness and patience, and a strength that never gave out, and always so cheerful and bright, talking, laughing, singing ever—things from the opera that they used to like in old times—to amuse her, that flea-bitten mother's heart had to feel good again—and Volsy became her daughter again. But the old woman (to Madame Jacob any woman past fifty is old)—the old woman did not get strong; she got well—that is, she got out of bed, but always when she thought she would be able to go out she would fall sick again, and have to go to bed, and so she could not leave the house, and naturally could not go to the other house. And Volsy began to see that she was pining for the sight of her son and

grandson. The son—oh, that she knew was impossible—a man in his position, you understand; for his position was now out of sight of his people; but the grandson, he was not old enough to remember; that was possible. So Volsy began to lay her plans. If she had not made plans before, it was not because she had not sense enough. She had just as much sense as her mother and her brother. Oh, she showed it now! She was shrewd! She bought presents too, but presents for the mother, not for the child. And every time she went to see her sister-in-law, and brought the child to see the grandmother, he took home with him a piece of silver, a crystal decanter, a piece of porcelain, a piece of old lace to make your mouth water. Madame Jacob knew, for she bought them all, of course, as Volsy left her mother but for the one purpose of fetching the child and taking him home again. The old lady did not know anything, except that the child came to see her, and that was enough to give her happiness; but she fretted after he was gone, because she could not go out and buy presents for him, and so Volsy saw herself obliged to provide her mother with pretty playthings, but of the expensive kind, for, as has been said, Madame Achard would have none other. And the iller she became and the more desperate her condition, the oftener would Volsy bring the child to her, to ease her. But it cost! It cost! And the doctors had to be paid too, and medicine bought, and fine wine. Volsy would not have had the money for it without borrowing.

One night, in the most unexpected manner, Madame Achard died. A messenger was sent for Paul. He came, and arranged for the funeral early the next morning from the church.

Volsy came back alone from the cemetery, and went up stairs without saying a word, to her room, which in her absence Madame Jacob herself had put in order. At three o'clock Madame Jacob went up stairs to take her some dinner. She was still sitting in the same chair, with her bonnet and gloves on. At nine o'clock she was still there. She would not eat; she would not talk; she seemed to be thinking, thinking. Madame Jacob, however, forced her to bed, in the little chamber, in Paul's old bed. The next morning she was up early and at work, and in a week she had accepted the new routine of life. Perhaps she had thought it out as the best way. When the first of the month came, Madame Jacob, before any other business, went up stairs and paid her rent, as she had done for over twenty years.

The money did not stay in Volsy's hand long enough to warm it. In that class, dealers do not send their bills delicately through the mail, they bring them, and stand and wait until they are paid. Some people, like Madame Jacob, when they have no money, or want to hold on to their money for a while, pay with their tongue. But Volsy, though she had little money, only her month's rent, had less tongue. She paid and paid, and borrowed to pay, borrowing from her very debtors to pay her debts—a transaction that only a tongue such as Madame Jacob possessed can properly qualify.

Before the month was out, Volsy asked Madame Jacob to find lodgers for the front room. She moved out into one of the little rooms on the gallery—the lodgings of the "*crasse*," as madame described them. And in addition she did embroidery and sewing for pay. So she could look forward to facing the next first of the month like an honest woman. But there was no first of the month again for her, at least in regard to receiving rent. The mother's estate had to be settled. Madame Jacob had forgotten that—the opening and reading of the will.

When Volsy came back from her brother's office, the day of this ceremony, she motioned to Madame Jacob to follow her up stairs. In brief, and not to dwell upon a poor girl's pain and grief, the mother's will left a special legacy of a thousand dollars to the grandson, and the rest of what she possessed to be divided between her children. The rest of her possessions! "But, sacred Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Jacob. She had no more possessions! The papers signed at the time of the brother's marriage, signed by all three, mother, daughter, son—what were they but a mortgage on her property? Volsy knew it now, well enough! and the money for what? To give Paul to marry his rich wife on, to play the rich gentleman with.... And where did the old wo-

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man get the money to play the rich grandmother on? She borrowed it. As Volsy in her emergency had borrowed it. . . . For, said Madame Jacob, her voice hoarse and face red with the vehemence of her anger, "the rich love only the rich, as the poor old woman knew. They have no heart"; or, as madame put it more vigorously in French—they have no *entrailles*. "Money, money," rubbing her fingers together, "that is their heart, their soul, their body. May God choke them in purgatory with money!" Her temper was to conceal her emotion—any one could discern that. Well, what was there to say? Nothing by Volsy, much by Madame Jacob; and Madame Jacob found much that could be done by a lawyer. But Volsy, who had absolutely nothing, found nothing to do, except to try and make her living by sewing.

And now, just as before, when one was wondering what would happen next, Paul's father-in-law died, and so soon as his estate was settled and his fortune put into the possession of his daughter, Paul decided to go to Europe with wife and child. He was a rich lawyer now, and did not have to stay at home to look for business. He left in the spring. Volsy went to his office to say good-by. She did not cry then, but she cried when she came home, and Madame Jacob found her crying often after that.

When Volsy's fête came, on the 15th of August, Madame Jacob took up to her room a little present, such as she had always given, and Volsy had been delighted to receive, ever since she was a little girl—an image of the Virgin and Son, this time in porcelain, and much prettier than ever before, on account of the poor girl's troubles. But when Volsy saw it she could only shake her head, and tremble. Madame Jacob, to take her eyes away, looked around the room. What she had not noticed before, she saw now: there was not a Holy Mother and Child in the room; there was not even one on the altar! And Volsy had always been so pious! and the little Child had been her soul's devotion!

Madame Jacob crossed herself, as though washing her hands of the responsibility of that part of her narrative.

As the summer wore on, Volsy fell ill. She tried and tried to get well, to make her living, but impossible! She could not. And there was the doctor again for her, and the medicines. There was no other way. She herself sent for the Little Sisters of the Poor, . . . and Madame Jacob made a gesture to indicate what I had seen on the sidewalk.

The doctor had given her something to put her asleep, and keep her so as long as possible. The grating of the stretcher as it slid into the wagon had roused her. Perhaps she thought she was in her room, in bed, when she lifted herself up, . . . and then she saw; she knew all.

Madame Jacob's last words were, "Paul has made progress—that is, he has made money."



QUESTIONS OF USAGE IN WORDS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IF any proof were needed of the fact that an immense number of people take an intense interest in the right and wrong use of the English language, and also of the further fact that their interest is out of all proportion to their knowledge of the history of our speech, such proof could be found in the swift and profuse eruption of "letters to the editor" which broke out in many of the American newspapers immediately after the publication of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional." The exciting cause of this rash exhibition was found in the line which told us that

The shouting and the tumult dies.

The gross blunder in this sentence leaped to the eyes of many whose acquaintance with the principles of English construction was confined to what they chanced to remember of the rules learned by heart in their grammar-school days. But there were others whose reading was a little wider, and who were able to cite precedents in Mr. Kipling's favor from Milton and from Shakspere and from the King James translation of the Bible. Yet the argument from the past failed to convince some of the original protestants, one of whom suggested that the erring poet should be sent to a night-school, while another objected to any further discussion of the subject, since "a person who doesn't know that the plural form of the verb is used when the subject of said verb is two or more nouns in the singular number should receive no mention in a reputable newspaper."

The battle raged for a fortnight, and the foundations of the deep were broken up. Yet it was really a tempest in a teapot, and oil for the troubled waters was ready at hand had any of those in danger of shipwreck thought to make use of it. In Professor Lounsbury's *History of the English Language*—a book from which it is a constant pleasure to quote, since it combines sound scholarship, literary skill, and common-sense in an uncommon degree—we are told that "rules have been and still are laid down. . . . which never had any existence outside of the minds of grammarians and verbal critics. By these rules, so far as they are observed, freedom of expression is cramped, idiomatic peculiarity destroyed, and false tests for correctness set up, which give the ignorant opportunity to point out supposed error in others, while the real error lies in their own imperfect acquaintance with the best usage."

And then Professor Lounsbury cites in illustration the rule which was brought up against Mr. Kipling: "There is a rule of Latin syntax that two or more substantives joined by a copulative require the verb to be in the plural. This has been foisted into the grammar of English, of which it is no more true than it is of modern German. . . . The grammar of English, as exhibited in the utterances of its best writers and speakers, has from the very earliest period allowed the widest discretion as to the use either of the singular or the plural in such cases. The importation and imposition of rules foreign to its idiom, like the one just mentioned, does more to hinder the free development of the tongue, and to dwarf its freedom of expression, than the widest prevalence of slovenliness of speech, or of affectation of style; for these latter are always temporary in their character, and are sure to be left behind by the advance in popular cultivation, or forgotten through the change in popular taste."

This is really a declaration of independence for writers of English. It is the frank assertion that a language is made by those who use it—made by that very use. Language is not an invention of the grammarians and the verbal critics, whose business it is not to make language or to prescribe rules, but more modestly

to record usage and to discover the principles which may underlie the incessant development of our common speech. And here in discussing syntax Professor Lounsbury is at one with Mr. George Meredith discussing the vocabulary, when the British novelist notes his own liking for "our blunt and racy vernacular, which a society nourished upon Norman-English and English-Latin banishes from print, largely to its impoverishment, some think."

Those who have tried to impose a Latin syntax on the English language are as arbitrary as those who have insisted on an English pronunciation of the Latin language. Their attitude is as illogical as it is dogmatic, and dogmatism, so Douglas Jerrold declared, is only puppyism come to maturity. Nowhere is dogmatism less welcome than in the attempt to come to a just conclusion in regard to English usage; and nowhere is the personal equation more carefully to be allowed for. A term is not necessarily acceptable because we ourselves are accustomed to it, nor is it necessarily to be rejected because it reaches us as a novelty. The Americanism which a British journalist glibly denounces may be but the ephemeral catchword of a single street gang, or it may have come over in the *Mayflower*, and be able to trace its ancestry back to a forefather that crossed with William the Conqueror. The Briticism which strikes some of us as uncouth and vulgar may be but a chance bit of cockney slang, or it may be warranted by the very genius of our language.

Most of the little manuals which pretend to regulate our use of our own language, and to declare what is and what is not good English, are grotesque in their ignorance; and the best of them are of small value, because they are prepared on the assumption that the English language is dead, like the Latin, and that, like Latin again, its usage is fixed finally. Of course this assumption is as far as possible from the fact. The English language is alive now—very much alive. And because it is alive it is in a constant state of growth. It is developing daily according to its needs. It is casting aside words and usages that are no longer satisfactory; it is adding new terms as new things are brought forward; and it is making new usages as convenience suggests, short-cuts across lots, and to the neglect of the five-barred gates rigidly set up by our ancestors. It is throwing away as worn out words which were once very fashionable; and it is giving up grammatical forms which seem to be no longer useful. It is continually trying to keep itself in the highest state of efficiency for the work it has to do. It is ever urging ahead in the direction of increased utility; and if any of the so-called "rules" happens to stand in the path of its progress—why, so much the worse for the rule, that's all! As Stephenson said, "it will be bad for the coo!"

The English language is the tool of the peoples who speak English and who have made it to fit their hands. They have fashioned it to suit their own needs, and it is quite as characteristic as anything else these same peoples have made —quite as characteristic as the common law and as parliamentary government. A language cannot but be a most important witness when we wish to inquire into the special peculiarities of a race. The French, for instance, are dominated by the social instinct, and they are prone to rely on logic a little too much; and their language is therefore a marvel of transparency and precision. In like manner we might deduce from an analysis of the German language an opinion as to the slowness of the individual Teuton, as to his occasional cloudiness, as to his willingness to take trouble, and as to his ultimate thoroughness.

The peoples who speak English are very practical and very direct; they are impatient of needless detail; and they are intolerant of mere theory. These are some of the reasons why English is less embarrassed with niceties of inflection than other languages, why it has cut its syntax to the bone, why it has got rid of most of its declensions and conjugations—why, in short, it has almost justified the critic who called it a grammarless tongue. In every language there is a constant tendency toward uniformity, and an unceasing effort to get rid of abnormal exceptions to the general rule, but in no language are these endeavors more effective than in English. In the past they have succeeded in simplifying the rules of our speech; and they are at work now in the

present on the same task of making English a more efficient instrument for those who use it.

This effort of the language to do its duty as best it can is partly conscious and partly unconscious, and where the verbal critic can be of service is in watching for the result of the unconscious endeavor, so that it can be made plain, and so that it can be aided thereafter by conscious endeavor. The tendency toward uniformity is irresistible; and one of its results just now to be observed is an impending disappearance of the subjunctive mood. Those who may have supposed that the subjunctive was as firmly established in English as the indicative can discover easily enough, by paying a little attention to their own daily speech and to the speech of their educated neighbors, that "if I be not too late," for instance, is a form now rarely heard even in cultivated society.

And the same tendency is to be observed also in the written language. Letters in the London *Author* in June and July, 1897, showed that in a few less than a million words chosen from the works of recent authors of good repute there were only 284 instances of the subjunctive mood, and that all of these but fifteen were in the verb "to be." This reveals to us that the value of this variation of form is no longer evident, not merely to careless speakers, but even to careful writers; and it makes it probable that it is only a question of time how soon the subjunctive will be no longer differentiated from the indicative. Where our grandfathers would have taken pains to say "if I were to go away," and "if I be not misinformed," our grandchildren will unhesitatingly write, "if I was to go away," and "if I am not misinformed." And so posterity will not need to clog its memory with any rule for the employment of the subjunctive; and the English language will have cleansed itself of a barnacle.

It is this same irresistible desire for the simplest form and for the shortest which is responsible for the increasing tendency to say "he don't" and "she don't," on the analogy of "we don't," "you don't," and "they don't," instead of the more obviously grammatical "he doesn't" and "she doesn't." A brave attempt has been made to maintain that "he don't" is older than "he doesn't," and that it has at least the sanction of antiquity. However this may be, it is certain to sustain itself in the future, because it calls for less effort, and because any willingness to satisfy the purist will seem less and less worth while as time goes on. It is well that the purist should fight for his own hand, but it is well also to know that he is fighting a losing battle.

The purist used to insist that we should not say "the house is being built," but rather "the house is building." So far as one can judge from a survey of recent writing the purist has abandoned this combat; and nobody nowadays hesitates to ask, "what is being done?" The purist still objects to what he calls the Retained Object in such a sentence as "he was given a new suit of clothes." Here, again, the struggle is vain, for this usage is very old; it is well established in English; and whatever may be urged against it theoretically, it has the final advantage of convenience. The purist also tells us that we should say "come to see me," and "try to do it," and not "come and see me," and "try and do it." Here once more the purist is setting up a personal standard without any warrant. He may use whichever of these forms he likes best, and we on our part have the same permission, with a strong preference for the older and more idiomatic of them.

Theory is all very well, but to be of any value it must be founded on the solid rock of fact; and even when it is so established it has to yield to convenience. This is what the purist cannot be induced to understand. He seems to think that the language was made once for all, and that any deviation from the theory acted on in the past is intolerable in the present. He is often wholly at sea in regard to his theories and to his facts—more often than not; but no doubt as to his own fallibility ever discourages him. He just knows that he is right and that everybody else is wrong; and he has no sense of humor to save him from himself. And he makes up in violence what he lacks in wisdom. He accepts himself as a prophet verbally inspired, and he holds that this gives him the right to call down fire from heaven on all who do not accept his message.

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It was a purist of this sort who once wrote to a little literary weekly in New York, protesting against the use of "people" when "persons" would seem to be the better word, and complacently declaring that "for twenty-five years or more I have kept my eye on this little word 'people,' and I have yet to find a single American or English author who does not misuse it." We are instantly reminded of the Irish juryman who said, "Eleven more obstinate men I never met in the whole course of my life."

What is called the Split Infinitive is also a cause of pain to the purist, who is greatly grieved when he finds George Lewes in the *Life of Goethe* saying "to completely understand." This inserting of an adverb between the "to" and the rest of the verb strikes the verbal critic as pernicious, and he denounces it instantly as a novelty to be stamped out before it permanently contaminates our speech. Even Professor O. F. Emerson, who does not object to it, in his *History of the English Language,* calls it "a synthetical combination *now* establishing itself"; and Professor A. S. Hill, in his *Foundations of Rhetoric,* while admitting its antiquity, since it has been in use constantly from the days of Wickliffe to the days of Herbert Spencer, still declares it to be "a common fault," not sanctioned or even condoned by good authority.

The fact is, I think, that the Split Infinitive has a most respectable pedigree, and that it is rather the protest against it which is the novelty now establishing itself. The Split Infinitive is to be found in the pages of Shakspere, Massinger, Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Burke, Coleridge, Byron, De Quincey, Macaulay, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Motley, Lowell, and Holmes. But it is a fact also, I think, that since the protest has been raised there has been a tendency among careful writers to eschew the Split Infinitive, or at least to employ it only when there is a gain in lucidity from its use, as there is, for example, in Professor Lounsbury's "to more than counterbalance." (*Studies in Chaucer,* i., 447.)

A writer who has worked out for himself a theory of style, and who has made up his mind as to the principles he ought to follow in writing, often yields to protests the validity of which he refuses to admit. He gives the protestant the benefit of the doubt, and drops the stigmatized words from his vocabulary and refrains from the stigmatized usages, reserving always the right to avail himself of them at a pinch. What such a writer has for his supreme object is to convey his thought into the minds of his readers with the least friction; and he tries, therefore, to avoid all awkwardness of phrase, all incongruous words, all locutions likely to arouse resistance, since any one of these things will inevitably lessen the amount of attention which this reader or that will then have available for the reception of the writer's message. This is what Herbert Spencer has called the principle of Economy of Attention; and a firm grasp of this principle is a condition precedent to a clear understanding of literary art.

For a good and sufficient reason such a writer stands ready at any time to break this self-imposed rule. If a solecism, or a vulgarism even, will serve his purpose better at a given moment than the more elegant word, he avails himself of it, knowing what he is doing and risking the smaller loss for the greater gain. M. Legouvé tells us that at a rehearsal of a play of Scribe's he drew the author's attention to a bit of bad French at the climax of one of the acts, and Scribe gratefully accepted the correct form which was suggested. But two or three rehearsals later Scribe went back unhesitatingly to the earlier and incorrect phrase, which happened to be swifter, more direct, and dramatically more expressive than the academically accurate sentence M. Legouvé had supplied. Shakspere seems often to have been moved by like motives, and to have been willing at any time to sacrifice strict grammar to stage-effectiveness.

Two tendencies exist side by side today, and are working together for the improvement of our language. One is the tendency to disregard all useless distinctions and to abolish all useless exceptions and to achieve simplicity and regularity. The other is the tendency toward a more delicate precision which shall help the writer to present his thought with the utmost clearness.

Of the first of these, abundant examples can be cited—phrases which the verbal

critic would denounce, and which are not easy to defend on any narrow ground, but which are employed freely even by conscientious writers, well aware that no utility is served by a pedantic precision. So we find Matthew Arnold in his lectures "On Translating Homer" speaking of "the four first," where the purist would prefer to have said "the first four." So we find Hawthorne in the *Blithedale Romance* writing "fellow, clown, or bumpkin, to either of these," when the purist would have wished him to say "to any one of these," holding that "either" can be applied only when there are but two objects.

In like manner the verbal critics object to the use of the superlative degree when the comparative is all that is needed; yet we find in the King James translation of Genesis, "her eldest son, Esau," and she had but two sons. And they refuse to allow either a comparative or a superlative to adjectives which indicate completeness; yet we find in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall,* "its success was not more universal." They do not like to see a writer say that anything is "more perfect" or "most complete," holding that what is universal, or perfect, or complete, "does not admit of augmentation," as one of them declared more than a century ago, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1797. In all these cases logic may be on the side of the verbal critic. But what of it? Obedience to logic would here serve no useful purpose, and therefore logic is boldly disobeyed. However inexact these phrases, they mislead no one, and they can be understood without hesitation.

Side by side with this tendency to take the short-cut exists the other tendency to go the long way round, if by so doing the writer's purpose is more easily accomplished. There is a common usage which is frequently objurgated by the verbal critics and which may fall into desuetude, not through their attacks, but because of its conflict with this second tendency. This is the insertion of an unnecessary *who* or *which* after an *and* or a *but,* as in this sentence from Professor Butcher's admirable discussion of Aristotle's "Theory of Poetry": "Nature is an artist capable indeed of mistakes, *but who* by slow advances and through many failures realizes her own idea." So in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* we are told of "a chorus of twenty-seven youths and as many virgins, of noble family, *and whose* parents were both alive." This locution is proper in French, but it is denounced as improper in English by the purists, who would strike out the *but* from Professor Butcher's sentence and the *and* from Gibbon's.

It is a constant source of amusement to those interested in observing the condition and the development of the language to note the frequency with which the phrases put under taboo by the verbal critics occur in the writings of the masters of English. In my own recent reading I have found them in the pages of Fielding, Johnson, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Henry James, and Professor Jebb in Great Britain, and in pages of Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, and Mr. John Fiske in the United States. What is more significant, perhaps, is their discovery in the works of professed students of language—Trench, Isaac Taylor, Max Müller, and W. D. Whitney.

And yet, in spite of this array of authorities, I am inclined to believe that this usage may perhaps disappear with the increasing attention which the best writers are now giving to the rhythm and balance of their sentences. It is not that the form is wrong—that is a matter not to be decided off-hand; it is that the form is awkward, and that it jars on the feeling for symmetry—the feeling which leads us to put a candlestick on each side of the clock on the mantel-piece. Professor Whitney began one of his sentences thus: "Castrén, himself a Finn, and whose long and devoted labors have taught us more respecting them than has been brought to light by any other man, ventures," etc. Would not this sentence have been easier and more elegant if Whitney had either struck out *and* (which is not needed at all), or else inserted *who was* after Castrén? In the sentence as Whitney wrote it, *and whose* makes me look back for the *who* which my feeling for symmetry leads me to suppose must have preceded it somewhere, and in this vain search part of my attention is abstracted. I have been forced to think of the manner of his remarks when my mind ought to

have given itself so far as might be to the matter of them. In other words, the real objection to this usage is that it is in violation of the principle of Economy of Attention.

Another usage also under fire from the purists is exemplified in another extract from Whitney: "It is, I am convinced, a mistake to commence at once upon a course of detailed comparative philology with pupils who have *only* enjoyed the ordinary training in the classical or modern languages." Obviously his meaning would be more sharply defined if he had put *only* after instead of before *enjoyed*. So Froude, writing about "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century," says that "the fore-and-aft rig alone would enable a vessel to tack, as it is called, and this could *only* be used with craft of moderate tonnage"; and here, again, a transposition after the verb would increase the exactness of the statement.

The position of *only* is really important only when the misplacing of it may cause ambiguity; and Professor F. N. Scott has shown how Webster, always careful in the niceties of style, unhesitatingly put *only* out of its proper place, if by so doing he could improve the rhythm of his period, as in this sentence from the Second Bunker Hill oration: "It did not, indeed, put an end to the war; but, in the then existing hostile state of feeling, the difficulties could only be referred to the arbitration of the sword." This is as it should be, the small effect promptly sacrificed for the larger. The rule—if rule it really is—must be broken unhesitatingly when there is greater gain than loss.

There is an anecdote in some volume of French theatrical memoirs narrating an experience of Mademoiselle Clairon, the great tragic actress, with a pupil of hers, a girl of strong natural gifts for the histrionic art, but far too frequent and too exuberant in her gesticulation. So when the pupil was once to appear before the public in a recitation, Mademoiselle Clairon bound the girl's arms to her side by a stiff thread and sent her thus upon the stage. With the first strong feeling she had to express the pupil tried to raise her arms, only to be restrained by the thread. A dozen times in the course of her recitation she was prevented from making the gestures she desired, until at the very end she could stand it no longer, and in the climax of her emotion she broke her bonds and swung her hands to her head. When she came off the stage she went humbly to where Mademoiselle Clairon was standing in the wings and apologized for having snapped the thread. "But you did quite right!" said the teacher. "That was the time to make the gesture —not before!"

Rules exist to aid in composition, but by wise men composition is not undertaken merely to prove the existence of the rules. This paper, however, has failed of its purpose if it is taken as a plea for license. Rather is it intended as an argument for liberty. It has been written because a frank protest seems needed now and again against the excessive demands of the linguistic dogmatists.

If English is to be kept fit to do the mighty work it bids fair to be called upon to accomplish in the future, it must be allowed to develop along the line of least resistance. It must be encouraged to follow its own bent, and to supply its own needs, and to shed its worn-out members. It must not be hampered by syntax taken from Latin, or by rules evolved out of the inner consciousness of verbal critics. It must not be too squeamish, or even too particular, since excessive refinement goes only with muscular weakness. It must be allowed to venture on solecisms, on neologisms, on Americanisms, on Britticisms, on Australianisms, if need be, however ugly some of these may seem, for the language uses itself up fast, and has to be replenished that it lose not its vigor and its ardor.

To say this is not to say that every one of us who uses English in speaking or in writing should not always choose his words carefully and decide on his forms judiciously. Only by a wise selection can the language be kept at its highest efficiency; only thus can its full powers be revealed to us. And if we decide that we prefer to keep to the very letter of the law as laid down by the grammarians—why, that is our privilege, and no one shall say us nay. But let us not think scorn of those who are careless in paying their tithes of mint and anise and cumin, if they also stand upright and speak the truth plainly.

NATCHEZ'S PASS

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

WHAT I have in mind occurred in the days when the government expected the army to fight successfully both the wild Indians and the Department of the Interior. A military career thrives on opposition. It is the natural development of a soldier. Captain Bill Summers had buffeted through the great war, and all in all had sixteen years of formulation. He was rugged, red, fearless, and short-winded in his speech. He had found that the flag and Washington were often at odds, but he did not attempt to understand. The agency and Fort McDowell were as much at war as well could be.

There was at this time a demon in charge of the Apache agency whose name shall be Mr. Marshall East. He may have since died in a penitentiary, or have gotten through the net which justice has always set across the dark waters of opportunity: I do not know. He was a well-looking man, educated, and resourceful. Morally he liked a dirty dollar—even a bloody one, I think. He was a tool used by what was then called the "Indian Ring"—a sourvy band of political pirates, the thought of whom will always make Americans blush. Its reckless operations made a hell of the frontier. The army protested, the settlers pleaded pathetically, but the Interior Department kept its mercenaries at their posts.

The politicians grew fat, the army, the settlers, and the Indians grew thin. General Crook was in charge of the military operations against the Indians and the Interior Department. Savages constantly left the agencies on passes, when they murdered and stole. Crook's soldiers rode after them, and the government had a real war on its hands, between two of its greatest departments.

One hot day Captain Bill Summers rode into the agency at the head of his troop. After making camp he stalked into the office of Mr. Marshall East, and opened fire. "Mr. Marshall East, we have found the dead bodies of three white men over on the Rio Verde—killed by Indians, whose trail we have followed into this agency. What are you going to do about it?"

"Humph!—won't you sit down?" nodded the agent, as he fumbled some papers before him on the table.

"No, thank you. I didn't come here to sit down. I came here to arrest murderers, and I demand your aid."

"Well—arrest murderers, and don't bother me," retorted the agent.

"See here, Mr. Marshall East, you know that it is your duty to assist me by the use of your Indian police to identify these outlaws. You know, or should know, what Indians are away from the agency, or have been away, with or without passes," rejoined the Captain, now becoming alarmingly red in the face.

"I thought you came here to arrest murderers?"

"I did."

Coolly the man behind the table continued, "Well—what are you standing there for?"

The Captain was no longer standing, but striding, heavy heeled, across the room and back to his place, where he slapped his sombrero on his head, pulling it down defiantly about his ears. "You are a scoundrel, Mr. Marshall East! You are accessory after the fact to murder!"

The agent in his turn took fire. He sprang to his feet. "You call me a scoundrel! What do you mean by coming into my office and calling me such a name? Get out of here instantly," and half turning to a long-haired, sombreroed Indian factotum, he said, "Sanchez!" Sergeant McCollough's rifle came from an "order" to a "carry" with a snap.

"Steady, sergeant," muttered the Captain. Thus the scene was arrested in its development, and all in the room stood regarding each other nervously. Pres-

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ently the Captain's mustache spread, and he burst into a loud laugh. "Oh, you old dog! I know you won't bite. You would abet murder, but you would not do it with your right arm. I am going to leave this room, but not until you sit down—if I have to get my striker to pitch my dog-tent here."

Slowly the desk-man resumed his chair. Continuing, the Captain said, "Before going, I want to state carefully that you are one of the worst scoundrels I ever saw, and before I am through I will run the brand—Scoundrel—on your thick hide." Going to the door, where he stopped, with his hand on the knob, he half turned and said, "Sanchez," followed by a sneering laugh. Then he passed out, followed by the sergeant.

"I will make you pay for this!" came a muffled roar of the agent's voice through the closed door.

"Oh, I guess we will split even," mumbled the departing officer, though of a truth he did not see how.

Walking to the troop camp, the Captain took possession of an abandoned ramada some little distance from his men, and here he sat on his blankets, trying to soothe his disgusting thoughts with a pipe. The horses and mules and soldiers made themselves comfortable, and rested after their hard marching of the previous days. It was to ease his command that determined the officer to stay "one smoke" at the place.

Immediately after dark, "Peaches," one of the Indian scouts of the command, slipped, ghostlike, to the opening of the ramada, saying, "Nan-tan?"

"What is it, Peaches?"

The ghost glided from the moonlight into the shadow, addressing his officer: "Say, Nan-tan—Injun bad—agent bad—no like you hombres. Say—me tink kill you. Tink you go make de vamoose. Sabe?"

"Oh, nonsense! Apaches won't attack me at night. Too many ghosts, Peaches."

Peaches replied, with a deprecatory turn of the hand: "No, no, Nan-tan—no loujas—too near agency. You vamoose—sabe?"

The Captain had an all-abiding faith in Peaches's knowledge of villany. He was just at present a friendly scout, but liable at any time to have a rush of blood to the head which would turn his hand against any man. He had been among the agency Indians all day, talking with them, and was responsive to their moods. It isn't at all necessary to beat an Indian on the head with a rock to impress his mind. He is possessed of a subtlety of understanding which is Oriental. So the Captain said, "Go, Peaches—tell Sergeant McCollough to come here."

In a few minutes the alert non-com. stood across the moonlight saluting.

"Sergeant, Peaches here has heard some alarming talk among the Indians. I don't think there is anything in it, but 'Injuns is Injuns,' you know. Tie and side-line your horses, and have your men sleep, skirmish formation, twenty-five paces out from the horses. Double your sentries. You might send a man or two up here to divide a watch over me. I want a good sleep. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. May I be one of them? It ain't far to the troop, and I can see them in the moonlight well enough."

"You had better stay with the troop. Why do you want to come up here? You can manage some sleep!" queried Summers.

"Been sleeping all afternoon, sir. Been talking to Peaches. Don't quite make it all out. Like to come up, sir."

"Oh, well—all right, then—do as you please, but secure your horses well." Saying which, the Captain turned on his blankets to sleep.

In a half-hour's time the sergeant had arranged his troop to his satisfaction—told the old "bucks" to mind their eyes, judiciously scared the "shave-tails" into wakefulness, and with Peaches and Trooper "Long Jack" O'Brien—champion fist-mixer of the command—he stole into the Captain's ramada. The officer was snoring with honest, hard-going vigor.

"This do be a rale da-light," murmured Long Jack.

"Shut up—you'll wake the old man!" whispered the non-com. Silence becoming the moonlight and desert soon brooded over the plains of the agency. There was no sound save the snoring, stamping of horses on picket, and the doleful coyotes out beyond baying the mysterious light.

Through long hours Long Jack and

the sergeant nodded their heads by turns. The moon was well down in the west when Peaches came over and poked the sergeant in the back with his carbine. The punched one stood up in sleepy surprise, but comprehending, shook O'Brien awake, and stepped over to where Peaches was scanning through the dead leaves which draped the *ramada*.

"Injun," whispered Peaches, almost inaudibly.

For a long time they sat gazing out at the dusky blur of the sage-brush. The sergeant, with white man's impatience, had about concluded that the faculties of Peaches were tricking him.

"Humph!" he grunted. The hand of the Indian scout tightened like nippers of steel around his arm and opened his eyes anew. Presently he made out a sage-brush which had moved slowly several feet, when it stopped. The hand of Peaches gave another squeeze when the brush made farther progress toward the *ramada*. The sergeant stole over to the door and put a tourniquet on Long Jack's arm which brought him in sympathy with the mysterious situation. That worthy's heart began to thump in unison with the others. A man under such circumstances can hear his own heart beat, but it is so arranged that others cannot. The sergeant pulled Long Jack's ear to his mouth, as a mother might about to kiss her infant. "Don't shoot—give them the butt." Cautiously the two Springfields were reversed. Long Jack was afraid to spit on his hands, but in lieu he ran his tongue over both before he bull-dogged them about the carbine barrel. With feet spread, the two soldiers waited, and Peaches, like a black shadow, watched the brush. The minutes passed slowly, but the suspense nerved them. After ages of time had passed they were conscious of the low rustle of a bush alongside the *ramada*—ever so faint, but they were coming. Slowly a sage-bush came around the corner, followed by the head of an Indian.

The eyes of the crawling assassin could not contract from the moonlight to meet the gloom of the interior of the house of boughs. It is doubtless true that he never had a sense of what happened, but the silence was shattered by a crash, and the soldiers sprang outside.

"Then I broake both ye un me goon."

"What in hell is the matter?" came from the awakened Captain, as he made his way out of the blankets.

A little group formed around the body, while Peaches rolled it over on its back, face upward. "Sanchez," he said, quietly. "Say, Nan-tan, maybeso you sabe Peaches. You go vamoose now?"

The Captain scratched his bare head, he gave his breeches a hitch, he regarded the moon carefully, as though he had never seen it before, then he looked at the dead Indian.

"Yes, Peaches, I think I sabe. Say, sergeant, it's 'boots and saddles' on the jump. Don't say a word to the men, but bring a pack-mule up here and we'll load this carrion on it. Peaches, you blind this man's trail. I reckon you are Injun enough to do that. O'Brien, don't leave the stock of that rifle lying there."

The camp was soon bustling. The horses were led out, blankets smoothed, and saddles swung across. A pack-mule was led up to the Captain's *ramada* by McCollough, O'Brien, and Peaches. All four men helped to wrap up their game in a canvas. Though the mule protested vigorously, he was soon under his grewsome burden, circled tight with the diamond hitch. Having finished, the Captain spoke: "Promise me, men, that you won't talk about this. I want time to think about it. I don't know the proper course to take until I consult with the military authorities. If the Indians found this out now, there would be a fight right here. If they don't, one may be averted."

"'Twas a foine bit av woork to me credit, which will be a dead loss to me, boot I promise," replied Long Jack, and so did the others.

"Have you blinded his trail, Peaches?"

"Si, Nan-tan; Injun no see a ting," said that imp of the night.

The little command took their thudding, clanking way over the ghostly hills, trotting steadily until the sun was high, when they made an eating halt. A few days brought them into McDowell, where the Captain reported the affair. Officially his comrades did not know what to do; personally they thought he did right. They expected nothing from the Indian

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Ring but opposition, and they were not as strong in Washington as the politicians. But shortly time served them, as it does many who wait.

A great drought had raged in the Southwest, and many sheep-men from San Diego were driving their flocks into the Tonto Basin. One day a Mexican Indian came into Fort McDowell, stark naked and nearly exhausted. He reported that the small sheep outfit to which he belonged had been attacked by Apaches, and all murdered but himself.

Captain Summers was again ordered out with his troop to the scene of the outrage. He made forty-five miles the first day, yet with such travelling it was ten days before he came in sight of the camp. There were three tents, wind-blown and flapping. In front of the middle one lay three dead Indian bucks. The canvas walls were literally shot full of holes. As the Captain pulled back the flap of the centre tent he saw a big, blond-bearded white man sitting bolt-upright on a bed made of poles, with one arm raised in the act of ramming down a charge in a muzzle-loading rifle. He was dead, having been shot through the head. He was the owner, and a fine-looking man. His herders lay dead in the other tents, and his flocks were scattered and gone. The story of that desert combat will never be known. It was a drawn battle, because the Indians had not dared to occupy the field. The man who escaped was out in the hills, and fled at the firing.

On burying the dead the troopers found passes signed, "Marshall East, Agt.," under the belts of the dead Apaches. At last here was something tangible. Identifying each head with its attendant pass, the Indian scouts decapitated them, stowing them in grain-bags. Back to McDowell wound the command, where a council of war was held. This resulted in the Captain's being sent to the agency, accompanied by four troops as safe-escort.

Arriving, Summers again passed the unwelcome portals of the agent's office, followed by his staff, consisting of a Lieutenant, McCollough, Long Jack, and Peaches bearing a grain-bag.

"Good-day, Mr. Marshall East. I come to reassure you that you are a great scoundrel," vouchsafed the sombreroed officer, as he lined up his picturesque company. "I see Sanchez is not here today. Away on a pass, I presume."

"I don't know how that concerns you. I have other men here, and I will not be bulldozed by you; I want you to understand that. I intend to see if there are not influences in the world which will effectually prevent such a ruffian as you invading my office and insulting both myself and the branch of the government to which I belong."

"My dear sir," quoth the Captain, "you sign passes which permit these Indians of yours to go into white men's territory, where they every day murder women and men, and run off stock. When we run them back to your agency, you shield and protect them, because you know that if we were allowed to arrest them for their crimes, it might excite the tribe, send them on the war-path, resulting in a transfer of their responsibility to the War Department. That would interfere with your arrangements. A few dead settlers or soldiers count for little against that."

"Captain Summers, I am running this agency. I am responsible for this agency. Indians do go off this reservation at times without doubt, but seldom without a pass from me, and then with a specific object. When Indians are found outside without passes, it then becomes the duty of the army to return them to me."

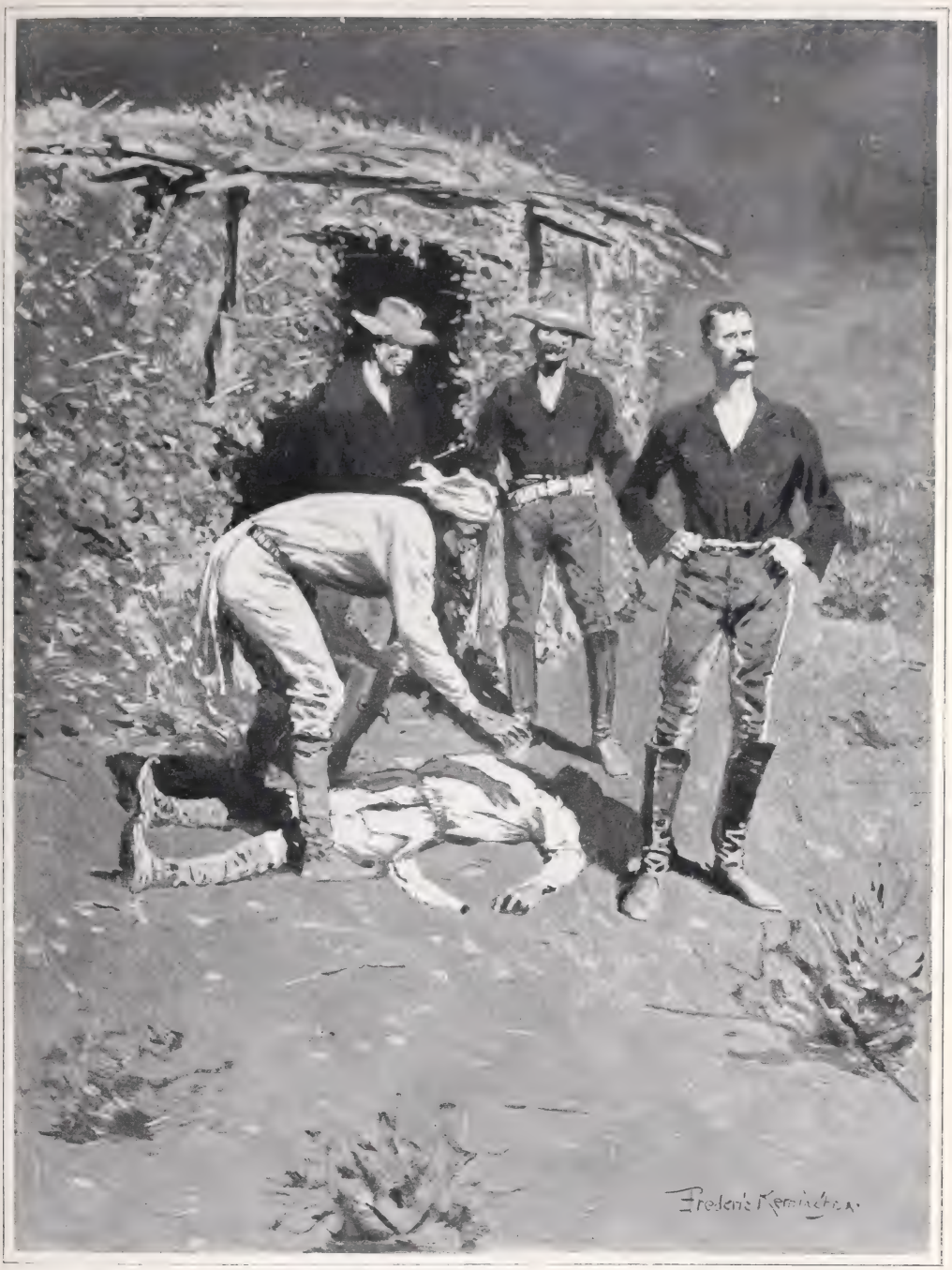
In reply: "I suppose it is our duty to bring you tarantulas and Gila monsters also; it is our duty to wear our horses' shoes off in these mountains chasing your passes with their 'specific objects.' Would you give up an Indian who we could prove had murdered, or who had tried to murder, a white man?"

"Yes—I might—under certain circumstances, with exceptional proofs," answered Mr. East.

Quickly asked the officer, "Where is Sanchez now?"

With a searching query in his eyes, the agent continued his defensive of not seeing how that concerned the Captain.

The warrior's voice rose. "Yes, sir. I will tell you how it interests me. He tried to murder me, to stab me at night—right here on this agency. Will you send your Indian police to arrest him for me?"



THE CAPTAIN . . . LOOKED AT THE MOON

"Humph! — rather startling. Pray where and when did he try to murder you? What proofs have you?"

"I have three men standing here before you who saw him crawl to my *ramada* in the night with a drawn knife."

"What became of him?" drawled the agent, betraying an increasing interest.

"Will you arrest him?" insisted Summers, with his index finger elevated against the chairman.

"Not so fast, my dear Captain. He might prove an alibi. Your evidence might not be conclusive."

The Captain permitted his rather severe countenance to rest itself. McCollough

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Frederic Remington

and O'Brien guarded their "four aces" with a "deuce-high" lack of interest. Peaches might have been a splendid mummy from an aged tomb standing there with the sack at his feet.

Again becoming sober of mien, the Captain continued, in a voice which might have been the slow beginning of a religious service: "You are a scoundrel—you are to blame for dozens of murders in this country! Men and even women are being butchered every day because you fear to lose the opportunity to steal the property which belongs to these poor savages. I have soldier comrades lying in desert graves who would be alive if you were not a coward and a thief. Only the other day Indians bearing your 'specific object' passes killed five sheep-men in the Tonto Basin."

"I have issued no passes lately."

Here the Captain pulled out all the stops in his organ. "You are a liar, and I am going to prove it."

The agent, who had been sitting lazily behind his desk, leaned forward and made the ink-bottles, pens, and erasers dance fast as he smote the table with his fist. "Leave the room—leave the room, or I will call my police!"

"Where is Sanchez?"

"I don't know," and the fist ceased to beat as he looked up sharply. "Do you?"

The Captain turned rigidly. "Peaches, show the gentleman where Sanchez is."

With a suggestion of that interest which a mender of cane-bottomed chairs might display in business, Peaches pawed in his grain-sack—peered into its dark folds—until suddenly, having assured himself, he straightened up, holding in his right hand, by its long locks, a dead head depending therefrom. Taking it gingerly, the Captain set it on the table directly before Mr. Marshall East, and arranged it squarely. With dropping jaw, the agent pushed himself back in his chair before the horrible sight.

"Yes—I know where Sanchez is. He is looking at you. Were you an accessory before the fact of his intentions? Does he seem to reproach you?" spoke the Captain.

"God!" burst from the lips of the man as he eyeballed his attendant.

"Oh—well—you recognize him, then. Here also is one of your passes. It calls for Chief Natchez, a one-eyed man, who 'specifically murdered sheep-herders with an object.' Peaches, produce Natchez!"

Again fumbling the keeper of the bag got the desired head by the hair and handed it over. It was more recent, and not so well preserved. The eyes were more human, and his grin not so sweet. This, too, was arranged to gaze on the author of passes.

"You see he has one eye—he answers the pass. I suppose his 'specific object' was sheep."

The agent breathed heavily—not from moral shock, but at the startling exhibit. His chickens had come home to roost. His imagination had never taken him so far afield. The smooth amenities of the business world could not assert themselves before such unusual things. The perspiration rolled down his forehead. He held on to the table with both hands.

Again producing a dirty paper, the Captain read, "Pass Guacalotes" (with some description. Signed, "Marshall East. Agt., etc." Peaches dug up the deceased from the sack, handing it solemnly to the Nan-tan.

"Now, you murderer, you see your work. I wish you could see the faces of the dead sheep-herders too," and with hot impulse he rolled the head across the table. It fell into the agent's lap, and then to the floor. With a loud exclamation of "Oh—o—o!" the affrighted man bolted for the door.

Turning with the quickness of a fish, the soldier said, "Peaches, numero tres," and the third head came out of the bag like a shot.

"Murderer! Stop! Here is another 'specific object!'" but the agent was rapidly making for the door. With a savage turn the Captain hurled the dead head after him. It struck him on the back of the neck, and fell to the floor.

With a cry of fear, which cannot be interpreted on paper, the agent got through the door, followed by a chorus of "Murderer!" It was a violent scene—such as belonged to remote times, seemingly. No one knows what became of the agent. What I wonder at is why highly cultivated people in America seem to side with savages as against their own soldiers.



VICTOR HUGO, ARTIST

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS OF ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY VICTOR HUGO

PART II

BY PAUL MEURICE

VICTOR HUGO never learned how to draw. In 1825, at the time of his tour through Switzerland, he had taken in his album a few sketches, which he himself characterized as "awful"; but these, of course, were merely souvenirs of travel.

He was more than thirty years old when, strolling one day with a friend towards the environs of Paris—to Montfort l'Amaury, I think—he stopped suddenly before a superb old crumbling tower.

"What a magnificent ruin!" he exclaimed. "It ought to be transferred to paper. I am going to sketch it this minute."

Seating himself on a stone, he took out his pencil.

"You know, then, how to draw?" asked the friend.

"My faith, no! Nevertheless, I shall make an attempt just the same."

The essay proved not altogether unsuccessful; in fact, it was decidedly naïf, sweeping and crude. The friend, who was looking over the amateur artist's shoulder, burst out laughing. Victor Hugo smiled himself as he destroyed the leaf containing the sorawl.

"You perceive that one must learn how," said the friend. "Without having been taught, how can you draw the lines correctly, place the light and shade, determine the plans, establish the perspective?....."

"Very good," replied Victor Hugo. "But when one



"The Drowning Man"

learns the art by himself, it suffices to simply observe. Nature is, after all, the best teacher. It is necessary that I should draw; I will draw."

He possessed a strong will, as well as the gift of perception. In succeeding excursions he produced further drawings, that grew less and less imperfect and uncertain. After the tenth, he no longer destroyed his sketch; after the twentieth, he was sure of his point of view and sure of his hand. In short, he knew how to draw; he did draw.

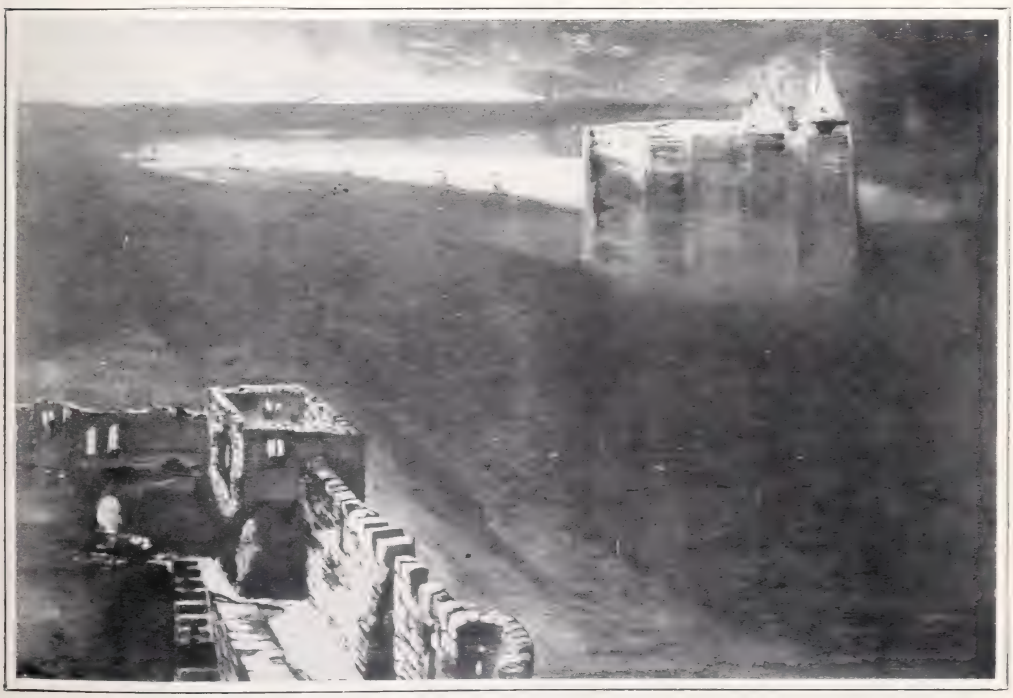
Almost immediately he developed a great facility. Between 1835 and 1848 the greater number of his designs bear the dates of his various tours, and were improvised while seated perhaps on a stone by the way-side, or on the bench before an inn, many of them being traced on the margins of letters. In the illustrations of his book *The Rhine,* we may see these same fugitive sketches. Some of the drawings were intended for the especial delectation of his children. On one we read this inscription: "For my Didine, while the horses are being changed." This rapidity of execution in the case of Victor Hugo was the result of the accuracy and clearness of his vision. At the first glance he seized the essential feature, the luminous point, and equally at the first glance he was enabled to reproduce what he saw with a masterly simplicity and firmness. It is well to add, with an extreme precision.

Victor Hugo may be said to have had two manners. That of this first period was especially marked by decision and finish. It reveals the minuteness of the early Flemish masters; it also has breadth. The line takes nothing from the color; the detail detracts in no way from the effect of the whole.

What were the methods of Victor Hugo? He produced his first drawings sometimes with the pencil, but more often with the pen.

"It is a tool that I am familiar with," he said.

At the commencement he used simply the ink in his inkstand. To this he subsequently added China ink and sepia. One day he bethought himself of another coloring matter that had not been used before: *café au lait.* From this he obtained soft yellow tints of admirable quality. It was his habit then to end his breakfast with a cup of coffee and milk,



"AN ANGLE OF THE FORTIFICATIONS"

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"SHATTERED YOUTH"

and when he had commenced a sketch he would pour a few spoonfuls into the saucer for artistic uses. Thus it will be seen that in the execution of his work he had no lack of ingenious and curious resources. It happened frequently that he would take too much ink on his pen and drop a large blot on the paper. His letters and autographs were apt to be generously embellished in this fashion, and his friends would often tell him, laughingly, that some day this would be the mark of authenticity for his handwriting. When an accident of this nature stained a drawing already begun, one might suppose it to have been a serious matter.

"Bah! It's of no consequence," Hugo would say. "What am I going to do with this blot?" Immediately he would dip his pen into it, as if into a small inkstand, enlarge it, give gradually a definite form, changing it into a rock, a ruin, or some odd geological formation, and finish by making of this blemish a thing of beauty. Another of his artistic secrets or tricks was the way he used the eraser (the penknife was one of his indispensable tools). He would spread some ink over a certain place on the sheet, and using the point of his knife, with an infinite patience and a marvellous dexterity, slowly, carefully, scratch, scratch steadily, and thus actually obtain such effects as the flecks of clouds, the wrinkles in the bark, or the mould on the stone.

What were his subjects and his models? Whatever arrested or charmed his eye—trees or stones, edifices or landscapes.

The voyage up the Rhine, of which we have spoken, opened up to him an entire world. From Cologne to Bingen he traversed in all directions, and to the uttermost depths the grand and sinister valleys of Sept Monts; he explored all the ancient castles of the burgraves, palaces of princes, and caves of brigands—once formidable and superb, to-day desolate ruins. He sketched almost all of these ruins, but not only on the leaves of his album; they were vividly impressed on his memory. And afterwards, when he had returned to France, this all-powerful imagination rediscovered them, transformed them, and, inspired by these visions ever present, he dreamed, invented, constructed on paper a multitude of castles, stranger, more savage, and withal quite as real as the original castles on the borders of the Rhine. The most beautiful and impressive of these imaginary castles is "The Castle with the Cross" *(Le Burg à la Croix)*, so well de-

scribed by Benjamin - Constant. This sketch has a history of its own worth telling.



"*A Mask*"

After the revolution of 1848, Victor Hugo, succumbing to the political tempest, was obliged, for a while, to interrupt his literary labors. Elected a representative of the people, the meetings, the committees, the speeches to make, the public duties to perform, rendered all continued work impossible, although at intervals he was allowed a few moments of leisure. This indefatigable worker was not the man to let such opportunities be wasted. He had often said to his friends:

"I have never yet made a design that was not more or less small. Would that some day I could find the time to produce at least one on a large scale, something on the plan of a painting!"

The respite which he had previously been denied, politics now afforded him; accordingly he hastened to profit by it. At that time he lived on the second floor of a house in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, in an apartment amply large and well lighted, which commanded an admirable view of Paris; but the view was much more extended and the light less obstructed under the roof. To secure the most favorable advantages for his purpose, then, he rented a modest servant's chamber at the top of the house, and furnished it with a straw-stuffed chair and a large table of whitewood. He procured, not without research and trouble, a sheet of very thick paper, which measured in metres not less than 1.80 wide by 0.80 high. In this little room, tranquil and solitary, with the immense sheet of paper before him, he started to trace the design of his dreams. During the space of three months he consecrated every morning to this work, employing, I will not say all his science, but all his inventions of an amateur, and pre-eminently all of that imaginative power which can create a world of its own. As for this colossal castle, this lake, this bridge, this cross, not one of them had ever existed except in the brain of the poet, and when he desired to contemplate his model he actually had to close his eyes. Thus he drew the inspiration for this superb picture.



"ONE OF MY CASTLES IN SPAIN"

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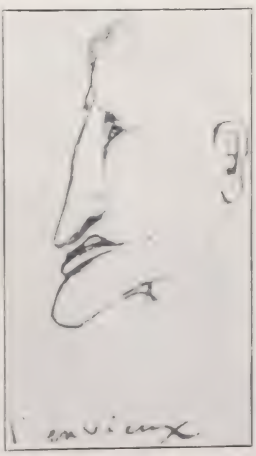


"THE CASTLE WITH THE CROSS"

The design completed at last, he put it under glass and displayed it to his admiring friends. This transpired during the summer of 1851. In December of this same year burst forth the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. After making the heroic resistance which has passed into history, Victor Hugo was forced to quit France. He was not only proscribed, however; he was ruined. He had to sell his furniture, his books, and his entire art collection—one of the first, if not the very first, brought together with so much foresight and taste. Nevertheless, the whole was disposed of at low prices, money being scarce in those uncertain and troublous times. A tapestry of the fourteenth century, the subject being taken from the "Roman de la Rose," was sold for 100 francs; it was worth ten thousand then; it would bring one hundred thousand today. A number of sketches by Victor Hugo were on the catalogue, including the large picture of "The Castle with the Cross."

He who writes these lines was in severe straits himself at this period. He was confined in the prison of the Conciergerie for writing editorials inimical to Napoleon *(délit de presse)*, and his journal, *L'Evénement*, which he had founded with the son of Victor Hugo and Auguste Vacquerie,* had just been brutally suppressed by the *coup d'état*. However, he wished to save the great work if possible, and when it was placed on sale at auction, he took pains to be represented in the bidding. It mounted as high as 510 francs, nearly half what the tapestry brought! Finally it was awarded to the writer, and Victor Hugo was satisfied to know that his favorite work was in the hands of his friend. "The Castle with the Cross," which I had framed, remained in my cabinet until the war of 1870, or until the fall of the Second Empire.

Victor Hugo came back to France; he reimbursed me for the sum advanced, and he recovered his picture. But it was only to render it to me again. He had done me the honor to live at my residence in the Avenue Frochot during the sorrowful and glorious month of the Siege of Paris. Peace being declared, and the land more or less delivered from its chains, he sent me back the picture, which had so long, during his



"Envy"

* M. Vacquerie was, until his death a few years ago, associated with M. Meurice as Victor Hugo's literary executor.

exile, afforded consolation to my eyes. Furthermore, at the same time he added to it another work of his hands in the shape of a superb frame, designed, painted, and carved by himself. On an amber background, rising and falling, are traced leaves ornamented with brilliant little flowers; and unrolling towards the right panel, in which direction the eye is naturally guided, there blossoms forth, on its long stem, the symbolic flower, which Victor Hugo has reproduced, in slightly varying forms, on the greater number of his frames, and which stands almost for his signature. He composed this flower of art from three natural flowers—*i.e.*, the dahlia, the camellia, and the chrysanthemum — and adorned the petals and the goffering *(gaufrures)* with the richest colors: it is equally charming and beautiful. Above hovers the blue bird of the dream, with the winged word "Spes." All this was in exquisite taste, Japanese before *le Japonisme*: for thirty years ago the great Japanese invasion in decorative art had not even commenced. Along the inside gilded border, which touches the picture, Victor Hugo has caused to run a kind of ivy, which he had hollowed out and incised himself, and here he had cut, in large letters,

VICTOR HUGO A PAVL MEVRICE

On the bottom of the frame, at the right, he had written,

Siège de Paris, 5 septembre 1870, 13 février 1871.

This beautiful frame furnishes an example of another talent of Victor Hugo. Not content with being merely a draughtsman, he was also a sculptor. With an art and taste entirely his own, he carved in the wood, in intaglio or in relief, figures, branches, flowers, and thus made frames, doors, and various articles of furniture, which he afterwards painted in colors clear and bold and always harmonious. The figures generally are Chinese — not "Boxer" Chinese, but good Celestials



"Hilarity"

of the amiable and pacific kind. It would require another article to describe all that is revealed in these works of a fancy at once ingenious and amusing. While at Guernsey he furnished an entire house with his own handiwork after this fashion.

Lamartine once said, with perfect gravity, to Théophile Gautier, "I am of slight consequence as a poet, but as a vine-grower my fame is assured."

"As for me," remarked Victor Hugo, smiling, "I shall be known to posterity as a maker of furniture."

During the eighteen years of exile, from 1852 to 1870, when Victor Hugo produced the most numerous and important of his literary works, he continued to sketch. This period witnessed the inauguration of his second style. His eyesight had become weakened, and the effect was as noticeable in his drawing as in his handwriting. In place of the scarcely legible scrawls *(pattes de mouches)*, fine and close, of his early chirography, the manuscripts of this epoch are characterized by formal and upright, or, so to speak, bold letters. It is much the same with his sketches. They are traced without pains and without signs of retouching, with a bolder and more authoritative hand.

The castles of the Rhine were far away. Victor Hugo resided during this period, as we know, successively in Jersey and later in Guernsey, and he had ever before his eyes a new, a more sublime subject—the sea. Behold him, then, from that time a delineator of marine pieces. Old ocean, in all its aspects, calm, misty, or tempestuous, became the chief inspiration of the painter-poet.

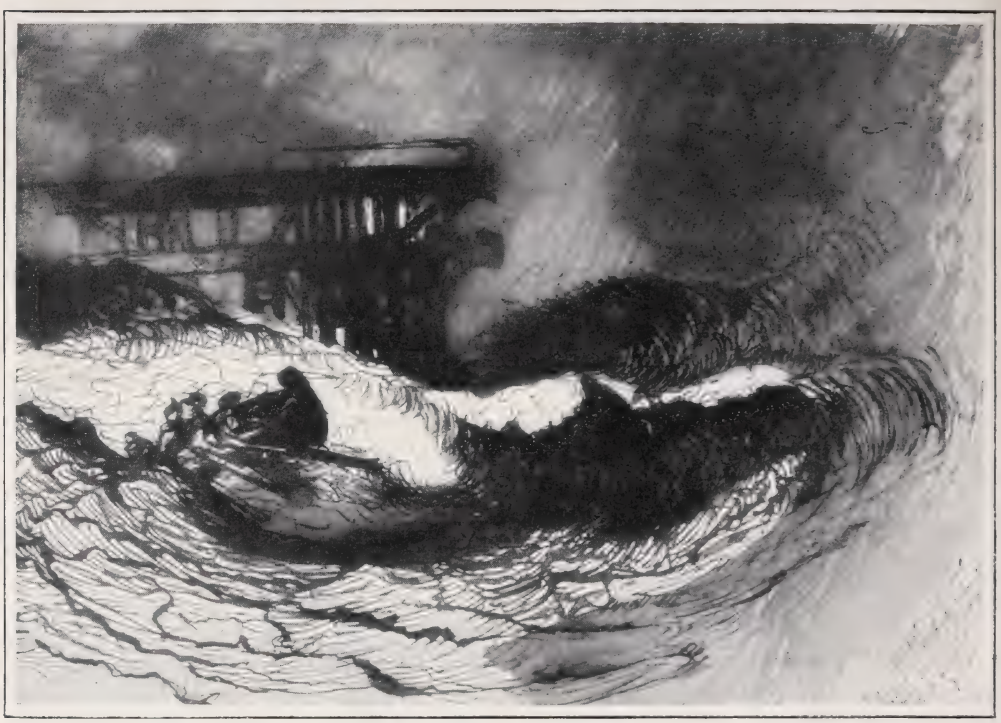
The manuscript of *The Toilers of the Sea*, belonging to the Bibliothèque Nationale, is illustrated by the author, on the margins, or on the full pages, with original and vivid drawings. Certain descriptive portions here and there were thus illustrated. A complete album has been formed of these beautiful and curious sketches. But he has left to us many other marine pieces—"The Great Storm" *(Gros Temps)*,

* Name

"Torment" *(Tourmente)*. "The Jersey Breakwater" *(Le Brise-lames de Jersey)*. One of the best known, "A Wave" *(Une Vague)*, looms up before the eye like some enormous, all-devouring gorge. In this series also may be included three sketches of light-houses, the largest that he had made after the "Castle with the Cross," viz., "The Light-house of the Caskets," "Eddystone Light," and "The Light-house with the Bell," all three beaten by the angry waves of a tempest. Victor Hugo describes these beacons himself in *The Man Who Laughs*, as follows:

"The Light-house of the Caskets was merely an old semi-barbarous structure, such as Henry I. had caused to be built after the loss of the *White Ship*—a flaming pile of wood under an iron trellis on the summit of a rock, a brasier behind a grating, a head of hair [*chevelure*] flaming in the wind.... In the seventeenth century a light-house was a sort of plume [*panache*] of the land on the borders of the sea. The architecture of a light-house tower was often magnificent and extravagant. It was overloaded with balconies, railings, turrets, little chambers, alcoves, and weathercocks, joined to a medley of masks, statues, foliage, volutes, reliefs, figures, large and in miniature, and medallions with inscriptions. *Pax in bello* was the motto on Eddystone Light..."

Another series of drawings bore the date of the exile, and were those that



"THE GREAT STORM"

Victor Hugo called his *cartes de visite*. One New-Year's day he sent to his most intimate friends his name written in large capitals, resplendent or sombre. Here the name would be detached, or upon a background of ruins; there it would appear and disappear under a cloud; elsewhere it would be involved in a fillet of lace. What infinite variety of styles and of forms he traced on these cards, what groupings and unforeseen entanglements he imagined, it is impossible to tell here. All these cards without doubt bear his mark; not one resembles another; each is a distinct conception. When it was not his name he wrote, it was some inscription, grave or gay. I have myself seen many of these. One cut on [illegible] had of [illegible]ring [illegible]g,

modelled after a tombstone, bears these two words: *Fracta juventus.* The sweet profile of a young girl is designed there, which has all the features of Léopoldine, the cherished daughter of the poet, who was drowned, as the world knows, with her young husband, Charles Vacquerie. At one side rises a sort of mortuary column encircled with a garland of flowers of a deep red. There is a melancholy charm in all this of the most poetic significance. Another card represents a handsome castle of the Renaissance, which regards its gay reflection in the waters of a pond. Victor Hugo described it in this line: "Spain—One of my Castles." Still another he called "My Destiny," and wrote at the bottom:

"On the back of this cartoon I have scrawled my own destiny. A ship, tempest-tossed in the middle of the vast ocean, almost disabled, assailed by hurricanes and foam-crested billows, and having nothing left but a little smoke, which the wind blows away, and which is its only force."

Victor Hugo but rarely designed the human figure; he really did not know how. In revenge, as it were, however, he drew any quantity of caricatures, of which the very exaggeration of lines and irregularity of features were the essential qualities. He was extremely fond of indulging in practical jokes in this form, and here, with his astonishing faculty of observation, he gave free play to all his lively powers of imagination and spirit of caprice. He collected a large number of these under the title, *Théâtre de la Gaîté,** and gave various names to the acts of his comedy, as "Devotees, male and female," "The Gavroches," "A Criminal Trial," etc..... This "Criminal Trial" is most curious. One sees there the judges, the accused, the woman for whom the crime has been committed, the witnesses, and the members of the jury. The whole is finished comedy, with a background of sadness, as when a thoughtful person laughs.

Elsewhere are shown the different types of character or temperament: "The Envious Ones," "The Affected Ones," etc. There are figures of expression: "Scarcely Reassured," "Gamin Excited," "Vocation Watching Over Herself." This last is the most astonishing of all; in three strokes there is an entire inner psychology.

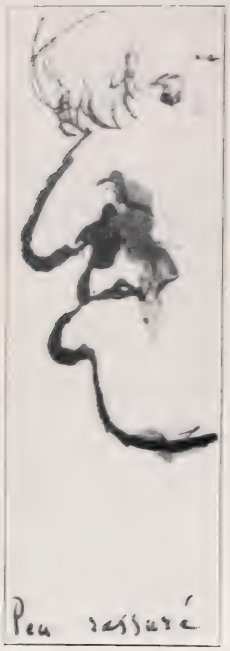


"THE LIGHT-HOUSE OF THE CASKETS"

It would be impossible to enumerate all the droll fantasies of the multiform farce. We must select for final mention, however, "The Bourgeois become King

* Name of one of the principal theatres of Paris.

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"Dubious"

of the Savages," and the two most amusing of all, "An Englishman crying, 'Long live the Emperor!' but keeping his hat on," and opposite, "The Citizen [*Faubourien*] regarding the Englishman cry, 'Long live the Emperor!'"

In 1863 there arrived at Guernsey an etcher of great talent, Maxime Lalanne by name. He had just finished some illustrations for a book entitled, *At the Home of Victor Hugo*, which gave a description of the poet's house, of its different rooms, and the pieces of furniture they contained. He saw and admired the frames, albums, and various designs of the master, and, furthermore, observed that a number of these drawings resembled specimens of his own art (etching).

"How is it that you have never made etchings before?" he asked of Victor Hugo.

"For this reason," replied Victor Hugo: "one must serve an apprenticeship beforehand. There are technical methods employed, and a special outfit is required, including plates, graving tools, vials, etc."

"Nothing is more simple," said the other. "With some instructions that I could give you, in a few days you would know as much as I do. As you shall see, it is a most amusing art, full of hazards and discoveries. Furthermore, you can take as many copies of your designs as you please. Only try."

"Let us do so," said Victor Hugo. The next day Maxime Lalanne brought his tools with him and gave his first "lesson." Almost immediately he was fairly stupefied at the ease, the ardor, and even the mastership of his far from ordinary pupil. After the second day Victor Hugo not only grasped the mediums, but renewed or recreated them as well; he invented while learning. Naturally he was enraptured with this new art.



"Youthful Emotion"

"Is it not captivating?" asked Lalanne.

"A hundred times more so than I imagined. Until tomorrow."

But when the morrow came, Lalanne found Victor Hugo cool and serious.

"I thank you, my dear professor," said he to Lalanne, "but let us rest where we are. I do not care to continue. It is exceedingly amusing—you are right—it is too amusing. I do not desire that my task should become a passion. I feel that I would yield too often to the temptation of this work which is so attractive and charming. I will remain at my own trade; and in order to design, as to write, I shall use only my pen."



"Self-Contemplation"

Drawn With Three Strokes Of The Pen

"I understand; but it is too bad! You would have been in the art of etching another Rembrandt."

It is, in fact, more than probable that with his marvellous gifts, if Victor Hugo had, in the beginning, turned his genius in that direction, he would have been as a colorist also another Rembrandt and the greatest painter of the century.

LOVE-LETTERS OF PRINCE BISMARCK

SELECTED, TRANSLATED, AND ANNOTATED

BY MARRION WILCOX



JOHANNA VON PUTTKAMER

BY what agency was the man whose disruptive and wasteful impulses had earned for him the title "Der tolle Bismarck" (the mad Bismarck) so transformed in character that he became the creator of an enduring form of German unity? In his own words we have the answer; and touching his "madness" in the decade before 1846, which he himself so vigorously characterizes, we need not add any description less authentic than this autobiographic note. Writing to Fräulein von Puttkamer, his *fiancée,* on April 28, 1847, he said that earlier in the day he had been thinking over the events of his life, and added:

I was full to overflowing of anguish and remorse as I recalled the lazy indifference and the blind mania for pleasure in which I had squandered all the abundant gifts of youth, talent, fortune, and health, without purpose and without result, until I looked to you, my beloved, to receive into the haven of your unprofaned heart the wreck whose rich cargo I in my pride had recklessly thrown overboard.

For the first time the more intimate passages in the story of this transformation lie before us, in a series of letters addressed by Bismarck to his *fiancée* and wife, and to her parents. Even a preliminary letter of quite extraordinary character has not been withheld; and I venture to say that the claim of this document to receive attention at the outset will not be contested for an instant after the delivery of its message. "I begin this communication by indicating its content in the first sentence: it is a request for the highest thing you can dispose of in this world, the hand of your daughter"—thus Bismarck wrote to Herr von Puttkamer towards the end of December, 1846.

A rather long letter it is—much too long to be given in full under the caption of this article—but we may read at least enough of it to see on what ground the appeal for a favorable response was based:

I do not conceal from myself the fact that I appear presumptuous when I, whom you have come to know only recently and through a few meetings, claim the strongest proof of confidence which you can give to any man. I know, however, that I . . . can never be in a position to give you such guarantees for the future that they would, from your point of view, justify entrusting me with an object so precious . . . All that I can do is to give you information about myself with absolute candor, so far as I have come to understand myself. It will be easy for you to get news through others in regard to my public conduct; I

content myself, therefore, with an account of what underlay that—my inner life, and especially my relations to Christianity (Standpunkt zum Christenthum).

The course that had led him into the blind alley of doubt is sketched before he comes to the confession:

I was firmly convinced that God had denied to man the possibility of true knowledge; that it was mere audacity for one to assert that he understood the will and plans of the Master of the World; that mortal man must await in submission the judgment that his Creator would pass upon him in death, and that the will of God became known to us through conscience alone, which he had given to us as a means of feeling our way through the darkness of the world. That I found no peace in these views I need not say. Many an hour have I spent in disconsolate depression, thinking that my existence and that of other people was pur-



OTTO VON BISMARCK, 1860

poseless and unprofitable—perchance only a casual product of creation, coming and going like dust thrown off from wheels in motion.

About four years ago I came into close companionship, for the first time since my school days, with Moritz Blanckenburg, and found in him, what I had never had till then in my life, a friend; but the warm zeal of his love strove in vain to give me by persuasion and discussion what I lacked—faith.

The winning of a little trust, which was not yet peace, had resulted from an event that he describes, adding, "I do not know what value you will attach to this emotion, which my heart has felt for only two months." Only towards the close of the letter does he come to the matter which he was holding in reserve for another auditor:

I refrain from all protestation of my feelings and intentions with reference to your daughter [he writes], for the step I am taking speaks of them louder and more eloquently than words. So, too, you will not be served with promises for the future, since you know the untrustworthiness of the human heart better than I do, and my only security for the welfare of your daughter lies in my prayer for God's blessing.

The tone of this letter I find not exactly confident, but resolute; the writer has looked the objections to his personality squarely in the face, and has set about answering them in the fashion that seemed to him most effective. To provide against superficial consideration of his merits and demerits he even wrote:

In view of the importance of the matter and the magnitude of the sacrifice which you and your wife would have to make some day through the separation from your daughter, I can scarcely hope that your decision will be rendered in favor of my proposal without delay, and only beg that you will not refuse me the opportunity to explain away, on my own behalf, such reasons as might dispose you to a negative answer, before you utter a positive refusal.

Herr von Puttkamer's reply, conforming precisely—I had almost said, "dutifully"—to the terms of the foregoing request, left his ultimate decision in doubt, while inviting the suitor to visit him in Reinfeld. The strenuous young man (he was then thirty-one), who always was assured of success if he could but fight at close quarters, carried his point—though we do not know how much "explaining away" was required. The first letter to Fräulein von Puttkamer—"*angela mia*," he calls her—was written "in a very bad tavern on very bad paper" as he was returning from the happy visit; and when he refers in this to the state of the waters of the Elbe River we have to think of him as the dike-captain (Deichhauptmann) responsible in his own district for the proper care of embankments which prevented the great river in seasons of freshet from overflowing the level country. The annual floods from melting ice had not yet begun; still he was in duty bound to wait at his post for their arrival and subsidence. "So soon as the water shall have run by," he wrote, "I shall fly again northwards, to look up the flower of the wilderness, as my cousin puts it." The horses stamp, neigh, and rear at the door; he can only send her a life-and-love token, "with heartiest greetings for your, or *j'ose dire* our, parents. *Sans phrase* yours from top to toe. Kisses cannot be written."

In the next, written three days later, February 1, 1847, after his arrival at Schönhausen, he lets us look at his home surroundings through his own eyes, and realize what he himself felt—that familiar objects presented themselves to him with a difference, as though the indubitable change had been wrought in them:

I had only waited for daylight to write you, my dear heart, and with light came your little green spirit-lamp to make my lukewarm water seethe—though this time it found it ready to boil over. Your pity for my restless nights at present is premature, but I shall give you credit for it. The Elbe still lies turbid and growling in her ice-bonds—the spring's summons to burst them is not yet loud enough for her. I say to the weather: "If you would only be cold or warm! But you stay continually at freezing-point, and at this rate the matter may drag on tediously." For the present my activity is limited to sending far and wide, from my warm place at the writing-table, diverse conjurations, through whose magic quantities of fascines, boards, wheelbarrows, etc., are set in motion from inland towards the Elbe, perchance to serve as a prosaic dam in restraint of the poetical

foaming of the flood. After I had employed the morning in this useful rather than agreeable correspondence, my resolve was to chat away comfortably through the evening with you, beloved one, as though we were sitting on the sofa in the red drawing-room; and with sympathetic attention to my desire the mail kept for my enjoyment precisely at this gossiping hour your letter, which I by good rights should have received day before yesterday. You know, if you were able to decipher my inexcusably scrawled note* from Schlawe, how I struck a half-drunk crowd of hussar officers there, who disturbed me in my writing. In the train I had, with my usual bad luck, a lady *vis-à-vis*, and beside me two very stout, heavily fur-clad passengers, the nearer of whom was a direct descendant of Abraham into the bargain, and put me in a bitter humor against all his race by a disagreeable movement of his left elbow.

I found my brother in his dressing-gown, and he employed the five minutes of our interview very completely according to his habit in emptying a wool-sack full of vexatious news about Kniephof [a family estate] before me: disorderly inspectors, a lot of rough-coated sheep, distillers drunk every day, thoroughbred colts (the prettiest, of course) come to grief, and rotten potatoes, fell in a rolling torrent from his obligingly opened mouth upon my somewhat travel-worn self. On my brother's account I must affect and utter some exclamations of terror and complaint, for an indifferent manner on my part when receiving news of misfortune vexes him, and so long as I do not express surprise he has ever new and still worse news in stock. This time he attained his object, at least [for its effect on me] internally, and when I took my seat next to the Jewish elbow in green fur, I was in a right bad humor; especially the colt distressed me—an animal as pretty as a picture and three years old. Not before getting out-of-doors did I become conscious of the ingratitude of my heart, and the thought of the unmerited happiness that had become mine a fortnight earlier again won the mastery in me. In Stettin I found drinking, gambling friends. William Ramin took occasion to say, *à propos* of a statement about reading the Bible, "Tut! in Reinfeld I'd speak like that too, if I were in your place, but it's ridiculous for you to believe you can impose on your oldest acquaintances."

I found my sister very well and full of joy about you and me. She wrote to you, I think, before she received your letter. Arnim is full of anxiety lest I become "pious."

* Not extant.

He kept looking at me all the time earnestly and thoughtfully, with sympathetic concern, as one looks at a dear friend whom one would like to save and yet almost gives up for lost. I have seldom seen him so tender. Very clever people have a curious manner of viewing the world. In the evening (I hope you did not write so late) I drank your health in the foaming grape-juice of Sillery in company with half a dozen Silesian counts, Schaffgotsch and others, at the Hôtel de Rome, and convinced myself Friday morning that the ice on the Elbe was still strong enough to bear my horse's weight, and that, so far as the freshet was concerned, I might to-day be still at your side [literally "at your blue or black side"—one of many playful references in these letters to the dark coloring and "blue-gray-black" eyes that distinguished Fräulein von Puttkamer] if other current official engagements had not also claimed my presence.

Snow has fallen very industriously all day long, and the country is white once more, without severe cold. When I arrived it was all free from snow on this side of Brandenburg; the air was warm and the people were ploughing; 'twas as though I had travelled out of winter into spring's beginning, and still in me the short spring-time of your companionship had changed to winter, for the nearer I came to Schönhausen the more oppressive I found the thought of entering upon the old loneliness once more, for who knows how long a time! Pictures of my wild past life arose in me as though they would banish me from you. I was on the verge of tears, as when, after a school vacation, I caught sight of Berlin's towers from the train. The comparison of my situation with that in which I was on the 10th, when I travelled the same line in the opposite direction; the conviction that my solitude was, strictly speaking, voluntary, and that I could at any time, albeit through a resolve smacking of insubordination and a forty hours' journey, put an end to it—made me see once more that my heart is ungrateful, dismayed, and resentful; for soon I said to myself, in the comfortable fashion of the accepted lover, that even here I am no longer lonely, and I was happy in the consciousness of being loved by you, my angel, and, in return for the gift of your love, of belonging to you, not merely in vassalage, but with my inmost heart. On reaching the village I felt more distinctly than ever before what a beautiful thing it is to have a home—a home with which one is identified by birth, memory, and love. The sun shone bright on the stately houses of the villagers, and their well-to-do inmates in long coats and the gayly dress-

ed women in short skirts gave me a much more friendly greeting than usual; on every face there seemed to be a wish for my happiness, which I invariably converted into a tribute of thanks to you. Gray-haired Bellin's* fat face wore a broad smile, and the trusty old soul shed tears as he patted me paternally on the back and expressed his satisfaction; his wife, of course, wept most violently; even Odin was more demonstrative than usual, and his paw on my coat collar proved incontestably that he had been in the mud [literally, "that it was melting weather"]. Half an hour later Miss Breeze was galloping with me on the Elbe, manifestly proud to carry your affianced, for never before did she so scornfully smite the earth with her hoof. Fortunately, you cannot judge, my heart, in what a mood of dreary dulness I used to re-enter my house after a journey; what depression overmastered me when the door of my room yawned to receive me, and the mute furniture in the silent apartments confronted me, bored like myself. The emptiness of my existence was never clearer to me than in such moments—until I seized a book, none of them being sad enough for me, or mechanically engaged in any sort of routine work. My preference was to come home at night, so that I could go to sleep immediately. Ach, Gott!—and now? What a different view I take of everything—not merely that which concerns you as well, and *because* it concerns you, or will concern you also (although I have been bothering myself for two days with the question where your writing-desk shall stand), but my whole view of life is a new one, and I am cheerful and interested even in my work on the dike and police matters. This change, this new life, I owe, next to God, to you, *ma très chère, mon adorée Jeanneton*—to you who do not heat me occasionally, like an alcohol flame, but work in my heart like warming fire.—Some one is knocking at the door.

Visit from the codirector, who complains of the people who will not pay their school taxes. The man asks me whether my fiancée is tall.

"Oh yes, rather."

"Well, an acquaintance of mine saw you last summer with several ladies in the Harz Mountains, on which occasion you preferred to converse with the tallest: that must have been your fiancée."

The tallest woman in your party was, I fancy, Frau von Mittelstädt. . . . The Harz! The Harz! . . . After a thoroughgoing consultation with Frau Bellin, I have decided to make no special changes here for the present, but to wait until we can hear the wishes of the future mistress of the house (der gnädigen Frau) in this respect, so that we may have nothing to be sorry for. In six months I hope we shall know what we have to do.

It is impossible as yet to say anything definite about our next meeting. Just now it is raining; if that continues the Elbe may have finished its game in a week or two, and then. . . . Still no news whatever about the Landtag. Most cordial greetings and assurances of my love to your parents, and the former—the latter too, if you like—to all your cousins, women-friends, etc. What have you done with Annchen?* My forgetting the Versin letters disturbs me: I did not mean to make such a bad job of it. Have they been found? Farewell, my heart, my treasure, my heart, consolation of my eyes. Your faithful BISMARCK.

At the end of the foregoing letter he calls attention to an enclosure, saying he had often found in this poem the expression of his innermost thoughts. The enclosure proves to be the lines addressed "To Inez" by Byron, beginning:

Nay, smile not at my fallen brow;
Alas! I cannot smile again;
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep and haply weep in vain,

and ending:

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask,
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on—nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.

By way of postscript, Bismarck adds:

Another picture, a description of a storm in the Alps, which I come upon as I turn over the leaves of the book, and which pleases me very much:

The sky is changed, and such a change! Oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder; not from one lone cloud,

* Inspector at Schönhausen.

* Fräulein von Blumenthal, afterwards Frau von Bohn.

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But every mountain now has found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud,
And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and fair delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!

On such a night the suggestion comes uncommonly near to me that I wish to be *a sharer in the delight, a portion of tempest of night,** mounted on a runaway horse, to dash down the cliffs into the tumult of the falls of the Rhine, or something similar. A pleasure of that kind, unfortunately, one can allow himself but once in this life. There is something intoxicating in nocturnal storms. Your nights, dearest, I hope you regard, however, as *sent for slumber, not for — writing.** I see with regret that I write English still more illegibly than German. Once more farewell, my heart. Tomorrow noon I am invited to be the guest of Frau Brauchitsch, presumably so that I may be duly and thoroughly questioned about you and yours. I'll tell them as much as I please. *Je t'embrasse mille fois.* Your own

B.

On the 13th of February he writes from Schönhausen:

GIOVANNA MIA,—The weather has become quite cold again, and yet I can't, for many reasons, travel just yet. I am so impatient that I have no more rest. *Notte tutti dormono, io non dormo mai, quarti d'ore sonano, uno, due, tre* (At night all sleep, but I never sleep. The quarter-hours strike — one, two, three). I count them all and should be glad if we were four weeks further along. Occasionally I have the desire to smash the window-panes, glasses, and bottles.

In the same letter he refers to plans he had made in earlier years for devoting his energies to the patrimonial estate, and describes his recovery from the illusions he had cherished about the Arcadian happiness of a farmer's life. The double-entry book-keeping and chemical studies it involves seem to have been the chief drawbacks. Incidentally he mentions the value of his estate, reckoned in figures that have a comfortable and substantial look, adding:

Enough, if we are sensible, to enable us to do good to many people. How many a government counsellor lives in town in elegant fashion with wife and child on a salary of one thousand thaler or little more, and must pay in cash for the things that we have here for nothing—namely, dwelling, wood, light, food and maintenance, for himself, his people, and horses, if he has any.

That would seem to be a good point at which to leave the subject, but, dragging in the possibility of distressful want with a cart-rope, as it were, he concludes:

Who can look into the future? Who can tell whether, through loss of property, sorrows and need may not press close upon us also one of these days? The richest may be obliged to turn his back upon his homestead. In that event we shall be satisfied if we only have each other and trust in God. Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame.

At this time he was using his best efforts to induce his correspondent to cultivate the French language, and at the end he writes in that tongue:

Once again, good-night and adieu, Johanna the Black (*Jeanne la noire*), dear child of the deserts of Rrrrummelsburg. I must go to bed, although I'm not sleepy, but it is striking midnight; so now, the 14th of February, I have been writing all day long.

Under date of Schönhausen, the 17th of February, 1847, we read:

Only beloved Jeannette, Friedericke, Charlotte, Eleonore Dorothea: Just by way of variety I am going to write to you in the morning, and, sooth to say, on a gloomy, rainy morning I will at least let the sun shine in me while I think only about you. It is half past eight, and here, sixteen feet away from the window, it is so dark that I can scarcely write. So, then, you, Black Sun, must shine within me very bright if I am to succeed. How can black give light? Only in the form of polished ebony or lava. Smooth and hard as that you are not; therefore my metaphor of the black sun is false. Are you not rather a dark, warm summer night with fragrance of flowers and heat-lightning?—for I should hardly like to say a starry and moonlight night: that picture seems to me too symmetrically placid. . . . I am interrupted.

I have been bargaining for horses the

* The italicized words are written in English in the original.

whole morning, and I behaved like the women at Siegmund's or Rogge's. After I had made the dealer lead before me about twenty in the heaviest rain on smooth ice, I bought nothing, although they were all Danish horses. Speaking of horses, it occurs to me that you must ride, even if I should change myself into a horse to carry you. Haven't you any physician there who will make the necessity of this apparent to your father? Make a tool of him so that he shall say that you can't fail to go blind, or something of that kind, if you do not ride. Without lying he can say that it is necessary in the interest of your health.

Meanwhile Bismarck was receiving letters from Fräulein von Puttkamer which so steadily increased in size, as she took courage from his precept and example, that he says of them:

When I saw your letter the first time it was one page long; the next time it was two, and now it is three. Let it keep on growing until it comes to me as big as a volume.

Some expressions characteristic of an only daughter, who had never had occasion to learn the value of a partial reticence (and it is undeniable that she did not show a marked preference for flattering and cheerful themes), lead him to say:

"You are right, my heart: mistrust is the bitterest, most terrible torment. It is nothing else but the doubt which was the first seed of all evil, applied to the relations of men among themselves—the source of almost all bitterness and hostility. Somewhere it is written: He who does not love his neighbor whom he sees, how shall he love God whom he does not see? I should like to say the same thing in reference to confidence instead of love. We have, even in the distrustful legal system, the adage, Let every one be regarded as good until he is shown to be bad (*quivis bonus habetur donec malus probetur*). So, then, if you wish to be nothing more than a hard-hearted judge with reference to me, you see you should trust me until you have learned by experience that I deserve mistrust. But if you love me, you should forgive me seven times seventy times, even if I have actually sinned against you. Will you be able to do that? Four hundred and ninety times!—I shall not require it so often as that, at least for gross offences.

In the same letter:

Among the women correspondents who spoil you you refer to a "Pauline." Who the d—— is Pauline? Is she another unknown cousin? Apropos of the d——, I can't find any place in the Bible where it is forbidden to misuse the name of the devil. If you know one tell it to me.

A little farther on:

I am really at war with myself as to whether or no, assuming that the danger from ice and water has passed by the 3d of March, I shall postpone the sessions which I have after that and employ the time up to the 20th in going to see you, my heart. On the 20th I must, *infailliblement*, be here. It is not certain, and yet it is likely, that I shall not be held by my official duties on the 4th; and what, then, you will ask, does prevent me? That which opposes itself to this plan is a being I know little about otherwise—it is avarice, the root of all evil. This winter I have bothered myself somewhat more than usual about the care of the poor in this neighborhood, and have found suffering that could not be worse, if not in my villages, at least in the neighboring town of Jerichow. When I think how one dollar helps along such a hunger-stricken family for weeks, it seems to me almost like a theft from the poor who are hungry and cold if I spend thirty dollars to make the journey. I could, indeed, give the amount and still take the trip, but that does not mend matters, and I am confronted with the fact that double or ten times that sum would alleviate only a part of the suffering. Tell me, does this scruple pain you—that my anxiety to see you is not sufficient to prevent me from balking at such a mere trifle (*misère*) as money? I have, as I said, not yet reached a decision in this matter.

He calls to mind his various engagements, and then continues:

Shall I come sooner if my duties will permit? Command, and I obey! I shall then quiet myself like a sophist with the reflection that it is no extravagance which I indulge in for my pleasure, but a duty that I fulfil to my fiancée.

He is floundering here and making futile efforts to extricate himself:

This is a very ticklish question [he writes]: how far I can hold myself justified in using for my pleasure the means that God has entrusted to my management, while there are people who are sick from want and cold in my immediate neighborhood, whose

beds and clothing are pawned, so that they cannot go out to work. Sell what thou hast, give to the poor, and follow me! But how far can or should our practice conform to that rule? Of the poor there are more than all the treasures of the king can feed.

On the 21st of February we find him replying to a letter in which she had taken herself to task for a lack of skill in correspondence. Assuring her that he had found nothing in it to criticise, and, manlike, moved to fall on his knees by a confession of weakness on the part of the woman he addresses as "Du bessre Hälfte meiner oder Unsrer" (my or our better half), he continues:

And were it otherwise [that is, if there had been faults], where should you in future find a breast on which to disburden your own of that which oppresses it, if not with me? Who is more bound by his duty, who is more fully justified in sharing suffering and anxiety with you, bearing your sicknesses, your faults, than I who have obeyed my impulse to do this, voluntarily, without being compelled to it through the obligation of relationship or other duty? You had a woman-friend with whom you could take refuge at all times, by whom you were never repulsed. Do you miss her in this way in an exigency? My dear, dear Johanna, must I tell you once more that I love you; *sans phrase*, that we ought to share with each other joy and suffering — I your suffering and you mine; that we are not united for the sake of showing and sharing with each other only that which gives pleasure; but that you may pour out your heart at all times to me and I to you, whatever it may contain; that I must and will bear your sorrows, your thoughts, your naughty tricks, if you have any, and love you as you are—not as you ought to be or might be? Make me serviceable, use me for what purpose you will, ill treat me without and within, if you have the wish to do so. I am there for that purpose, at your disposal; but never be embarrassed in any way with me. Trust me unreservedly, in the conviction that I accept everything that comes from you with a deep love that may be either glad or patient. Do not keep your gloomy thoughts for yourself while you look on me with cheerful brow and merry eyes, but share with me in word and look what you have in your heart, whether it be blessing or sorrow. Never be faint-hearted with me, and if anything in yourself appears to you indiscreet, sinful, depressing, reflect that everything of that kind is present in me a thousand times more, and that I am saturated with it far too thoroughly and deeply to look on such things with contempt when seen in others, or to become aware of them in you, otherwise than with love, even if not always with patience. Look upon us as mutual father-confessors; as more than that, since we, according to the Scripture, should be one flesh.

Next morning he is "torn from sweetest dreams," he says, to be told that the ice has begun to break up and move down the river; accordingly can only write a couple of lines while the horses are being saddled, and "That," he says, "makes me heartily sorry, since I was so full of instruction last evening that to-day I should have liked to give you a good stroking until you purred comfortably."

Next day another long letter, in which this little sentence catches one's eye at the end of a paragraph: "I am very, very tired, like a child." And like a child he has written the numeral one, not the word ein:—"Sehr sehr müde bin ich wie 1 Kind."

Towards the end of the same letter he refers to a report, current at the time, that he was engaged to marry Countess Schulenburg; his friends in the hussars have been greatly surprised to learn the true state of affairs, and Caroline has been making strenuous efforts to bring that engagement on, without knowing of his other plans. He wonders how Caroline and the hussars could have arrived at the same opinion, and then he goes on to express his real sentiments by means of a bit of description:

On my window-sill, among all sorts of crocuses and hyacinths, stand two camellias which always inspire me with strange thoughts. One of them, slender and pretty, with its ornamental crown (top) and soft, pale, very pale, pink blossoms, but little foliage and only two buds, transports me to Reddetin, holds itself rather stiffly and lisps English. The other makes far less impression of beauty as you look at it, and its stalk betrays in its gnarled twisting lack of care in its pruning. From the midst of the foliage looks out a dead branch, but the crown is rich in leaves and the foliage is greener than that of its neighbor: it gives promise of abundant blossoming in its eight buds, and its color is deep dark red and white in irregular gay variegation. Do you take the comparison amiss? It is a lame comparison, moreover, for I do not love camellias, be-

cause they are without odor, and you I love precisely on account of the fragrance of the flower of your spirit, which is white, dark red, and black.

Contrast the following:

25 [*February*], Evening.

Dearest,—I cannot write to your mother without sending you a few lines of thanks for your letter permeated with the odor of sausages, and bringing to light a genuine bit of childishness. You wouldn't believe how superstitious I am, but just when I had come in and, according to directions in your mother's letter, opened the package of sausages and broken the seal of your letter, the large clock suddenly, and quite without occasion, stopped still at three minutes before six. It is an old English hall-clock that my grandfather had from his youth up, that for seventy years has been standing on the same spot, had never been out of order, and also never had run down. I jogged it and it went again. Write me immediately that you are well and in good spirits. Your mother also complains that you are getting pale and thin. All that makes me so anxious, childish as I am. A little while ago I had a distressing experience: A respectable official whom I had a mind to scold because he had not been at his post, replied simply, "My only son has just died." It put me into such a sad frame of mind. I will go to see you immediately when the floods are passed, in spite of all the district meetings. Only write me that you are well.

Again in the same letter:

Do write me immediately how you are getting on in the matter of health. I had such a hateful dream—that Moritz had said to you that it was all up with us, for we were lost together because my faith was not correct and firm, and you shoved me into the rolling sea from the plank which I had seized in the shipwreck, because you feared that it would not support us both, and you turned away from me, and I was once more as I used to be, only poorer by loss of a hope and of a friend. When I woke up, I smiled with the accepted lover's complacency: "the English call that a nightmare, the Germans call it an Alp." You must have received a letter this evening, a fragmentary letter, perhaps just as the old calamitous clock stood still. . . . *Reading this letter at daylight I had a great mind to burn it, and should have done so if I had the time for writing another one. It's all humbug; but the ink being spent you must take your chance. Read it, tear it, and never mind.**

* The italicized passage is in English in the original.

He has been growing "more wilful," he confesses to her, writing on February 28, 1847—decidedly he is more wilful, or self-reliant, than he was at the age of twenty-three, and at the same time he takes a much more cheerful view of life now than then. "One usually does become more obstinate as he grows older," he adds; "still, in my dealings with women it is easier for me to control this fault, and you will hardly find yourself in the situation of one who yields, contrary to inclination." She asked him whether a locked or secretive heart is a very bad thing, or the contrary: he will not say yes, unconditionally, but shares her opinion that its secrets should be disclosed only to the eyes of people who deserve confidence:

The dividing-line between reticence and deceit, or even untruthfulness, it is not always easy to draw, and every one must adopt a rule of conduct that he can justify in his own experience. In ordinary intercourse politeness imposes dissimulations enough, and a certain degree of perfection in these seems to me very desirable. Towards those who are greatly troubled and anxious when we are sick our love leads us to employ such dissimulation, to spare them pain; still oftener a lack of confidence is the occasion in cases where this is regarded very unfavorably, particularly towards parents. Most mothers shed secret tears during the period when they must perceive that their children gradually—perhaps against their wish, and with struggles to secure the contrary result, loosen the ties that bind them to her heart, and become colder, and more reserved even, towards her who formerly directed or knew every emotion of the childish spirit. This constitutes a new fall of man, or a sort of reproduction, in the experience of every child, of our first parents' transgression, in that the child comes to take the view that it must cover its nakedness from its mother, and so veils itself.

Again replying to a confession of weakness, he writes:

Would you really like to kill yourself with weeping, my angel? You should at least not let your parents hear that; but tell me why. (I am an Altmarker, who wants to know reasons: from the time I was two years old, until I was seven, I was brought up in Pomerania—for which reason I can't understand a joke.) Why do you wish to

cry? Because you have been thoughtless enough to promise yourself in marriage? Because your parents and the other people love you so? Because spring is coming, and we shall soon see each other again? The thing you lack is misfortune, my angel; or, because the Lord does not send it to you, you make some for yourself. Among human beings, according to their constitution, every nature craves its due ration of trouble and sorrow, and if real troubles and sorrows are omitted imagination must supply them; or if it cannot do so, one pines with pessimism, with the common, uncomprehended disposition to weep.

On March 4 he takes up the pen after a supper at which he had eaten some of the Reinfeld sausage already mentioned, "a really successful product of Adelheid's artistic skill"—Adelheid being housekeeper for the Puttkamer family. His own housekeeper, Frau Bellin, "is especially parsimonious with it," he says, "and cuts the slices for me too thin. When you are here I shall certainly be better off, and at least be able to satisfy my hunger." The connection between this and the passage which immediately follows is obvious enough, although he is inclined to apologize for the transition:

I do not know how my thoughts make their way from the sausage to B., but I was grieved to reach the conclusion to-day, and not for the first time, that I must get rid of Odin if we make closer connection with B., for the foolish beast simply cannot stand any Jews, either genuine or baptized, and gives the rein to this prejudice so unrestrainedly and bloodthirstily that he has to be chained up so long as a descendant of the Patriarch tarries in the neighborhood of the house... Your mother's joke on my dislike of B. was not misunderstood, even if I did interpret it as a half-earnest caution. Perhaps I should have done otherwise if you had made the remark, however much of a Pomeranian I have become. It is impossible to tell from the written word whether the ink, while it was wet, mirrored a bantering eye or the lines of anxious seriousness, and from ladies I am accustomed (I tell you in confidence) to regard many a saying as serious which in a man's mouth I should never take to be so.

Enclosed I send you a rather insignificant view of the house here, as it looks on the gabled side when seen from the garden. The windows on this side belong to rooms which are uninhabited, in spite of the fact that they command a wide and quite pleasant view over the smooth plain of the Elbe Valley and the higher banks on the farther side.

Day before yesterday I received from Moritz* a very dear letter, much more calm and clear than the last, about which he himself speaks with disapproval. Do me the favor, my heart, not to excite each other to the point of tears; events in themselves have done more than enough in that direction; but rather let each of you give courage to the other, make your music in a major key [*i. e.*, shun depressing suggestions], and for my sake stop getting pale and thin, lest on the 23 I stand for a quarter of an hour shaking my head in front of you before I embrace you. It is an abuse of privilege which our father-confessor [Moritz] is guilty of with you that he uses your eyes as watering-pots for the plants of his own sorrow....

Highly characteristic is the following passage, with its disclosure of his conservative, not to say "patriarchal," attitude towards servants:

So, then, Senfft thought it was a "good deal to say" of a girl that she could be clever and good and pious: I thought they all were that. Now, as for the others, I have nothing more to do with them, except perhaps your waiting-maid; see to it, then, that she does not belong in the opposite category, for should she be transferred from Reinfeld to this house she would have a long return trip. Even without taking that into account, I find it very hard to make up my mind to dismiss people, once I have taken them into my service, and I hope you will have the same principles with respect to the female part of the regiment. The atmosphere of this place conserves domestics. Bellin is a peasant's son from the village here, who began as stable-boy in my father's employ, and has been forty years in our service—thirty-two of them as inspector. His wife was born in our service, a daughter of the former, sister of the present, shepherd. The latter and the master-tiler, who also will soon be sixty, are of the second generation in service here, and their fathers held the same positions under my grandfather and father. The gardener's family, unfortunately, died out last year with the decease of a childless man of seventy-five, who had inherited the position from his father. The herdsman knew my father when he was an ensign; when my father died the land-steward

* Who had lost his wife only a short time before.

nd huntsman resigned their offices on account f the infirmities of age, both after serving lmost fifty years—the son of Nimrod [only] fter I had been obliged to assure him that ie should have the shooting of all the hares hat I needed for the kitchen, although the oor bungler can no longer see well enough o do it. Even among the migratory class of naids are some whom I have known for ten years, and perhaps longer. I cannot deny hat I am somewhat proud of this adherence through many years to the conservative principle in this house, in which my ancestors have lived for centuries in the same rooms, where they were born and where they died, such as the pictures in the house and in the church show them to have been — from knights in clanking mail to the cavaliers of the Thirty Years' War, with their long hair and pointed beards; then the wearers of gigantic periwigs who strutted about with *talons rouges* on these boards, and the queue-wearing trooper who fell in Frederick the Great's battles, down to the degenerate offspring who now lies at the feet of a black-haired girl.

March 7, 1847, had been a typical day: review of national guardsmen till four o'clock; then home to mount Mousquetaire and ride at top speed to the scene of a shipwreck beyond Arneburg; then home again, after dark probably, "lame in the hip and broken down," he says, but "very well," of course; and so before bedtime to the composition of a letter which he thinks disgracefully short, though, after three or four hundred words prefatory in their nature, it moves along at a swinging gait until a little essay on cheerfulness has been embodied:

Writing is a sad makeshift, and the cold, black ink-marks are obnoxious to so many misunderstandings and misinterpretations, giving occasion to useless anxiety and sorrow, especially to my dear Johanna, who examines the lines with such scrutinizing care, to see whether she may not find in them something to feed her appetite for distress. Do you not fancy all possible disasters—that I am sick, have been offended by this thing or that, have scolded you in dead earnest, etc.? If you could only see how contentedly I smile, or at least how contented I appear, while I am writing to you, chatting with you without thought of harm; and if I make a campaign against your fondness for grieving, 'tis only a sham battle, with blank cartridges not designed to kill or wound. That being premised, I tell you that the poem, "Oh, do not look so bright and bless'd," is a right pretty poem, but in my estimation, like nearly all poetry, is not adapted to be applied to one's own life and to screen one's own little perversities. It is a weak-hearted poem, with which I contrast the verse of the trooper's song, "Unless you will take your life in your hand, you can never win the prize of life itself—Put your life at stake, if you would know what it means to live," which I elucidate as follows in my own fashion: With dutiful trust in God, dig in the spurs, and let life, like a wild horse, take you flying over hedge and ditch, resolved to break your neck, and yet fearless, inasmuch as you must sometime part from all that is dear to you on earth—though not forever. If Grief is near, well, let him come on, but until he arrives do not merely "*look* bright and bless'd," but *be* it, too; and when sorrow comes upon you, bear it with dignity, that is to say, with submission and hope. Until that time, however, I will have nothing to do with *Mr. Grief*—nothing more than is implied in submission to God's will. If "fairest things soonest fleet and die," then that is a reason the more for not spoiling the time while they are yours by self-torment about the possibility of their loss: be thankful for them, rather, and receptive. Moreover, it is not even a true saying, and the reason why "fair things" appear to us so transitory is found in our own insatiableness, which, instead of thanking God for the blessing we have enjoyed, thinks only of lamenting the fact that we have it no longer, whereas there are others who never had it at all. Precisely similar to this is the experience of young gentlemen who destroy so-called friendships by lending and borrowing money. The receiver, so soon as he has used up the loan, invariably ceases to be grateful for the complaisance, though it be marked, of the other who lent him the money; on the contrary, he is only embittered when the latter asks to be repaid, and generally becomes an enemy of the lender. When I was a student how angry I used to get over tailors and boot-makers! When they wanted their bills paid I considered it the most irritating presumption, instead of being grateful for the credit they had extended.

Coming back to the poem, he comments:

Moreover, the "rose of the gardens" is happier than that "of the desert," for even to be but "a moment cherished" is better than to "live and die in vestal silence." "A moment cherished and then cast away—"

I have often loved (if love it may be called) in that fashion.... "Worshipped while blooming—when she fades forgot"? There are qualities that never fade; so I shall worship you as long as I live, because you will never give up blooming. *Et quand même!*

When did I reproach you with having an icy heart? I must have been in a terribly mendacious mood then. It is not true in the least: I love the temperature of your heart, and yet I shiver so easily in any place that is not warm. How can your mother think that I misunderstood the note, or even took offence at it? It is really high time for me to see you; otherwise you will represent me as a completely tyrannical monster in the pictures your fancy creates.

You hurt my feelings somewhat in being so much surprised when people like Leps* and others respect and love you, etc., for you thus indirectly express the opinion that you esteem me a man devoid of taste, since I entertain for you much stronger feelings of—respect is too weak a word for me; worship, untrue and sacrilegious. You must, on the contrary, look with contempt upon every one who does not know enough to appreciate your merit; and to every one who has not yet proposed to you, or at least would not like to, you must say, "Sir, the fact is that Herr von B. loves me, a circumstance proving that every man who does not adore me is a blockhead without discernment." Why should not Lepsius worship you? 'Tis his duty and obligation. Don't be so painfully modest, as though I, after wandering around among the rose-gardens of North Germany for ten years, had finally grabbed at a buttercup with both hands.

From this very instructive letter, know: 1, That I am tired; 2, that I am in good health, very; 3, that last Friday morning you did not write me silly stuff, but an amiable letter; 4, that I did not misapply to myself anything you said, and most heartily believe that you do care for me; 5, that if we were together now, I should fall at your feet, seize both your hands, and cry, "Jeannetke, *ich liebe Dir!*" 6, *ch' Io ti voglio ben', assai;* 7, that I love you; 8, *que je t'adore, mon ange;* 9, to-morrow morning I go to Magdeburg, with Wartensleben of Carow, hold a long conference with Gerlach, dine there, buy little trees under whose shade you shall sometime wander — ditto cigars and other things. A fortnight hence on Saturday (Rupertus) I flee away to a remote distance, and the following Tuesday, on Everard's (!!) Day, I repose on your heart. Forgive this unworthy scrawl, give my cordial remembrances to your parents, and caress Finette for me, to keep your mother's heart favorably disposed. Good-night, beloved!

How frightfully indistinct the writing is in this letter! I can scarcely read it myself; forgive me, but I had to go to sleep quickly to-night, and hurried so.

On March 11 he sends her a letter which reaches its climax of interest only in the final words, "Farewell, my angel; *may the others* guard you," and in the postscript:

You will not be able to ride Luna; ride you must, though, even if it is to be on me. In 280 hours I shall be with you, *mais l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*

You will conceive a different opinion of Moore, on the whole, when I bring him to you. Under some verses, such melancholy ones as you love, my editor makes the true observation: "This poem, and some others of the same pensive cast, we may suppose were the result of the few melancholy moments which a life so short and so pleasant as that of the author could have allowed." In point of fact, most of his poems excepting the longer work, "Lalla Rookh," in the style of—

Oh, nothing in life can sadden us
  While we have wine and good humor in store:
With this, and a little of love to madden us
  Show me the fool that can labor for more
    etc.

Or:

Away with this pouting and sadness,
  Sweet girl, will you never give o'er!
I love you, by Heaven, to madness
  And what can I swear to you more? etc

Most of them are of a frivolous nature many border on indecency. One of them find precisely designed to be communicated to you, and copy it now, so that you may take note of it:

WEEPING.

Oh, if your tears are given to care,
  If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair,
  And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
  With dreams of woe your bosom thrill
You look so lovely in your tears,
  That I must bid you drop them still.

If you and your eyes are healthy, continue to be sad, with dreams of woe; it be

* Lepsius.

omes you very well. [Very satirical smile n the writer's face] and farewell.

Three days later he sends to his *Jeanne la méchante*" a complaint that ouches its subject-matter with a lighter and:

What is the meaning of this? A whole eek has passed since I heard a syllable from ou, and to-day I seized the confused mass f letters with genuine impatience—seven fficial communications, a bill, two invitaions, one of which is for a theatre and ball t Greifenberg, but not a trace of Zuckers [the Reinfeld post-office] and "Hochwohlgeboren."* I could not believe my eyes, and had to look through the letters twice; then I set my hat quite on my right ear and took a two hours' walk on the highway in the rain, without a cigar, assailed by the most conflicting sentiments—"a prey to violent emotions," as we are accustomed to say in romances! I have got used to receiving my two letters from you regularly every week, and when once we have acquired the habit of a thing we look upon that as our well-won right, an injury to which enrages us. If I only knew against whom I should direct my wrath—against Böge, against the post-office, or against you, the blackest of cats *(la chatte la plus noire)* in mind and in body (inside and out!). And why don't you write? Are you so exhausted with the effort you made in sending two letters at a time on Friday of last week? Ten days have gone by since then—time enough to recover one's strength. Or do you want to let me writhe, while you feast your eyes on my anxiety, tigress! after speaking to me in your last letters about scarlet and nervous fevers, and after I had laid such stress on my maxim of never believing in anything bad before it forces itself upon me as nothing less than incontestable? We adhere firmly to our maxims only so long as they are not put to the test; when that happens we throw them away, as the peasant did his slippers, and run off on the legs that nature gave us. If you have the disposition to try the virtue of my maxims, then I shall never again give utterance to any of them, lest I be caught lying; for the fact is that I do really feel somewhat anxious. With fevers in Reddis, to let ten days pass without writing is very horrible of you, if you are well. Or can it be that you did not receive on Thursday as usual my letter that I mailed on Tuesday in Magdeburg, and, in your indignation at this, resolved not to write to me for another week? If that is the state of affairs, I can't yet make up my mind whether to *scold or laugh* at you. . . .

He presently adds the not very surprising statement that "this is presumably the last letter you will receive from here [Schönhausen] at present; instead of the next one I'll come myself," and continues:

Had another visitor, and he stuid to supper and well into the night—my neighbor, the town-counsellor Gartner. People think they must call on each other Sunday evening, and can have nothing else to do. Now that all is quiet in the night, I am really quite disturbed about you and your silence, and my imagination, or, if not that, then the being whom you do not like to have me name,* shows me with scornful zeal pictures of *everything* that *could* happen. Johanna, if you were to fall sick *now* it would be terrible beyond description. At the thought of it, I fully realize how deeply I love you, and how deeply the bond that unites us has grown into me. I understand what you call "sehr lieben" [to love *much*]. When I think of the possibility of separation—and the possibility must be admitted—I should never have been so lonely in all my dreary, lonely life . . . In the evening I am always excited, in the loneliness, when I am not tired. To-morrow in bright daylight in the railway carriage I shall probably estimate the possibilities of your situation with greater confidence. One or two poems still, which occurred to me as I was writing, and then good-night.

He gives in full the lines beginning:

When all around grew drear and dark
And reason half withheld her ray,

One rather wonders what sort of expression the wet ink reflected while Bismarck was copying the words which follow:

Thou stoodst as stands a lovely tree
That still unbroke, though gently bent,
Still waves with fond fidelity
Its boughs above a monument.
The winds may rend, the skies may pour,
But there thou wert, and still wouldst be
Devoted in the stormiest hour
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

But still more to the point are the lines making a picture so real to him that he

* "Right honorable," used in address on letters. B refers more than once to her distinctive way of writing this title

* Compare extract from letter of February 17.

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illustrated "waters wear the stone" by adding the name of a place with which they were both familiar:

I heard thy fate without a tear,
  Thy loss with scarce a sigh,
And yet thou wert surpassing dear—
  Too loved of all to die.
I know not what has seared mine eye:
  The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny
  Falls dreary on my heart.
Yes, deep and heavy, one by one
  They sink and turn to care,
As cavern'd waters wear the stone
    (Bielshöhle!)*
  Yet, dropping, harden there.

At the end he writes in English, "All nonsense!" and in German:

Be rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer. All the angels will guard you, my beloved heart, so that we shall soon meet again with joy. Farewell, and salute your parents. I wrote your father this morning. Your faithful

BISMARCK.

Two days later he writes from Berlin, not to "*Jeanne la méchante*" this time, but to Jeanne "*chère et bonne*":

Strange to say, I have just received at this place your dear letter of Thursday, after it had gone astray through a blunder of the Genthin post-office. Behold me now thoroughly ashamed of all my excitement of day before yesterday, with the greatest desire to thrash the whole postal service if I had it before me in person: with a brilliant justification, too, of my dear Johanna and of my maxims touching useless anxiety—if the latter were only more firm. I write you only a couple of lines "on the jump," so that you may know what has become of your letter, and to comply with your pressing request for an immediate explanation of my surprising expression [touching jealousy, in letter of March 4]. There are two kinds of jealousy, which are really quite different sensations. The basis of the first kind is mistrust in regard to the honor and constancy of the other party; that of the second kind is a certain sense of being for the moment or constantly put in the background as a result of preoccupation of the other party with some women-friends, flowers, birds, books, dogs, etc. I do not know precisely what words I wrote, but presumably I intended to say no more than that I am subject to the second kind of jealousy, which I should prefer to call a morbid sensitiveness, while to the first variety, which seems to me to be irreconcilable with true love, I am not subject.

That I had really already had opportunity to experience the second variety with you, I presume I did not say, or, at any rate, did not mean to say.

On May 2 he writes from Berlin that he has "just had a solid talk with her father [whose official duties required his presence at the capital] about the marriage, and found him disposed to celebrate it at the time fixed, entirely without display, but purely as a wedding ceremony," and that he has "also informed his relations that, owing to the state of your mother's health, it could not be otherwise." He is about to return to Schönhausen at the time, and three days later writes from his home:

Best loved! At sunset I came from an inspection of the dikes, wet to the skin; found your letter and your mother's, and was quite put to shame by your love, with which I am covered, as your letter is with yellow sealing-wax.

My cordial thanks for your very warm dear letter. I left Berlin Monday noon, and left your father in excellent, cigar-smoking condition, after we had drank champagne together....

Your adventure with Brünette makes me anxious, and I beg of you earnestly not to ride her again until I come back. It is possible that Groth has made her fretful: still more probable that she finds riding about the place tiresome, and will go more quietly outside. In any case, it seems the best thing to do to send her to Stolp until my return, both to make her gentle and to give her as much exercise as her health requires. I shall avoid telling your father about this danger, and say to him merely that she must have exercise, and can get it nowhere else but in Stolp. I am not in a mood for writing a great deal, not so much for the reason that I have only six hours before my departure as because my gall is stirred up and takes away my thoughts. I received a piece of news as I was writing, with the details of which I shall not trouble you beyond observing that a rather important pecuniary loss grows out of ——'s rank faithlessness. Apart from this confession of my wrathful emotions, I must scold you for yours in reference to Brünette. Allow your-

* Bielshohle, a stalactite cavern near Blankenburg, in the Harz Mountains.

self to be propitiated by the consideration that she did not "mean it badly." She had positively no vicious intention to vex or harm you personally, but obeyed impulses of her excited blood and of her impatience. Look upon her as an instrument that you do not play in the right way or that is out of tune owing to the weather.

Up to this point the letters have reflected Bismarck's character in the first period of transition—that to which I referred at the commencement of this paper. Now we come upon one which faithfully, though of course not quite completely, mirrors both his eagerness and his regret at the instant of taking that decisive step which was to be followed by the other famous steps, carrying the Pomeranian out into the great world:

BERLIN, 5 *May*, 1847.

Dearest, only beloved Juanita! better half of myself. I should like to begin my letter with every possible form of address through which I may put you in a frame of mind favorable to me, for I am in sore need of your forgiveness. I will not let you guess the reason why, lest you should imagine something worse than that I have been offered an election to the Landtag [first United Diet of Prussia] and have accepted it. Although I hope I shall be able to go with your father to see you at Whitsuntide, this makes, nevertheless, an essential change in all our plans for our next meeting. Let me tell you, in my own defence, how this came to pass.

One of our deputies, Brauchitsch, is so ill that he can no longer attend the meetings. My views on public questions most nearly resemble his own; still, I could have declined to serve, in which case the next substitute would have been called upon. But meanwhile the Magdeburg estates, on the retirement from office of the first of the six representatives, instead of adopting the usual practice and letting the second, and so on, each move up one grade, and filling the sixth position by a new election, by way of exception immediately selected me as the first of the six, although I am quite new in the province, and was not till then even a substitute. They were moved to do this partly for the reason that they had a quite unusual degree of confidence in me, partly because the second in line, who otherwise would necessarily have advanced to the first position, was held to be incompetent. The situation was such that he would take office if I declined. Moreover, the estates tried by every available means to put me into the Landtag instead of the first president. Brauchitsch himself, also, who was already on the road to recovery, resigned because he had it in view particularly that I should be his successor, and the other deputies likewise encouraged him for the same reason and expressly desired my election. I write you all of this to make it clear to you that I could not decline the call without positively offending the Magdeburg estates and destroying every prospect I have which is based upon my relations with them. So I ask you again to forgive me for accepting the thing, and in so doing cancelling the plans for our reunion next week....

The letter ends:

I was obliged to run around with marshals, presidents, etc., all the morning. Cordial greetings, and forgive *a head giddy with affairs* if I have not written you a single sensible letter since my departure. Your faithful B.



THE RECOVERY

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

TO the visiting stranger Hillbridge's first question was, "Have you seen Keniston's things?"

Keniston took precedence of the Colonial State House, the Gilbert Stuart Washington, and the Ethnological Museum; nay, he ran neck and neck with the President of the University, a prehistoric relic who had known Emerson, and who was still sent about the country in cotton-wool to open educational institutions with a toothless oration on Brook Farm.

Keniston was sent about the country too; he opened art exhibitions, laid the foundations of academies, and acted, in a general sense, as the spokesman and apologist of art. Hillbridge was proud of him in his peripatetic character, but his fellow-townsmen let it be understood that to "know" Keniston one must come to Hillbridge. Never was work more dependent for its effect on "atmosphere," on *milieu*. Hillbridge was Keniston's *milieu*, and there was one lady, a devotee of his art, who went so far as to assert that once, at an exhibition in New York, she had passed a Keniston without recognizing it. "It simply didn't want to be seen in such surroundings; it was hiding itself under an incognito," she declared.

It was a source of special pride to Hillbridge that it contained all the artist's best works. Strangers were told that Hillbridge had discovered him. The discovery had come about in the simplest manner. Professor Driffert, who had a reputation for "collecting," had one day hung a sketch on his drawing-room wall, and thereafter Mrs. Driffert's visitors (always a little flurried by the sense that it was the kind of house in which one might be suddenly called upon to distinguish between a dry-point and an etching, or between Raphael Mengs and Raphael Sanzio) were not infrequently subjected to the Professor's off-hand inquiry, "By-the-way, have you seen my Keniston?" The visitors, perceptibly awed, would retreat to a critical distance and murmur the usual guarded generalities, while they tried to keep the name in mind long enough to look it up in the Encyclopædia. The name was not in the Encyclopædia; but, as a compensating fact, it became known that the man himself was in Hillbridge. Hillbridge, then, owned an artist whose celebrity it was the proper thing to take for granted! Some one else, emboldened by the thought, bought a Keniston; and the next year, on the occasion of the President's golden jubilee, the Faculty, by unanimous consent, presented him with a Keniston. Two years later there was a Keniston exhibition, to which the art-critics came from New York and Boston; and not long afterward a well-known Chicago collector vainly attempted to buy Professor Driffert's sketch, which the art journals cited as a rare example of the painter's first or silvery manner. Thus there gradually grew up a small circle of connoisseurs known in artistic circles as men who collected Kenistons.

Professor Wildmarsh, of the chair of Fine Arts and Archæology, was the first critic to publish a detailed analysis of the master's methods and purpose. The article was illustrated by engravings which (though they had cost the magazine a fortune) were declared by Professor Wildmarsh to give but an imperfect suggestion of the esoteric significance of the originals. The Professor, with a tact that contrived to make each reader feel himself included among the exceptions, went on to say that Keniston's work would never appeal to any but exceptional natures; and he closed with the usual assertion that to apprehend the full meaning of the master's "message" it was necessary to see him in the surroundings of his own home at Hillbridge.

Professor Wildmarsh's article was read

one spring afternoon by a young lady just speeding eastward on her first visit to Hillbridge, and already flushed with anticipation of the intellectual opportunities awaiting her. In East Onondaigua, where she lived, Hillbridge was looked on as an Oxford. Magazine writers, with the easy American use of the superlative, designated it as "the venerable Alma Mater," the "antique seat of learning," and Claudia Day had been brought up to regard it as the fountain-head of knowledge, and of that mental distinction which is so much rarer than knowledge. An innate passion for all that was thus distinguished and exceptional made her revere Hillbridge as the native soil of those intellectual amenities that were of such difficult growth in the thin air of East Onondaigua. At the first suggestion of a visit to Hillbridge—whither she went at the invitation of a girl-friend who (incredible apotheosis!) had married one of the University professors—Claudia's spirit dilated with the sense of new possibilities. The vision of herself walking under the "historic elms" toward the Memorial Library, standing rapt before the Stuart Washington, or drinking in, from some obscure corner of an academic drawing-room, the President's reminiscences of the Concord group—this vividness of self-projection into the emotions awaiting her made her glad of any delay that prolonged so exquisite a moment.

It was in this mood that she opened the article on Keniston. She knew about him, of course; she was wonderfully "well up," even for East Onondaigua. She had read of him in the magazines; she had met, on a visit to New York, a man who collected Kenistons, and a photogravure of a Keniston, in an "artistic" frame, hung above her writing-table at home. But Professor Wildmarsh's article made her feel how little she really knew of the master; and she trembled to think of the state of relative ignorance in which, but for the timely purchase of the magazine, she might have entered Hillbridge. She had, for instance, been densely unaware that Keniston had already had three "manners," and was showing symptoms of a fourth. She was equally ignorant of the fact that he had founded a school and "created a formula"; and she learned with a thrill that no one could hope to understand him who had not seen him in his studio at Hillbridge, surrounded by his own works. "The man and the art interpret each other," their exponent declared; and Claudia Day, bending a brilliant eye on the future, wondered if she would ever be admitted to the privilege of that double initiation.

Keniston to his other claims to distinction added that of being hard to know. His friends always hastened to announce the fact to strangers—adding after a pause of suspense that they "would see what they could do." Visitors in whose favor he was induced to make an exception were further warned that he never spoke unless he was interested—so that they mustn't mind if he remained silent. It was under these reassuring conditions that, some ten days after her arrival at Hillbridge, Miss Day was introduced to the master's studio. She found him a tall listless-looking man, who appeared middle-aged to her youth, and who stood before his own pictures with a vaguely interrogative gaze, leaving the task of their interpretation to the lady who had courageously contrived the visit. The studio, to Claudia's surprise, was bare and shabby. It formed a rambling addition to the small cheerless house in which the artist lived with his mother and a widowed sister. For Claudia it added the last touch to his distinction to learn that he was poor, and that what he earned was devoted to the maintenance of the two limp women who formed a sort of neutral-tinted background to his impressive outline. His pictures of course fetched high prices; but he worked slowly—"painfully," as his devotees preferred to phrase it—with frequent intervals of ill health and inactivity, and the circle of Keniston connoisseurs was still as small as it was distinguished. The girl's fancy instantly hailed in him that favorite figure of imaginative youth, the artist who would rather starve than paint a pot-boiler. It is known to comparatively few that the production of successful pot-boilers is an art in itself, and that such heroic abstentions as Keniston's are not always purely voluntary.

On the occasion of her first visit the

artist said so little that Claudia was able to indulge to the full the harrowing sense of her inadequacy. No wonder she had not been one of the few that he cared to talk to; every word she uttered must so obviously have diminished the inducement! She had been cheap, trivial, conventional; at once gushing and inexpressive, eager and constrained. She could feel him counting the minutes till the visit was over, and as the door finally closed on the scene of her discomfiture she almost shared the hope with which she confidently credited him—that they might never meet again.

II

Mrs. Davant glanced reverentially about the studio. "I have always said," she murmured, "that they ought to be seen in Europe."

Mrs. Davant was young, credulous, and emotionally extravagant; she reminded Claudia of her earlier self—the self that, ten years before, had first set an awe-struck foot on that very threshold.

"Not for *his* sake," Mrs. Davant continued, "but for Europe's."

Claudia smiled. She was glad that her husband's pictures were to be exhibited in Paris. She concurred in Mrs. Davant's view of the importance of the event; but she thought her visitor's way of putting the case a little overcharged. Ten years spent in an atmosphere of Keniston-worship had insensibly developed in Claudia a preference for moderation of speech. She believed in her husband, of course; to believe in him, with an increasing abandonment and tenacity, had become one of the necessary laws of being; but she did not believe in his admirers. Their faith in him was perhaps as genuine as her own; but it seemed to her less able to give an account of itself. Some few of his appreciators doubtless measured him by their own standards; but it was difficult not to feel that in the Hillbridge circle, where rapture ran the highest, he was accepted on what was at best but an indirect valuation; and now and then she had a frightened doubt as to the independence of her own convictions. That innate sense of relativity which even East Onondaigua had not been able to check in Claudia Day had been fostered in Mrs. Keniston by the artistic absolutism of Hillbridge, and she often wondered that her husband remained so uncritical of the quality of admiration accorded him. Her husband's uncritical attitude toward himself and his admirers had in fact been one of the surprises of her marriage. That an artist should believe in his potential powers seemed to her at once the incentive and the pledge of excellence: she knew there was no future for a hesitating talent. What perplexed her was Keniston's satisfaction in his achievement. She had always imagined that the true artist must regard himself as the imperfect vehicle of the cosmic emotion—that beneath every difficulty overcome a new one lurked, the vision widening as the scope enlarged. To be initiated into these creative struggles, to shed on the toiler's path the consolatory ray of faith and encouragement, had seemed the chief privilege of her marriage. But there is something supererogatory in believing in a man obviously disposed to perform that service for himself; and Claudia's ardor gradually spent itself against the dense surface of her husband's complacency. She could smile now at her ignorant vision of an intellectual communion which should admit her to the inmost precincts of his inspiration. She had learned that the creative processes are seldom self-explanatory, and Keniston's inarticulateness no longer discouraged her; but she could not reconcile her sense of the continuity of all high effort to his unperturbed air of finishing each picture as though he had despatched a masterpiece to posterity. In the first recoil from her disillusionment she even allowed herself to perceive that if he worked slowly it was not because he mistrusted his powers of expression, but because he had so little to express.

"It's for Europe," Mrs. Davant vaguely repeated; and Claudia noticed that she was blushingly intent on tracing with the tip of her elaborate sunshade the pattern of the shabby carpet.

"It will be a revelation to them," she went on, provisionally, as though Claudia had missed her cue and left an awkward interval to fill.

Claudia had in fact a sudden sense of deficient intuition. She felt that her visitor had something to communicate which required, on her own part, an in-

elligent co-operation; but what it was ner insight failed to suggest. She was, n truth, a little tired of Mrs. Davant, vho was Keniston's latest worshipper, who ordered pictures recklessly, who paid for them regally in advance, and whose gallery was, figuratively speaking, crowded with the artist's unpainted masterpieces. Claudia's impatience was perhaps complicated by the uneasy sense that Mrs. Davant was too young, too rich, too inexperienced; that somehow she ought to be warned. Warned of what? That some of the pictures might never be painted? Scarcely that, since Keniston, who was scrupulous in business transactions, might be trusted not to take any material advantage of such evidence of faith. Claudia's impulse remained undefined. She merely felt that she would have liked to help Mrs. Davant, and that she did not know how.

"You'll be there to see them?" she asked, as her visitor lingered.

"In Paris?" Mrs. Davant's blush deepened. "We must all be there together."

Claudia smiled. "My husband and I mean to go abroad some day—but I don't see any chance of it at present."

"But he *ought* to go—you ought both to go this summer!" Mrs. Davant persisted. "I know Professor Wildmarsh and Professor Driffert and all the other critics think that Mr. Keniston's never having been to Europe has given his work much of its wonderful individuality, its peculiar flavor and meaning—but now that his talent is formed, that he has full command of his means of expression" (Claudia recognized one of Professor Driffert's favorite formulas), "they all think he ought to see the work of the *other* great masters—that he ought to visit the home of his ancestors, as Professor Wildmarsh says!" She stretched an impulsive hand to Claudia. "You ought to let him go, Mrs. Keniston!"

Claudia accepted the admonition with the philosophy of the wife who is used to being advised on the management of her husband. "I sha'n't interfere with him," she declared; and Mrs. Davant instantly caught her up with a sudden cry of, "Oh, it's too lovely of you to say that!" With this exclamation she left Claudia to a silent renewal of wonder.

A moment later Keniston entered; to a mind curious in combinations it might have occurred that he had met Mrs. Davant on the door-step. In one sense he might, for all his wife cared, have met fifty Mrs. Davants on the door-step: it was long since Claudia had enjoyed the solace of resenting such coincidences. Her only thought now was that her husband's first words might not improbably explain Mrs. Davant's last; and she waited for him to speak.

He paused with his hands in his pockets before an unfinished picture on the easel; then, as his habit was, he began to stroll touristlike from canvas to canvas, standing before each in a musing ecstasy of contemplation that no readjustment of view ever seemed to disturb. Her eye instinctively joined his in its inspection; it was the one point where their natures merged. Thank God, there was no doubt about the pictures! She was what she had always dreamed of being—the wife of a great artist. Keniston dropped into an arm-chair and filled his pipe. "How should you like to go to Europe?" he asked.

His wife looked up quickly. "When?"

"Now—this spring, I mean." He paused to light the pipe. "I should like to be over there while these things are being exhibited."

Claudia was silent.

"Well?" he repeated after a moment.

"How can we afford it?" she asked.

Keniston had always scrupulously fulfilled his duty to the mother and sister whom his marriage had dislodged; and Claudia, who had the atoning temperament which seeks to pay for every happiness by making it a source of fresh obligations, had from the outset accepted his ties with an exaggerated devotion. Any disregard of such a claim would have vulgarized her most delicate pleasures; and her husband's sensitiveness to it in great measure extenuated the artistic obtuseness that often seemed to her like a failure of the moral sense. His loyalty to the dull women who depended on him was, after all, compounded of finer tissues than any mere sensibility to ideal demands.

"Oh, I don't see why we shouldn't," he rejoined. "I think we might manage it."

"At Mrs. Davant's expense?" leaped from Claudia. She could not tell why she had said it; some inner barrier seemed to have given way under a confused pressure of emotions.

He looked up at her with frank surprise. "Well, she *has* been very jolly about it—why not? She has a tremendous feeling for art—the keenest I ever knew in a woman." Claudia imperceptibly smiled. "She wants me to let her pay in advance for the four panels she has ordered for the Memorial Library. That would give us plenty of money for the trip, and my having the panels to do is another reason for my wanting to go abroad just now."

"Another reason?"

"Yes: I've never worked on such a big scale. I want to see how those old chaps did the trick; I want to measure myself with the big fellows over there. An artist ought to, once in his life."

She gave him a wondering look. The words implied a dawning sense of possible limitation; but his easy tone seemed to retract what they conceded. What he really wanted was fresh food for his self-satisfaction: he was like an army that moves on after exhausting the resources of the country.

Womanlike, she abandoned the general survey of the case for the consideration of a minor point.

"Are you sure you can do that kind of thing?" she asked.

"What kind of thing?"

"The panels."

He glanced at her indulgently: his self-confidence was too impenetrable to feel the pin-prick of such a doubt.

"Immensely sure," he said, smiling.

"And you don't mind taking so much money from her in advance?"

He stared. "Why should I? She'll get it back — with interest!" He laughed and drew at his pipe. "It will be an uncommonly interesting experience. I shouldn't wonder if it freshened me up a bit."

She looked at him again. This second hint of potential self-distrust struck her as the sign of a quickened sensibility. What if, after all, he was beginning to be dissatisfied with his work? The thought filled her with a renovating sense of his sufficiency.

III

They stopped in London to see the National Gallery. It was thus that, in their inexperience, they had narrowly put it; but in reality every stone of the streets, every trick of the atmosphere, had its message of surprise for their virgin sensibilities. The pictures were simply the summing up, the final interpretation, of the cumulative pressure of an unimagined world; and it seemed to Claudia that long before they reached the doors of the gallery she had some intuitive revelation of what awaited them within.

They moved about from room to room without exchanging a word. The vast noiseless spaces seemed full of sound, like the roar of a distant multitude heard only by the inner ear. Had their speech been articulate their language would have been incomprehensible; and even that far-off murmur of meaning pressed intolerably on Claudia's throbbing nerves. Keniston took the onset without outward sign of disturbance. Now and then he paused before a canvas, or prolonged from one of the benches his silent communion with some miracle of line or color; but he neither looked at his wife nor spoke to her. He seemed to have forgotten her presence.

Claudia was conscious of keeping a furtive watch on him; but the sum total of her impressions was negative. She remembered thinking when she first met him that his face was rather expressionless; and he had the habit of self-engrossed silences.

All that evening, at the hotel, they talked about London, and he surprised her by an acuteness of observation that she had sometimes inwardly accused him of lacking. He seemed to have seen everything, to have examined, felt, compared, with nerves as finely adjusted as her own; but he said nothing of the pictures. The next day they returned to the National Gallery, and he began to examine the paintings in detail, pointing out differences of technique, analyzing and criticising, but still without summing up his conclusions. He seemed to have a sort of provincial dread of showing himself too much impressed. Claudia's own sensations were too complex, too overwhelming, to be readily classified. Lacking the

craftsman's instinct to steady her, she felt herself carried off her feet by the rush of incoherent impressions. One point she consciously avoided, and that was the comparison of her husband's work with what they were daily seeing. Art, she inwardly argued, was too various, too complex, dependent on too many inter-relations of feeling and environment, to allow of its being judged by any provisional standard. Even the subtleties of technique must be modified by the artist's changing purpose, as this in turn is acted on by influences of which he is himself unconscious. How, then, was an unprepared imagination to distinguish between such varied reflections of the elusive vision? She took refuge in a passionate exaggeration of her own ignorance and insufficiency.

After a week in London they went to Paris. The exhibition of Keniston's pictures had been opened a few days earlier; and as they drove through the streets on the way to the station an "impressionist" poster here and there invited them to the display of the American artist's work. Mrs. Davant, who had been in Paris for the opening, had already written rapturously of the impression produced, enclosing commendatory notices from one or two papers. She reported that there had been a great crowd on the first day, and that the critics had been "immensely struck."

The Kenistons arrived in the evening, and the next morning Claudia, as a matter of course, asked her husband at what time he meant to go and see the pictures.

He looked up absently from his guidebook.

"What pictures?"

"Why—yours," she said, surprised.

"Oh, they'll keep," he answered; adding, with a slightly embarrassed laugh, "We'll give the other chaps a show first." Presently he laid down his book and proposed that they should go to the Louvre.

They spent the morning there, lunched at a restaurant near by, and returned to the gallery in the afternoon. Keniston had passed from inarticulateness to an eager volubility. It was clear that he was beginning to co-ordinate his impressions, to find his way about in a corner of the great imaginative universe. He seemed extraordinarily ready to impart his discoveries; and Claudia was conscious that her ignorance served him as a convenient buffer against the terrific impact of new sensations.

On the way home she asked when he meant to see Mrs. Davant.

His answer surprised her. "Does she know we're here?"

"Not unless you've sent her word," said Claudia, with a touch of harmless irony.

"That's all right, then," he returned simply. "I want to wait and look about a day or two longer. She'd want us to go sight-seeing with her; and I'd rather get my impressions alone."

The next two days were hampered by the necessity of eluding Mrs. Davant. Claudia, under different circumstances, would have scrupled to share in this somewhat shabby conspiracy; but she found herself in a state of suspended judgment, wherein her husband's treatment of Mrs. Davant became for the moment merely a clue to larger meanings.

They had been four days in Paris when Claudia, returning one afternoon from a parenthetical excursion to the Rue de la Paix, was confronted on her threshold by the reproachful figure of their benefactress. It was not to her, however, that Mrs. Davant's reproaches were addressed. Keniston, it appeared, had borne the brunt of them; for he stood leaning against the mantel-piece of their modest *salon* in that attitude of convicted negligence when, if ever, a man is glad to take refuge behind his wife.

Claudia had, however, no immediate intention of affording him such shelter. She wanted to observe and wait.

"He's too impossible!" cried Mrs. Davant, sweeping her at once into the central current of her grievance.

Claudia looked from one to the other.

"For not going to see you?"

"For not going to see his pictures!" cried the other, nobly.

Claudia colored, and Keniston shifted his position uneasily.

"I can't make her understand," he said, turning to his wife.

"I don't care about myself!" Mrs. Davant interjected.

"*I* do, then; it's the only thing I do care about," he hurriedly protested. "I

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meant to go at once—to write—Claudia wanted to go, but I wouldn't let her." He looked helplessly about the pleasant red-curtained room, which was rapidly burning itself into Claudia's consciousness as a visible extension of Mrs. Davant's claims.

"I can't explain," he broke off.

Mrs. Davant in turn addressed herself to Claudia.

"People think it's so odd," she complained. "So many of the artists here are anxious to meet him; they've all been so charming about the pictures; and several of our American friends have come over from London expressly for the exhibition. I told every one that he would be here for the opening—there was a private view, you know—and they were so disappointed—they wanted to give him an ovation; and I didn't know what to say. What *am* I to say?" she abruptly ended.

"There's nothing to say," said Keniston, slowly.

"But the exhibition closes the day after to-morrow."

"Well, *I* sha'n't close—I shall be here," he declared with an effort at playfulness. "If they want to see me—all these people you're kind enough to mention—won't there be other chances?"

"But I wanted them to see you *among* your pictures—to hear you talk about them, explain them in that wonderful way. I wanted you to interpret each other, as Professor Wildmarsh says!"

"Oh, hang Professor Wildmarsh!" said Keniston, softening the commination with a smile. "If my pictures are good for anything they oughtn't to need explaining."

Mrs. Davant stared. "But I thought that was what made them so interesting!" she exclaimed.

Keniston looked down. "Perhaps it was," he murmured.

There was an awkward silence, which Claudia broke by saying, with a glance at her husband: "But if the exhibition is to remain open to-morrow, could we not meet you there? And perhaps you could send word to some of our friends."

Mrs. Davant brightened like a child whose broken toy is glued together. "Oh, *do* make him!" she implored. "I'll ask them to come in the afternoon—we'll make it into a little tea—a *five o'clock*. I'll send word at once to everybody!" She gathered up her beruffled boa and sunshade, settling her plumage like a reassured bird. "It will be too lovely!" she ended in a self-consoling murmur.

But in the doorway a new doubt assailed her. "You won't fail me?" she said, turning plaintively to Keniston. "You'll make him come, Mrs. Keniston?"

"I'll bring him!" Claudia promised.

IV

When, the next morning, she appeared equipped for their customary ramble, her husband surprised her by announcing that he meant to stay at home.

"The fact is I'm rather surfeited," he said, smiling. "I suppose my appetite isn't equal to such a plethora. I think I'll write some letters and join you somewhere later."

She detected the wish to be alone, and responded to it with her usual readiness.

"I shall sink to my proper level and buy a bonnet, then," she said. "I haven't had time to take the edge off that appetite."

They agreed to meet at the Hôtel Cluny at mid-day, and she set out alone with a vague sense of relief. Neither she nor Keniston had made any direct reference to Mrs. Davant's visit: but its effect was implicit in their eagerness to avoid each other.

Claudia accomplished some shopping in the spirit of perfunctoriness that robs even new bonnets of their bloom: and this business despatched, she turned aimlessly into the wide inviting brightness of the streets. Never had she felt more isolated amid that ordered beauty which gives a social quality to the very stones and mortar of Paris. All about her were evidences of an artistic sensibility pervading every form of life like the nervous structure of the huge frame—a sensibility so delicate, alert, and universal that it seemed to leave no room for obtuseness or error. In such a medium the faculty of plastic expression must develop as unconsciously as any organ in its normal surroundings; to be "artistic" must cease to be an attitude and become a natural function. To Claudia the significance of the whole vast revelation was centred in the light it shed on one tiny

spot of consciousness—the value of her husband's work. There are moments when to the groping soul the world's accumulated experiences are but stepping-stones across a private difficulty.

She stood hesitating on a street corner. It was barely eleven, and she had an hour to spare before going to the Hôtel Cluny. She seemed to be letting her inclination float as it would on the cross-currents of suggestion emanating from the brilliant complex scene before her; but suddenly, in obedience to an impulse that she became aware of only in acting on it, she called a cab and drove to the gallery where her husband's pictures were exhibited.

A magnificent official in gold braid sold her a ticket and pointed the way up the empty crimson-carpeted stairs. His duplicate, on the upper landing, offered her a catalogue with an air of recognizing the futility of the offer; and a moment later she found herself in the long noiseless impressive room full of velvet-covered ottomans and exotic plants. It was clear that the public ardor on which Mrs. Davant had expatiated had spent itself earlier in the week; for Claudia had this luxurious apartment to herself. Something about its air of rich privacy, its diffusion of that sympathetic quality in other countries so conspicuously absent from the public show-room, seemed to emphasize its present emptiness. It was as though the flowers, the carpet, the lounges, surrounded their visitor's solitary advance with the mute assurance that they had done all they could toward making the thing "go off," and that if they had failed it was simply for lack of efficient co-operation. She stood still and looked about her. The pictures struck her instantly as odd gaps in the general harmony: it was self-evident that they had not co-operated. They had not been pushing, aggressive, discordant: they had merely effaced themselves. She swept a startled eye from one familiar painting to another. The canvases were all there—and the frames—but the miracle, the mirage of life and meaning, had vanished like some atmospheric illusion. What was it that had happened? And had it happened to *her* or to the pictures? She tried to rally her frightened thoughts; to push or coax them into a semblance of resistance; but argument was swept off its feet by the huge rush of a single conviction—the conviction that the pictures were bad. There was no standing up against that: she felt herself submerged.

The stealthy fear that had been following her all these days had her by the throat now. The great vision of beauty through which she had been moving as one enchanted turned to a phantasmagoria of evil mocking shapes. She hated the past; she hated its splendor, its power, its wicked magical vitality. She dropped into a seat and continued to stare at the wall before her. Gradually, as she stared, there stole out to her from the dimmed humbled canvases a reminder of what she had once seen in them, a spectral appeal to her faith to call them back to life. What proof had she that her present estimate of them was less subjective than the other? The confused impressions of the last few days were hardly to be pleaded as a valid theory of art. How, after all, did she know that the pictures were bad? On what suddenly acquired technical standard had she thus decided the case against them? It seemed as though it were a standard outside of herself, as though some unheeded inner sense were gradually making her aware of the presence, in that empty room, of a critical intelligence that was giving out a subtle effluence of disapproval. The fancy was so vivid that, to shake it off, she rose and began to move about again. In the middle of the room stood a monumental divan surmounted by a *massif* of palms and azaleas. As Claudia's muffled wanderings carried her around the angle of this seat, she saw that its farther side was occupied by the figure of a man, who sat with his hands resting on his stick and his head bowed upon them. She gave a little cry and her husband rose and faced her.

Instantly the live point of consciousness was shifted, and she became aware that the quality of the pictures no longer mattered. It was what *he* thought of them that counted: her life hung on that.

They looked at each other a moment in silence; such concussions are not apt to flash into immediate speech. At length he said simply, "I didn't know you were coming here."

She colored as though he had charged her with something underhand.

"I didn't mean to," she stammered; "but I was too early for our appointment—"

Her blundering words cast a revealing glare on the situation. Neither of them looked at the pictures; but to Claudia those unobtruding presences seemed suddenly to press upon them and force them apart.

Keniston glanced at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock," he said. "Shall we go on?"

V

At the door he called a cab and put her in it; then, drawing out his watch again, he said, abruptly: "I believe I'll let you go alone. I'll join you at the hotel in time for luncheon." She wondered for a moment if he meant to return to the gallery; but, looking back as she drove off, she saw him walk rapidly away in the opposite direction.

The cabman had carried her half-way to the Hôtel Cluny before she realized where she was going, and cried out to him to turn home. There was an acute irony in this mechanical prolongation of the quest of beauty. She had had enough of it, too much of it; her one longing was to escape, to hide herself away from its all-suffusing implacable light.

At the hotel, alone in her room, a few tears came to soften her seared vision; but her mood was too tense to be eased by weeping. Her whole being was centred in the longing to know what her husband thought. Their short exchange of words had, after all, told her nothing. She had guessed a faint resentment at her unexpected appearance; but that might merely imply a dawning sense, on his part, of being furtively watched and criticised. She had sometimes wondered if he was never conscious of her observation; there were moments when it seemed to radiate from her in visible waves. Perhaps, after all, he was aware of it, on his guard against it, as a lurking knife behind the thick curtain of his complacency; and to-day he must have caught the gleam of the blade.

Claudia had not reached the age when pity is the first chord to vibrate in contact with any revelation of failure. Her one hope had been that Keniston should be clear-eyed enough to face the truth. Whatever it turned out to be, she wanted him to measure himself with it. But as his image rose before her she felt a sudden half-maternal longing to thrust herself between him and disaster. Her eagerness to see him tested by circumstances seemed now like a cruel scientific curiosity. She saw in a flash of sympathy that he would need her most if he fell beneath his fate.

He did not, after all, return for luncheon; and when she came up stairs from her solitary meal their *salon* was still untenanted. She permitted herself no sensational fears; for she could not, at the height of apprehension, figure Keniston as yielding to any tragic impulse; but the lengthening hours brought an uneasiness that was fuel to her pity. Suddenly she heard the clock strike five. It was the hour at which they had promised to meet Mrs. Davant at the gallery—the hour of the "ovation." Claudia rose and went to the window, straining for a glimpse of her husband in the crowded street. Could it be that he had forgotten her, had gone to the gallery without her? Or had something happened—that veiled "something" which, for the last hour, had grimly hovered on the outskirts of her mind?

She heard a hand on the door and Keniston entered. As she turned to meet him her whole being was swept forward on a great wave of pity: she was so sure, now, that he must know.

But he confronted her with a glance of preoccupied brightness; her first impression was that she had never seen him so vividly, so expressively pleased. If he needed her, it was not to bind up his wounds.

He gave her a smile which was clearly the lingering reflection of some inner light. "I didn't mean to be so late," he said, tossing aside his hat and the little red volume that served as a clue to his explorations. "I turned in to the Louvre for a minute after I left you this morning, and the place fairly swallowed me up—I couldn't get away from it. I've been there ever since." He threw himself into a chair and glanced about for his pipe.

"It takes time," he continued musingly, "to get at them, to make out what

they're saying—the big fellows, I mean. They're not a communicative lot. At first I couldn't make much out of their lingo—it was too different from mine! But gradually, by picking up a hint here and there, and piecing them together, I've begun to understand; and to-day, by Jove, I got one or two of the old chaps by the throat and fairly turned them inside out—made them deliver up their last drop." He lifted a brilliant eye to her. "Lord, it was tremendous!" he declared.

He had found his pipe and was musingly filling it. Claudia waited in silence.

"At first," he began again, "I was afraid their language was too hard for me—that I should never quite know what they were driving at; they seemed to cold-shoulder me, to be bent on shutting me out. But I was bound I wouldn't be beaten, and now, to-day"—he paused a moment to strike a match—"when I went to look at those things of mine it all came over me in a flash. By Jove! it was as if I'd made them all into a big bonfire to light up my road!"

His wife was trembling with a kind of sacred terror. She had been afraid to pray for light for him, and here he was joyfully casting his whole past upon the pyre!

"Is there nothing left?" she faltered.

"Nothing left? There's everything!" he exulted. "Why, here I am, not much over forty, and I've found out already—already!" He stood up and began to move excitedly about the room. "My God! Suppose I'd never known! Suppose I'd gone on painting things like that forever! Why, I feel like those chaps at revivalist meetings when they get up and say they're saved! Won't somebody please start a hymn?"

Claudia, with a tremulous joy, was letting herself go on the strong current of his emotion; but it had not yet carried her beyond her depth, and suddenly she felt hard ground underfoot.

"Mrs. Davant—" she exclaimed.

He stared, as though suddenly recalled from a long distance.

"Mrs. Davant?"

"We were to have met her—this afternoon—now—"

"At the gallery? Oh, that's all right. I put a stop to that; I went to see her after I left you; I explained it all to her."

"All?"

"I told her I was going to begin all over again."

Claudia's heart gave a forward bound and then sank back hopelessly.

"But the panels—?"

"That's all right too. I told her about the panels," he reassured her.

"You told her—?"

"That I can't paint them now. She doesn't understand, of course; but she's the best little woman and she trusts me."

She could have wept for joy at his exquisite obtuseness. "But that isn't all," she wailed. "It doesn't matter how much you've explained to her. It doesn't do away with the fact that we're living on those panels!"

"Living on them?"

"On the money that she paid you to paint them. Isn't that what brought us here? And—if you mean to do as you say—to begin all over again—how in the world are we ever to pay her back?"

Her husband turned on her an inspired eye.

"There's only one way that I know of," he imperturbably declared; "and that's to stay out here till I learn how to paint them."



Editor's Easy Chair.

AS nations cannot be turned out of clubs, or put in state's prison, or sent to the guillotine or gallows or electric chair, they contrive to keep a degree of complacency which would be difficult for individuals guilty of their habitual offences. They even manage to look down upon one another, at moments, when they each seem, quite honestly, to suppose that the others find something so enviable or desirable in them that these others being, say, French, Dutch, or Spanish, would like to be, say, German, English, or American. They all take credit to themselves nationally for virtues which belong rather sparingly to the whole of humanity; they speak of English fairness, and German honesty, and American independence, and they really make themselves believe that other peoples are destitute of the qualities which they severally arrogate to themselves. In the mean time the other nations affect to smile at a vanity which they could not imaginably indulge; but in fact they are only waiting their turn in the international scalp-dance to celebrate themselves with the same savage sincerity.

I

These reflections, which may be in themselves of no great novelty or value, have of course been prompted by that flattering dream of Lord Rosebery's in which lately he retroforecast, as it were, the destiny of a British Empire founded upon an uninterrupted union of the thirteen American colonies with the mother-country. Nothing could have been more innocent of intentional offence to us Americans, and yet the thing was in itself so offensively unthinkable for us that we fancy few Americans read his speech at the Glasgow University without some wish to take up arms again and fight the Revolution to its historical close. Not even to have the capital of the British Empire in the heart of the West would we again be part of the British Empire. Not to be rid of all our national sins and shames would we again be Englishmen, for we prefer them to the national sins and shames of England, bad as ours are. They are at least ours, and that is something, though it is something more, apparently, than Englishmen can ever understand, possibly because they can never understand that we are not still a sort of Englishmen-in-error, who would be willingly set right if we could without too great publicity.

Whenever we say anything of this sort Englishmen evidently cannot believe that we are serious; if they do not regard it as an instance of the American humor which they have so cordially tried to like, they suspect a bluff. If we go farther and say that simply to have thrown down and cast out their fetich of personal loyalty, denied their grotesque idolatry of sovereign-worship, not to mention getting rid of a titled aristocracy and a state church, is worth all that our seven years' struggle for independence cost us, they feel that the affair has passed a joke, and become serious, though they may not think we are so.

It seems a little ungracious not to take Lord Rosebery's fancy in his own amiable mood, and it is with a certain pang that we insist upon the higher uses of the accomplished fact. It is much for an Englishman to declare his nation historically wrong and ours historically right, and one wishes one could meet him at least half-way in dreaming of what the two nations might have been if they had remained one. But that is not possible to Americans except upon the condition of supposing the Anglo-Saxon world all republican, whether with its capital in England, or in New Zealand, or in New Mexico; and this would not be possible to Englishmen.

II

Lord Rosebery seems to have rather a gift for finding his nation historically wrong, and he has used it more acceptably in his study of *Napoleon, the Last Phase*, than in his vision of an undismembered British Empire. Yet even here we are not in entire sympathy with him, for no foreigner can be quite so ashamed of the English treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena as a generous Englishman

must be. Probably the impartial foreigner feels more deeply than such an Englishman the extreme difficulty of not treating such a mighty captive pettily, the captivity itself being an effect of the pettiness to which Great Britain was reduced when fate failed to have him fall into the hands of the Bourbons, who might have shot him with entire self-respect. In our time it might be safe to set such a captive free, and we wish that Lord Rosebery had devoted a chapter of his fascinating volume to vaticinating the event of Great Britain's having simply let Napoleon go. Probably some other power would have caught him and killed him, if he had been let go in Europe; but Great Britain could not take the chances, and so the world had that long squalid tragedy at St. Helena, which is unjustly, though so justly, the most mortifying episode of English history. Yet if Napoleon were to be kept a prisoner, his keepers must have more or less the instincts of jailers; and from the chiefs of the English cabinet down to their ultimate agent, Sir Hudson Lowe, his keepers had the instincts of jailers. To a man who had been effectively sovereign of Europe there could have been no mitigations of his captivity which would not still have been of the nature of the supreme hardship, and it does not seem so material to us as to Lord Rosebery whether the authorities at St. Helena refused or gave Napoleon the title of Emperor; but the man Bonaparte might well have preferred not to have his house overrun by rats, and he could fairly enough resent the clumsy civilities which the man Lowe offered him in the way of invitations to dinner.

Sovereign of Europe, however, was the least of the great things that Napoleon had been, and if the English had not also been shutting up the law-giver whose ideas transformed European civilization, they might have self-respectfully kept the law-breaker in durance. That they made the durance vile was both their misfortune and their fault; but it is not clear, even from their latest accuser, that it was more their fault than their misfortune. It is hard to see how upon any conditions it could have been more dignified without seeming to mock the captive more. As far as his hold upon the awe and pity of mankind was concerned they were doing their best for him, and where they were really doing their worst for the race was in perpetuating him as an idol of the poor human fancy. With all the good he did in the world he did so much evil that his memory if rightly managed might have been left mainly in abhorrence; but the thumb-fingered severity of the English forbade this. It seems to have darkened the mind even of so luminous an observer as Lord Rosebery with doubt whether the ordinary measures of morality were applicable to a sinner of Napoleon's size. This has its droll side, but it has also its sorrowful side, and suggests the discouraging question whether the obfuscation in which an evil deed seems to change its nature simply by changing its dimensions is ever to end. If there were any logic in it, we might expect a like metamorphosis in the case of a good deed; if murder acquires merit, as in war, simply through multitude, we should see charity turn to something malign if we had it on a sufficiently large scale.

Perhaps charity on the large scale does turn to injury; the doles of corn to the Roman mob are not supposed to have been an unmixed good; and perhaps murder itself on the grand scale is not wholly a blessing, though we like so much to glorify it, and when we get a hero of national proportions, we worship him for things that the person of ordinary make would be turned out of clubs for, or put in state's prison, or sent to the guillotine or gallows or electric chair. We seem to be more ready to do this than to idealize or idolize some man of national proportions in the good things, the things that really honor a people far above blood-letting, as patience, kindliness, humility, the love of humor, the sense of human fellowship. These virtues are sometimes found among the French, of whom Napoleon was nationally representative, and yet more among the Italians, of whom he was racially representative; but the dreadful little man, who still remains lord of the imagination after so much exile, prison, and death, was so wanting in them that he kept his devoted adherents standing among the rats in his presence at St. Helena when they were ready to drop. They had fol-

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lowed him into captivity from motives wholly or mainly unselfish, but he could not spare to wring from them this pitiful proof of his past imperial state. They and not he were the greater in the ordeal, and his ignominy in what he inflicted through his miserable vanity was meaner than any he suffered from Lowe's ingenuous brutality. Why should not this littleness be as true a measure of his spirit as any other quality of his? He failed of grandeur by so much as he failed to accept the truth of his fate, and to put away from him the toys of a state no longer his: toys fit only for born kings at any time, and not for a born chief of men.

He was capable of some horse-play at all periods of his life, and in those majestic moments at St. Helena his behavior seems to have authorized a romp of a girl to box his ears (a freedom somewhat resented by the faithful few not suffered to sit down before him); but he never apparently liked humor; he continued to the end the inamusable that Talleyrand called him; he bored himself and he must have bored others. He was not fully representative of either his race or his nation, and possibly among all the men that have lived there has been but one who was fully representative of his people.

III

It is proof of how perfectly he was this that the wish for Lincoln is recurrent, if not constant, in the American mind, as the wish for Napoleon could not imaginably be in the French mind. One feels that if Lincoln were only here now he would be reminded of a story by Lord Rosebery's dream of an undismembered British Empire, which would satisfyingly summarize our whole mind concerning it. But we must, without him, try to habituate ourselves to a kindness which we are likely to have heaped upon us more and more if we keep friends with the English, and they must bear with us if we cannot always take it kindly. Republics are as ungracious as they are ungrateful when it comes to favors which touch their being even by so much as a conjecture or a peradventure. This will not be understood by our newly conscious friends across the water, and it may not be understood, or if it is understood it will not be allowed, even by Americans enlarged to an imperial magnanimity by distance from home.

The republic, which is the strongest state, is always in the greatest danger through any variation from the singleness of ideal in which democracies are founded. Whatever tends to distinguish Americans from one another, and separate them into classes, threatens the perpetuity of the commonwealth by making its citizens unknown to one another. Its safety is mainly in that unity of tradition which as yet is of such integrity with us that no word of national import needs translation, in all the length and breadth of the Union, from the original accent in which it was uttered. No part of what we feel to be the American joke is lost upon any American not alienated from the great American family, the notion of which expresses beyond any other a national interdomestication unexampled in history. Without it, or without the tolerant sense of humor which it fosters in us, our vulgarities might sometimes be too much for us; but as it is we patiently accept them as a strictly provisional part of our life. We may not expect to get rid of them very soon, and yet we are able to bear them, because in the light of the great American joke they are not so significant as they may seem to the outsider. Lord Rosebery, for instance, might be tempted almost to recant his dream of an undismembered empire, with the capital of Anglo-Saxon civilization on these shores, if he could read of a "Trilby Social" lately held in New Jersey for the benefit of one of the churches. At this certain young ladies of the congregation hid themselves behind a curtain, and showed their feet below it, to be auctioned off by members of the church, who bid various sums for the different pairs. The proceeds were devoted to paying the church debt, and the incident seems to have ended there. It was less characteristic of our civilization than of the actors, but it cannot be trusted to the knowledge of mankind at large without a shiver of apprehension. Will others understand the intensely domestic nature of our national life sufficiently to accept the incident as an example of the sort of thing that goes on with us much as with a very

large, very good-natured family? We ourselves know perfectly how it was, and that it was not even a proof of especial silliness and vulgarity in those who took part in it. We can imagine a sufficient simplicity of heart and confusion of mind in them without disabling their good sense or their good taste in any sweeping way. They did it because they were of a condition more at home and at ease with itself than any other in the world, and were in that security from consequences which is one of the most amiable traits of the American nature.

IV

It is altogether a very curious and interesting phenomenon, that security from consequences. In the political way it tempts us to take chances of trouble about which other nations would think twice before incurring them, and in the economical way it accounts for a very wide belief among us that if Americans subtract fifty from a hundred it will leave a hundred. In the social way it constantly inspires our women to achieve impossibilities and to become the envy of those who criticise them. It accounts more than anything else for the American girl, who is not perhaps so dominant a figure in imaginative literature as she once was, but who probably prevails as much as ever in real life.

It has been noted before how intense and pervasive the process of feminization has been with us, and the process is still going on, not in less but in greater degree. Our women have long been much wiser than our men, and now they are growing much larger. There are few daughters of the present day who are not taller than their fathers; they are taller than their mothers themselves; and if this exaggeration of the type continues, it must have results even beyond the scope of the present daring inquiry. Short of such results, however, we can all perceive how much it must tell for our development as a family on the national scale. Hitherto we have known each other in a solidarity of joke, but it may be now that our self-knowledge is to become still more intimate through a solidarity of sex in the governing class. Yet if the Republic ultimated in a political gynocracy, it might not be so well. Any fulfilment of our domestic ideal which resulted in an actual silence of menkind would affect that perfect poise of the feminine character, so characteristic of our womenkind, by annulling the national sense of something droll in their loveliness, their aspiration, their divinity, which, in its poor way, may now be their greatest safeguard.

It is this which has given them that charm as heroines which they have long had in our fiction; for a very little observation of the field will convince the critic that few if any American novelists of importance have taken the American woman quite seriously when they have taken her for a heroine. In the midst of their tenderness for her, their reverence, their adoration, they have had a sense of her as a part of our joke, the better part, perhaps the greater part.

But we do not like their attitude toward her when we find it reflected in the work of alien novelists, and possibly the thing most satisfactory to us in Mrs. Humphry Ward's treatment of Lucy Foster, the fine type of American girl in her recent novel *Eleanor,* is its entire seriousness. We feel, at least, that this character, by its unfailingly respectful handling, as well as by its admirable nature, is the highest tribute yet paid by outland literature to American girlhood, and we can therefore the more easily own it wonderfully like. That it is perfectly like, one cannot honestly say. The Vermont from which Lucy Foster is derived is a Vermont of the mind, very well imagined, indeed, but more fitly the home of the more Massachusettsian type of Puritanic character expressed in the girl than the real Vermont of unfailing Republican majorities, summer-boarding, and comparative easy-goingness which we all know. She is, however, surprisingly divined, and the truth of the conception is not impugned by the fact that the severity of the ideal which she lives up to is something that was truer of the New England life in the generation before this. If it is not still in the New England life, it is in the New England air, and is what people there breathe in, if it is not what they breathe out. Such a girl as Lucy Foster is still potential if not still actual in New England. The elderly observer, looking, say, from his

Easy Chair through the trolley-car window, would still expect to see her, but he would be less apt to be disappointed in the suburbs of Boston than in the hill country of Vermont.

When we have said this, we have emptied the sack of the worst reserve in it, and for the rest we can only bear witness to the beauty and fidelity of the character. But it interests us, we own, rather on its universal side, and through its suggestion that Lucy Foster is of English source as well as American. Through such as she, and through all that is just and pure and high in English nature, we are willing still to be of one allegiance with the English, though we find it so hard to join in the dream of Lord Rosebery. We hope English people will be saying Lucy is quite like an English girl, and for our part we are inclined to claim Eleanor Burgoyne an American woman. She is at least like a great many American women whom the English in their anxiety for something very distinctive from us ignore to their loss. Her subtler and complexer character cheapens even the conscience of Lucy, which, indeed, leaves us with a taste of something harsh and unripe in the girl's nature. This is very likely as it should be; at any rate the taste is not removed by the perception of greater truth in the part she is called to play in the delicate drama. The situation is that one, not unfamiliar in fiction, in which two women vie in giving up to each other the man they both love. If it is not so familiar in life, that is certainly not the fault of fiction, and we may yet see it tardily reproduced there. When the time for that shall come, we hope life will take a leaf from Mrs. Ward's book, for it could hardly find the situation studied more convincingly elsewhere. We do not say convincingly, for in spite of all her skill we remain in the belief, shamefaced and unworthy though it may be, that Eleanor never would have given Manisty up to Lucy, no matter how truly and strongly she meant it, in mind, heart, and spirit. Love has made many mistakes, poor thing, and is answerable at all times for much evil in the world, but it has never made this mistake. It is such a divinely honest and selfish thing, it is so heaven meant and heaven sent to inspire the will solely to win and to keep, that it could not be false enough to itself ever to part willingly, or even wilfully, with its own. It can be said in this case that Manisty was not Eleanor's to keep; and yet if she loved him he was still not hers to give, though she abandons her hope of love only when she must abandon her hope of life. It is through Lucy's superiority in renouncing her share of the self-sacrifice that she becomes the truer character; and when she decides to take the man she loves, though the woman she loves loves him, womanhood triumphs in her obedience to a divine law.

The fact that Manisty is not worthy of her, or of Eleanor either, has nothing to do with the moral. Poseur in the things of politics and religion, he is of an entire and exalted simplicity in his passion. He wishes to have the woman he loves and her only, and it matters nothing to him, if it ever occurs to him, that another woman far fitter for him, if not worthier of him, wishes to have him. If love means anything at all it cannot mean less than this for a man; but possibly in their subtleties it may mean something different for women. We shall doubtless be clearer on this point when the feminization of our life is accomplished; and we must be content at present to recognize the art with which two such women as Eleanor Burgoyne and Lucy Foster are realized to us in Mrs. Ward's admirable novel. The world in which they meet each other and learn to value each other is that European world of political and religious interests, which Mrs. Ward invests with such grandeur and importance that our poor cisatlantic world seems almost of the insignificance it has in Manisty's neither very profound nor luminous nor sincere mind. An Englishman of statesmanlike potentialities if not proportions, turning from his great chances in the London political and literary world, and playing at Rome with the fires which once lighted the fagots at the autos-da-fé: what an immense opportunity for a novelist! It is Mrs. Ward's praise that she has not come short of her opportunity.

Editor's Study.

I

IN that House of Imagination which the Magazine has become, not merely in its fiction but in every part of its structure, our Hall of History occupies not unworthily a very large space. But let the reader for a moment shut his eyes to this fabric and consider History in the making, before it is a matter of script or monument—that surely is the greatest work of the human imagination. The individual imagination of the historian only divines what is here the immediate creation of the "faculty divine" in its collective operation. The drama is in human life itself; its perfect divination would be a full disclosure of the human ghost that haunts this planet, Earth.

The foremost men of action in this great drama are always the men whom most familiarly this ghost visits and leads on. We see in them ambition and passion, as in the lesser actors, and even larger than in these, but we see also the relentless, drastic proceeding — the ghostly beckoning which they must follow. Hence the peculiar fascination binding us like a spell when we contemplate the lives of Cæsar, Alexander, Cromwell, Lincoln.

Perhaps of all the men who have played leading parts, Napoleon was the most arbitrary—so self-willed that almost we look in vain for any leadings that do not begin and end in his personal ambition. He seems the victim rather than the listening and comprehending servant of human destiny—the tool and then the toy of fate. His career is remarkable as a singular example of what may be accomplished by military force. He was a thorn in the side of Europe, and all that stands to-day as the result of his achievement is that same Europe rehabilitated simply through resistance to his aggression. Outside of himself he represented nothing save the martial spirit of France, which gave him devoted armies. His control of forces at hand showed quick, keen, and resourceful intelligence, though not far-seeing, even in his own field. The nearest he ever came to a poetic conception was in his dream of Eastern empire, which, after all, was merely the dream of a selfish ambition. It is because he stood for so little that he was the sport of fortune. The extent of the imperial fabric he so rapidly constructed measures the depth of the pathetic impression made upon the minds of men by its sudden ruin, and this impression is focussed upon the figure of the captive at St. Helena.

Lord Rosebery in his recent book gives a very real picture of the hero in his dismal relaxation. The Longwood household abounded in diary-makers, of whose writings Lord Rosebery makes full use, having the important advantage of Gourgaud's, only recently published (1898). Through Gourgaud's diary it is that the consistency of Napoleon's character is maintained. A false Napoleon had been created. The veils are now torn away, and we can see Napoleon plain: narrow, conceited, and shallow. He recognizes no other type of greatness than his own—that of the military conqueror. In religion, therefore, he prefers Mohammedanism to Christianity, and in the swiftness of Islam's success as compared with the slow establishment of Christianity he sees greater proof of its divinity. Considering the character of the man, his aims, his estimate of the men about him, wholly based on their usefulness and devotion to him, what value could be attached to the appreciation of the divine nature of Christ once falsely supposed to have been expressed by him? Spiritually, Cromwell was a greater man than Napoleon.

II

We turn with pleasure and satisfaction from this type to the contemplation of Bismarck, as shown in his letters to his betrothed, Johanna von Puttkamer. We have known the plain-spoken old Pomeranian in various biographies, in his autobiography, in Poschinger's *Conversations,* and in many ways, since he was of our time, and the most stalwart figure in European statesmanship during the last half of the nineteenth century. But in these letters we have a new disclosure of the man—the private view. Of singular interest biographically is the letter to von

Puttkamer asking for his daughter's hand, written at the turning-point of the young man's career, when love has revealed to him his manhood and shown clear and shining a guiding light to the best things in life. It is also a disclosure of Bismarck's sincere religious faith: a confession which means much from a man who stood for what was abiding and essential in the German national life.

Following immediately the publication of Victor Hugo's love-letters, these of Bismarck awaken peculiar interest by way of striking contrast. We have here no romantic love-story full of trying vicissitudes. On either side are faithful love and absolute confidence, and there is an interchange of simple speech, in which, whatever the theme, the heart's devotion is constantly implicit. We see the glow of emotional feeling in the desire for frequent expression, in the careful detail, in the color of description. There is also in these letters a literary quality not so apparent in Bismarck's speeches and diplomatic correspondence. What we value most is the revelation of the writer's personality—the completion of a portrait, the first firm lines of which were developed by his love of Johanna von Puttkamer—the one love of his life.

III

The publication within three years of the love-letters of the Brownings, of Victor Hugo, and of Bismarck, the recent issue of a volume entitled *An English Woman's Love-Letters,* and the hearty welcome given to Henry Harland's delightful romance, *The Cardinal's Snuff-box,* indicate a healthy reaction against the "problem" novel, and ingenious but sensational historical fiction. Love and heroism—especially personal heroism,—these are the fascinating dramatic motives in art and literature. The scope of the historian is so large that almost nothing of human interest seems excluded. He interprets the distinctive genius of a race, often of several races blended together in one people; he shows how in its contacts and conflicts a nation develops its institutions; the religion, art, literature, and material progress of a people are all within his range. In the degree of his power he is poetic and picturesque, dramatic in his narrative, and a master of color and atmosphere. But however large his undertaking, how much there is that transcends his limitations, and that must be left to the biographer and the specialist for completeness, and, for adequate expression, to the poet, the artist, and the novelist! Robertson cannot preclude Scott, nor Hallam supplant Froissart, any more than Grote can displace Homer and the Greek dramatists, or make superfluous Symonds's and Pater's interpretations of Greek poetry, mythology, and philosophy. The historian of eighteenth-century England leaves a free field for Gosse in literary portraiture, and for Whibley's brilliant reproductions of social life in his recent volume, *The Pageantry of Life.* The historian of the century just closed must leave to a writer like Dr. Henry Smith Williams the *Story of Nineteenth Century Science.* Our great writers might well be mentioned in their time and place by the American historian, but the latter can give no such review of American literature as has just been presented by Barrett Wendell. The biographer and the specialist supplement the work of the historian; the artist, the poet, and the novelist catch the overtones of the human harmony hardly heard in the historic recital.

Historical fiction either is complementary to history, as in the case of the best work of Harrison Ainsworth and G. P. R. James, or, as in Hugo, Dumas, Sienkiewicz, and Tolstoi, transcends it. The really great imaginative writer will not be limited by the historic motive; he selects from data furnished by chronicle or tradition only what serves his dramatic purpose. The historical novelist at his best has much of the spirit of the Troubadours. He chooses those periods in which the passions of men—for love or war—were overmastering, or some romantic environment such as Blackmore found for his *Lorna Doone* in Exmoor, or Thomas Hardy, for all his fiction, in Wessex. The Middle Ages offer unusual temptations to the historical novelist as a field for the exhibition of personal prowess and romantic impulse; and here careful study aiding a masterly imagination has yielded brilliant results, from Scott's *Ivanhoe* to Hewlett's *Forest Lovers.* The most remarkable and the

most daring recent undertaking in this class of fiction was Mark Twain's *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.*

We have no space for a *résumé* of the many respectable examples of recent historical fiction by English writers. Within easy remembrance are the brilliant works of Charles Reade, Bulwer, Thackeray, Besant, George Eliot, Borrow, Kingsley, Black, and "Mark Rutherford" in this field, and such novels of high literary distinction as Pater's *Marius, the Epicurean,* Blackmore's *Springhaven,* and J. H. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant.* Close following upon these in literary merit and real interest are the productions of Stevenson, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, and Marriott Watson.

IV

While our best known American writers of fiction have, as a rule, chosen American themes, there are few examples in our literature of what may properly be called the historical novel. Irving's virile and at the same time playful imagination has in historical guise revived for us the old Dutch life of New York, and preserved as well as magnified the Dutch "haunts" of the Hudson; Cooper in milder and less grotesque fashion has reinvested the interior of the Empire State with aboriginal associations, very striking if not very real (Julian Hawthorne's *Garth,* located in New England, is a truer restoration, with greater imaginative value); and Sims has told thrilling tales of Southern Revolutionary heroes. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in *The Scarlet Letter,* has reproduced the sombre atmosphere and the spiritual stress of early New England life, though he deals with subjective phases rather than with striking historical characters or events. F. J. Stimson's *King Noanett* stands out with remarkable strength of portraiture and imaginative construction. Mrs. Stowe, whose *Uncle Tom's Cabin* embodied the spirit of the Western Reserve (New England in Ohio)—a spirit not at all retrospective, but, like the afterward disembodied soul of John Brown, forever "marching on" to some eventful issue—in her later and better novel, *The Minister's Wooing,* reverted to the New England of a century ago, producing a fair example of what is best in American historical fiction. Colonel J. W. De Forest's latest novel, *A Lover's Revolt,* is a vivid and noble reproduction of the stirring scenes in and about Boston at the opening of the Revolution. Outside of New England, Georgia has been most fortunate in the possession of writers that have illumined her retrospect—the most notable among these being Longstreet, Johnson, and Harris. Good work in the same line has been done for Virginia by John Esten Cooke, Thomas Nelson Page, Molly Elliot Seawall, Constance Cary Harrison, and quite recently by Mary Johnston; for Maryland by Winston Churchill; for Louisiana by Cable, Hearn, Grace King, Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart; for Mississippi by Virginia Frazer Boyle, in her recently published *Devil Tales;* and for Tennessee by Charles Egbert Craddock.

In connection with such preservations of American traits, we should not forget the artistic and faithful portraiture of our frontier life in Owen Wister's short stories, wherein have been caught true and living pictures of types already vanishing even as they were caught. Bret Harte's earliest stories, apart from their worth otherwise, had this preservative value for the pioneer mining life of the Pacific slope. What Edward Eggleston has done in his Hoosier stories, wholly apart from his distinctly historical reproduction of our colonial social life, must not be overlooked. And worthy of indelible record are the inimitable stories and sketches by Mark Twain of life on the Mississippi.

Nearly all these retrospections are essential parts of our national literature, but very few of them properly belong to the field of the historical novel in the sense, for example, that Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith* does. In dealing with our colonial period—which for our Eastern States is the only picturesque background of historical fiction—no American writer, except Hawthorne, has rivalled in imaginative power the achievement of Thackeray in *The Virginians.* The old Aztec civilization furnishes tempting motives to the novelist.

Janvier has to some extent availed of these in his *Aztec Treasure House*, and, in a more important way, Lew Wallace in *The Fair God*.

In the wake of Parkman's histories there have been a few writers, mainly English and Canadian, who have seized upon and made much of the romantic suggestions furnished by his narrative. Conan Doyle followed this trail successfully in *The Refugees*. Mrs. Catherwood has done some very notable work on this prompting; and William McLennan with Miss McIlwraith, in *The Span o' Life*, has produced a novel of the highest literary merit, in which the climax of an engaging love-story concurs with the moment of triumph that gave Canada to the English.

Gilbert Parker—Canadian, Australian, English, but always American—has in this field won signal success, especially in his *Seats of the Mighty*. Perhaps his exceptional prosperity in the popular favor is due to the freedom which he has given to his imagination, not binding it too rigidly to a historical basis. In *The Battle of the Strong* he even openly protested against the novel being considered historical, though he had taken all pains to secure fidelity as to local color and the conditions of the time. It was a romance, located partly in the Channel Islands and partly on the Continent. The final scene is as powerful in dramatic effect and as striking in its setting as any to be found in modern fiction.

In this author's development we see clearly the constantly growing domination of a spiritual motive, and this is distinctly apparent in his new novel, begun in our January number. The greater the imaginative power of a writer, the less willing is he to confess his dependence upon sensational incidents; more and more he falls back upon elemental conditions, and inclines toward the subjective motive. This is shown in Anthony Hope's last novel, *Quisanté*—the best instance of his art.

Mr. Parker's *The Right of Way* is not lacking in the power of dramatic projection even to the violent extreme. A tense electric storm encloses the central calm in which the spiritual forces have free play—Ariels and Calibans in the magic island of a man's soul.

Many novels of thrilling adventure are excluded from classification as historical, their historic guise being so obviously a masquerade; and to admit those dealing with contemporary life would be to include all the greatest examples of modern fiction, from Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* to Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*.

After all, the intimate portraiture of contemporary life is the distinctive office of the modern novel since Jane Austen—the one office that can be performed by no other kind of literature. The novel in this its proper field is wholly a modern thing, and withal a marvellous performance, since it transforms the familiar into something new through a magical disclosure, making the subject the object, and developing the hidden strangeness of the commonplace.

For many years Mr. Howells has strenuously insisted upon this kind of reality in fiction, both in his own work and in that of others. Writers often attempt to produce work having this quality and fail, mistaking the realistic for the real. A sincere undertaking in the right direction is contemplated in the series of twelve American novels, each by an American author, to be issued by the Harpers, one every month, during 1901. These are to be stories of contemporary American life, written for the most part by new writers, and accepted for their eminent literary merit as works of the imagination. Three of these novels have already been selected. The first, *Eastover Court House*, is a vividly real picture of country life in Virginia, by Kenneth Brown, and is a good indication of the distinctive character of the series.

Even upon the historical novel is now imposed a new condition—that it shall be as real as the novel of to-day, and that its meaning shall be interpreted from our own hearts. Miss Margaret Horton Potter, in *Uncanonized*, a recently published romance of English monastic life in the thirteenth century, has quite fully met this difficult requirement. In such romances we shall always delight, turning eagerly to them, indeed, from much that is dull and inane in what passes for the realistic reflex of our present-day life, without the creative power to make anything in that life spiritually real.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE GOOD ALONZO CHICK

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

HE was too good for the country—he said so himself. He should have staid in the East, where Morality stalks abroad at noon-day, and Virtue wears a shining face. Why, he often asked himself, did he ever come out to the Territories, where Man is wild and woolly physically, mentally, and morally?—especially morally. Finally he flew from the region, only remarking as he did so that if Lot's wife were in his place she would be preserved rather than turned into a preservative.

His name was Chick—Alonzo Chick. Unlike Ah Sin, what this name might imply was not by it mysteriously shadowed forth; Alonzo Chick was no example of the gallinaceous young, but a man long familiar with the world's great snare; he had examined the bait and remained uncaught. But this in the East, where the Golden Rule lives in the hearts of all men. So, though experienced in the ways of the Good, he came like the poor lamb i' the adage into the habitat of the Wicked.

On arriving, Mr. Chick first came to roost at the little town of Washday Springs. He cast about for a profession. Medicine seemed overdone, the ministry ill-appreciated; he settled on the law. The Washday *Wringer* said he had "hung out his shingle." The editor of the *Wringer* was a man of poetical expression; the shingle was a canvas sign ten feet long and a yard broad, bearing the device of "Law, Lands, Loans." The last was first; Mr. Chick was a money-lender. At this time the prevailing rate of interest was three per cent. a month, four if the borrower seemed hard-pressed. Chick scattered dark hints of a stringency in the money-market and raised the rate to five per cent., with the usual little unconsidered bonus trifle of ten per cent. for "getting the money from the East," an operation always impressed upon the borrower as difficult and often hazardous. On these terms a certain widow living just out of town borrowed $5, giving a mortgage on her only cow. The widow defaulted payment, and Chick sold the cow at public auction at the front door of the court-house. There were murmurings. Chick said it was so nominated in the bond. The murmurings continued. Somebody mentioned Shylock. Jim Woodchild asked who *he* was, and on being enlightened said he thought so. The trouble really lay with the species of the beast. Had it been a horse, though it had happened to be just as essential to the widow's support as the cow, there would have been no difficulty; the connection between a horse and family sustenance is too remote to touch the popular imagination. But it is different with the cow; your cow is directly nutritious. Take away the cow and you take bread out of the children's mouths. Besides, the light of sentiment shines about the cow; she is of the hearthstone, a symbol of home, and in a way of herself sacred; to snatch away a widow's cow per chattel mortgage is like taking her family bible, or the crayon portrait of her late husband. So the murmurings continued during the afternoon. That evening a little band of neighbors called upon Chick. "You're a Shylock," said Woodchild; "I knowed it the first time I seen you. Hop on!" Chick declined to hop, so they tossed him up, catching him adroitly on the rail as he came down. It was before the days of rail-saddles (if, indeed, they are even yet on the market) and it was not a comfortable position; but he could not escape. They carried him out across the prairie till they were somewhat nearer the next town than the one they had left, and there put him down in the dark with faith in the universal law of attraction. The little band of workers returned to their homes, and the next day Woodchild married the widow.

Whether it was attraction or repulsion is not certain, but Chick went on to the next town. In fact, he went on several towns, even unto that of Ghostdance Hill. Here he again hung out his shingle—for particulars see the Ghostdance *Schottish*. The same alliterative legend adorned his banner, though as he nailed it up there was a mental reservation which, put in articulate form, might have been comprised in "No cows." A less analytical mind than his would have said "No widows," but Chick had seen what had wrecked him. But the troubles of Alonzo Chick were just beginning. Thus far he had simply encountered a popular prejudice; he was now face to face with the dishonesty of man in far-off regions, especially when backed up by an iniquitous law which says that five per cent. a month is usury, and non-collectable before any court. Chick knew about this and had several pretty devices in the notes he took to circumvent it—as, indeed, did the others of his kind who

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exacted no more than the modest three or four per cent. a month; though none of them ever cared to test these devices before the courts. But what device can circumvent the criminal tendencies of the man corrupted by contact with the frontier?

One of Chick's first customers was a large Scandinavian bearing the name of Swan Swanson. Mr. Swanson desired to negotiate for the loan of $10. Chick casually mentioned the rate of interest.

"Aye tank he bees pretty steep," observed Swan.

Chick admitted this frankly and cheerfully. Then he spoke in simple terms of the conservatism of capital, the adverse legislation in Congress, the departure of gold in every transatlantic steamer, the assurance of a general European war, and of other pertinent matters.

"All right," answered the Scandinavian; "aye tek heem and gif you cattle mortgage on von young red ox critter."

Chick started at the bovine suggestion. Then he brightened up. "It's all right," he said to himself. "There is no sentiment clustering around a rebellious, long-horned steer. It will be safe."

The papers were accordingly drawn up and signed. Chick then reckoned the interest for sixty days, $1; the bonus, $1; recording papers, fifty cents; notarial seal, twenty-five cents; postage and stationery, ten cents; total, $2 85 cents. This amount he deducted, handed Mr. Swanson $7 15, and put his note for $10 carefully in the safe. The guileless descendant of the Vikings took the money and went out and bought eighteen pounds of coffee and some other minor necessities, and went home.

Whom does modern Time galiop withal? With the giver of a sixty-day note. Came the day of reckoning, but not the Scandinavian. It occurred to Chick that the unhappy Swan might be singing his death-song, so he drove out to see. This ornithological meeting was productive of no important results. Swan said he had forgotten about the matter and would come to town and settle the next day. Chick consented, giving himself much credit for his leniency. Swan, not to be outdone, asked Chick to stay to dinner, and he consented. Besides coffee, of an age like unto the fabled golden prime of bean porridge, there was excellent beefsteak. Chick was agreeably surprised at this, as he had expected salt pork. He congratulated Swan on it, who said:

"Yaes, he's pretty goot. But dat butcher man he scharge me lak blazes for goot steak. Mebby dat war in de old countries meks de price go up, hey?"

Mr. Chick thought not, and denounced the butcher in set terms for preying upon the honest farmer, the bulwark of the nation. Then he went back to town and added some protest fees and other pretty little tiny financial kickshaws to Swan's note.

The next day this individual did not come; nor the next after. Chick besought the sheriff. "I will sell that steer at the front door of the court-house," he said to himself. In the afternoon the sheriff came back and said he had found that three days before Swan had slaughtered the steer, and that the meat on which Chick had fed was part of it. Alonzo Chick silently gave Swan's note to the flames.

Chick's next customer after this incident was a man named Pepper. Mr. Pepper desired to borrow several hundred dollars on his growing wheat crop. Chick pricked up his ears at this; he had expected a drove of calves. He had determined never again to lend on them that parteth the hoof or cheweth the cud. But a fine, growing crop of wheat—*that* was something like! Interest was high owing to the European war-cloud, the bonus large on account of the conservatism of New England capital, the fees considerable because it was a new country and living dear. But everything was arranged, and Pepper departed with rather over half the amount for which he had given his note. He seemed satisfied. Man is not always the grasping creature he is depicted.

For the next two months Chick often exercised his mind's eye on that wheat crop. He felt sure that when the note matured he would have the money or the wheat. He preferred the wheat, because it would sell for much more than the face of the note, and there would be fat fees for himself and his friend the sheriff. But he should not complain at the money. He, too, was not grasping.

On the day the note fell due Pepper did not call. He sent word that he was busy threshing, and would come with the money the next day. The kind-hearted Chick rubbed his hands. "He should have threshed yesterday," he said to himself. Then he sent for good master sheriff. They decided to start early the next morning with a battery of teams and wagons to get that wheat.

It was scarcely light when these two philanthropists set out on their errand of mercy, seated in a buggy, the wagons tailing behind. Half-way out, just as the sun shot athwart the level plain, they met a long procession of wagons heavily loaded with grain. Chick gave a nervous start, but Pepper was not among the drivers, all of whom the sheriff knew as sturdy settlers living a few miles beyond. The two good Samaritans moved on. At the Pepper place a small boy at the road-side said that Pepper had gone to town. Yes, he went by the other trail, on hossback, and right smart early in the morning, a good bit before sun-up. The wheat? Oh, kind neighbors had taken it to market, also betimes, to realize the early-morning prices, having heard rumors of a general European war. The sheriff's language was such as might have come down from a ruder age, but Chick, inured to hardship and wrong, remained silent.

Alonzo Chick now foreswore the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms as security for money lent. He would stick to real estate. "It alone endures," sighed he; "would I had realized it sooner!" As luck



"SILENTLY GAVE SWAN'S NOTE TO THE FLAMES"

would have it, that very moment a man entered and said he desired to borrow a thousand dollars and give his farm as security. Chick sat up and began to take notice. He knew the man—one Mudge, and an honest fellow. He knew his farm too—an excellent piece of land lying in the fertile river bottom and growing the best crops for miles around. The matter was soon closed. It was a three-year loan, and the interest was a mere bagatelle of twelve per cent. a year, and not payable in advance, either; but the bonus was a rather tidy affair; it was sufficient; Chick felt that he was willing to let his business reputation rest with that bonus. But Mudge seemed satisfied, and departed. A patient man was Mudge, patient and uncomplaining, and somewhat stricken in years. Folks used to say, "Honest as old Mudge."

A week from that day Chick decided to drive out and view the Mudge farm. He felt that in time it would be his, as Mudge was too old to work much longer. It was a pleasant afternoon in September. A touch of haziness filled the air. The wild sunflowers rose and fell on their slender stems, swung by a breeze scarcely felt. Silvery-flowing gossamer waved from every bush and grass-stalk. Chick would have brought his fishing-tackle and tried his luck, but he had heard that the river was high, swollen by the fall rains. As he drove out to the edge of a bluff overlooking the Mudge place he was humming contentedly to himself. He looked down to view his future possessions. The Missouri, treacherous as Man himself, had changed its course. An asthmatic steamboat, following the main channel, was ploughing along over the very middle of the Mudge farm. Chick clutched at his heart. "The stars in their courses," he cried, "have fought against Alonzo Chick!"

He drove to the nearest house. Yes, the Mudge place was washed away, the man said. How long ago? Well, the last of it went yesterday. When did it begin to go? Well, say ten days ago—just ten days ago,

in fact. "And was Mudge swept away too?" asked Chick, chokingly. The left eyelid of the man dropped, trembled slightly, returned to its place, and the honest blue eye shone out. Yes, Mudge had been swept away too—drownded—him and his fambly—and his hosses and cattle—and a grandchild or two. Poor, honest old Mudge! Then long-pent-up feelings burst from the bosom of Alonzo Chick. He denounced the man for a liar and Mudge for a thief. He denounced Pepper and Swanson. He denounced the whole local race of men, and called down curses upon the Missouri River, and upon its tributaries and branches, and upon its fountain-head where it comes out of the ground and begins its career as treacherous abettor of still more treacherous men.

That evening Chick set his face toward the virtuous East, not even waiting to see how his other loans would turn out. He told the train conductor that he felt like a lamb delivered out of a den of ravening wolves. That week's *Schottish* said that, "One Alonzo Chick, money shark, who has infested this town for some months, unable longer to live among decent people, left our midst Wednesday night for the East. That region has our sympathy." And another item in the next column was to the effect that, "Mr. Wesley P. Mudge, late of Cotton Sock Flat, better known to his many friends as 'Honest Old Mudge,' reports that he finds life on his new farm across the river very pleasant. Our readers will be glad to know that the loss on his old place was fully covered by insurance. Mr. Mudge is being urged by many to announce himself as a candidate for the Legislature. With his business ability, well-known eloquence, and unswerving honesty, he would make a valuable addition to that body."

Thus the views of men differ.

Alonzo Chick now has a government position in Washington. Incidentally he occasionally lends small sums to brother clerks against the recurrence of pay-day. There is usually a small bonus because of—etc., etc.

MANAGING A HUSBAND

"Aunt" Charlotte (colored—very much so) was so mild a creature that we had never suspected it of her. The harshest thing which she had ever been known to do in our household was to eject the family dog somewhat vigorously from the kitchen. But this only when he came in with muddy feet just after the floor had been newly and immaculately scrubbed.

The good auntie was a widow, a fact of which she seemed rather proud, though she always spoke of the late departed with the greatest respect, and often deplored her condition; but the state of widowhood appeared to be rare in her circle, and it gave her a sort of distinction. Somehow, too, she seemed to hold vaguely that it rendered her judgment clearer and made her decisions deserving of greater attention. "Yo' know I ain't one o' dese fly-away *girls*," she used to say, "nor one o' dese common *married women*, wid dar 'pinions all obstructicated by dar husbands. I *looks* at things, an' I *thinks* before I jumps." At other times her widowhood was used to awaken sympathy. She was heard one day energetically addressing the dog: "Yo' lazy, overgrowed pup, 'ain't a poor widow woman got enough to weah her out wid de stove not drawing, an' de groceryman late, an' er rainy wash-day, widout *yo'* coming in on 'er clean floah wid yer muddy pawsies tracking, tracking? Shoo! Gwan dar, or I breaks yo' bones!"

But as before mentioned, she always referred to the late "'Gustus" with tenderness, sometimes with a tear, so we were little prepared for her recital of a certain experience which she had had with him. We saw that we had been harboring the New Woman unawares.

"Fact is," she began, one day, without warning, "yo' gotter know how to get erlong wid a man. Ain't no man wot 'ain't gotter be *managed*, 'deed there ain't. There was my 'Gustus—jess the bestest-meaning man, but whah would I been if I hadn't *managed* him? Yo' see, he used to be a pohtah on a sleeping-kyar, an' he'd come home sleepy an' cross, which was natural. Well, he'd come home an' scold round 'bout this thing an' that thing an' udder thing. Course I knowed he didn't mean it, but I seen it didn't do him no good, an' didn't do me no good. So I jess made up my mind to see 'bout it. Next mahning in he come 'bout nine o'clock an' 'gun to talk 'cause breakfuss wa'n't quite ready. Den when it was ready 'gun to find fault 'cause dar wa'n't no watermillion. Den when he got frew he jess kinder found fault in er gen'ral way 'bout everything, an' den went into de udder room an' jess flopped himself down on de white bed-spread 'thout so much as tekin' off his shoes, an' went to sleep. This was jess a little too much for *me*, an' I says to myself, 'He's mah lawful 'usband thater promised to love an' honah an' 'bey, but I gotter tek him in hand fer his own good, so I have!'

"So atter a while when he was snoring right lively I jess tek mah needle an' mah thread an' I goes in an' I draws de spread all up around him, an' I sews it good an' strong all up around him, jess like er cat in a bag, tight; an' says I, 'When I let dat cat outer de bag he'll be er better cat, so he will!' Den I gets de 'tater-mashah an' I jess gives it to him *good*, hard's I could pound. He wakes up an' 'gins to holler mighty loud, *I* tells yo', but I jess keeps on a-swinging dat mashah. He keeps tearing round right smaht, but he can't get erway nohow. Den I rests a little an' asks him how he feels 'bout de future, an' he don't seem to feel right, an' keeps trying to get out, an' pretty soon turns ovah; so I gets up an' I jess mash him some moah on 'tother side, mebby little wuss dan befoh, seeing I



VALENTINE RIPPLES

WHEN CUPID, BOLD LAD, BY THE BROOK-SIDE APPEARED,
WHERE IT SLUGGISHLY WOUND THROUGH THE GLADE,
A BULLFROG AROSE TO THE SURFACE AND CHEERED
IN THE MIDST OF THE RIPPLES HE MADE.

had a hard subject that wa'n't ready to listen to reason. An' byme-by he 'comes more still, an' I seen he was 'coming to be reckerciled, so I stops an' says I, ' 'Gustus, do yo' reckon yo' be good now, an' stop yo' fault-finding?' an' says he, ' 'Deed I will, Cha'lotte! Lemmy out, please!' An' I seen he meant it, so I jess ripped de seams wid mah shears an' let him out; an' a mighty meek colahed man he was, too, an' nevah wasn't cross no moah, an' took off his shoes befoh he went to bed. It's jess as I say—yo' gotter *manage* a man." R. S. D.

THE DUN VALIANT

I KNEW it was a mean letter when I wrote it, but afterwards I concluded that I must have written a good deal meaner than I knew. I was counsel for a large manufacturing company. One of their customers, always an unsatisfactory man to deal with on account of his constant fault-finding and objections to paying his bills on various absurd pretexts, finally refused point-blank to settle a bill for some $5000, on the ground that the goods were not just as ordered. The company then instructed me to write him the worst letter that I could indite, threatening him with all possible pains and penalties, legal and otherwise, with a good measure of abuse thrown in, since they had little hope that he would pay and less desire for his custom in the future. Accordingly, I bent myself to the task. I hope I'm a modest man, but I can't help saying that that letter was a stinger. I suspect that it was the meanest letter that ever went into a mail-bag.

A few days later a messenger from the manufacturing firm called and asked me to step over to their place of business, as there was a man there who wished to meet me. I am about five feet four, and my weight averages one hundred and ten pounds.

When I reached the firm's place I was ushered into the private office. The first thing I saw, and about the only thing visible, was a big man who must have weighed fully three hundred pounds. "Mr. Blank," said the president, "this is Mr. Dash, who wrote you that letter."

Mr. Blank arose, shutting off the light from two windows. For a full minute he stood looking down at me with open mouth and bulging eyes. Then he turned to the others, and with an expression of mingled astonishment and disgust on his face, said:

"Well, smitten Cæsar! if I had known it was such a little, insignificant, sawed-off cricket who wrote me that letter I never would have paid that bill!" S. R. S.

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HOW IT ALL CAME

DRAWING GIVING ACCURATE VIEW OF THE "MAYFLOWER," A.D. 1620, ON HER WAY TO THE NEW WORLD

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

THERE was never a more successful instructor of youth than dear old Professor Blank, for many years at the head of a small private school in New England. If so sacred a thing as truth-telling may be called a hobby, then truth-telling was one of his two hobbies; the other was embodied in the precept, A Place for Everything, and Everything in its Place. This motto adorned recitation, study, sleeping, and all other rooms in various guises, and overflowed into the fly-leaves of the reference-books, and popped up at the head of examination papers. It used to be rumored that he was going to have it woven in the table linen, and etched on the window-panes. But instillation of the principle was not by any means confined to the eye—no day passed that the Professor did not also introduce it to the attention of his young charges by way of their auricular appendages. The good man was a consistent practitioner of his preachings; of his possessions, the "place" was invariably occupied by the "thing." A halo of order and system surrounded him and shone out afar. As for his other favorite virtue, an untruth from him was as unthinkable as a ray of black sunshine.

But alas! that unlucky circus day! Out of the goodness of his heart he had determined that all of the boys should go to the show. He decided to accompany them himself. He secured the tickets and made all preliminary arrangements with characteristic precision and forethought. He also, of course, improved the opportunity to say a few words to the boys concerning order, system, punctuality, and kindred virtues. "We shall meet in the south room at twelve-forty, precisely," he said. "Let each pupil be there at the exact minute, as we shall start immediately. If you have all kept in mind the grand old motto of, A Place for Everything, and Everything in its Place, there will be no laggards." Considering the object of their pilgrimage, it is not, perhaps, surprising that every boy was on hand.

At twelve-forty-one the start was made in good order. There were a score and a half of the boys, averaging in age perhaps a dozen years. As they moved along the quiet street, the Professor could not resist the temptation to make occasional references to his favorite virtues. If a man was observed hurrying it was because he was not wont to keep his Things in their Places; and so on.

They approached the door of the tent. The Professor paused and moved his hand to his left inside coat-pocket—the Place for Tickets. They were not there. His heart ceased to beat. It was a phenomenon never before known in his experience. The boys were gathered around him, and he felt that their eyes were upon his face. He dived

to the bottom of the pocket. No result. Questioning his own identity, he turned to the right inside coat-pocket. Nothing. He could feel the eyes of those young rascals burning into his very soul. He must create a diversion. "Ah, ha!" he said, with a mighty effort, "see the people hurry and push. No system, no order. Observe, boys!" Desperately he began on his waistcoat-pockets. No tickets. Cold drops of perspiration were gathering on his brow. Next his outside coat-pockets. Empty. "All this hurry and confusion, boys, comes from simple carelessness and lack of mental discipline. Notice it!" Right trousers-pocket. Ticketless. More perspiration. Would those boys look at nothing but him? Left trousers-pocket. Same result. That clammy perspiration was threatening to trickle into his eyes. A wild dash through all his pockets. The old story. Desperation seized him. Those young imps *must* be thrown off. "See, there's a man lost his ticket!" he cried. "That comes of not having a Place for Everything, and Everything in its Place. We'll stand here a moment to profit by this scene of human weakness!" He felt of the skirts of his coat as in a dream, and vaguely speculated on taking off his shoes. Nothing but emptiness. Good heavens, all was lost! and he stood before his school a ruined man, a hypocrite, an impostor! He felt the perspiration starting in little rivulets down his forehead. He dragged out his handkerchief and snatched off his hat. There lay the tickets in the security of the crown. Instantly his strength came back. "Now, boys," he said, "having paused to draw a valuable lesson from the weaknesses of others, we will now go in without haste or disorder. You see, A Place for Everything, and Everything in its Place," and he took out the tickets with a slight but graceful flourish.

And it is probable that the urchins would never have suspected the half-tragedy that took place had not the dear old Professor, after a conscience-troubled night, called them into his study and confessed the whole happening. And ever after the graceless little wretches referred to him as Old Hat Ticket.

H. V. M.

THE ONE THING FATAL

Senator Depew was one evening entertaining a party of congenial friends in Washington. He was at his best. The affair was partaking largely of the nature of a lightning monologue, but as the quality of his talk was, as usual, fully up to the quantity, the others were not complaining. But even he must take breath, and as he paused momentarily to do so, one of the friends suddenly straightened up in his chair and in a most impressive manner said:

"Senator, you might have pneumonia and recover; you might have yellow fever and recover; you might have small-pox and recover; but," and he shook a warning finger solemnly, "if you ever get lock-jaw you'll burst!"

THE CRITIC AT THE NEW COMEDY



First Act



Second Act

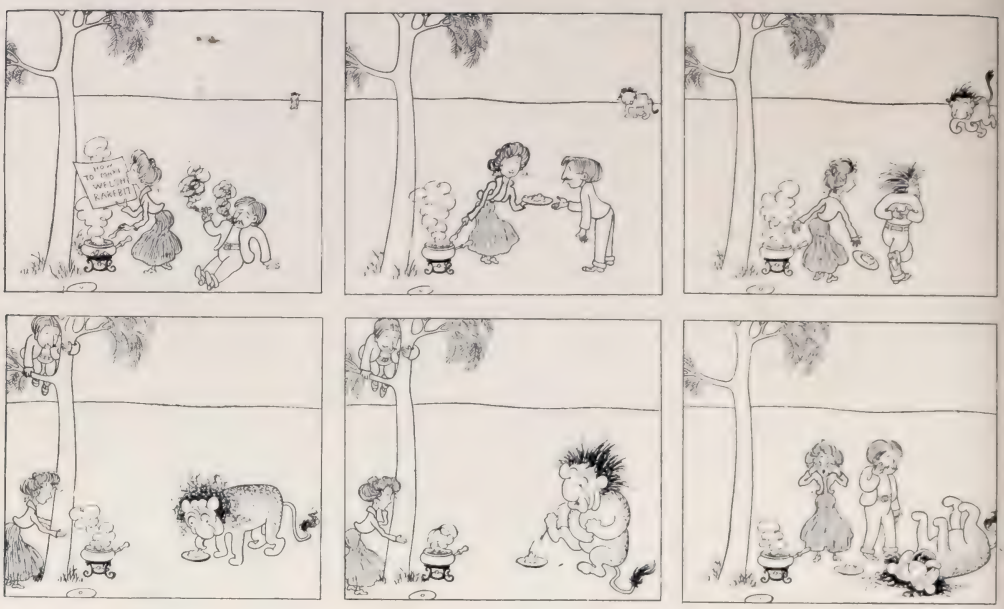


Third Act



Writing His Criticism

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A Little Family Adventure In Africa—The Battle Is Not To The Strong

THE MARTYR

BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN

One night (when Meg was in her bed
A-dreaming dreams with Moll)
The dolls of all the neighbors called
To visit Peg and Poll.
On every chair there perched and sat,
On every stool, a doll.

Their curls were brushed, their sashes tied,
Their faces fair and clean;
They carried fans and handkerchiefs,
The cutest ever seen:
And some had come in China silk
And some in velveteen.

And all of them, yes, every one
Had brought a tale to tell
About the "horrid little girl"
Who hadn't used her well;
Who'd treated her with cruelties
Beyond a parallel!

Who'd washed her twenty times a day,
And dressed her twenty more,
Who'd lost her socks and mussed her frocks
And dropped her on the floor,
And tagged her every minute since
She left the dolly-store!

From all around the room at once
Arose a deaf'ning din,
And Peg, abetting, told how Meg
Had struck her with a pin:
And Poll, how Moll had combed her hair
Until 'twas fairly thin.

Now, as it came about, the while
That little Meg and Moll
Were being thus outrageously
Abused by Peg and Poll,
There sat in that fair company
An *awful*-looking doll.

Her eyes and nose were battered in,
Her cheeks were wan and worn,
Her head was bare of hair as though
It had been shaved and shorn;
The clothes she wore were rent to rags,
And e'en the rags were torn:

Her legs were broken at the knees
As in some mortal fray:
One arm was hanging by a thread,
And one was off to stay,
While through a hole within her side
Her sawdust ebbed away.

She listened to the discontent,
And then, in voice that broke
For want of language to express
Her state of feeling, spoke:
"Your ignorance, my friends," she said,
"Would very tears provoke!

"I did not come to tell my past
To any living toy,
But I beseech you—look at me,
And bless your lot of joy!
Oh, dwell upon your mercies—*I*
Was given to a Boy!"

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THE BURNING OF JAMESTOWN

HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CII MARCH 1901 NO. DCX

SEVILLE

by

ARTHUR SYMONS



ILLUSTRATED BY
LUCIUS HITCHCOCK

SEVILLE, more than any city I have ever seen, is the city of pleasure. It is not languid with pleasure, like Venice, nor flushed with hurrying after pleasure, like Buda-Pesth; but it has the constant brightness, blitheness, and animation of a city in which pleasure is the chief end of existence, and an end easily attained, by simple means within every one's reach. It has sunshine, flowers, an expressive river, orange-groves, palm-trees, broad walks leading straight into the country, beautiful ancient buildings in its midst, shining white houses, patios and flat roofs and vast windows—everything that calls one into the open air, and brings light and air to one, and thus gives men the main part of their chances

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A QUIET CORNER

of natural felicity. And it has the theatres, cafés, shops, of a real city; it is not provincial, as Valencia is; it is thoroughly concentrated, and yet filled to the brim; it has completely mastered its own resources.

Life is everywhere; there are no melancholy gaps, vacant spaces, in which a ruinous old age has its own way desolately, as in most really picturesque cities; as in Venice, for instance, which it resembles at so many points. It has room for itself, and it is not too large for itself. And in living gayly, and in the present, it is carrying on a tradition: it is the city of Don Juan, the city of Figaro.

Rome without its villas would not be Rome; and Seville, which is so vividly a town, and with so many of a town's good qualities, has the most felicitous parks, gardens, and promenades (excepting those of Rome) that I have ever found in a city. Gardens follow the river-side, park after park, and every afternoon Seville walks and drives and sits along that broad road leading so straight into the open country, really a Paseo de las Delicias, a road of trees and sunlight. Turn to the right or to the left, and you are in a quiet shadow, in a lane of orange-trees or an alley of acacias. There are palms and there is water, and there are little quaint seats everywhere; paths wind in and out; roses are growing in midwinter; they are picking the oranges as they ripen from green to gold, and carrying them in the panniers of donkeys, and pouring them in bright showers on the ground, and doing them up in stout boxes.

Great merchant-vessels lie against the river-side, unloading their cargoes; and across the park, on the other side of a wall, drums are beating, bugles blowing, and the green meadow-grass is blue and red with soldiers. In the park, girls pass wrapped in their shawls, with roses in

their hair, grave and laughing; an old gardener, in his worn coat with red facings, passes slowly, leaning on his stick. You can sit here for hours, in a warm quiet, and with a few dry leaves drifting about your feet to remind you that it is winter.

Seville is not a winter city, and during those months it seems to wait, remembering and expectant, in an acquiescence in which only a short and not uneasy sleep divides summer from spring. To the Northern stranger its days of sunshine and blue sky seem to make winter hardly more than a name. Sun and air, on these perfect winter afternoons, have that rare quality which produces what I should like to call a kind of active languor. The sharpening of a breath, and it would become chill; the deepening of the sunshine, and it would become oppressive.

But to enjoy sympathetically all that Seville, even in winter, can be to its own people, it is not enough to go to the parks and the Paseo; one must go, on a fine Sunday afternoon, to the railway line which stretches onwards from the Barqueta, along the river-side, but in the opposite direction. The line is black with people, at one hour going, at another returning, an unending stream which broadens and scatters on both sides, along the brown herbage by the river, and over the green spaces on the landward side. At intervals there is a little venta; there are bowling-alleys, swings, barrel-organs, concertinas, the sound of castanets, people dancing, the clapping of hands, the cries of the venders of water, shell-fish, and chestnuts, donkeys passing with whole families on their backs, families camping and picnicking on the grass, and everywhere chairs—chairs on the grass, two sitting on each chair, in a circle about the dancers, as they dance in couples, alternately; chairs and tables and glasses of manzanilla about the ventas; and always the slow movement of people passing, quietly happy, in a sort of grave enjoyment, which one sees in their faces when they dance. Here is the true *pueblo,* the working-people, *cigarreras,* gypsies, all Triana and the Macarena; and could people amuse themselves more simply or more quietly, with a more enjoyable decorum? As they turn homewards, in another long black line, the sun is setting; a melancholy splendor burns down slowly upon the



A BALCONY OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

thin trees across the water, staining the water with faint reflections, and touching the dreary, colorless shrubs along the river-side with delicate autumn colors, as sunset ends the day of the people.

II

And yet this, if the true Seville, is not all Seville, and I found another, silent, almost deserted city, which fascinated me almost more than this living and moving one, when I wandered about at night, in streets that sank to sleep so early, and seemed so mysteriously quiescent, under the bright sky and the stars. Night passed rarely without my coming out of some narrow street upon the vast Plaza del Triunfo, which holds the Cathedral, its pagan counterpart, the Giralda, the Alcazar, and the Lonja. The tall tower of the Giralda was always the first thing I saw, rising up, like the embodied force of the delicate powers of the world, by the side of the Christian Cathedral. Seen from the proper distance, it is like a filigree casket that one could lift in the hand, as Santa Justa and Santa Rufina lift it in Murillo's picture; looking up from close underneath it, it is like a great wall hiding the stars. And the Moors have done needle-work on a wall as solid as a Roman wall: far finer work than that bastard splendor of the Alcazar, with its flickering lights, and illuminations like illuminations on parchment. Looking back at the Giralda and the Cathedral from the gateway of the Patio de las Banderas, one sees perhaps the finest sight in Spain.

III

Much of what is most characteristic in the men of Seville may be studied in the cafés, which are filled every evening with crowds of unoccupied persons, who in any other country would be literally of the working-class, but who here seem to have endless leisure. They are rough-looking, obviously poor; they talk, drink coffee, buy newspapers and lottery tickets, and they are all smoking. The typical Andalusian, as one sees him here, is a type quite new to me, and a type singularly individual. He is clean-shaved, he wears a felt hat with a broad flat brim, generally drab or light gray, clothes often of the same color, and generally a very short coat, ending where a waistcoat ends, and very tight trousers; over all is a voluminous black coat, lined at the edges with crimson velvet. He is generally of medium height, and he has very distinct features, somewhat large, especially the nose; a face in which every line has emphasis; a straight, thin, narrow face, a face without curves. The general expression is one of inflexibility, the eyes fixed, the mouth tight; and this fixity of expression is accentuated by the arrangement of the hair, cut very short, and shaved around the temples, so as to make a sharp line above the ear, and a point in the middle of the forehead. The complexion is dull olive, and in old age it becomes a formidable mass of wrinkles: by which, indeed, many of these old men, with their clean-shaved cheeks, bright eyes, and short jackets, are alone to be distinguished from their sons or grandsons. There is much calm strength in the Andalusian face, a dignity which is half defiant, and which leaves room for humor. But always there is the same earnestness in whatever mood, the same self-absorption; and, talkative as these people are, they can sit side by side, silent, as if in brooding meditation, with more naturalness than the people of any other race.

The women of Seville are not often beautiful, but one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen was a woman of Seville whom I watched for an hour in the Café Americano. She had all that was typical of the Spaniard, and more; expression, the equivalent of a soul; eyes which were not merely fine, but variable as opals, with twenty several delights in a minute. She was small, very white, with just that delicate hint of modelling in the cheeks which goes so well with pallor; she had two yellow roses in her black hair, at the side of the topmost coil, and a yellow shawl about her throat. One wished she might always be happy.

More often the women are comfortable, witty, bright, and dark; almost always with superb hair and tiny feet. In Seville, more than anywhere else, one sees the Spanish woman already mature in the child, and nothing impressed me more than these brilliant, fascinating little people, at once natural and conscious, with all the gestures of grown women,

Their Faces Full Of Sun And Shadow, . . . With Something Intoxicating In The Quality Of Their Charm



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THE VEGETABLE MAN

their way of walking, their shawls, and in their faces all that is finest in the Sevilian, a charm, a seductiveness, a sort of caressing atmosphere, and not merely bright, hard eyes, clear-cut faces, animation, which are to be seen everywhere in Spain. Pass through the Macarena quarter in the evening, and you will see not the least characteristic type of the women of Seville; strange, sultry, fatal creatures, standing in doorways, with flowers in the hair, and mysterious angry eyes; flamencas, with long, ugly, tragic, unforgettable faces, seeming to remember an ancestral unhappiness.

But in Spanish women, along with much childishness and much simplicity, there is often all the subtlety of the flesh, that kind of secondary spiritual subtlety which comes from exquisitely responsive senses. The Spanish woman is a child, but a mature Spanish child, knowing much; and in the average woman of Seville, in her gayety, humor, passion, there is more than usual of the childlike quality. Their faces are full of sun and shadow, often with a rich color between Eastern and Western, and with the languor and keenness of both regions; with something intoxicating in the quality of their charm, like the scent of spring in their orange-groves. They have the magnetism of vivid animal life, with a sharp appeal to the sensations, as of a beauty too full of the sap of life to be merely passive. Their bodies are so full of energy that they have invented for themselves a new "kind" of dance, which should tire them into repose; they live so actively to the finger-tips that their fingers have made their own share in the dance, in the purely Spanish accompaniment of the castanets. A dance is indicated in a mere shuffle of the feet, a snapping of the fingers, a clapping of hands, a bend of the body, whenever a woman of Seville stands or walks, at the door of her house, pausing in the street, or walking, wrapped in many shawls, in the parks; and the dance is as closely a part of the women of Seville as their shawls, the flowers in their hair, or the supplementary fingers of the fan.

IV

Seville is not a religious city, as Valencia is; but it has woven the ceremonies of religion into its life, into its amusements, with a minuteness of adaptation certainly unparalleled. Nowhere as in Spain does one so realize the sacred drama of the mass.

On the day of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the 8th of December, I attended mass in the Cathedral. The gold and silver plate had been laid out by the side of the altar, crimson drapings covered the walls; the priests wore their "terno celeste," blue and gold vestments; the Seises, who were to dance later on, were there in their blue and white costume of the time of Philip III.; the acolytes wore gilt mitres, and carried silver-topped staves and blue canopies. There was a procession through the church, the Archbishop and the Alcalde walking in state, to the sound of sad voices and hautboys, and amidst clouds of rolling white incense, and between rows of women dressed in black, with black mantillas over their heads. The mass itself, with its elaborate ritual, was sung to the very Spanish music of Eslava; and the Dean's sermon, with its flowery eloquence — flowers out of the Apocalypse and out of the fields of "la Tierra de Maria Santisima," was not less typically Spanish. At five o'clock I returned to the Cathedral to see the dance of the Seises. There was but little light except about the altar, which blazed with candles. Suddenly a curtain was drawn aside, and the sixteen boys, in their blue and white costume, holding plumed hats in their hands, came forward and knelt before the altar. The priests, who had been chanting, came up from the choir; the boys rose, and formed in two eights, facing each other in front of the altar, and the priests knelt in a semicircle around them. Then an unseen orchestra began to play, and the boys put on their hats, and began to sing the *coplas* in honor of the Virgin:

> "O mi, O mi amada
> Inmaculada!"

as they sang, to a dance measure. After they had sung the *coplas* they began to dance, still singing. It was a kind of solemn minuet, the feet never taken from the ground, a minuet of delicate stepping and intricate movement, in which a central square would form, di-



Doorway Of The Cathedral Backing To The Court Of Oranges

vide, a whole line passing through the opposite line, the outer ends then repeating one another's movements while the others formed and divided again in the middle. The first movement was very slow, the second faster, ending with a pirouette: then came two movements without singing, but with the accompaniment of castanets, the first movement again very slow, the second a quick rattle of the castanets, like the rolling of kettle-drums, but done without raising the hands above the level of the elbows. Then the whole thing was repeated from the beginning, the boys flourished off their hats, dropped on their knees before the altar, and went quickly out. A verse or two was chanted, the Archbishop gave his benediction, and the ceremony was over.

THE SOFT-HEARTED SIOUX

BY ZITKALA-SA

OF THE SIOUX TRIBE, OF DAKOTA

I

BESIDE the open fire I sat within our tepee. With my red blanket wrapped tightly about my crossed legs, I was thinking of the coming season, my sixteenth winter. On either side of the wigwam were my parents. My father was whistling a tune between his teeth while polishing with his bare hand a red stone pipe he had recently carved. Almost in front of me, beyond the centre fire, my old grandmother sat near the entranceway.

She turned her face toward her right and addressed most of her words to my mother. Now and then she spoke to me, but never did she allow her eyes to rest upon her daughter's husband, my father. It was only upon rare occasions that my grandmother said anything to him. Thus his ears were open and ready to catch the smallest wish she might express. Sometimes when my grandmother had been saying things which pleased him, my father used to comment upon them. At other times, when he could not approve of what was spoken, he used to work or smoke silently.

On this night my old grandmother began her talk about me. Filling the bowl of her red stone pipe with dry willow bark, she looked across at me.

"My grandchild, you are tall and are no longer a little boy." Narrowing her old eyes, she asked, "My grandchild, when are you going to bring here a handsome young woman?" I stared into the fire rather than meet her gaze. Waiting for my answer, she stooped forward and through the long stem drew a flame into the red stone pipe.

I smiled while my eyes were still fixed upon the bright fire, but I said nothing in reply. Turning to my mother, she offered her the pipe. I glanced at my grandmother. The loose buckskin sleeve fell off at her elbow and showed a wrist covered with silver bracelets. Holding up the fingers of her left hand, she named off the desirable young women of our village.

"Which one, my grandchild, which one?" she questioned.

"Hoh!" I said, pulling at my blanket in confusion. "Not yet!" Here my mother passed the pipe over the fire to my father. Then she too began speaking of what I should do.

"My son, be always active. Do not dislike a long hunt. Learn to provide much buffalo meat and many buckskins before you bring home a wife." Presently my father gave the pipe to my grandmother, and he took his turn in the exhortations.

"Ho, my son, I have been counting in my heart the bravest warriors of our people. There is not one of them who won his title in his sixteenth winter. My son, it is a great thing for some brave of sixteen winters to do."

Not a word had I to give in answer. I knew well the fame of my warrior father. He had earned the right of speaking such words, though even he himself was a brave only at my age. Refusing to smoke my grandmother's pipe because my heart was too much stirred by their words, and sorely troubled with a fear lest I should disappoint them, I arose to go. Drawing my blanket over my shoulders, I said, as I stepped toward the entranceway: "I go to hobble my pony. It is now late in the night."

II

Nine winters' snows had buried deep that night when my old grandmother, together with my father and mother, designed my future with the glow of a camp fire upon it.

Yet I did not grow up the warrior, huntsman, and husband I was to have been. At the mission school I learned it was wrong to kill. Nine winters I hunted for the soft heart of Christ, and pray-

ed for the huntsmen who chased the buffalo on the plains.

In the autumn of the tenth year I was sent back to my tribe to preach Christianity to them. With the white man's Bible in my hand, and the white man's tender heart in my breast, I returned to my own people.

Wearing a foreigner's dress, I walked, a stranger, into my father's village.

Asking my way, for I had not forgotten my native tongue, an old man led me toward the tepee where my father lay. From my old companion I learned that my father had been sick many moons. As we drew near the tepee, I heard the chanting of a medicine-man within it. At once I wished to enter in and drive from my home the sorcerer of the plains, but the old warrior checked me. "Ho, wait outside until the medicine-man leaves your father," he said. While talking he scanned me from head to feet. Then he retraced his steps toward the heart of the camping-ground.

My father's dwelling was on the outer limits of the round-faced village. With every heart-throb I grew more impatient to enter the wigwam.

While I turned the leaves of my Bible with nervous fingers, the medicine-man came forth from the dwelling and walked hurriedly away. His head and face were closely covered with the loose robe which draped his entire figure.

He was tall and large. His long strides I have never forgot. They seemed to me then as the uncanny gait of eternal death. Quickly pocketing my Bible, I went into the tepee.

Upon a mat lay my father, with furrowed face and gray hair. His eyes and cheeks were sunken far into his head. His sallow skin lay thin upon his pinched nose and high cheek-bones. Stooping over him, I took his fevered hand. "How, Ate?" I greeted him. A light flashed from his listless eyes and his dried lips parted. "My son!" he murmured, in a feeble voice. Then again the wave of joy and recognition receded. He closed his eyes, and his hand dropped from my open palm to the ground.

Looking about, I saw an old woman sitting with bowed head. Shaking hands with her, I recognized my mother. I sat down between my father and mother as I used to do, but I did not feel at home. The place where my old grandmother used to sit was now unoccupied. With my mother I bowed my head. Alike our throats were choked and tears were streaming from our eyes; but far apart in spirit our ideas and faiths separated us. My grief was for the soul unsaved; and I thought my mother wept to see a brave man's body broken by sickness.

Useless was my attempt to change the faith in the medicine-man to that abstract power named God. Then one day I became righteously mad with anger that the medicine-man should thus ensnare my father's soul. And when he came to chant his sacred songs I pointed toward the door and bade him go! The man's eyes glared upon me for an instant. Slowly gathering his robe about him, he turned his back upon the sick man and stepped out of our wigwam. "Hā, hā, hā! my son, I cannot live without the medicine-man!" I heard my father cry when the sacred man was gone.

III

On a bright day, when the winged seeds of the prairie-grass were flying hither and thither, I walked solemnly toward the centre of the camping-ground. My heart beat hard and irregularly at my side. Tighter I grasped the sacred book I carried under my arm. Now was the beginning of life's work.

Though I knew it would be hard, I did not once feel that failure was to be my reward. As I stepped unevenly on the rolling ground, I thought of the warriors soon to wash off their war-paints and follow me.

At length I reached the place where the people had assembled to hear me preach. In a large circle men and women sat upon the dry red grass. Within the ring I stood, with the white man's Bible in my hand. I tried to tell them of the soft heart of Christ.

In silence the vast circle of bareheaded warriors sat under an afternoon sun. At last, wiping the wet from my brow, I took my place in the ring. The hush of the assembly filled me with great hope.

I was turning my thoughts upward to the sky in gratitude, when a stir called me to earth again.

A tall, strong man arose. His loose robe hung in folds over his right shoulder. A pair of snapping black eyes fastened themselves like the poisonous fangs of a serpent upon me. He was the medicine-man. A tremor played about my heart and a chill cooled the fire in my veins.

Scornfully he pointed a long forefinger in my direction and asked,

"What loyal son is he who, returning to his father's people, wears a foreigner's dress?" He paused a moment, and then continued: "The dress of that foreigner of whom a story says he bound a native of our land, and heaping dry sticks around him, kindled a fire at his feet!" Waving his hand toward me, he exclaimed, "Here is the traitor to his people!"

I was helpless. Before the eyes of the crowd the cunning magician turned my honest heart into a vile nest of treachery. Alas! the people frowned as they looked upon me.

"Listen!" he went on. "Which one of you who have eyed the young man can see through his bosom and warn the people of the nest of young snakes hatching there? Whose ear was so acute that he caught the hissing of snakes whenever the young man opened his mouth? This one has not only proven false to you, but even to the Great Spirit who made him. He is a fool! Why do you sit here giving ear to a foolish man who could not defend his people because he fears to kill, who could not bring wenišon to renew the life of his sick father? With his prayers, let him drive away the enemy! With his soft heart, let him keep off starvation! We shall go elsewhere to dwell upon an untainted ground."

With this he disbanded the people. When the sun lowered in the west and the winds were quiet, the village of cone-shaped tepees was gone. The medicine-man had won the hearts of the people.

Only my father's dwelling was left to mark the fighting-ground.

IV

From a long night at my father's bedside I came out to look upon the morning. The yellow sun hung equally between the snow-covered land and the cloudless blue sky. The light of the new day was cold. The strong breath of winter crusted the snow and fitted crystal shells over the rivers and lakes. As I stood in front of the tepee, thinking of the vast prairies which separated us from our tribe, and wondering if the high sky likewise separated the soft-hearted Son of God from us, the icy blast from the North blew through my hair and skull. My neglected hair had grown long and fell upon my neck.

My father had not risen from his bed since the day the medicine-man led the people away. Though I read from the Bible and prayed beside him upon my knees, my father would not listen. Yet I believed my prayers were not unheeded in heaven.

"Hā, hā, hā! my son," my father groaned upon the first snowfall. "My son, our food is gone. There is no one to bring me meat! My son, your soft heart has unfitted you for everything!" Then covering his face with the buffalo-robe, he said no more. Now while I stood out in that cold winter morning, I was starving. For two days I had not seen any food. But my own cold and hunger did not harass my soul as did the whining cry of the sick old man.

Stepping again into the tepee, I untied my snow-shoes, which were fastened to the tent-poles.

My poor mother, watching by the sick one, and faithfully heaping wood upon the centre fire, spoke to me:

"My son, do not fail again to bring your father meat, or he will starve to death."

"How, Ina," I answered, sorrowfully. From the tepee I started forth again to hunt food for my aged parents. All day I tracked the white level lands in vain. Nowhere, nowhere were there any other footprints but my own! In the evening of this third fast-day I came back without meat. Only a bundle of sticks for the fire I brought on my back. Dropping the wood outside, I lifted the door-flap and set one foot within the tepee.

There I grew dizzy and numb. My eyes swam in tears. Before me lay my old gray-haired father sobbing like a child. In his horny hands he clutched the buffalo-robe, and with his teeth he was gnawing off the edges. Chewing the dry stiff hair and buffalo-skin, my father's eyes

sought my hands. Upon seeing them empty, he cried out:

"My son, your soft heart will let me starve before you bring me meat! Two hills eastward stand a herd of cattle. Yet you will see me die before you bring me food!"

Leaving my mother lying with covered head upon her mat, I rushed out into the night.

With a strange warmth in my heart and swiftness in my feet, I climbed over the first hill, and soon the second one. The moonlight upon the white country showed me a clear path to the white man's cattle. With my hand upon the knife in my belt, I leaned heavily against the fence while counting the herd.

Twenty in all I numbered. From among them I chose the best-fattened creature. Leaping over the fence, I plunged my knife into it.

My long knife was sharp, and my hands, no more fearful and slow, slashed off choice chunks of warm flesh. Bending under the meat I had taken for my starving father, I hurried across the prairie.

Toward home I fairly ran with the life-giving food I carried upon my back. Hardly had I climbed the second hill when I heard sounds coming after me. Faster and faster I ran with my load for my father, but the sounds were gaining upon me. I heard the clicking of snow-shoes and the squeaking of the leather straps at my heels; yet I did not turn to see what pursued me, for I was intent upon reaching my father. Suddenly like thunder an angry voice shouted curses and threats into my ear! A rough hand wrenched my shoulder and took the meat from me! I stopped struggling to run. A deafening whir filled my head. The moon and stars began to move. Now the white prairie was sky, and the stars lay under my feet. Now again they were turning. At last the starry blue rose up into place. The noise in my ears was still. A great quiet filled the air. In my hand I found my long knife dripping with blood. At my feet a man's figure lay prone in blood-red snow. The horrible scene about me seemed a trick of my senses, for I could not understand it was real. Looking long upon the blood-stained snow, the load of meat for my starving father reached my recognition at last. Quickly I tossed it over my shoulder and started again homeward.

Tired and haunted I reached the door of the wigwam. Carrying the food before me, I entered with it into the tepee.

"Father, here is food!" I cried, as I dropped the meat near my mother. No answer came. Turning about, I beheld my gray-haired father dead! I saw by the unsteady firelight an old gray-haired skeleton lying rigid and stiff.

Out into the open I started, but the snow at my feet became bloody.

V

On the day after my father's death, having led my mother to the camp of the medicine-man, I gave myself up to those who were searching for the murderer of the paleface.

They bound me hand and foot. Here in this cell I was placed four days ago.

The shrieking winter winds have followed me hither. Rattling the bars, they howl unceasingly: "Your soft heart! your soft heart will see me die before you bring me food!" Hark! something is clanking the chain on the door. It is being opened. From the dark night without a black figure crosses the threshold. . . . It is the guard. He comes to warn me of my fate. He tells me that to-morrow I must die. In his stern face I laugh aloud. I do not fear death.

Yet I wonder who shall come to welcome me in the realm of strange sight. Will the loving Jesus grant me pardon and give my soul a soothing sleep? or will my warrior father greet me and receive me as his son? Will my spirit fly upward to a happy heaven? or shall I sink into the bottomless pit, an outcast from a God of infinite love?

Soon, soon I shall know, for now I see the east is growing red. My heart is strong. My face is calm. My eyes are dry and eager for new scenes. My hands hang quietly at my side. Serene and brave, my soul awaits the men to perch me on the gallows for another flight. I go.



AT MY FEET A MAN'S FIGURE LAY

BURLINGAME
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THE PORTION OF LABOR.



BY
MARY E. WILKINS

Part 1

CHAPTER I

ON the west side of Ellen's father's house was a file of Norway spruce-trees, standing with a sharp pointing of dark boughs toward the north, which gave them an air of expectancy of progress.

Every morning Ellen, whose bed-room faced that way, looked out with a firm belief that she would see them on the other side of the stone wall, advanced several paces toward their native land. She had no doubt of their ability to do so; their roots projecting in fibrous sprawls from their trunks were their feet, and she pictured them advancing with wide trailings, and rustlings as of green draperies, and a loudening of that dreamy cry of theirs, which was to her imagination a cry of homesickness reminiscent of their old life in the white north. When Ellen had first heard the name Norway spruce, 'way back in her childhood—so far back, though she was only seven and a half now, that it seemed to her like a memory from another life—she had asked her mother to show her Norway on the map, and her strange convictions concerning the trees had seized her. When her mother said that they had come from that northernmost land of Europe, Ellen, to whose childhood all truth was naked and literal, immediately conceived to herself those veritable trees advancing over the frozen seas around the pole, and down through the vast regions which were painted blue on her map, straight to her father's west yard. There they stood and sang the songs of their own country, with a melancholy sweetness of absence and longing, and were forever thinking to return. Ellen felt always a thrill of happy surprise when she saw them still there of a morning, for she felt that she would miss them sorely when they were gone. She said nothing of all this to her mother: it was one of the secrets of the soul which created her individuality and made her a spiritual birth. She was also silent about her belief concerning the cherry-trees in the east yard. There were three of them, giants of their kind, which filled the east yard every spring as with mountains of white bloom, breathing wide gusts of honey sweetness, and humming with bees. Ellen believed that these trees had once stood in the Garden of Eden, but she never expected to find them missing from the east yard of a morning, for she remembered the angel with the flaming sword, and she knew how one branch of the easternmost tree happened to be blasted as if by fire. And she thought that these trees were happy, and never sighed to the wind as the dark evergreens did, because they had still the same blossoms and the same fruit that they had in Eden, and so did not fairly know that they were not there still. Sometimes Ellen, sitting underneath them on a low rib of rock on a May morning, used to fancy with success that she and the trees were

together in that first garden which she had read about in the Bible.

Sometimes, after one of these successful imaginings, when Ellen's mother called her into the house she would stare at her little daughter uneasily, and give her a spoonful of a bitter spring medicine which she had brewed herself. When Ellen's father, Andrew Brewster, came home from the shop, she would speak to him aside as he was washing his hands at the kitchen sink, and tell him that it seemed to her that Ellen looked kind of "pindlin'." Then Andrew, before he sat down at the dinner table, would take Ellen's face in his two moist hands, look at her with anxiety thinly veiled by facetiousness, rub his rough dark cheek against her soft white one until he had reddened it, then laugh, and tell her she looked like a boson. Ellen never quite knew what her father meant by boson, but she understood that it signified something very rosy and hearty indeed.

Ellen's father always picked out for her the choicest and tenderest bits of the humble dishes, and his keen eyes were more watchful of her plate than of his own. Always after Ellen's mother had said to her father that she thought Ellen looked pindling he was late about coming home from the shop, and would turn in at the gate laden with paper parcels. Then Ellen would find an orange or some other delicacy beside her plate at supper. Ellen's aunt Eva, her mother's younger sister, who lived with them, would look askance at the tidbit with open sarcasm. "You jest spoil that young one, Fanny," she would say to her sister.

"You can do jest as you are a mind to with your own young ones when you get them, but you can let mine alone. It's none of your business what her father and me give her to eat; you don't buy it," Ellen's mother would retort. There was the utmost frankness of speech between the two sisters. Neither could have been in the slightest doubt as to what the other thought of her, for it was openly proclaimed to her a dozen times a day, and the conclusion was never complimentary. Ellen learned very early to form her own opinions of character from her own intuition, otherwise she would have held her aunt and mother in somewhat slighting estimation, and she loved them both dearly. They were headstrong, violent-tempered women, but she had an instinct for the staple qualities below that surface turbulence, which was lashed higher by every gust of opposition. These two loud contending voices, which filled the house before and after shop-hours — for Eva worked in the shop with her brother-in-law—with a duet of discords instead of harmonies, meant no more to Ellen than the wrangle of the robins in the cherry-trees. She supposed that two sisters always conversed in that way. She never knew why her father, after a fiery but ineffectual attempt to quell the feminine tumult, would send her across the east yard to her grandmother Brewster's, and seat himself on the east door-step in summer, or go down to the store in the winter. She would sit at the window in her grandmother's sitting-room, eating peacefully the slice of pound-cake, or cooky, with which she was always regaled, and listen to the scolding voices across the yard as she might have listened to any outside disturbance. She was never sucked into the whirlpool of wrath which seemed to gyrate perpetually in her home, and wondered at her grandmother Brewster's impatient exclamations concerning the poor child, and her poor boy, and that it was a shame and a disgrace, when now and then a louder explosion of wrath struck her ears.

Ellen's grandmother — Mrs. Zelotes Brewster, as she was called, though her husband Zelotes had been dead for many years—was an aristocrat by virtue of inborn prejudices and convictions, in despite of circumstances. The neighbors said that Mrs. Zelotes Brewster had always been high-feeling, and had held up her head with the best. It would have been nearer the truth to say that she held up her head above the best. No one seeing the erect old woman, in her draperies of the finest black goods to be bought in the city, could estimate in what heights of thin upper air of spiritual consequence her head was elevated. She had always a clear sight of the head-tops of any throng in which she found herself, and queens or duchesses would have been no exception. She would never have failed to find some stool of superior possessions or traits upon which to raise herself, and look down upon crown and coro-

net. When she read in the papers about the marriage of a New York belle to an English duke, she reflected that the duke could be by no means as fine a figure of a man as Zelotes had been, and as her son Andrew was, although both her husband and son had got all their education in the town schools, and had worked in shoe-shops all their lives. She could have looked at a palace or a castle, and have remained true to the splendors of her little one-story-and-a-half house with a best parlor and sitting-room, and a shed kitchen for use in hot weather.

She would not for one instant have been swerved from utmost admiration and faith in her set of white-and-gold wedding china by the contemplation of Copeland and Royal Sèvres. She would have pitted her hair-cloth furniture of the ugliest period of household art against all the Chippendales and First Empire pieces in existence.

As Mrs. Zelotes had never seen any household possessions to equal her own, let alone to surpass them, she was of the same mind with regard to her husband and his family, herself and her family, her son and little granddaughter. She never saw any gowns and shawls which compared with hers in fineness and richness; she never tasted a morsel of cookery which was not as sawdust when she reflected upon her own; and all that humiliated her in the least, or caused her to feel in the least dissatisfied, was her son's wife and her family and antecedents.

Mrs. Zelotes Brewster had considered that her son Andrew was marrying immeasurably beneath him when he married Fanny Loud, of Loudville. Loudville was a humble, an almost disreputably humble, suburb of the little provincial city. The Louds from whom the locality took its name were never held in much repute, being considered of a stratum decidedly below the ordinary social one of the city. When Andrew told his mother that he was to marry a Loud, she declared that she would not go to his wedding, nor receive the girl at her house, and she kept her word. When one day Andrew brought his sweetheart to his home to call, trusting to her pretty face and graceful though rather sharp manner to win his mother's heart, he found her intrenched in the kitchen, and absolutely indifferent to the charms of his Fanny in her stylish, albeit somewhat tawdry, finery, though she had peeped to good purpose from her parlor



A LITTLE DARK FIGURE PASSING AS RAPIDLY AS A CLOUD

window, which commanded the road, before she fled kitchenward.

Mrs. Zelotes was beating eggs with as firm an impetus as if she were heaving up earth-works to strengthen her own pride when her son thrust his timid face into the kitchen. "Mother, Fanny's in the parlor," he said, beseechingly.

"Let her set there, then, if she wants to," said his mother, and that was all she would say.

Very soon Fanny went home on her lover's arm, freeing her mind with no uncertain voice on the way, though she was on the public road, and within hearing of sharp ears in open windows. Fanny had a pride as fierce as Mrs. Zelotes Brewster's, though it was not so well sustained, and she would then and there have refused to marry Andrew had she not loved him with all her passionate and ill-regulated heart. But she never forgave her mother-in-law for the slight she had put upon her that day, and the slights which she put upon her later. She would have refused to live next door to Mrs. Zelotes had not Andrew owned the land and been in a measure forced to build there. Every time she had flaunted out of her new house door in her wedding finery she had an uncomfortable feeling of defiance under a fire of hostile eyes in the next house. She kept her own windows upon that side as clear and bright as diamonds, and her curtains in the stiffest snowy slants, lest her terrible mother-in-law should have occasion to impeach her housekeeping, she being a notable housewife. The habits of the Louds of Loudville were considered shiftless in the extreme, and poor Fanny had heard an insinuation of Mrs. Zelotes to that effect.

The elder Mrs. Brewster's knowledge of her son's house and his wife was limited to the view from her west windows, but there was half truce when little Ellen was born. Mrs. Brewster, who considered that no woman could be obtained with such a fine knowledge of nursing as she possessed, and who had, moreover, a regard for her poor boy's pocket-book, appeared for the first time in his doorway, and opened her heart to her son's child, if not to his wife, whom she began to tolerate.

However, the two women had almost a hand-to-hand encounter over little Ellen's cradle, the elder Mrs. Brewster judging that it was for her good to be rocked to sleep, the younger not. Little Ellen herself, however, turned the balance that time in favor of her grandmother, since she cried every time the gentle swaying motion was hushed, and absolutely refused to go to sleep, and her mother from the first held every course which seemed to contribute to her pleasure and comfort as a sacred duty. At last it came to pass that the two women met only upon that small neutral ground of love, and upon all other territory were sworn foes. Especially was Mrs. Zelotes wroth when Eva Loud, after the death of her father, one of the most worthless and shiftless of the Louds of Loudville, came to live with her married sister. She spoke openly to Fanny concerning her opinion of another woman's coming to live on poor Andrew, and paid no heed to the assertions that Eva would work and pay her way.

Mrs. Zelotes, although she acknowledged it no social degradation for a man to work in a shoe-factory, regarded a woman who worked therein as having hopelessly forfeited her caste. Eva Loud had worked in a shop ever since she was fourteen, and had tagged the grimy and leathery procession of Louds, who worked in shoe-factories when they worked at all, in a short skirt with her hair in a strong black pigtail. There was a kind of bold grace and showy beauty about this Eva Loud which added to Mrs. Zelotes's scorn and dislike.

"She walks off to work in the shop as proud as if she was going to a party," she said, and she fairly trembled with anger when she saw the girl set out with her son in the morning. She would have considered it much more according to the eternal fitness of things had her son Andrew been attending a queen whom he would have dropped at her palace on the way. She writhed inwardly whenever little Ellen spoke of her aunt Eva, and would have forbidden her to do so had she dared.

"To think of that child associating with a shop-girl!" she said to Mrs. Pointdexter. Mrs. Pointdexter was her particular friend, whom she regarded with loving tolerance of superiority, though she had been the daughter of a former

clergyman of the town, and had wedded another, and might presumably have been accounted herself of a somewhat higher estate. The gentle and dependent clergyman's widow, when she came back to her native city after the death of her husband, found herself all at once in a pleasant little valley of humiliation at the feet of her old friend, and was contented to abide there. "Perhaps your son's sister-in-law will marry and go away," she said, consolingly, to Mrs. Zelotes, who indeed lived in that hope. But Eva remained at her sister's, and though she had admirers in plenty, did not marry, and the dissension grew.

It was an odd thing that, however the sisters quarrelled, the minute Andrew tried to take sides with his wife and assail Eva in his turn, Fanny turned and defended her. "I am not going to desert all the sister I have got in the world," she said. "If you want me to leave, say so, and I will go, but I shall never turn Eva out of doors. I would rather go with her and work in the shop." Then the next moment the wrangle would recommence, and the harsh trebles of wrath would swell high. Andrew could not appreciate this savageness of race loyalty in the face of anger and dissension, and his brain reeled with the apparent inconsistency of the thing.

"Sometimes I think they are both crazy," he used to tell his mother, who sympathized with him after a covertly triumphant fashion. She never said, "I told you so," but the thought was evident on her face, and her son saw it there.

However, he said not a word against his wife, except by implication. Though she and her sister were making his home unbearable, he still loved her, and even if he did not, he had something of his mother's pride.

However, at last, when Ellen was almost eight years old, matters came suddenly to a climax one evening in November. The two sisters were having a fiercer dispute than usual. Eva was taking her sister to task for cutting over a dress of hers for Ellen, Fanny claiming that she had given her permission to do so, and Eva denying it. The child sat listening in her little chair with a look of dawning intelligence of wrath and wicked temper in her face, because she was herself in a manner the cause of the dissension. Suddenly Andrew Brewster, with a fiery outburst of inconsequent masculine wrath with the whole situation, essayed to cut the Gordian knot. He grabbed the little dress of bright woollen stuff, which lay partly made upon the table, and crammed it into the stove, and a reek of burning wool filled the room. Then both women turned upon him with a combination of anger, to which his wrath was wildfire.

Andrew caught up little Ellen, who was beginning to look scared, wrapped the first thing he could seize around her, and fairly fled across the yard to his mother's. Then he sat down and wept like a boy, and his pride left him at last. "Oh, mother," he sobbed, "if it were not for the child, I would go away, for my home is a hell!"

Mrs. Zelotes stood clasping little Ellen, who clung to her, trembling. "Well, come over here with me," she said, "you and Ellen."

"Live here in the next house!" said Andrew. "Do you suppose Fanny would have the child living under her very eyes in the next house? No, there is no way out of the misery—no way; but if it was not for the child, I would go!"

Andrew burst out in such wild sobs that his mother released Ellen and ran to him; and the child, trembling and crying with a curious softness, as of fear at being heard, ran out of the house and back to her home. "Oh, mother," she cried, breaking in upon the dialogue of anger which was still going on there with her little tremulous flute—"oh, mother, father is crying!"

"I don't care," answered her mother, fiercely, her temper causing her to lose sight of the child's agitation. "I don't care. If it wasn't for you, I would leave him. I wouldn't live as I am doing. I would leave everybody. I am tired of this awful life. Oh, if it wasn't for you, Ellen, I would leave everybody and start fresh!"

"You can leave *me* whenever you want to," said Eva, her handsome face burning red with wrath, and she went out of the room, which was suffocating with the fumes of the burning wool, tossing her black head, all banged and coiled in the latest fashion.

Of late years Fanny had sunk her personal vanity further and further in that

for her child. She brushed her own hair back hard from her temples, and candidly revealed all her unyouthful lines, and dwelt fondly upon the arrangement of little Ellen's locks, which were of a fine pale yellow, as clear as the color of amber.

She never recut her skirts or her sleeves, but she studied anxiously all the slightest changes in children's fashions. After her sister had left the room with a loud bang of the door, she sat for a moment gazing straight ahead, her face working, then she burst into such a passion of hysterical wailing as the child had never heard. Ellen, watching her mother with eyes so frightened and full of horror that there was no room for childish love and pity in them, grew very pale. She had left the door by which she had entered open; she gazed one moment at her mother, then she turned and slipped out of the room, and opening the outer door softly, though her mother would not have heard nor noticed, went out of the house.

Then she ran as fast as she could down the frozen road, a little dark figure passing as rapidly as the shadow of a cloud between the earth and the full moon.

CHAPTER II

THE greatest complexity in the world attends the motive-power of any action. Infinite perspectives of mental mirrors reflect the whys of all doing. An adult with long practice in analytic introspection soon becomes bewildered when he strives to evolve the primary and fundamental reasons for his deeds; a child so striving would be lost in unexpected depths; but a child never strives. A child obeys unquestioningly and absolutely its own spiritual impellings without a backward glance at them.

Little Ellen Brewster ran down the road that November night, and did not know then, and never knew afterward, why she ran. Loving renunciation was surging high in her childish heart, giving an indication of tidal possibilities for the future, and there was also a bitter angry hurt of slighted dependency and affection. Had she not heard them say, her own mother and father say, that they would be better off and happier with her out of the way, and she their dearest loved and most carefully cherished possession in the whole world? It is a cruel fall for an apple of the eye to the ground, for its law of gravitation is of the soul, and its fall shocks the infinite. Little Ellen felt herself sorely hurt by her fall from such fair heights; she was pierced by the sharp thorns of selfish interests which flourish below all the heavenward windows of life.

Afterward, when her mother and father tried to make her tell them why she ran away, she could not say; the answer was beyond her own power.

There was no snow on the ground, but the earth was frozen in great ribs after a late thaw. Ellen ran painfully between the ridges which a long line of ice-wagons had made with their heavy wheels earlier in the day. When the spaces between the ridges were too narrow for her little feet, she ran along the crests, and that was precarious. She fell once and bruised one of her delicate knees, then she fell again, and struck the knee on the same place. It hurt her, and she caught her breath with a gasp of pain. She pulled up her little frock and touched her hand to her knee, and felt it wet, then she whimpered on the lonely road, and, curiously enough, there was pity for her mother as well as for herself in her solitary grieving. "Mother would feel pretty bad if she knew how I was hurt, enough to make it bleed," she murmured between her soft sobs. Ellen did not dare cry loudly, from a certain unvoiced fear which she had of shocking the stillness of the night, and also from a delicate sense of personal dignity, and a dislike of violent manifestations of feeling which had strengthened with her growth in the midst of the turbulent atmosphere of her home. Ellen had the softest childish voice, and she never screamed or shouted when excited. Instead of catching the motion of the wind, she still lay before it, like some slender-stemmed flower. If Ellen had made much outcry with the hurt in her heart and the smart of her knee, she might have been heard, for the locality was thickly settled, though not in the business portion of the little city. The houses, set prosperously in the midst of shaven lawns—for this was a thrifty and emulative place, and democracy held up its head confidently—were built closely along the road, though that was lonely and deserted at that hour. It

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was the hour between half past six and half past seven, when people were lingering at their supper tables, and had not yet started upon their evening pursuits. The lights shone for the most part from the rear windows of the houses, and there was a vague compound odor of tea and bread and beefsteak in the air. Poor Ellen had not had her supper; the wrangle at home had dismissed it from everybody's mind. She felt more pitiful toward her mother and herself when she smelled the food and reflected upon that. To think of her going away without any supper, all alone in the dark night! There was no moon, and the solemn brilliancy of the stars made her think with a shiver of awe of the Old Testament and the possibility of the Day of Judgment. Suppose it should come, and she all alone out in the night in the midst of all those worlds and the great White Throne, without her mother? Ellen's grandmother, who was of a stanch orthodox breed, and was, moreover, anxious to counteract any possible detriment as to religious training from contact with the degenerate Louds of Loudville, had established a strict course of Bible study for her granddaughter at a very early age. All celestial phenomena were in consequence transposed into a Biblical key for the child, and she regarded the heavens swarming with golden stars as a Hebrew child of a thousand years ago might have done.

She was glad when she came within the radius of a street light from time to time; they were stationed at wide intervals in that neighborhood. Soon, however, she reached the factories, when all mystery and awe, and vague terrors of what beside herself might be near unrevealed beneath the mighty brooding of the night, were over. She was, as it were, in the mid-current of the conditions of her own life and times, and the material force of it swept away all symbolisms and unstable drift, and left only the bare rocks and shores of existence. Always when the child had been taken by one of her elders past the factories, humming like gigantic hives, with their windows alert with eager eyes of toil, glancing out at her over bench and machine, Ellen had seen her secretly cherished imaginings recede into a night of distance like stars, and she had felt her little footing upon the earth with a shock, and had clung more closely to the leading hand of love. "That's where your poor father works," her grandmother would say. "Maybe you'll have to work there some day," her aunt Eva had said once; and her mother, who had been with her also, had cried out sharply as if she had been stung, "I guess that little delicate thing ain't never goin' to work in a shoe-shop, Eva Loud." And her aunt Eva had laughed, and declared with emphasis that she guessed there was no need to worry yet awhile.

"She never shall, while I live," her mother had cried; and then Eva, coming to her sister's aid against her own suggestion, had declared, with a vehemence which frightened Ellen, that she would burn the shop down herself first.

As for Ellen's father, he never at that time dwelt upon the child's future as much as his wife did, having a masculine sense of the instability of houses of air which prevented him from entering them without a shivering of walls and roof into naught but star-mediums by his downrightness of vision. "Oh, let the child be, can't you, Fanny?" he said when his wife speculated whether Ellen would be or do this or that when she would be a woman. He resented the conception of the woman which would swallow up like some metaphysical sorceress his fair little child. So when he now and then led Ellen past the factories it was never with the slightest surmise as to any connection which she might have with them beyond the present one. "There's the shop where father works," he would tell Ellen, with a tender sense of his own importance in his child's eyes, and he was as proud as Punch when Ellen was able to point with her tiny pink finger at the window where father worked. "That's where father works and earns money to buy nice things for little Ellen," Andrew would repeat, beaming at her with divine foolishness, and Ellen looked at the roaring, vibrating building as she might have looked at the wheels of progress. She realized that her father was very great and smart to work in a place like that, and earn money—so much of it. Ellen often heard her mother remark with pride how much money Andrew earned.

To-night, when Ellen passed in her strange flight, the factories were still, though they were yet blazing with light. The gigantic buildings, after a style of architecture as simple as a child's block house, and adapted to as primitive an end, loomed up beside the road like windowed shells enclosing massive concretenesses of golden light. They looked entirely vacant except for light, for the workmen had all gone home, and there were only the keepers in the buildings. There were three of them, representing three different firms, rival firms, grouped curiously close together, but Lloyd's was much the largest. Andrew and Eva worked in Lloyd's.

She was near the last factory when she met a man hastening along with bent shoulders of intent middle-aged progress. After he had passed her with a careless glance at the small swift figure, she smelled coffee. He was carrying home a pound for his breakfast supply. That suddenly made her cry, though she did not know why. That familiar odor of home and the wontedness of life made her isolation on her little atom of the unusual more pitiful. The man turned round sharply when she sobbed. "Hullo! what's the matter, sis?" he called back, in a pleasant hoarse voice. Ellen did not answer; she fled as if she had wings on her feet. The man had many children of his own, and was accustomed to their turbulence over trifles. He kept on, thinking that there was a sulky child who had been sent on an errand against her will, that it was not late, and she was safe enough on that road. He resumed his calculation as to whether his income would admit of a new coal-stove that winter. He was a workman in a factory, with one accumulative interest in life—coal-stoves. He bought and traded and swapped coal-stoves every winter with keenest enthusiasm. Now he had one in his mind which he had just viewed in a window with the rapture of an artist. It had a little nickel statuette on the top, and that quite crowded Ellen out of his mind, which had but narrow accommodations.

So Ellen kept on unmolested, though her heart was beating loud with fright. When she came into the brilliantly lighted stretch of Main Street, which was the business centre of the city, her childish mind was partly diverted from herself. Ellen had not been down town many times of an evening, and always in hand of her hurrying father or mother. Now she had run away and cut loose from all restrictions of time, there was an eternity for observation before her, with no call in-doors in prospect. She stopped at the first bright shop window, and suddenly the exultation of freedom was over the child. She tasted the sweets of rebellion and disobedience. She had stood before that window once before of an evening, and her aunt Eva had been with her, and one of her young men friends had come up behind, and they had gone on, the child dragging backward at her aunt's hand. Now she could stand as long as she wished, and stare and stare, and drink in everything which her childish imagination craved, and that was much. The imagination of a child is often like a voracious maw, seizing upon all that comes within reach, and producing spiritual indigestions and assimilations almost endless in their effects upon the growth. This window before which Ellen stood was that of a market: a great expanse of plate-glass framing a crude study in the clearest color tones. It takes a child or an artist to see a picture without the intrusion of its second dimension of sordid use, and the gross reflection of humanity.

Ellen looked at the great shelf laid upon with flesh and vegetables and fruits with the careless precision of a kaleidoscope, and did not for one instant connect anything thereon with the ends of physical appetite, though she had not had her supper. What had a meal of beefsteak and potatoes and squash served on the little white-laid table at home to do with those great golden globes which made one end of the window like the remove from a mine, those satin-smooth spheres, those cuts as of red and white marble? She had eaten apples, but these were as the apples of the gods, lying in a heap of opulence, with a precious light-spot like a ruby on every outward side. The turnips affected her imagination like ivory carvings: she did not recognize them for turnips at all. She never afterward believed them to be turnips; and as for cabbages, they were green inflorescences of majestic bloom. There is one position from which all common things can be

seen with reflections of preciousness, and Ellen had insensibly taken it. The window and the shop behind were illuminated with the yellow glare of gas, but the glass was filmed here and there with frost, which tempered it as with a veil. In the background rosy-faced men in white frocks were moving to and fro, customers were passing in and out, but they were all glorified to the child. She did not see them as butchers, and as men and women selling and buying dinners.

However, all at once everything was spoiled, for her fairy castle of illusion or a higher reality was demolished, and that not by any blow of practicality, but by pity and sentiment. Ellen was a woman-child, and suddenly she struck the rock upon which women so often wreck or effect harbor, whichever it may be. All at once she looked up from the dazzling mosaic of the window and saw the dead partridges and grouse hanging in their rumpled brown mottle of plumage, and the dead rabbits long and stark with their fur powdered with frost, hanging in a piteous headlong company, and all her delight and wonder vanished, and she came down to the hard actualities of things. "Oh, the poor birds!" she cried out in her heart. "Oh, the poor birds, and the poor bunnies!"

Just at that moment, when the sudden rush of compassion and indignation had swollen her heart to the size of a woman's, and given it the aches of one, when her eyes were so dilated with the sight of helpless injury and death that they reflected the mystery of it and lost the outlook of childhood, when her pretty baby-mouth was curved like an inverted bow of love with the impulse of tears, Cynthia Lennox came up the street and stopped short when she reached her.

Suddenly Ellen felt some one pressing close to her, and looking up, saw a woman, only middle-aged, but whom she thought very old, because her hair was white, standing looking at her very keenly with clear light blue eyes under a high pale forehead from which the gray hair was combed uncompromisingly back. The woman had been a beauty once of a delicate nervous type, and had a certain beauty now, a something which had endured like the fineness of texture of a web when its glow of color has faded. Her black garments draped her with sober richness, and there was a gleam of dark fur when the wind caught her cloak. A small tuft of ostrich plumes nodded from her bonnet. Ellen smelt flowers vaguely, and looked at the lady's hand, but she did not carry any.

"Whose little girl are you?" Cynthia Lennox asked softly, and Ellen did not answer. "Can't you tell me whose little girl you are?" Cynthia Lennox asked again. Ellen did not speak, but there was the swift flicker of a thought over her face which told her name as plainly as language, if the woman had possessed the skill to interpret it.

"Ellen Brewster, Ellen Brewster is my name," Ellen said to herself very hard, and that was how she endured the reproach of her own silence.

The woman looked at her with surprise and admiration that were fairly passionate. Ellen was a beautiful child, with a face like a white flower. People had always turned to look after her, she was so charming, and had caused her mother's heart to swell with pride. "The way everybody we met has stared after that child to-day!" she would whisper her husband when she brought Ellen home from some little expedition; then the two would look at the little one's face with the one holy vanity of the world. Ellen wore to-night the little white shawl which her father had caught up when he carried her over to her grandmother's. She held it tightly together under her chin with one tiny hand, and her face looked out from between the soft folds with the absolute purity of curve and color of a pearl.

"Oh, you darling!" said the woman, suddenly; "you darling!" and Ellen shrank away from her. "Don't be afraid, dear," said Cynthia Lennox. "Don't be afraid, only tell me who you are. What is your name, dear?" But Ellen remained silent; only, as she shrank aloof, her eyes grew wild and bright with startled tears, and her sweet baby-mouth quivered piteously. She wanted to run, but the habit of obedience was so strong upon her little mind that she feared to do so. This strange woman seemed to have gotten her in some invisible leash.

"Tell me what your name is, darling," said the woman, but she might as well have importuned a flower. Ellen was

proof against all commands in that direction. She suddenly felt the furry sweep of the lady's cloak against her cheek, and a nervous tender arm drawing her close, though she strove feebly to resist. "You are cold, you have nothing on but this little white shawl, and perhaps you are hungry. What were you looking in this window for? Tell me, dear, where is your mother? She did not send you on an errand, such a little girl as you are, so late on such a cold night, with no more on than this?"

A tone of indignation crept into the lady's voice.

"No, mother didn't send me," Ellen said, speaking for the first time.

"Then did you run away, dear?" Ellen was silent. "Oh, if you did, darling, you must tell me where you live, what your father's name is, and I will take you home. Tell me, dear. If it is far, I will get a carriage, and you shall ride home. Tell me, dear."

There was an utmost sweetness of maternal persuasion in Cynthia Lennox's voice; Ellen was swayed by it as a child might have been swayed by the magic pipe of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. She half yielded to her leading motion, then she remembered. "No," she cried out, with a sob of utter desolation. "No, no."

"Why not, dear?"

"They don't want; they don't want. No, no!"

"They don't want you? Your own father and mother don't want you? Darling, what is the matter?" But Ellen was dumb again. She stood sobbing with a painful restraint, and pulling futilely from the lady's persuasive hand. But it ended in the mastery of the child. Suddenly Cynthia Lennox gathered her up in her arms under her great fur-lined cloak, and carried her a little farther down the street, then across it to a dwelling-house, one of the very few which had withstood the march of business blocks on this crowded main street of the provincial city. A few people looked curiously at the lady carrying such a heavy weeping child, but she met no one whom she knew, and the others looked indifferently away after a second backward stare. Cynthia Lennox was one to bear herself with such dignity over all jolts of circumstances that she might almost convince others of her own exemption from them. Her mental bearing disproved the evidence of the senses, and she could have committed a crime with such consummate self-poise and grace as to have held a crowd in abeyance with utter distrust of their own eyes before such unquestioning confidence in the sovereignty of the situation. Cynthia Lennox had always had her own way except in one respect, and that experience had come to her lately.

Though she was such a slender woman, she seemed to have great strength in her arms, and she bore Ellen easily and as if she had been used to such a burden. She wrapped her cloak closely around the child.

"Don't be afraid, darling," she kept whispering. Ellen panted in bewilderment, and a terror which was half assuaged by something like fascination.

She was conscious of a soft smother of camphor, in which the fur-lined cloak had lain through the summer, and of that flower odor, which was violets, though she did not know it. Only the wild American scentless ones had come in little Ellen's way so far.

She felt herself carried up steps, then a door was thrown open, and a warm breath of air came in her face, and the cloak was tossed back, and she was set softly on the floor. The hall in which she stood seemed very bright; she blinked and rubbed her eyes.

The lady stood over her, laughing gently, and when the child looked up at her, seemed much younger than she had at first, very young in spite of her white hair. There was a soft red on her cheek; her lips looked full and triumphant with smiles; her eyes were like stars. An emotion of her youth which had never become dulled by satisfaction had suddenly blossomed out on her face, and transformed it. An unassuaged longing may serve to preserve youth as well as an undestroyed illusion; indeed, the two are one. Cynthia Lennox looked at the child as if she had been a young mother, and she her first-born; triumph over the future, and daring for all odds, and perfect faith in the kingdom of joy, were in her look. Had she nursed one child like Ellen to womanhood, and tasted the bitter in the cup, she would not have been capable of that look,

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and would have been as old as her years. She threw off her cloak and took off her bonnet, and the light struck her hair and made it look like silver. A brooch in the laces at her throat shone with a thousand hues, and as Ellen gazed at it she felt curiously dull and dizzy. She did not resist at all when the lady removed her little white shawl, but stared at her with the look of some small and helpless thing in too large a grasp of destiny to admit of a struggle. "Oh, you darling!" Cynthia Lennox said, and stooped and kissed her, and half carried her into a great warm dazzling room, with light reflected in long lines of gold from picture-frames on the wall, and now and then startling patches of lurid color blazing forth unmeaningly from the dark incline of their canvases, with gleams of crystal and shadows of bronze in settings of fretted ebony, with long swayings of rich draperies at doors and windows, a red light of fire in a grate, and two white lights, one of piano keys, the other of a flying marble figure in a corner, outlined clearly against dusky red. The light in this room was very dim. It was all beyond Ellen's imagination. The white North where the Norway spruces lived would not have seemed as strange to her as this. Neither would Bluebeard's Castle, nor the House that Jack built, nor the Palace of King Solomon, nor the tent in which lived little Joseph in his coat of many colors, nor even the Garden of Eden, nor Noah's Ark. Her imagination had not prepared her for a room like this. She had formed her ideas of rooms upon her grandmother's and her mother's and the neighbors' best parlors, with their glories of crushed plush and gilt and onyx and cheap lace and picture-throws and lambrequins. This room was such a heterodoxy against her creed of civilization that it did not look beautiful to her as much as strange and bewildering, and when she was bidden to sit down in a little inlaid precious chair, she put down her tiny hand and reflected, with a sense of strengthening of her household faith, that her grandmother had beautiful smooth shiny hair cloth.

Cynthia Lennox pulled the chair close to the fire, and bade her hold out her little feet to the blaze to warm them well. "I am afraid you are chilled, darling," she said, and looked at her sitting there in her dainty little red cashmere frock with her spread of baby-yellow hair over her shoulders. Then Ellen thought that the lady was younger than her mother; but her mother had borne her and nursed her, and suffered and eaten of the tree of knowledge, and tasted the bitter after the sweet; and this other woman was but as a child in the garden, though she was fairly old. But along with Ellen's conviction of the lady's youth had come a conviction of her power, and she yielded to her unquestioningly. Whenever she came near her she gazed with dilating eyes upon the blazing circle of diamonds at her throat.

When she was bidden, she followed the lady into the dining-room, where the glitter of glass and silver and the soft gleam of precious china made her think for a little while that she must be in a store. She had never seen anything like this except in a store, when she had been with her mother to buy a lamp-chimney. So she decided this to be a store, but she said nothing. She did not speak at all, but she ate her biscuits, and slice of breast of chicken, and sponge-cake, and drank her milk.

She had her milk in a little silver cup which seemed as if it might have belonged to another child; she also sat in a small high chair, which made it seem as if another child had lived or visited in the house. Ellen became singularly possessed with this sense of the presence of a child, and when the door opened she would look around for her to enter, but it was always an old black woman with a face of imperturbable bronze, which caused her to huddle closer into her chair when she drew near.

There were not many colored people in the city, and Ellen had never seen any except at Long Beach, where she had sometimes gone to have a shore dinner with her mother and Aunt Eva. Then she always used to shrink when the black waiter drew near, and her mother and aunt would be convulsed with furtive mirth. "See the little gump," her mother would say in the tenderest tone, and look about to see if others at the other tables saw how cunning she was—what a charming little goose to be afraid of a colored waiter.

Ellen saw nobody except the lady and

the black woman, but she was still sure that there was a child in the house, and after supper, when she was taken up stairs to bed, she peeped through every open door with the expectation of seeing her.

But she was so weary and sleepy that her curiosity and capacity for any other emotion was blunted. She had become simply a little tired sleepy animal. She let herself be undressed; she was not even moved to much self-pity when the lady discovered the cruel bruise on her delicate knee, and kissed it, and dressed it with a healing salve. She was put into a little night-gown which she knew dreamily belonged to that other child, and was laid in a little bedstead which she noted to be made of gold, with floating lace over the head.

She sleepily noted, too, that there were flowers on the walls, and more floating lace over the bureau. This room did not look so strange to her as the others; she had somehow from the treasures of her fancy provided the family of big bears and little bears with a similar one. Then, too, one of the neighbors, Mrs. George Crocker, had read many articles in women's papers relative to the beautifying of homes, and had furnished a wonderful chamber with old soap-boxes and rolls of Japanese paper which was a sort of a cousin many times removed of this. When she was in bed the lady kissed her, and called her darling, and bade her sleep well, and not be afraid, she was in the next room, and could hear if she spoke. Then she stood looking at her, and Ellen thought that she must be younger than Minnie Swensen, who lived on her street, and wore a yellow pigtail, and went to the high-school. Then she closed her heavy eyes, and forgot to cry about her poor father and mother; still, there was, after all, a hurt about them down in her childish heart, though a great wave of new circumstances had rolled on her shore, and submerged for the time her memory and her love, even, she was so feeble and young.

She slept very soundly, and awoke only once, about two o'clock in the morning. Then a passing lantern flashed into the chamber into her eyes, and woke her up, but she only sighed and stretched drowsily, then turned her little body over with a luxurious roll, and went to sleep again.

It was poor Andrew Brewster's lantern which flashed in her eyes, for he was out with a posse of police and sympathizing neighbors and friends searching for his lost little girl. He was frantic, and when he came under the gas-lights from time to time the men that saw him shuddered; they would not have known him, for almost the farthest agony of which he was capable had changed his face.

CHAPTER III

BY the next morning all the city was in a commotion over little Ellen's disappearance. Woods on the outskirts were being searched, ponds were being dragged, posters with a stare of dreadful meaning in large characters of black and white were being pasted all over the fences and available barns, and already three of the local editors had been to the Brewster house to obtain particulars and photographs of the missing child for reproduction in the city papers.

The first train from Boston brought two reporters representing great dailies.

Fanny Brewster, white-cheeked with the rasped redness of tears around her eyes and mouth, clad in her blue calico wrapper, received them in her best parlor. Eva had made a fire in the best parlor stove early that morning. "Folks will be comin' in all day, I expect," said she, speaking with nervous catches of her breath. Ever since the child had been missed, Eva's anxiety had driven her from point to point of unrest as with a stinging lash. She had pelted bareheaded down the road and up the road; she had invaded all the neighbors' houses, insisting upon looking through their farthest and most unlikely closets; she had even penetrated to the woods, and joined wild-eyed the groups of peering workers on the shore of the nearest pond. That she could not endure long, so she had rushed home to her sister, who was either pacing her sitting-room with inarticulate murmurs and wails of distress in the sympathizing ears of several of the neighboring women, or else was staring with haggard eyes of fearful hope from a window. When she looked from the eastern window she could see her mother-in-law, Mrs. Zelotes Brewster, at an op-

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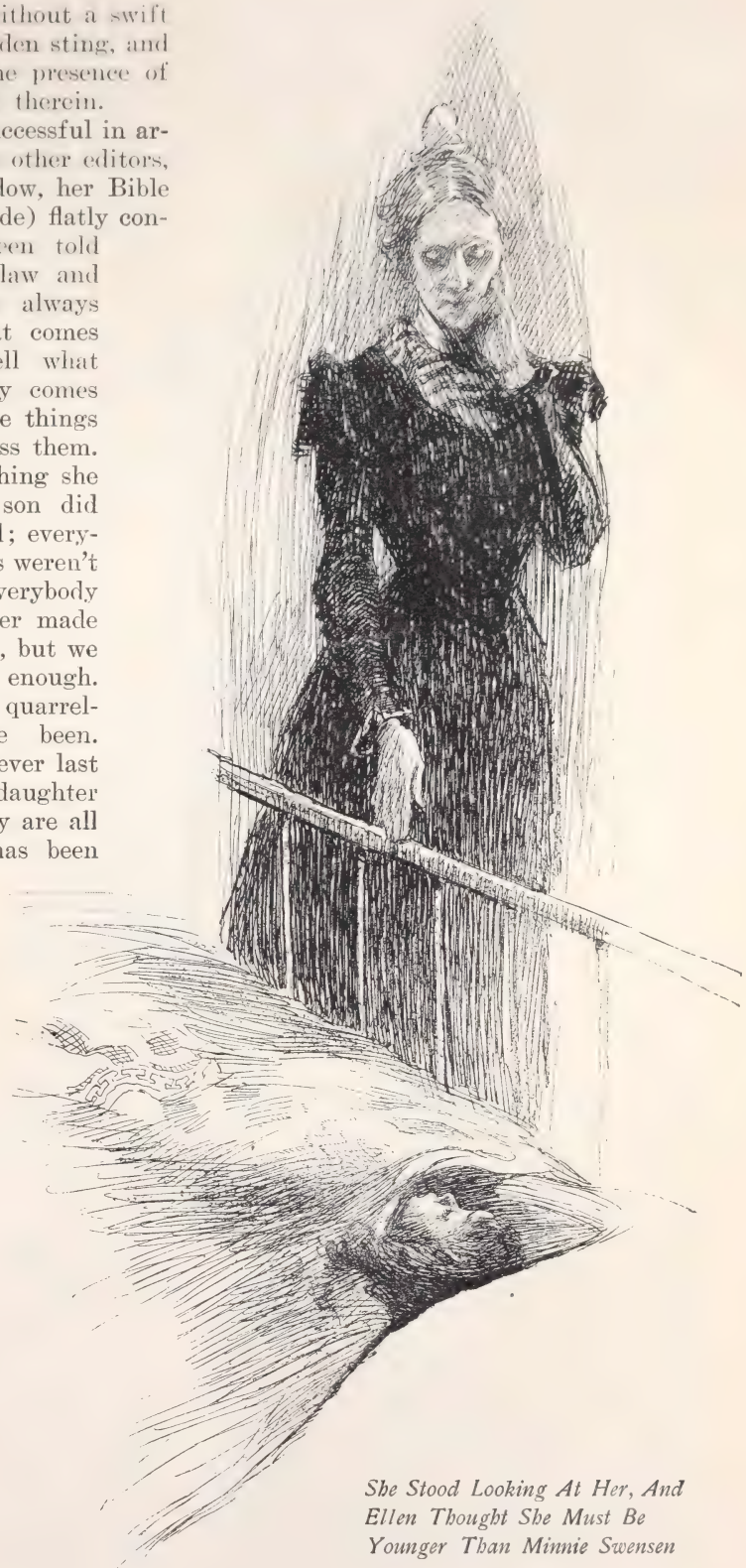
posite one, sitting immovable, with her Bible in her lap, prayer in her heart, and an eye of grim holding to faith upon the road, for the fulfilment of promise. She felt all her muscles stiffen with anger when she saw the wild eyes of the child's mother at the other window. "It is all her fault," she said to herself, "all her fault, hers, and that bold trollop of a sister of hers." When she saw Eva run down the road, with her black hair rising like a mane to the morning wind, she was an embodiment of an imprecatory psalm. When, later on, she saw the three editors coming, Mr. Walsey of *The Spy,* and Mr. Jones of *The Observer,* and young Joe Bemis of *The Star,* on his bicycle, she watched jealously to see if they were admitted. When Fanny's head disappeared from the eastern window she knew that Eva had let them in, and Fanny was receiving them in the parlor. "She will tell them all about the words they had last night, that made the dear child run away," she thought. "All the town will know what doings there are in our family." Mrs. Zelotes made up her mind to a course of action. Each editor was granted a long audience with Fanny and Eva, who entertained them with hysterical solemnity, and displayed Ellen's photographs in the red plush album, from the last, taken in her best white frock, to one when she was three weeks old, and seeming weakly and not likely to live. This had been taken by a photographer summoned to the house at great expense. "Her father has never spared expense for Ellen," said Fanny, with an outburst of grief. "That's so," said Eva. "I'll testify to that. Andrew Brewster never thought anything was too good for that young one." Then she burst out with a sob louder than her sister's. Eva had usually a coarsely well-kempt appearance, her heavy black hair being securely twisted, and her neck ribbons tied with smart jerks of neatness; but to-day her hair was still in the fringy braids of yesterday, and her cotton blouse humped untidily in the back. Her face was red, and her lips swollen; she looked like a very bacchante of sorrow, and as if she had been on some mad orgy of grief.

Mr. Walsey of *The Spy,* who had formerly conducted a paper in a college town and was not accustomed to the feminine possibilities of manufacturing localities, felt almost afraid of her. He had never seen a woman of that sort, and thought vaguely of the French Revolution and fishwives, when she gave vent to her distress over the loss of the child. He fairly jumped when she cut short a question of his with a volley of self-recriminatory truths, accompanied with fierce gesturing. He stood back involuntarily out of reach of those powerful waving arms. "Do I know of any reason for the child to run away?" shrieked Eva, in a voice shrilly hideous with emotion, now and then breaking into hoarseness with the strain of tears. "I guess I know why, I guess I do, and I wish I had been six foot underground before I did what I did. It was all my fault, every bit of it. There I got home, and found that Fan had been making that precious young one a dress out of my old blue one, and I pitched into her for it, and she gave it back to me, and there we jawed, and kept it up, till Andrew, he grabbed the dress and flung it into the fire, and did just right, too, and took Ellen and run over to old lady Brewster's with her; then Ellen, she see him cryin', and it scared her 'most to death, poor little thing, and she heard him say that if it wasn't for her he'd quit, and then she come runnin' home, to her mother and me, and her mother said the same thing, and then that poor young one, she thought she wa'n't wanted nowheres, and she run. She always was as easy to hurt as a baby robin; it didn't take nothing to set her all of a flutter and a twitter; and now she's just flown out of the nest. Oh my God, I wish my tongue had been torn out by the roots before I'd said a word about her blessed little dress; I wish Fan had cut up every old rag I've got: I'd go dressed in fig leaves before I'd had it happen. Oh! oh! oh!"

Young Joe Bemis of *The Star* was the first to leave, whirling madly and precariously down the street on his wheel, which was dizzily tall in those days. Mrs. Zelotes, hailing him from her open window, might as well have hailed the wind. Her family dissensions were well aired in *The Star* next morning, and she always kept the cutting at the bottom of a little rosewood work-box where she

stored away divers small treasures, and never looked at the box without a swift dart of pain as from a hidden sting, and the consciousness as of the presence of some noxious insect caged therein.

Mrs. Zelotes was more successful in arresting the progress of the other editors, and (standing at the window, her Bible on the little table at her side) flatly contradicted all that had been told them by her daughter-in-law and her sister. "The Louds always give way, no matter what comes up. You can always tell what kind of a family anybody comes from by the way they take things when anything comes across them. You can't depend on anything she says this morning. My son did not marry just as I wished; everybody knows that; the Louds weren't equal to our family, and everybody knows it, and I have never made any secret as to how I felt, but we have always got along well enough. The Brewsters are not quarrelsome; they never have been. There were no words whatever last night to make my granddaughter run away. Eva and Fanny are all wrong about it. Ellen has been stolen; I know it as well as if I had seen it. A strange-looking woman came to the door yesterday afternoon; she was the tallest woman I ever saw, and she took the widest steps; she measured her dress skirt every step she took, and she spoke gruff. I said then I knew she was a man dressed up. Ellen was playing out in the yard, and she saw the child as she went out, and I see her stoop and look at her real sharp, and my blood run kind of cold then, and I called Ellen away as quick as I could; and the woman, she turned round and gave me a look that I won't ever for-



She Stood Looking At Her, And Ellen Thought She Must Be Younger Than Minnie Swensen

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Mrs. Zelotes Brewster . . . . With Her Bible In Her Lap, Prayer In Her Heart

get as long as I live. My belief is that woman was laying in wait when Ellen was going across the yard home from here last night, and she has got her safe somewhere till a reward is offered. Or, maybe she wants to keep her, Ellen is such a beautiful child. You needn't put in your papers that my grandchild run away because of quarrelling in our family, because she didn't. Eva and Fanny don't know what they are talking about, they are so wrought up; and coming from the family they do, they don't know how to control themselves and show any sense. I feel it as much as they do, but I have been sitting here all the morning; I know I can't do anything to help, and I am working a good deal harder waiting than they are, rushing from pillar to post and taking on, and I'm doing more good. I shall be the only one fit to do anything when they find the poor child. I've got blankets warming by the fire, and my teakettle on, and I'm going to be the one to depend on when she's brought home." Mrs. Zelotes gave a glance of defiant faith from the window down the road as she spoke. Then she settled back in her chair, and resumed her Bible, and dismissed the tall and forbidding woman, whom she had summoned to save the honor of her family, resolutely from her conscience. The editors of *The Spy* and *The Observer* had a row of ingratiating photographs of little Ellen from three weeks to seven years of age; and their opinions as to the cause of her disappearance, while fully agreeing in all points of sensationalism with those of young Bemis of *The Star*, differed in detail.

Young Bemis read about the mysterious kidnapper, and wondered, and the demand for *The Star* was chiefly among the immediate neighbors of the Brewsters. Both *The Observer* and *The Spy* doubled their circulation in one day, and every face on the night cars was hidden behind poor little Ellen's baby countenances and the fairy-story of the witch-woman who had lured her away. Mothers kept their children carefully indoors that evening, and pulled down curtains, fearful lest She look in the windows and be tempted. Mrs. Zelotes also waylaid both of the Boston reporters, but with results upon which she had not counted. One presented her story and Fanny's and Eva's with impartial justice; the other kept wholly to the latter

version, with the addition of a shrewd theory of his own, deduced from the circumstances which had a parallel in actual history, and boldly stated that the child had probably committed suicide on account of family troubles. Poor Fanny and Eva both saw that when night was falling and Ellen had not been found. Eva rushed out and secured the paper from the newsboy, and the two sisters gasped over the startling column together.

"It's a lie! oh, Fanny, it's a lie!" cried Eva. "She never would; oh, she never would! That little thing, just because she heard you and me scoldin', and you said that to her, that if it wasn't for her you'd go away. She never would."

"Go away," sobbed Fanny; "go away; I wouldn't go away from hell if she was there. I would burn; I would hear the clankin' of chains, and groans, and screeches, and devils whisperin' in my ears what I had done wrong, for all eternity, before I'd go where they were playin' harps in heaven, if she was there. I'd like it better, I would. And I'd stay here if I had twenty sisters I didn't get along with, and be happier than I would be anywhere else on earth, if she was here. But she couldn't have done it. She didn't know how. It's awful to put such things into papers."

Eva jumped up with a fierce gesture, ran to the stove, and crammed the paper in. "There!" said she; "I wish I could serve all the papers in the country the same way. I do, and I'd like to put all the editors in after 'em. I'd like to put 'em in the stove with their own papers for kindlin's." Suddenly Eva turned with a swish of skirts, and was out of the room, and pounding up stairs, shaking the little house with every step. When she returned she bore over her arm her best dress—a cherished blue silk, ornate with ribbons and cheap lace. "Where's that pattern?" she asked her sister.

"She wouldn't ever do such a thing," moaned Fanny.

"Where's that pattern?"

"What pattern?" Fanny said, faintly.

"That little dress pattern. Her little dress pattern, the one you cut over my dress for her by."

"In the bureau drawer in my room. Oh, she wouldn't."

Eva went into the bed-room, returned with the pattern, got the scissors from Fanny's work-basket, and threw her best silk dress in a rustling heap upon the table.

Fanny stopped moaning and looked at her with wretched wonder. "What be you goin' to do?"

"Do!" cried Eva, fiercely; "do! I'm goin' to cut this dress over for her."

"You ain't."

"Yes, I be. If I drove her away from home scoldin' because you cut over that other old thing of mine for her, I'm goin' to make up for it now. I'm goin' to give her my best blue silk, that I paid a dollar and a half a yard for, and 'ain't worn three times. Yes, I be. She's goin' to have a dress cut out of it, an' she's comin' back to wear it, too. You'll see she is comin' home to wear it."

Eva cut wildly into the silk with mad slashes of her gleaming shears, while two neighboring women, who had just come into the room, stared aghast, and even Fanny was partly diverted from her sorrow.

"She's crazy," whispered one of the women, backing away as she spoke.

"Oh, Eva, don't; don't do so," pleaded Fanny, tremulously.

"I be," said Eva, and she cut recklessly up the front breadth.

"You ain't cutting it right," said the other neighbor, who was skilful in such matters, and never fully moved from her own household grooves by any excitement. "If you are a-goin' to cut it at all, you had better cut it right."

"I don't care how I cut it," returned Eva, thrusting the woman away. "Oh, I don't care how I cut it; I want to waste it. I will waste it."

The other neighbor backed entirely out of the room, then turned and fled across the yard, her calico wrapper blowing wildly and lashing about her slender legs, to her own house, the doors of which she locked. Presently the other woman followed her, stepping with the ponderous leisure which results from vastness of body and philosophy of mind. The autumn wind, swirling in impetuous gusts, had little effect upon her broadside of woollen shawl. She had not come out on that raw evening with nothing upon her head. She shook the kitchen door of

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her friend, and smiled with calm reassurance when it was cautiously set ajar to disclose a wide-eyed and open-mouthed face of terror. "Who is it?"

"It's me. What have you got your door locked for?"

"I think that Eva Loud is raving crazy. I'm afraid of her."

"Lord! you 'ain't no reason to be 'fraid of her. She ain't crazy. She's only lettin' the birds that fly over your an' my heads settle down to roost. You and me, both of us, if we was situated jest as she is, might think of doin' jest what she's a-doin', but we won't neither of us do it. We'd let our best dresses hang in the closet, safe and sound, while we cut them up in our souls; but Eva, she's different."

"Well, I don't care. I believe she's crazy, and I'm going to keep my doors locked. How do you know she hasn't killed Ellen and put her in the well?"

"Stuff! Now you're lettin' your birds roost, Hattie Monroe."

"I read something that wasn't any worse than that in the paper the other day. I should think they would look in the well. Have Mrs. Jones and Miss Cross gone home?"

"No; they are over there. There's poor Andrew coming now; I wonder if he has heard anything?"

Both women eyed hesitatingly poor Andrew Brewster's dejected figure creeping up the road in the dark.

"You holler and ask him," said the woman in the door.

"I hate to, for I know by his looks he 'ain't heard anything of her. I know he's jest comin' home to rest a minute, so he can start again. I know he 'ain't eat a thing since last night. Well, Maria has got some coffee all made, and a nice little piece of steak ready to cook."

"You holler and ask him."

"What is the use? Just see the way he walks; I know without askin'."

However, as Andrew neared his house, he involuntarily quickened his pace, and his head and shoulders became suddenly alert. It had occurred to him that possibly Fanny and Eva might have had some news of Ellen during his absence. Possibly she might have come home, even.

Then he was hailed by the stout woman standing at the door of the next house. "Heard anything yet, Andrew?"

Andrew shook his head, and looked with despairing eyes at the windows where he used to see Ellen's little face. She had not come, then, for these women would have known it. He entered the house, and Fanny greeted him with a tremulous cry. "Have you heard anything; oh, have you heard anything, Andrew?"

Eva sprang forward and clutched him by the arm.

"Have you?"

Andrew shook his head, and moved her hand from his arm, and pushed past her roughly.

Fanny stood in his way, and threw her arms around him with a wild, sobbing cry, but he pushed her away also with sternness, and went to the kitchen sink to wash his hands. The four women—his wife, her sister, and the two neighbors—stood staring at him; his face was terrible as he dipped the water from the pail on the sink corner, and the terribleness of it was accentuated by the homely and every-day nature of his action.

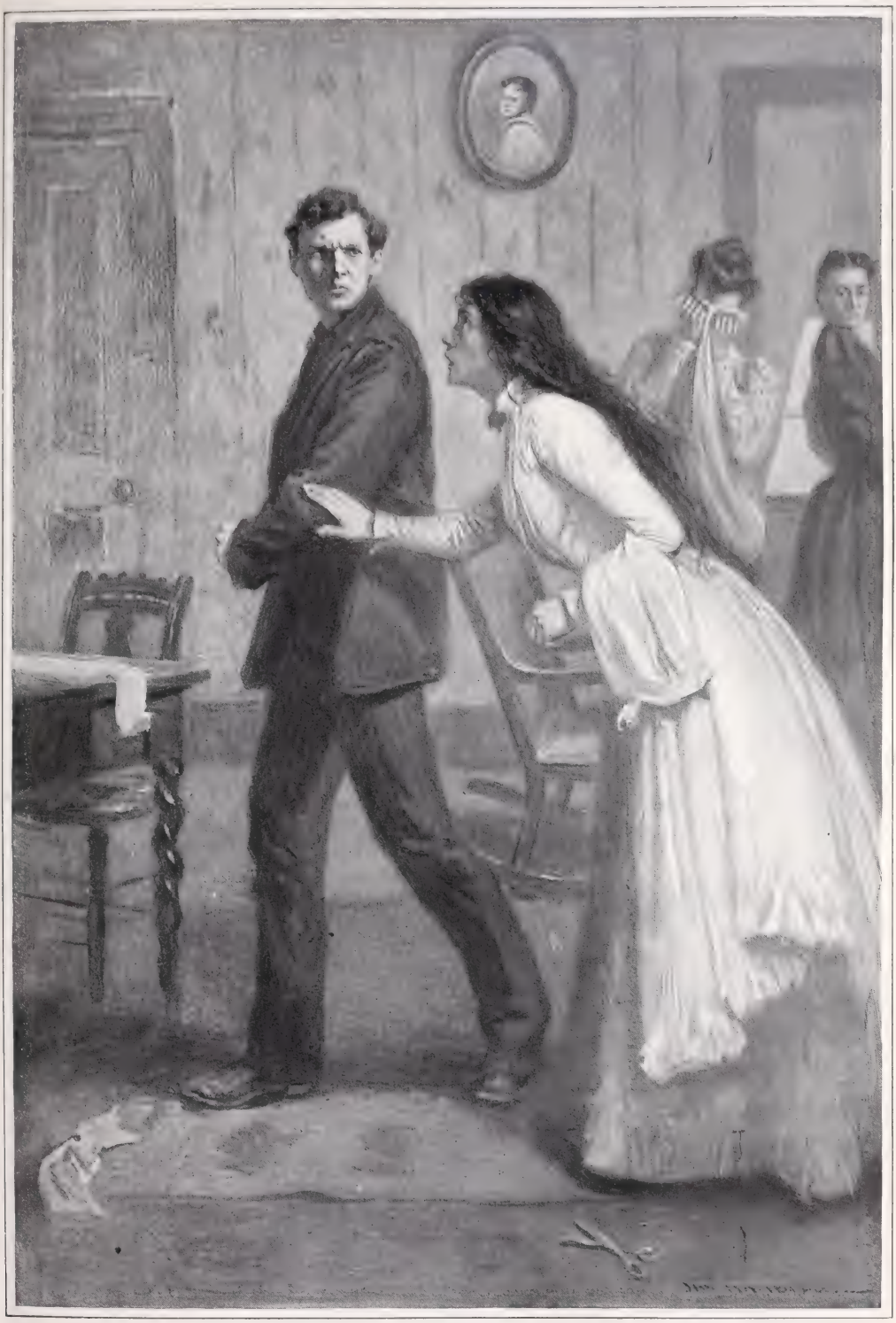
They all stared, then Fanny burst out with a loud and desperate wail. "He won't speak to me, he pushes me away, when it is our child that's lost—his as well as mine. He hasn't any feelings for me that bore her. He only thinks of himself. Oh, oh, my own husband pushes me away."

Andrew went on washing his hands and his ghastly face, and made no reply. He had actually at that moment not the slightest sympathy with his wife. All his other outlets of affection were choked by his concern for his lost child; and as for pity, he kept reflecting with a cold cruelty that it served her right; it served both her and her sister right. Had not they driven the child away between them?

He would not eat the supper which the neighbors had prepared for him; finally he went across the yard to his mother's. It seemed to him at that time that his mother could enter into his state of mind better than any one else.

When he went out, Fanny called after him, frantically, "Oh, Andrew, you ain't going to leave me?"

When he made no response, she gazed for a second after his retreating back,



EVA SPRANG FORWARD AND CLUTCHED HIM BY THE ARM.
"HAVE YOU?"

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then her temper came to her aid. She caught her sleepy's arm, and pulled her away out of the kitchen. "Come with me," she said, hoarsely. "I've got nobody but you. My own husband leaves me when he is in such awful trouble, and goes to that old woman, that has always hated me, for comfort."

The sisters went into Fanny's bed-room, and sat down on the edge of the bed, with their arms round each other. "Oh, Fanny," sobbed Eva; "poor, poor Fanny; if Andrew turns against you, I will stand by you as long as I live. I will work my fingers to the bone to support you and Ellen. I will never get married. I will stay and work for you and her. And I will never get mad with you again as long as I live, Fanny. Oh, it was all my fault, every bit my fault, but, but—" Eva's voice broke; suddenly she clasped her sister tighter, and then she went down on her knees beside the bed, and hid her tangled head in her lap. "Oh, Fanny," she sobbed out miserably, "there ain't much excuse for me, but there's a little. When Jim Tenny stopped goin' with me last summer, my heart 'most broke. I don't care if you do know it. That's what made me so much worse than I used to be. Oh, my heart 'most broke, Fanny. He's treated me awful, but I can't get over it; and now little Ellen's gone, and I drove her away."

Fanny bent over her sister, and pressed her head close to her bosom. "Don't you feel so bad, Eva," said she. "You wasn't any more to blame than I was, and we'll stand by each other as long as we live."

"I'll work my fingers to the bone for you and Ellen, and I'll never get married," said Eva again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HILLS O' SKYE

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN

THERE'S a ship lies off Dunvegan,
An' she longs to spread her wings,
An' through a' the day she beckons,
An' through a' the night she sings:—
"Come awa', awa', my darlin',
Come awa' wi' me and fly
To a land that's fairer, kinder
Than the moors and hills o' Skye."

Oh, my heart! My weary heart!
There's ne'er a day goes by
But it turns hame to Dunvegan
By the storm-beat hills o' Skye.

I hae wandered miles fu' many,
I hae marked fu' many a change,
I hae won me gear in plenty
In this land sae fair, but strange;
Yet at times a spell is on me,
I'm a boy once more—it fell
On the hills aboon Dunvegan,—
An' the kind sea shuts me in.

Oh, my heart! My weary heart!
There's ne'er a day goes by
But it turns hame to Dunvegan
By the storm-beat hills o' Skye.

COLONIES AND NATION

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

PART III

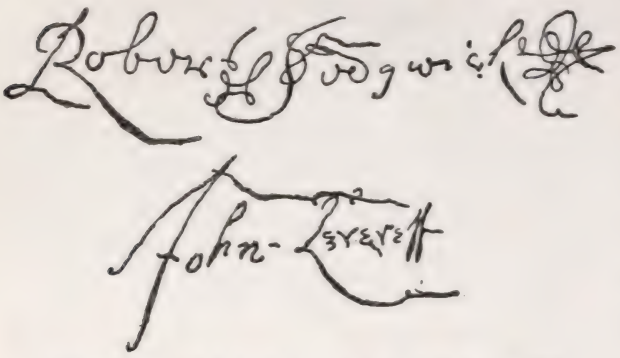
THE RESTORATION.

ALL Europe feared England's power while Cromwell ruled. No such masterful spirit had stood at the front of her affairs since great Elizabeth's day, and there seemed to be revived in him the same wide vision in the making of plans and the same passionate resoluteness in executing them that had drawn Ralegh and Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins forth to their adventures on the sea, seeking conquests for England at the ends of the earth. It was not enough for him that he should subdue Ireland and quiet Scotland by force of arms, and make himself master at home. He deemed it his duty to lead England forward once again toward the great destiny of conquest and power which men had had clear sight of in the brave days of Shakespeare and good Queen Bess, but had seemed to forget and lose heart for while the unkingly Stuarts reigned. Acting upon secret instructions from the Protector, Major Robert Sedgwick, of Charlestown, in Massachusetts, and Captain John Leverett, of Boston, led an English force into Acadia, where the French were, upon the Bay of Fundy, and made it by sudden conquest an English province (1654). That same year Admiral Blake was sent into the Mediterranean to punish the Duke of Tuscany and the pirates of Tunis for injuries they had inflicted on merchantmen out of England; and the next year, 1655, a great fleet was put upon the seas to go into the West Indies against the possessions of Spain. There it gave the great island of Jamaica the flag and commerce of England.

Cromwell had demanded of Spain freedom of trade in the West Indies and the exemption of English subjects from the horrid tyranny of the Inquisition; not because he thought that Spain would grant these things, but because he saw what England must gain if she would compete for power with the Spaniard, who still every year drew great stores of gold and silver and other treasure from her rich colonies in the West. He no doubt expected Spain to refuse what he demanded, and meant from the first to send men-of-war to take what she would not give. He seemed to know, like the statesman he was, what the possession of America and of her trade would mean in the future, and he was acting under counsel from America itself in what he did: the counsel of Mr. Hooker, the shrewd pastor at New Haven, his confidant and relative, of Mr. Cotton of Boston, whom Mr. Hooker had urged to write to the Lord Protector, and of Roger Williams, who was in England (1651-1654) while the thing was being considered, who was often admitted to private conferences with the Lord Protector, and whose knowledge, sagacity, frankness, and sweetness of nature proved much to that great soldier's liking. These men were Puritans of the same stock, breeding, and party with himself. They hated Spain as he did, as the chief instrument of the Romish Church, and they wished to cut her treasures off.

The Lord Protector was no stranger to America. It was told that he had himself tried to get away to the safe refuge of the Puritan colonies in the dark days when Charles was master and would not call a Parliament. He had joined others in signing the letter which certain mem-

bers of Parliament sent into New England inviting Mr. Hooker to come back into England to assist at the reform of the church; and he had been one of the commissioners whom Parliament had appointed in 1643 to dispose of all things in the colonies as they saw fit,—the commissioners from whom Mr. Williams had obtained his charter for the Providence Plantations. No doubt Cromwell would have made a greater empire for England in America had his hands been free at home; but death overtook him ere his plans had widened to that great work (3 September, 1658).



Signatures Of Robert Sedgwick And John Leverett

Massachusetts used the time while the Commonwealth stood to settle a little more carefully the forms of her own government; to extend her jurisdiction over the new settlements which were springing up about her to the northward; and to set up a mint of her own to coin shillings, sixpences, and threepences to take the place of the money so fast drawn off into England to pay for the goods brought thence. And, since her people were nearly all of one mind and creed in matters of religion, she took occasion to regulate her church affairs even more stringently than the Puritans at home ventured to regulate the faith men should hold and the way they should worship in England. She not only thrust Quakers out, but sternly forbade all dissent from the doctrines taught by her preachers, requiring that even the officers of her militia should be members of the authorized church. There was here no radical change. Massachusetts was but confirming herself in her old ways with a somewhat freer hand than before, because in no fear any longer of reproof or correction from the government over sea.

Virginia, meanwhile, underwent a veritable transformation. When the Parliamentary commissioners came to Jamestown in 1652, in their frigate, to summon the colony to make her submission to the Commonwealth, they had had to deal, as they knew, with no special class of Englishmen like the Puritans in New England, but with average Englishmen, mixed of gentle and common, too far away from England to be very hot party men upon either side in respect of the sad quarrel between the king and the Puritans. They professed, like other English subjects, to belong to the Church of England, and their own government there in the colony had but the other day sent nearly a thousand settlers packing out of its jurisdiction into Maryland because, though quiet people enough and fair to deal with in other matters, they had refused to observe the forms of the church, and had openly practised a manner of worship and of church government like that set up in New England, and now in England itself. But the Virginians were not really very strenuous about the matter themselves. The Burgesses commanded very strictly the observance in all things of the canons of the Church of England in every matter of worship; but the scattered congregations of easy-going colonists were in fact very lax, and observed them only so far as was convenient and to their taste. Archbishop Laud would very likely have thought them little better than Puritans in the way they governed their churches,—for each neighborhood of planters was left to choose its own minister and to go its own way in the regulation of its forms of service. They revered the great mother-church over sea very sincerely, and meant to be faithful to it in everything that should seem essential; but the free life of the New World made them very democratic in the ordering of the details of practice, and they were glad that there were no bishops nearer than England. Some among them, perhaps not a few

scattered here and there, were known to think like the Puritans in matters of government, if not in matters of worship; and there were men of substance among the number, men like Captain Samuel Mathews, for example, one of the chief men of means in the colony, whom all deemed "a true lover of Virginia," notwithstanding the frank and open freedom he used in differing with his neighbors when they exalted church or king.

Captain Richard Bennett they elected Governor under the new agreement with the Commonwealth in England, notwithstanding the fact that he had been the leader of the Puritans whom their last Governor, Sir William Berkeley, had driven into Maryland for contumacy in disobeying the laws of the colony, and who had, besides, been one of the commissioners who had compelled them to submit to the Puritan government in England. When his term was out, they chose Mr. Edward Digges, who was no Puritan, and then Captain Mathews himself, who died in the office just as the Commonwealth came to an end in England. The Burgesses were the real governors of the colony all the while, as they made Captain Bennett and Mr. Digges and Captain Mathews understand, and the House of Burgesses was made up of men of all opinions. Some parts of the colony were very impatient under the government that had ousted the king, and those parts were as freely represented in the Burgesses as any others. There was Northampton County, for example, lying almost by itself, on the "Eastern Shore" beyond the Bay, whose local authorities, not content with what the Burgesses had put into their resolutions concerning the death of the king, had themselves proclaimed Charles, the dead king's son, "King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia, and all other remote provinces and colonies, New England, and the Caribda Islands" (December, 1649). It cost a good deal of watchfulness and steadiness in governing to keep such men quiet even under their own assembly; and the Burgesses themselves hastened to call Sir William Berkeley back to the governorship again when they learned that Richard Cromwell had declined to maintain his father's place in the government at home. England had not yet enthroned Charles the Second; things hung for many months in a doubtful balance; and the Burgesses conducted Virginia's government the while in their own name. Sir William Berkeley was only their servant as yet, and they chose Captain Bennett also to be of the Governor's council; but Sir William was more to their mind, after all, than Commonwealth men, and they very promptly acknowledged him the king's Governor again when they knew that Charles had been received and restored in England,—returning with a sort of relief to their old allegiance and their accustomed ways of government.

Then it was that it began to become apparent how much Virginia had changed while the Commonwealth stood, and how uneasy she must have become had the Commonwealth lasted much longer. During that time a great host of royalist refugees had sought her out as a place of shelter and safety, if not of freedom,—a great company, to be counted at first by the hundreds and then by the thousands, until Virginia seemed altered almost in her very nature and make-up. The steady tide of immigration did not stop even at the fall of the Commonwealth and the restoration of Charles, the king. The congenial province still continued to draw to itself many a Cavalier family whom days of disaster and revolution had unsettled, or to whom she now seemed a natural place of enterprise and adventure. In 1648 there were but fifteen thousand English people in Virginia; in 1670 there were thirty-eight thousand. The population had more than doubled in about twenty years; and most of those who had come from over sea were Cavaliers, men who wished to see the rightful king upon the throne, and England secure once more under her ancient constitution.

This great immigration, though it brought to Virginia men who were all of one tradition and way of life, did not mean the introduction of a new class of gentle-folk. No doubt a great many of them were of gentle blood and breeding; no doubt an unusual number of them were persons of means, who could afford to purchase and maintain large estates on the rich river bottoms. It is certain that with their coming came also a cer-

tain noticeable change in the scale and style of living in the colony. More big grants of land were made. Great plantations and expensive establishments became more common than before. The society of the little province was enriched by the gracious presence of many a courtier, many a cultured gentleman, many a family of elegance and fine breeding. But this was not the first time that Virginia had seen such people come to live on her fertile acres. There was no novelty except in their numbers. There had been men of like extraction, manners, and principles in the colony from the first,—not a great many, perhaps, but quite enough to keep all men in remembrance of the gentle middle and upper classes at home: gentlemen as well as boors, noted blood and obscure, good manners and bad. The men of Cavalier blood, besides, were no breeders of novelties. They were not men who had doctrines to preach or new ideals of their own to set up. They were merely the better sort of average Englishmen. They preferred settled ways of life; had more relish for tradition than for risky reforms; professed no taste for innovation, no passion for seeing things made unlike what they had been in older days gone by,—openly preferred the established order of English life. They gave to the rapidly growing tide-water counties in which they settled their characteristic tastes and social qualities; established a very definite sentiment about government and social relationships, like that at home; but they rather confirmed the old tendencies of the place than gave it a new character.

They made complete the contrast that had all along in some degree existed between Virginia and New England. It was men of the king's party, the party of the Restoration, to whom Virginia now became a familiar home, and the coming of the second Charles to the throne seemed an event full of cheer in the southern colony. The home government seemed healed and sound again, and affairs settled to that old familiar order which best suited Virginia's taste and habit. It brought increase of wealth, too, with the tide of immigration, which ran steadily on, and the plantations seemed quick with hopeful life once more. For New England, on the contrary, the Restoration was ominous of danger. The chief concern of her leaders, now as always, was to be let alone; to be allowed to conduct their affairs for themselves, after the Puritan model, unchecked and unmolested. They had liked the setting up of the Commonwealth in England, not because they felt any passion against the king, but because the new government was a government of their own friends, and might no doubt be counted upon to indulge them in the practice of a complete self-government. Their passion was for independence. Their care was, to cut off all appeal from their authority to that of the government at home. They meant to maintain a commonwealth of their own; and there was good reason to fear that the king, whom the Puritans in England had kept from his throne, would look with little favor upon their pretensions.

As a matter of fact, it was the Puritan Parliament itself which had taken the first step towards bringing all the colonies alike into subjection to the government in England,—at any rate in all that affected commerce. In 1650 it had enacted that no goods should be sent out of the colonies in any but English vessels,—not because it wished to strike a blow at the trade of the colonies, but because the new leaders in England had revived the purposes and hopes of Gilbert and Ralegh and Elizabeth, and meant to build up a great merchant marine for England, and so make her the centre of a great naval empire. They were striking at the Dutch, their rivals in the carrying trade of the seas, and not at the colonists in America, their fellow-subjects. The Dutch recognized the act as a blow in the face, and war promptly ensued, in which the Dutch were worsted and the new mercantile policy was made secure against them. But the Act, if it should be obeyed, would exclude all foreign ships from English ports in America, and cut the colonists off from foreign markets, making them dependent upon England for every chance to sell their goods. And the very first Parliament that met after the Restoration (1660) adopted the same policy with an added stringency. It forbade any man to establish himself as a merchant or factor in the colonies, and it explicitly

commanded that every staple product which they had to sell should be exported only to England or to some dependency of the English crown. It could not be sent to a foreign port even in an English vessel. Three years later (1663) another Act of Parliament forbade also the importation into the colonies of any articles whatever which were not brought in English ships.

Of course these Acts might be disobeyed with some impunity at the safe distance of America. New England did, in fact, openly ignore them. For more than fifteen years after the passage of the Act of 1660 she traded as she pleased, in entire disregard of the authority of Parliament. These Acts of Navigation (for so they were called) had not been passed with their consent, the Massachusetts General Court declared, and were not binding upon them. But neglect of laws passed by Parliament only made it the more certain that the government of the king would some day, when it found leisure for the business, turn its hand to discipline and bring the too independent colonists to a reckoning. The colonies were now no longer the insignificant settlements they had been before the air in England darkened with the trouble between Parliament and Charles the First. They had become lusty states, very noticeable, and altogether worthy of the attention of the home government. They were subject, under the arrangements of English law, entirely to the authority of the king in council, — that is, to such members of the king's Privy Council as he chose to clothe with authority in the matter of their government; and there stood at the elbow of the new king a man of broad views and statesmanlike power, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, who began to give a novel thoroughness of system to the administration of these growing possessions of the crown. He became a member of the general council appointed to oversee all foreign plantations at the very outset of the new king's reign (December, 1660), and presently became a member also of the special committee of the Privy Council charged with the



THE EARL OF CLARENDON

settlement of the affairs of New England (May, 1661), giving to its policy spirit and direction.

Massachusetts, in particular, was keenly aware how open she was to attack, if it came to a question of obedience. Her magistrates had from the first systematically neglected to administer the oath of allegiance to new settlers, though their charter explicitly commanded that it should be administered. They administered, instead, an oath of fidelity to the government of Massachusetts. They had excluded members of the Church of England not only from the right to vote, but even from the right to use the appointed services of that church in their worship.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC



The Wall, Wall Street

They had extended their authority over districts to the northward which clearly lay beyond the bounds of the lands granted them in their charter. They had denied to those who sought to exercise it the right to appeal from their decisions to the king's courts in England, and had even punished some who made as if they would appeal in spite of them. They were not surprised, therefore, when, in 1664, the king appointed commissioners to look into their dealings with the crown, with their neighbors, and with their own subjects, and prepared themselves for as shrewd a resistance and fight for their independent powers as the circumstances might permit. They had offended in the very points in respect of which Clarendon felt most clearly justified in insisting that they should submit to royal authority. He meant to insist upon an observance of the Navigation Acts, upon the recognition of the civil rights of members of the Church of England, and upon the subordination of the colonial courts to the courts of the king by the establishment of the right of appeal, at any rate in many cases.

Massachusetts, moreover, had been very slow about proclaiming Charles II. king. Her rulers had waited more than a year after first hearing of the Restoration before they publicly and in proper form proclaimed his authority, wishing to make sure that the unwelcome news was true and the king actually accepted in England. The ship which had brought the news, in August, 1660, had brought also two officers of Cromwell's army, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, who had signed the late king Charles's death-warrant, and were now fugitives from England; for the Parliament had excluded from the Act of Indemnity and pardon, which had accompanied the new king's return, all "regicides," all who had been directly concerned in the death of Charles I. Many of those who had not fled were already under arrest, Sir Harry Vane among the rest, presently to be sent to the scaffold; but the colonists in New England befriended these men who had fled to them, and Colonel John Dixwell also, who soon followed them; and kept them safe against all searches of the king's officers until they died. Massachusetts sent agents of her own into England to make her peace with the king; but they returned with a letter from his Majesty which commanded an immediate recognition of his authority, the administration of justice in his name, the toleration of the Church of England, and a repeal of the laws by which the right to vote was restricted to members of their own Puritan churches. It was the tenor of this letter that made them anxious how they should fare at the hands of the royal commissioners who came in 1664.



Early Windmill, New York



SLAB MARKING THE TOMB OF PETER STUYVESANT, OUTER WALL OF ST. MARK'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

Fortunately for Massachusetts, the settlement of her government was not the first or chief business of the commissioners. Their titles showed for what they had been chosen,—Colonel Richard Nicolls, Colonel Sir Robert Carr, and Colonel George Cartwright, officers of the royal army, with but one civilian associate, Samuel Maverick, a one-time resident of Massachusetts, but long since forced out for his failure to agree with the exacting magistrates of the colony in matters of worship and of government. Their chief errand was, to make an end of the Dutch power in America. They came with a fleet of three ships of war and a transport carrying four hundred and fifty soldiers, to capture New Amsterdam and make New Netherland once for all an English province. Not that England was at war with the Dutch. It was claimed that England had from the first owned all the country of the coast, and that the Dutch had all along been intruders, as the English settlers on the Connecticut had again and again told them. The claim was not just; for the Dutch had unquestionably been the first to discover and the first to settle upon the Hudson, the Connecticut, and the great Sound itself; but it was true that the kings of England had all along asserted their exclusive title there, as elsewhere on the long Atlantic seaboard, all the way from the French settlements in the north to Florida and the Spanish settlements in the south, and had more than once included the lands upon which the settlements of New Netherland lay in their grants to trading companies and to individuals who promised to take settlers out.

"The Dutch had enjoyed New Netherland during the distractions of the reign of Charles II. without any other interruption" than the occupation of their lands upon the Connecticut by the New Englanders, and the settlement first of the Swedes and then of the English on the Delaware; but the ministers of Charles II., though they were "for some time perplexed in what light to view them, whether as subjects or as aliens, determined at length that New Netherland ought in justice to be resumed." Such was the way in which English writers afterwards spoke of the matter, putting into their histories what they wished to believe. But the facts are plain enough. The claim of right was a pretext. English statesmen saw that they could not enforce the Navigation Acts in America so long as the English colonies had the Dutch next door to trade with as they pleased. They saw also that the great Hudson was the natural highway to the heart of the continent and to the land of the fur trade. They knew how inconvenient it was, and how dangerous it might become, to have the Dutch power thrust, a solid wedge, between their own northern and southern colonies, covering the central port and natural mart of the coast. They made up their minds, therefore, to take what they wanted, by force. The ministers of Charles were but resuming the

BURLINGAME PUBLIC

plans of Cromwell, who had sent a fleet into America to do this very thing, when the first Navigation Act provoked the Dutch to war, and had withdrawn it only because he immediately got, by a treaty of peace, something that he wanted more.

The first step taken by king Charles was to give New Netherland by royal grant to his brother James, the Duke of York: all the lands lying within the wide sweep of a line drawn up the western bank of the Connecticut River, from the sources of the Connecticut to the sources of the Hudson, "thence to the head of the Mohawk branch of the Hudson River, and thence to the east side of Delaware Bay" (March, 1664). The commissioners were sent on their men-of-war to take possession in the Duke's name. The thing proved easy enough. The doughty Stuyvesant was taken entirely by surprise, had no force with which to withstand Charles's ships, found the peaceable burghers about him loath to fight, and yielded without a blow struck. The settlement of the forms of government under which the English should rule was almost as easily effected; for Colonel Nicolls, the English commander, was not less a statesman than a soldier, knew how to be wisely generous and make liberal provision for privileges and securities of right and property which should belong to the Dutch settlers as freely as to the English, and within a year of his coming had transformed New Netherland into New York, under a code of laws which promised toleration and good government, and which all sensible men accepted with satisfaction. "The Duke's Laws," as his code was called, did not permit the election of magistrates. The Governor and his council, who were to be the appointees and servants of the Duke of York, were to rule the colony, and make further laws when there was need; but for the present at any rate provision was made for just methods of administration, trial by jury, equality in the tenure of lands, and freedom of religious belief and worship, and the inhabitants of the captured province made no serious objection.

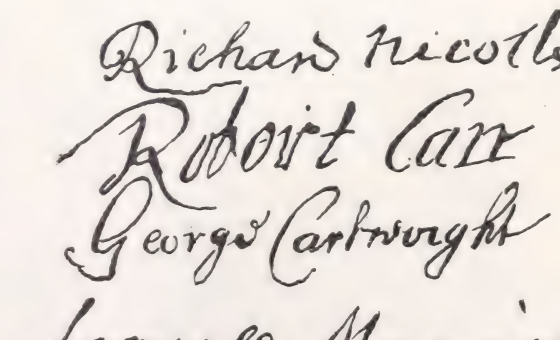
It was not a little strange that the king had made his grant to the Duke run eastward to the banks of the Connecticut, for he had already given away the lands there, on both sides of the river, not two years before, by a formal charter grant (April, 1662), to John Winthrop, Governor of the settlements that had taken the name Connecticut. Hitherto the settlers there had had no charter at all. For seventeen years they had lived under a government of their own framing, and with only such rights as they were able to buy under former grants made by the old Council for New England. But now, by the address and good management of their capable Governor, the accomplished son of the John Winthrop who had died Governor of Massachusetts, they had been secured in their rights both of occupation and of government under a most liberal charter, which left them as free to choose their own Governors as before. The younger Winthrop, himself a man of fifty-six, was well known in England. It was his privilege to assist, almost at this very time, in the foundation of the Royal Society, and afterwards to become one of its Fellows; he had influential friends near the person of the king; his own charm of manner and gifts of mind were calculated to make his Majesty forget that he was a son-in-law of Hugh Peters, who had preached to the first Charles at his condemnation; and he got what he wanted for Connecticut.

In the indefinite terms of his charter the boundaries of Connecticut were to run westward to the South Sea (as the English still called the Pacific); to the deep chagrin of the New Haven people, it included their own towns; certainly it ran athwart the later gift to the Duke of York. For the time being that was not a matter of much practical importance. The Duke did not attempt to exercise his authority in the Connecticut settlements, and an agreement was presently reached that Connecticut should have jurisdiction to within twenty miles of the Hudson. Though that agreement never received the royal sanction, it sufficed for the moment. What seemed to the New Haven people of much more consequence was that Governor Winthrop had managed to sweep their towns within his charter grant. They liked neither the politics nor the church government of the Connecticut towns above and

about them, and for two years stood out against being absorbed. It seemed better, however, to belong to Connecticut than to belong to the Duke of York's province, as they might be obliged to if they did not accept Mr. Winthrop's charter; Mr. Winthrop was himself very wise, moderate, and patient in pressing the union upon them; and in 1665 they yielded, making Mr. Winthrop Governor of the united towns upon the river and the Sound.

The king's commissioners did not fare very well when they turned from the taking of New Netherland to the examination and settlement of affairs in Massachusetts. In the other colonies which they had been directed to set in order they had little difficulty. Connecticut and Rhode Island were just now in favor at court, and gave the commissioners little to do except settle the boundaries between them. Rhode Island had obtained a new charter from the king in July, 1663, scarcely a year after Mr. Winthrop had got his for Connecticut; and, though she had had some difficulty in saving an important strip of territory which Connecticut's charter had been made to include, that matter was in the way to be adjusted before the commissioners came. In Plymouth they found the magistrates ready to make most of the concessions his Majesty had instructed them to demand. But in Massachusetts they were utterly defeated of their purpose. Colonel Nicolls could be very little with them, because he was engrossed in the pressing and necessary business of settling the government of the Duke's province of New York; and yet they were not permitted by their commission to take any official action without him.

Sir Robert Carr and Colonel Cartwright were, in fact, men wholly unfitted to transact business of delicacy and importance. They had neither tact nor weight of character, nor any knowledge or experience in such affairs as they now tried to handle; and they were dealing with astute men who knew every point of the controversy and every mooted question of law like parts of a familiar personal experience. The Massachusetts General Court had adopted a declaration of their rights by charter the very year they tardily proclaimed Charles II. king (1661), as if anticipating an attack upon their government. In it they had argued their right to a complete self-government, and had declared that they owed no further direct duty to the king than allegiance to his person, the safe-keeping of that part of his territories over which they exercised jurisdiction, the punishment of crime, and the protection of the Protestant religion; and they maintained nothing less now in the presence of the commissioners. It proved impossible to bring them to terms. The commissioners more than once put themselves in the wrong by a loss of temper or an unwarranted assumption of authority; and the whole matter had at last to be referred back, unsettled, to the king. A letter thereupon came out of England commanding Massachusetts to send agents over to deal with the authorities there; but they found a way to avoid obedience, and once again, as when their charter had been attacked thirty years before, the attention of statesmen at home was called off from their business to matters of more pressing consequence. Clarendon, who was the master spirit of the new policy of the government towards the colonies, too stout for prerogative to suit the Parliament, too stiff for right to suit the King, lost his place and was banished the kingdom in 1667, the year after the commissioners returned to England with their report of failure; the Dutch accepted the gage of war thrown down by England's seizure

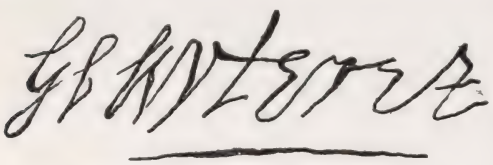


Signatures Of The Commissioners To Retake New Netherland

of New Netherland, and the struggle widened until it threatened to become a general European conflict. Without Clarendon, politics dwindled in England to petty intrigue. There was time to take breath again at the Bay. Massachusetts was to keep her jealously guarded charter for nearly twenty years yet.

NEW JERSEY AND CAROLINA.

The Restoration and the reassertion of royal authority had done much to check the growth of Massachusetts and her neighbor colonies of the Puritan group, but it had noticeably stimulated settlement to the southward, near where



Signature Of Sir George Carteret

Virginia lay with her Cavalier leaders; and even in New England the growth went slowly on. Clarendon had been statesman enough to see that the colonies in America were no longer petty settlements, lying outside the general scheme of national policy. He saw that they were now permanent parts of a growing empire, and he had sought until his fall to bring them under a general plan of administration, which the commissioners of 1664 were to take the first steps towards setting up. America was no longer a place of refuge for Puritans and royalists, each in their turn, no longer merely a region of adventure for those whose fortunes desperately needed mending. It was henceforth to be a place of established enterprise and of steadfast endeavor, pushed forward from generation to generation; and the steady progress of settlement very soon showed what the future was to bring forth.

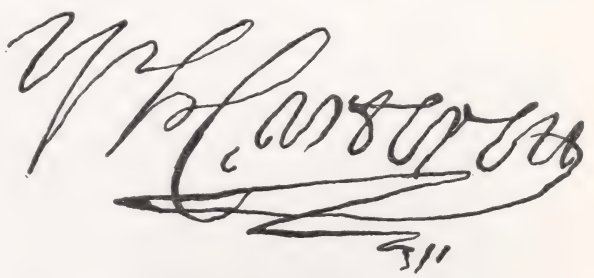
The capture of New Netherland, though it brought war upon England, seemed to secure peace for America. There was now no longer an alien power between New England and Virginia. The whole coast was at last indisputably English land, all the way from the little settlements struggling for existence far to the north in the bleak forests which lay beyond the Massachusetts grant, to Spain's lonely forts in the far south by the warm bays of Florida. The Duke of York had received a royal principality from the lavish Charles, his brother,—all the great triangle of rich lands which spread northward and westward between the Connecticut and the lower waters and great bay of the Delaware, Long Island, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and all their neighbor islands, great and small, included,—and Colonel Nicolls had established his authority, at any rate at the centre of it, where the Dutch had been, in a way that gave promise of making it abundantly secure. But the Duke was a Stuart, and no statesman; loved authority, but was not provident in the use of it; and parted with much of the gift before it was fairly in his hands. Colonel Nicolls and his fellow-commissioners did not take possession of New Amsterdam until August, 1664, and it was then nearly two months since the Duke had given a large part of New Netherland away to his friends Lord John Berkeley, Baron of Stratton, and Sir George Carteret, of Saltrum.

Late in June he had granted to these gentlemen, his close associates in friendship and in affairs, his colleagues in the Board of Admiralty, over which he presided, all his own rights and powers within that part of his prospective territory which lay to the south of forty-one degrees forty minutes north latitude and between the Delaware River and the sea, touching the Hudson and the harbor of New York at the north, and ending at Cape May in the south. This new province he called New Jersey, in compliment to Sir George Carteret, who had been Governor of the island of Jersey when the Parliament was arrayed against the king, and who had fought there very gallantly for his royal master. Colonel Nicolls, the Duke's able Governor in New York, knew nothing of the grant of New Jersey until the ship *Philip* actually put into the harbor in July, 1665, bringing a few settlers for the new province, and Philip Carteret, a relative of one of the new proprietors, to be its Governor. Colonel Nicolls had but just completed his careful organization of the Duke's possessions; had put his best gifts of foresight and wise moderation into the

settlement of their affairs, to the satisfaction of the numerous Dutch as well as of the less numerous English established there; and was not a little chagrined to see a good year's work so marred by his improvident master's gift. There was nothing for it, however, but to accept the situation and receive the representative of the new proprietors with as good a grace as possible, like a soldier and a gentleman. Knowing nothing of the grant to Berkeley and Carteret, he had already authorized a settlement at Elizabethtown, on the shore that lay nearest to Staten Island to the westward, as well as other purchases by settlers on the southern shore of the great outer bay, near Sandy Hook; and the new colonists there now discontentedly doubted what their rights would be.

Much the larger part of the population of the original Dutch province of New Netherland still remained under the authority of Colonel Nicolls and "the Duke's laws," notwithstanding the setting apart of New Jersey to be another government,—in one direction more than the Dutch themselves had pretended to govern, for the Duke's possessions included all of Long Island, the portion which lay beyond Oyster Bay, and which had been conceded by the Dutch to the English in 1655, as well as the parts which lay close about the bay at New York. There were probably about seven thousand souls, all told, in New Netherland when the English took it, and of these fifteen hundred lived in the little village that was drawn close around the fort at New Amsterdam. The rest were near at hand on Long Island and on Staten Island, or were scattered upon the lands which lay upon the banks of the Hudson on either hand as far as Fort Orange, which Colonel Nicolls renamed "Albany," because James was Duke of York and Albany. The Swedes who had settled on the South River (the Delaware), and whom Stuyvesant had conquered, had built for the most part on the western bank of the river, outside the bounds of New Jersey. On the eastern bank, where Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret were to be proprietors, there were but a handful of Dutch and Swedes at most. These, with the little Dutch hamlets which stood near New York on the western bank of the Hudson, at Weehawken, Hoboken, Pavonia, Ahasimus, Constable's Hook, and Bergen, and the new homes of the English families whom Colonel Nicolls had authorized to settle within the grant a little farther to the southward, contained all the subjects the new proprietors could boast.

The government which the proprietors instructed Philip Carteret to establish was as liberal and as sensible as that which Colonel Nicolls had set up in New York. On the day on which they appointed their Governor they had signed a document which they called "The Concessions and Agreements of the Lords Proprietors of New Jersey, to and with all and every of the adventurers and all such as shall settle and plant there," and which offered not only gifts of land upon very good terms indeed to settlers, but also religious toleration and a free form of government. "The Duke's laws," which Colonel Nicolls had set up for the government of New York, were equally liberal in matters of religion, but not in matters of self-government. The New Jersey lords proprietors directed their Governor to associate with himself in the administration of the province a council of his own choosing not only, but also an assembly of twelve representatives, to be chosen annually by the freemen of the province. This assembly was to make the laws of the colony, and no tax was to be laid without its consent. The Governor and his council were to appoint only freeholders of the colony to office,—unless the assembly assented to the appointment of others. It did not seem necessary to call



Signature Of Philip Carteret

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an assembly at once; the scattered hamlets could separately attend to their own simple affairs well enough until more settlers should come; and the first years of the new Governor's rule were devoted to growth.

The Governor established himself and the thirty-odd settlers and servants who came with him at the new settlement at Elizabethtown; and the next year, 1666, the *Philip* brought other settlers to join them. The terms of settlement were liberal, and the Governor took pains to make them known in New England, and elsewhere in the colonies already established, as well as at home in England. A steady drift of colonists, accordingly, began to set his way. In 1666 the Elizabethtown tract was divided to make room for other settlements, at Woodbridge and Piscataway. The same year numerous families from Milford, Guilford, Branford, and New Haven came and began to make homes for themselves at Newark,—dissatisfied with the condition of things on the Sound, and determined to have a free home of their own where only church members of their own way of thinking and of worship would have the right to vote or to hold office. By April, 1668, the province seemed to the Governor ready for its first assembly, and he called upon the freemen to make their choice of representatives.

The Puritans of the new settlements controlled the assembly when it came together at Elizabethtown the next month (26 May, 1666), and passed a bill of pains and penalties against various sorts of offenders, which was drawn in some of its parts directly from the Book of Leviticus; but they had been in session scarcely four days when they grew impatient to be at home again, and adjourned. When they met again, in November, the little hamlets on the Delaware, which had not sent delegates to the first session, were represented; but the people of the "Monmouth grant," by Sandy Hook, were not. They were angry because Governor Carteret had refused to acknowledge their right to make rules of local government for themselves, under the terms of their grant from Colonel Nicolls, given before the New Jersey grant was known of in New York; and they declared that the persons who had assumed to act for them at the first session of the assembly, in May, had had no real authority to do so. The representatives who did attend the November sitting soon went home again, dissatisfied that the Governor's council did not associate itself with them closely enough in the conduct of the assembly's business, and impeded, as they thought, the execution of the provisions of the "Concessions," the great document which was their constitution from the proprietors. It was to be many years yet, as it turned out, before the conduct of the government of the colony was to be satisfactorily provided for. The several scattered settlements had little sympathy with each other, and New Jersey was not yet a complete or organized colony.

It was a day of new proprietary grants to gentlemen in favor at court; but the making of grants was very different from the making of governments. At the very time when Governor Carteret was trying to form a government that would hold the scattered towns of New Jersey together in some sort of peace and order, the representatives of another proprietary government of the same kind were trying the same experiment with much the same fortune in the south on the "Carolina" grant, which the king had made the year before he gave New Netherland to his brother. In 1663 he had granted the lands which lay south of Virginia between the thirty-first and the thirty-sixth degrees of north latitude to eight proprietors: the great Earl of Clarendon, General George Monk, now Duke of Albemarle, William Lord Craven, Anthony Lord Ashley (soon to be Earl of Shaftesbury), Sir John Colleton, John Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, to whom the Duke of York was the next year to give New Jersey, and Sir William Berkeley, brother of Lord John and Governor of Virginia. Here, as in New Jersey, settlers had long ago entered and begun a life of their own. The Virginians had spoken of the region hitherto as "South Virginia," and it was some of their own people who had begun its settlement. In 1653 Roger Greene had taken a hundred settlers to the coast of the broad sound which was afterwards to be called Albemarle, after the great General



SHIPS LOADING IN ALBEMARLE SOUND

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Map Of New Amsterdam And Vicinity, 1666

Monk's new ducal title,—and had established them on a grant at "Chowan," given to him by the Virginia House of Burgesses as a reward for the "hazard and trouble of first discovery," and as an "encouragement of others for seating those southern parts of Virginia." Nine years later (1662) George Durant followed with other settlers. Quakers driven out of Maryland and Virginia, whom the Virginian authorities were glad to be rid of and have settled out of sight in the wilderness. They began to build to the eastward of Mr. Greene's people at "Chowan,"—upon the next peninsula of the same indented coast, in what was called the "Perquimans" region. And then, the next year, 1663, the king handed their lands over to be governed by the eight lords proprietors of "Carolina."

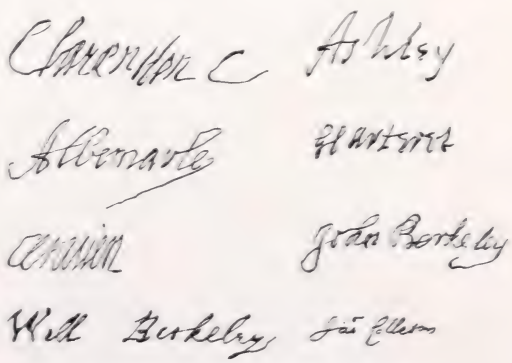
There were by that time quite three hundred families settled there; and there were none besides in all the vast tract that the king's charter called "Carolina." These first comers had chosen for their settlements a region neither fertile nor wholesome. Great pine barrens stood there upon the coast, interspersed with broad swamps dense with a tangle of cypress and juniper. Inside the coast districts, where the land rose to drier heights and the virgin soils lay rich and wholesome, were some of the finest regions of all the continent, fertile and sweet-aired and full of inviting seats; but there was no highway to these. Only the sea and the rivers were open. The



Seal of the Lords Proprietors of Carolina

land was everywhere covered with untouched forests, pathless and unexplored. For the present settlers were obliged to content themselves with the flat, unwholesome coast, in spite of its killing fevers, because it alone was accessible. This Albemarle country was Virginia's frontier, the refuge of the restless, the unfortunate, and the discontented, and of all who found her laws and her power to enforce them irksome and unbearable. Some very steady and substantial people there were, no doubt, who chose to live there,—like the good Quakers whom Mr. Durant had brought thither because they could find a welcome nowhere else. There was a good profit to be made out of timber cut from those splendid forests, and out of the breeding of cattle, which was easy enough; and many industrious families liked the steady trade of the region, with its accompaniment of a free life in the ungoverned wilderness. But it was as yet the shiftless, the irresponsible, and the adventurous who were most attracted.

What with adventurers who were ungovernable and men of industry and ability who wished to be let alone, it was not an easy or a promising place in which to set up the authority of proprietors who were in England and had done nothing to help the men whom they meant to govern. Sir William Berkeley, nevertheless, being himself one of the proprietors, took the first step towards making good the rights of the new masters in 1664, when, by the authority of his associates, he commissioned William Drummond to act as Governor among the people at Chowan and Perquimans. The appointment of a Governor made little difference at first. Not until three years later did the proprietors attempt the establishment of a regular government, and even then the arrangements which they made were very liberal. They that year, 1667, sent over Samuel Stephens from England to be Governor in Drummond's place, and they sent with him a document of "Concessions," very like that which Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, two of their number, had lately granted to the settlers in New Jersey. There was to be perfect freedom in religion; the elected representatives of the people were to make the laws of the settlements; no taxes were to be imposed without their consent; and they could assemble upon their own motion, without waiting for a summons from the Governor. The Governor was to have twelve councillors and the people were



Signatures Of Carolina Proprietors


A
New Map
of
CAROLINA
By
Robt Morden
1687
VIRGINIA
MARY-
LAND.
CAROLINA
Delewares Bay
C Charles
C Henry
C Hatteras
C Look Out
C Fear
C Carteret
Port Royal
S Helena
St Catalina
R May
C Francis
Bay St Matheo
Augustine
Saturiba
Virina
Potano
Ythacuche
Apalache
Ashley lake
Charles Town
Albemarl
Roanoak Inlet
Musquito Inlet
Caratuc Inlet
Chingoteag I
Swansecum Co
Albemarl Town
Pasquotank
Roanoak R
Albemarl Croatum
Pakeck
Oldfield
Kot Bath
Neus R
Tuskerora
Sabon
Watery
Wyack
Ashley R
Cooper R
Stono R
Edisto R
Port Royal
Colleton R
Carven
Edelano
Saroye I
Mons Curon
Mons Gubor
The Alatacknam Moan.
Rickahockans
Monakin
Nansemond R
Nottoway R
Meherrin R
Chowan R
Yeopim
Perquimans
Pasquotank
Kilkenny
Yeopim R
Neus R
Pamlico
Core
Roanoak
Sapona
Keyauwee
Tuskerora
Charles Town
Berkley
Colleton R
Ashley River
Stono R
Edisto R
Port Royal
Fort
Sesquanah
Balt. more
Ck
Tom's one
Cecil C
Talbot C
Dorchester
Oxford
Somerset
Delaware R
Susquehanah R
Elk R
Bohemia R
Sassafras R
Patapsco R
Severn R
S. Marys
Potomack R
Wicomoco R
Yoacomoco
Pamunkey R
Mattapony R
Chickahominy R
Appamattuck
Nansemond
Weyanoke
Kecoughtan
Warraskoyack
Chickahominy
Yorktown
James Town
Henrico
Powhatan
Mahock

of governing, adopted a highly complicated and detailed plan, drawn up by Mr. John Locke, who was then, at thirty-seven, secretary to Anthony Lord Ashley, one of the proprietors. The document contained eighty-one articles, was called the "Fundamental Constitutions" of Carolina, and was elaborate enough for a populous kingdom. It bore date 21 July, 1669.

The proprietors were too much men of the world and of affairs to suppose that that simple community, but just now begun, was ready for an elaborate government, which, among other things, proposed to change very radically the free tenure of the land into a sort of feudal holding under hereditary nobles; but they meant to establish their system when they could, and were in too great haste to enforce as much of it as could be made to apply. Even yet "Carolina" had no settlements except those at Albemarle. In 1660 a few families from Massachusetts, looking for some betterment of fortune, had established themselves near the mouth of the Cape Fear River, purchasing their lands from the Indians; but they had left the place disheartened in 1663, the very year the lords proprietors got their first grant from the crown. News of the grant stimulated some of the English who were in the Barbadoes to attempt the same thing that the Massachusetts men had attempted. In May, 1664, they began a settlement upon a new site, far up the spreading stream of the Cape Fear. But three years were enough for them also; in 1667 they too were gone, and the river country was again empty.



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY

It proved no light matter to govern even the little settlements at Albemarle. The publication there of the formidable Fundamental Constitutions in 1670, when the proprietors seemed bent upon putting them at any rate partially into operation, disturbed the as yet unfettered settlers very deeply,—for they loved and meant to have a free life in the wilderness. Though they had been promised freedom of belief and worship, those Constitutions, as published among them, threatened to make every man pay for the maintenance of the Church of England as an established church. Moreover, the air was at that very time full of disquieting rumors. News came that the king had given all of Virginia to Lords Arlington and Culpeper,—not to rule, indeed, but to own; and it was said that the proprietors of Carolina meant to divide the province among themselves, and give the Albemarle country to Sir William Berkeley, whom they would have exceedingly disrelished as master, being quit, as they had hoped, of Virginia's Governor. Worst of all, the Governor whom the proprietors had sent them sided with the king's officers in

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enforcing the Navigation Acts, whose enforcement would spoil their trade. They sold their timber and their cattle very freely to shrewd skippers hailing from New England, who brought them what they needed out of the ports of the Puritan colonies, got their timber and cattle, disposed of them in the West Indies, and came back again thence with good cargoes of sugar, rum, and molasses, for which they took tobacco, to be sold at home for export into England,—all without license from the crown and in plain defiance of the Acts.

The colonists preferred their trade to the laws of Parliament, and their freedom to the laws of the lords proprietors. Moreover, the very charter under which the proprietors acted had given their lordships the right to make laws and constitutions only "by and with the advice, consent, and approbation of the freemen" of the colony, or their representatives; and these new regulations had never been ratified. The temper of resistance amongst the colonists proved more than the agents of the lords proprietors could manage; and for almost ten years after the publication of the "Constitutions" the settlers at Albemarle took leave to have their own way upon every critical occasion. In 1675 their Governor, Carteret, Stephens's successor, went to England in a sort of despair, to explain that he was not allowed to govern. In 1667 the colonists seized the collector of the revenues, and several thousand pounds of the revenue with him, because he tried to break up their trade with New England and the West Indies. They were quieter without a Governor than with one, and meant to obey authority only on their own terms.

The proprietors were to find that it was not much easier to govern settlements of their own planting than to govern the rough-and-ready hamlets at Albemarle, which had been set up without them. By August, 1669, the month after they signed the first draft of their Fundamental Constitutions, they had an expedition ready to go into the southern parts of Carolina and plant a colony which should be worth helping and worth governing; and by April of the next year it was actually planted. There had been many disasters to face by the way; the settlers had been kept a long time at the Barbadoes, to repair their ships and get supplies, and colonists to recruit their number; and they had come away from the islands with Colonel William Sayle, a man stricken in years, for Governor, instead of Sir John Yeamans, who knew the coast and was in the full vigor of manhood. The aged soldier who took them to their place of settlement had founded a colony of Presbyterians in the Barbadoes twenty years ago, and still showed not a little of the steadfastness and strength of purpose that had marked him for a leader then; but he was old for the task, and died the next year in the doing of it. The place chosen for the new settlement was a pleasing bluff within the fair Kiawah River,—which they presently called the Ashley, in honor of the nobleman for whom Mr. Locke had written the Fundamental Constitutions. Their settlement they called Charlestown; and there they lived for ten years without incident, except that Sir John Yeamans, who was Governor from 1671-1674, brought negro slaves with him when he came from the Barbadoes in 1672. Mr. Joseph West was Governor most of the time during the first years of settlement, and ruled very sensibly, assisted by a council of which the freemen of the colony elected a part. Things went quietly enough until the proprietors and the government at home bestirred themselves to enforce the Fundamental Constitutions and the laws of trade.

It was no mere perverseness of temper or mere love of license that set the colonists so stubbornly against the plans and the authority of their governors. It was rather their practical sense and their knowledge of their own necessities. They knew that, if they were to thrive at all, they must be let live as they could in the wilderness, as the actual and inevitable conditions of their own lives permitted, not cramped by elaborate constitutions or by the rigid restrictions imposed by the Parliament's laws of trade, but with a freedom suitable to their rough and simple ways of living. Virginia herself, for all she was so much older, so staid and loyal, was moved to revolt almost as easily as Albemarle and Charlestown when put upon more gross-

ly than she could bear. She was herself in rebellion at the very time the men at Albemarle were openly defying their Governor to put into force amongst them the laws which forbade their trade with the Indies.

Virginians had seen their burdens and their grievances against the government alike of their Governor and of the king grow ominously heavier and heavier ever since the Restoration, which they had once deemed so happy an event, until at last the condition in which they found themselves seemed quite intolerable. Sir William Berkeley was no longer the manly, approachable gentleman he had been in the earlier time of his first governorship,—bluff and wilful, but neither bitter nor brutal. The long days of his retirement, while the Commonwealth stood (1652-1660), had soured his temper and alienated him from the life of the colony; and he had come out of it to take up the government again, not a Virginian, like the chief Cavalier gentlemen about him, who now accounted Virginia their home and neighborhood, but the harsh and arbitrary servant of the crown and of his own interests, ready to fall into a rage at the slightest contradiction, suave only when he meant to strike.

The change was not obvious at first; but it became evident enough erelong. The king recommended mere place-hunters and adventurers to Sir William for appointment in Virginia, wishing to be rid of them, or to pay his personal obligations at Virginia's cost. Sir William put them in office in the colony, and along with them his own friends and favorites, until councillors, sheriffs, magistrates, surveyors, customs clerks, the whole civil service of Virginia, seemed a body of covetous placemen who meant to thrive whether justice were done and the laws kept or not. Nor was that the worst of it. It was next to impossible for the small planter, or for any man who did not thrive exceedingly, to pay the growing taxes and the innumerable petty exactions which were demanded of him to pay these men, satisfy the king's collectors, and maintain the expensive government of the colony. The Navigation Acts forbade the colonists to send their tobacco anywhere but to England, in English ships, and so the English skippers could demand what freight they pleased and the English merchants could buy the tobacco at such prices as suited them. The same Acts forbade any goods to be brought into the colonies except from England, and so the English merchants could exact what they chose for the supplies they sent and the skippers could get their return freight charges. There was no coin in Virginia, or next to none; tobacco itself, her principal crop, served as money, and when it was worth little and the goods it was used to pay for were worth a great deal, it was hard to live at all, and poverty seemed a thing enacted and enforced.

As if poverty, and heavy taxes to make it the more burdensome, were not enough, deep anxiety lest Virginia should lose even the forms of her liberty was added, and finally war with the Indians, to make the measure full to overflowing. It was useless to appeal to the House of Burgesses for a redress of grievances, because Sir William Berkeley would allow no election of a new House. For fifteen years he kept alive the House which had been chosen in 1661, at the time of the Restoration. It was made up of hearty partisans of the king's government, as was natural, having been chosen when it was, and was quite ready to follow Sir William's lead in most things. He would adjourn its sessions from time to time, but would not dissolve it; and so there were no elections at all. In 1673 news came that the king had given all Virginia to Lords Arlington and Culpeper, to be their proprietary province, like Carolina and New Jersey, and several gentlemen had to be sent over to England in haste to plead, intrigue, and protest, as if for the very life of the colony, against such a usurpation. And then, in 1675, when affairs seemed most darkened and confused by selfish and arbitrary action both at home and over sea, there came hot trouble with the Indians, which the Governor refused either to deal with himself or allow others to settle.

It was that that brought the explosion. A sort of desperate wrath took possession of the stronger and more daring spirits of the colony, and they presently

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found a leader, who gave Sir William good cause to fear what might come of their anger. The Governor ought to have remembered that other year of blood, 1644, when last the Indians were on the war-path, and how sad a blow it had dealt the colony. True, there had then been scarcely ten thousand people in Virginia, and there were now no doubt close upon fifty thousand, armed and able in all ordinary straits to take care of themselves. It was not likely the Indians could strike very far within the borders or threaten the heart of the colony. But men and women and children lived on the borders no less than at the heart of the colony. Precious lives could be wasted there as well as elsewhere, and the colonists were not likely to stand tamely by and look on at the massacre of their own people. No doubt the Indians had been unwisely, unjustly dealt with and provoked, goaded to hostile acts by attacks upon one tribe for what, it may be, another had done; such things had too often happened, and the colonists were not over-careful to avoid them. But that was no reason for refusing to put a force into the field to stop the massacres. What was the Governor's scruple? Did he hesitate to interrupt his lucrative fur trade with the red men; or was he reluctant to put any armed force into the field for fear of what it might do for the redress of grievances within the colony after the danger from the Indians had been made an end of? Whatever his motive, he would not act, and could not, he said, until the assembly came together for its regular meeting in March, 1676. Meanwhile scores of people had been murdered, plantation after plantation had been destroyed (sixty in a single county within a space of little more than two weeks), and the border was desolate and terror-stricken. And even when March came and the meeting of the Burgesses, Berkeley played them false. The assembly met, the "Long Assembly" elected fifteen years ago,—met for the last time, as it turned out,—and voted to send a force of five hundred men against the savages; but Berkeley disbanded the little army before it could take the field; and defence was again abandoned.

Here was more than could be endured; and there were men in Virginia who were ready to defy the Governor and get their rights by arms. Nathaniel Bacon had sworn with a hot oath that if the redskins meddled with him he'd harry them, commission or no commission; and he kept his threat. He was of the hot blood that dares a great independence. He was great-grandson of Sir James Bacon, of Friston Hall, Suffolk, cousin to the great Lord Bacon, of whose fame the world had been full these fifty years; and though he was but eight-and-twenty, study at the Inns of Court and much travel in foreign lands had added to his gentle breeding the popular manners and the easy self-confidence of a man of the world before he turned his back upon England and came with his young wife to be a planter on James River in Virginia. In May news came that the Indians had attacked his own upper plantation and had murdered his overseer and one of his favorite servants; and he did not hesitate what to do. A company of armed and mounted men offered to go with him against the redskins, and he led them forth upon their bloody errand without law or license, member of the Governor's council and magistrate though he was. He sent to ask the Governor for a commission, indeed, but he did not turn back, or lose his armed following either, when word was brought that the Governor had refused it, and had proclaimed him and all with him to be outlaws. It was flat rebellion; but Bacon's pulse only quickened at that, and Virginia for a little while seemed his to command.

He put a stirring tragedy upon the stage there in the quiet colony with its sombre forests, and played it out with a dash and daring that must take every generous man's imagination who remembers how fair and winning a figure the young leader made through all those uneasy days, and how irresistibly he caught the eye and the fancy with the proud way in which he carried himself, lithe and tall and dark of skin, and that melancholy light in his dusky eyes, a man of action and of passion,—such passion as it moves and wins other men to look upon. That was a summer to be remembered in which he pushed to the front in affairs,—and most of all its sad



ON THE WAR-PATH

ending. Berkeley found that he could not openly treat Bacon as a rebel without kindling a flame of discontent on every hand amongst the colonists. He was obliged to dissolve the "Long Assembly," call a new one, admit Bacon himself to a seat in it, hear his bad administration debated, and consent at last to the levying of an effective force to fight the Indians. But what he could not do openly he tried to do secretly and by treachery. One night while the assembly still sat Nathaniel Bacon fled from Jamestown, warned that his life was in danger. He returned with six hundred men at his back and compelled the Governor to give him a commission. Once more he was proclaimed an outlaw, and all his followers outlaws with him, the moment he had turned his back and plunged into the Indian country, and a war for protection turned to civil war.

Bacon's blows were quick and terrible, and more to be feared than his biting speech. He had wellnigh exterminated the Indian tribe of Susquehannocks before he heard of or heeded his outlawry. Then he turned in his hot anger against the government itself, as if it had declared war upon him. He required and took of his followers an oath to resist not only the Governor, but the very troops of the king himself, should they come. until wrongs should be righted; and Berkeley was driven, a fugitive, to the far counties beyond the Bay. When he returned with a motley force to Jamestown, he was driven forth again, and Jamestown was burned. Only Bacon's death ended the ugly business. As autumn approached he sickened and died (the first day of October, 1676), overcome by the passion of action and of feeling, and the exhausting life of the camp and the field; and his followers dispersed.

He had gone too far. At first, rank and file, no doubt, had been with him, men of substance with the rest, for the right to live and to better the government; but most of the chief planters had held aloof even then; and as he went on they were more and more alienated. It became more and more an affair of the rabble, of the men who were poor and desperate and had nothing to lose. When he burned Jamestown he also sacked the plantations of the greater land-owners thereabouts, knowing them to be his enemies; and he died with the spirit of the outlaw too much kindled within him by the lawless work he had done, almost determined to withstand the king as well as the Governor, and to make those who had not joined him pay for his work of resistance and reform, — no longer merely a champion of reasonable reformation, but a revolutionist. Nothing less could have alienated his friends, broken his party, and given Berkeley his full time of revenge against those whose cause had been just.

That revenge was only too complete. A fleet arrived out of England in January, 1677, with a regiment of the king's troops aboard, and commissioners to settle the troubles in the colony to the re-establishing of order; and the commissioners had themselves to rebuke and restrain the insensate bitterness of the maddened Governor. He had set the hangman to work before they came, and by the time January was out had sent more than twenty persons to the gallows for their participation in the rebellion, among the rest William Drummond, the capable Scotsman whom he had deputed to be the first Governor of the settlements at Albemarle, and who had governed so quietly there, knowing the men he had to deal with, but who was now in Virginia again, Mr. Bacon's friend and counsellor. "As I live," cried the king, when he learned the news from Virginia, "the old fool has put to death more people in that naked country than I did for the murder of my father;" and he showed little patience when the old man came home to make his peace. The king would not see him, and the broken Governor was dead,—of chagrin, men said,— by midsummer (1677). Virginia was rid of him; forgot how well she had liked him at first, and remembered without compunction how her people had celebrated his departure with bonfires and the booming of cannon.

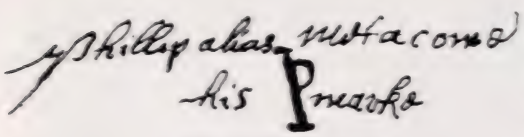
It was in that year, 1677, when Virginia's rebellion was over and her chief rebels hanged, that the heady settlers at Albemarle rose against the proprietors and the acts of trade, thrust their Governor out, and seized three thousand pounds of the customs revenue. They



DRUMMOND FACES GOVERNOR BERKELEY

Drummond was found hiding in the swamps of the Chickahominy. He was brought before Berkeley at Bacon's house. "Mr. Drummond," cried the Governor, bowing low, "you are very welcome; I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia. Mr. Drummond, you shall be hanged in half an hour." "What your Honor pleases," replied the stout-hearted Scotsman. He was hanged three hours later, meeting death as he should.

were but four thousand people, all told, but they were all of one mind, and did what Mr. Bacon could not do. For two years they governed themselves, upon such a model as might have pleased Virginia's rebel. William Drummond, who had lived among them, had led Mr. Bacon to hope, and half expect, that these Albemarle men would send him aid and make common cause with him against the power of a royal Governor and rich landowners; but they had saved their strength for themselves. They took little thought for Virginia; and they could not have helped Mr. Bacon to succeed had they wished to help him. He had rebelled against powers which were already firmly established and which were to dominate Virginia throughout all the rest of her youth and of her growth to maturity.



King Philip's Mark

That notable immigration of royalist gentlemen that had been pouring into the colony these five-and-twenty years, and which had brought Mr. Bacon himself to Virginia, had inevitably transformed the character of the little commonwealth. Large estates multiplied faster than small ones. The ruling part in affairs fell more and more, and as if by a sort of social law of nature, to men who believed in aristocratic privilege in matters of government and dreaded a democratic levelling. Being for the most part men of breeding and of honor, they were ready to condemn quite as heartily as Mr. Bacon himself the corrupt and headstrong ways into which Sir William Berkeley had fallen; but they deemed revolution rather a new disease than a good remedy, and left Mr. Bacon to find his recruits among those who had less at stake.

Virginia's government was singularly like the government to which these ruling gentlemen had been accustomed at home, in England; and her most influential men were as certain to make up her governing class as were the country gentlemen of England to procure magistracies in their counties. The Long Assembly had made changes in the law which rendered their supremacy more certain than ever before. The rule in respect of every office was appointment, not election. Only the Burgesses were elected out of all who took part in the government of the colony, and even they were to be chosen henceforth by the freeholders only, and not by the common vote of all free residents, as before the Restoration. Local government was altogether in the hands of the ruling class. The vestry was the governing and directing body in every parish, and its twelve members were to be chosen now in each parish, since the Long Assembly's law of 1662, not by free election, as in the old days, but by the vote of the vestry itself, which was henceforth to fill its own vacancies. The county courts were made up of magistrates appointed by the Governor; the sheriffs were nominated by the county courts, who always named some one of their own number; the county militia was organized under lieutenants,—one for each county,—who were commonly chosen from among the members of the Governor's council; and for a long time it had been the custom to elect one or more of the county magistrates to represent the county in the House of Burgesses. There was no place for any but men of means and influence in such a government.

It was not an exclusive aristocracy. The life of the colony was too simple, too essentially democratic for that. Magistrates and vestrymen, sheriffs and county lieutenants, all felt themselves neighbors and fellows of the men they governed and took taxes of in those quiet river neighborhoods. They were really representatives of the people they ruled, in temper and interest, if not in estate. They knew how their neighbors lived,—as Mr. Jefferson explained long afterwards, in behalf of the like magistrates of his own day,—because they did not live very differently themselves. Their motive to do their duty justly and well was the sufficient motive of pride and self-respect, their desire for the esteem of the people about them in the intimate life of the rural country-side. Their rule was mild and public-spirited

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for the most part, more and more so as the life of the colony settled to a fixed and stable order, and the men who found their way into the vestry and the county magistracy were generally men whom all esteemed and looked up to. But their rule was the rule of men of property, in favor of maintaining authority, and discountenancing irregular attempts at radical reform; and Mr. Bacon's rebellion was the last of its kind. It had come too late, and was never repeated.

It was not this government of the "country gentlemen," at any rate, that had brought on the fatal troubles with the redskins which had stirred Mr. Bacon to his first act of rebellion; for New England also, self-governed and free as yet, had had her own struggle with the Indians, even more terrible and bitter, which had ended that same eventful summer of 1676. The New England Indians had not forgotten the fate of the Pequots; but that was now close upon forty years ago; the terror of it was no longer fresh, and their own situation had meantime grown a bit desperate. They were being shut within intolerably narrow bounds, and they could not move away from the regions where the English were slowly crowding them from their hunting-grounds without invading the territory of other tribes who would have no welcome for them. The white men paid for the lands they took, but they did not permit the red men to refuse to sell. They played the part of masters always, and there could be no hope of better times to come. Devoted missionaries had come among the tribes from the white settlements and had won many of them to believe in the gospel and the true God; but their preaching was like idle words to most of the reticent, intractable people of the forest, and left them untouched. They were ready when a leader arose to plot for an uprising and a last trial of strength with the invading palefaces. Such a leader arose in the person of Philip, the chief of the Wampanoags, whom the English had penned up within the narrow peninsula of Good Hope by the Bay of Narragansett. The flame promptly spread from the Wampanoags to the Narragansetts and the Nipmucks, until it burned on every border, and New England saw a day of terror such as she had never seen before. There was no trouble like Virginia's. No Governor hesitated, no armed force lacked authority to do its work of protection and attack, no levy lagged or was tardy; the country rallied to the awful business. The fatal uprising began in June, 1675, and was ended,—for these tribes at least, —by August, 1676, as the Pequot war had ended, with the annihilation of the offending tribes. Those that were not killed or taken were driven forth in hopeless flight; those that were taken were sold as slaves in the West Indies. Thereafter there were only the tribes in the north to reckon with. But the white men's loss was almost as great as that of the savages. More than one-half of the towns of Massachusetts and Plymouth had seen the torch and the tomahawk that awful year; twelve of them had been utterly destroyed; no less than six hundred buildings, chiefly dwellings, had been burned; six hundred men had lost their lives, and scores of women and children; debts had been piled up and damage suffered which it was to take years of bitter toil to pay and repair; and New England was for a little like a place desolate and stricken. But she rallied in time, as before, and slowly worked her way to better days, like the old days for peace and prosperity. Her dangers and anxieties were, at any rate, lessened in one matter that had often seemed to hold fear and danger permanently at its heart.



THICKER THAN WATER

BY MELVILLE CHATER

"BLOOD," returned the Colonel, eying complacently the back of his right hand, "will tell."

They sat side by side at the head of their great stone staircase, as was their humor such fine autumn afternoons, like lord and lady in state, gazing idly across their vast fief of green lawns, white gravel walks, and yeomanry of tall, skeleton trees.

A lordly pair: he, large, square, eagle-faced, with gray hair, ruddy skin, and eyes like wintry pools; she, tall, slim, Oriental, with dusky skin, and black hair and eyes — a face of long, languorous curves—the brows drooping gently, the nose delicately aquiline, the lips parted and down-drawn—a wearied, tolerantly smiling Lady Disdain.

"Carteret House," too, had long since become, in popular voice, "The Castle," and appropriately: Sir George Deming emigrated to the Jerseys under Philip Carteret in 1665, and four generations later his descendants pushed northward in good company, half-way up a rocky ridge, whence drawing stone, they builded the square towers which still frown down, gray and ivied, over the little mushroom villas lying below in Demingfon Valley.

"Blood," reiterated the Colonel, folding his arms and stiffening his lips, "—will—tell!"

"We must be charitable," his lady commented, dispassionately. "It is our duty to give the man a fair trial."

"I promised to," he returned, conclusively. "I will. But don't be disappointed. Why, look at his parentage, his surroundings—a low, common sailors' resort. What can you expect?"

"How unjust!" reproached her cool, even voice. "We are really all one. What you say of him is true, yet does it follow—"

"Quite right," humored the Colonel, "from your humanitarian stand-point. Really, we're *not* all one. Take Sir George," he went on, bending over the mastiff stretched before them. "His parents were thoroughbred; so were theirs, and theirs. Before he was born I could have predicted that flat, wrinkled forehead, that breadth of skull, those small, flat ears—all the points which mark a thoroughbred mastiff, and what they indicate—the character of a thoroughbred. That's blood. Just so there are breeds of men. Take this fellow, his parents, his points—no breed at all. What can you expect? No character. Blood again! Why," he concluded, warmly, "just look at the man!"

Their opposed views were inevitable. For twenty years, lacking the bond of parentage, they had grown apart through adoptions. To-day the Carteret kennels are a Mecca; in the church world the Colonel's wife is a spire. You must have seen often by the papers that she presided, or organized a fund for something, or reported on the condition of something else. Perhaps you have watched him at the Garden dozens of times, as he bent, note-book in hand, over some one's pet, critically feeling its legs, or have hung admiringly about his mastiffs and saints, where they sit and look imposing and draw prizes every February.

Naturally his wife's protégé was distasteful to him. The man had approached bareheaded, at a slow, lurching limp, to the foot of the great stone steps, and waited, bent—fumbling his hat at his breast, wagging his chin, eying the gravel shiftily, with now and then a quick half-glance upward.

When the Colonel had watched him covertly for some moments, he dropped his newspaper. The man scraped spasmodically, licked his lips, and waited.

He was a thin, middle-aged little chap. His left leg was much twisted; he stood mainly on his right, holding the other curled up, as it were. This deformity had bowed his back and tilted his head



LIKE LORD AND LADY IN STATE, GAZING IDLY ACROSS THEIR VAST FIEF OF GREEN LAWNS

to a squat set between the shoulders. His spare, upturned face was coarsely feminine; his hair scant and of the whiteness of faded yellow. His cloudy blue eyes had a moist look, and he knuckled them incessantly. A pair of deep smile creases, caused, perhaps, by this habit, slanted from the nostrils, accentuating mildness into acquiescence.

"Ah!" said the Colonel at last. "You are the—the man? Come up here."

Begging pardon, yes, sir, he was him, sir; and he ventured up three steps, screening a faint cough.

He was Vaage Mutsen, and unmarried. Oh yes, sir, *un*married. And he thought he might say he understood gardening, having worked on a farm a bit. Forty years old, sir; and he had always lived in Mrs. Leitz's house on South Street since he was a kid—by which he meant no harm, sir. He guessed perhaps he *was* born there, and he had always worked there until the Society helped him. It was pretty general work, sir. Mostly cleaning out the bar, mornings; or down along the docks, when the big freighters came in. His father was a Norwegian, he'd heard; dead now—he didn't quite know when, but a long time ago. And as to his first name, he thought he had been called after a ship—he might say he was pretty sure.

Then, Mrs. Deming appearing, he had scraped and rescraped beneath her calm assurances, alternately concealing one foot behind the other; had thanked his way down three steps and across as many yards of gravel, and finally disappeared in vista through the lodge gates, the Colonel's eyes still fixed between his lurching shoulders.

That evening the Colonel informed his head gardener.

"I think you can use an extra man just now," he reflected. "The brook is badly clogged up around the lower bridge, and the lots over by the western walls are thick with scrub. Just see that a room is ready for him by Monday."

"Sir!" bowed Benzel, and hastened news-eager to the stables.

The Carteret stables, like everything else on the estate, were solid and respectable. Each retainer, man or woman, had been born and bred in the service, and sooner or later married in it. Whenever a groom cast eyes on a maid, or a cook on a gardener, or any M or N desired to be joined together in holy matrimony, they laid their case before the Colonel, and he put the match through in style. They all lived in a row of pretty, vine-clad cottages by the eastern walls, where they raised their families under the mantle of respectability. They had traditions to live up to. They served gentlefolk, as had their fathers, and it was an unwritten maxim among them that, if it takes three generations to make a gentleman, it takes at least two to make a gentleman's servant.

For all this, another man, backed by the Colonel and his lady, would have been digested comfortably in a few weeks. Yet Vaage strove—slaving over his work that he might help others; forgetting himself that he might remember others; always affable, respectful, willing, with not a fault against him except—himself.

However, though he failed as a comrade, he was highly successful as a butt. Often he limped cheerily to the kitchen, delivered some neatly ciphered message, such as, "Please, miss, can I have a bottle of eye-lotion for the old lame rooster?" and was requested by the maids to "chase" himself. He was perpetually picking up a stray handkerchief—subtle allusion—and his earnest efforts to find an owner always met with the unanimous suggestion to keep it himself. Sometimes the men sent him on an errand with instructions to hurry, and then lay down and laughed, for to see Vaage Mutsen run beat an obstacle-race.

"V-a-a-g-e Mut-sen!" drawled Billings, the head coachman. "Well, if that ain't a mouthful! And that's what he is—a Mut, a regular Mut!" So the matter of a nickname was easily settled.

Before a week was over, the Mut's origin and history were public property; and at night, when the men gathered in the carriage-house, he was discussed exhaustively. Jameson, the under-coachman, who was partial to poesy and the concertina, composed a ballad and sang it to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The verses set forth the Mut's personal charms, and each chorus was a forceful epitome of his past calling and antecedents.

The Mut answered to his nickname, fell a victim to practical jokes almost grate-

fully, listened to the song—the words of which he soon got by heart—with a twitchy smile, and perceiving that he was the cause of much mirth, joined in it feebly.

Once, indeed, he waylaid Mrs. Deming and begged permission to leave; but on examination he hedged, and, hard pressed, faltered forth bit by bit that—yes, thanking her kindly, the money, the hours, the work, were all too good for the likes of him.

"And the men treat you well?" she queried.

Then he broke down and lied miserably, saying the men were all too kind to him, but that he was afraid that he didn't do his work well—wasn't worth his pay—and some other flimsiness, and finally professing himself quite reassured, escaped to the stables, where, realizing that it was only their fun, he sat through another night of it, pale but hilarious.

He felt sure that they were all kind-hearted, particularly Jerrems, the kennel-master. Jerrems was a large, dignified man. He had said very few things and laughed only moderately, wherefore the Mut's heart warmed towards him. He humbly laid his service at the big man's feet, and at evening, sometimes, would slip shyly into a chair by his side. And sometimes the big man would toss him a word, and the Mut would lick it up gratefully. But one night a laugh was raised about Jerrems and his side-partner, and Jerrems turned with an oath and pushed the Mut away. The Mut shivered and begged pardon, but Jerrems pushed him again, calling him a cruelly true name.

Sometimes the Mut limped by the Castle in the early morning; he saw a maid at a lower window. Once she looked pretty; after that she grew prettier every day. She was watching for young Hullen, but the Mut did not know that. One morning she found a rose on the sill—Hullen worked in the conservatories—and when the Mut limped past, he thought she had never looked so pretty. Thereafter she always found a rose on the sill; and she told the other maids of her conquest, and rumors of it reached the stables. But once she was hidden behind the curtains full ten minutes early, and when she saw a twisted figure sneak up, lifting its homely face towards hers, and place a rose on the sill, she dashed up the sash and overturned her pitcher. The Mut shivered and begged pardon, but she slammed the window down, calling him a cruelly true name. The story spread, and at night there was great sport in the stables, and a verse was added to "John Brown's Body."

That was a Saturday, and next morning the corpses of a dozen brown flat bottles were hurriedly hidden, for it was found that on reaching home Jerrems had fallen down stairs and become fractured. He was laid in the Deming ward of the hospital, and the Colonel damned, for the show of the Empire State Kennel Club was due in two weeks, and he had entered a St. Bernard team. Potter, his last man, was employed over in Boston, and none of the others was competent. Jerrems, to his great surprise, named Mutsen, and surprise verged on respect when the Colonel found that Vaage understood thoroughly not only the general methods of training, but the disposition and peculiarities of each dog, which is equally important; but this was not strange, as he had been doing Jerrem's work for the past month. So thereafter the Mut lived in the long, low, red Noah's Ark, which lay a few hundred yards west of the stables, getting Berkeley, Royalist, Bellomont, and Carteret III. into shape.

"Do you know," admitted the Colonel, "I believe I was wrong about that man. He understands the dogs thoroughly. They like him, and he's certainly fond of them. Immensely proud, too. Why, he'd do anything for them. He hasn't blood, but he certainly appreciates it."

And his lady, being thoroughly humane, did not retort, "I told you so!"

The Colonel bred only mastiffs and St. Bernards, and a splendid sight it was to watch the great brutes gathered together: the saints, calm, dignified, standing stockily about, tongues lolling, gazing at you from their honest, deep-set eyes with such steady self-confidence, such reserved strength; the mastiffs, imposing and powerful, with square, wrinkled heads, drooping lips, and muscular loins, swinging up and down with a sinuous, almost tigerish, grace; while Vaage, standing crooked in their midst, seemed more insignificant than ever. He looked quite out of place

among these magnificent animals; he spoilt the picture. Instead, there should have been a few of the tall, strapping stable-men bending over them.

The Mut now lived as one in a happy dream who fears rude awakening. All day, undisturbed, unquestioned, he worked earnestly among his charges, treating them with a solicitous respect which was odd to witness; and at night, locking himself in his little upstairs room, with the eased sense of having lifted a drawbridge, he would read the newspaper aloud, dwelling long over the shipping news; and then lie down in utter security and talk himself to sleep.

But the men resented this retirement, and one evening they burst into the Mut's room, dragged him across to the stables, and put him through all his old tricks and a few new ones. They disinterred "John Brown's Body," and insisted on his joining sociably in the chorus, and roared over his efforts at a clog-dance till he fell into a chair exhausted.

Just then the door screaked, and a little dog stuck his head around the corner—a miserable, mangy, snuff-colored cur, with wiry hair, sharp nose, and bleary brown eyes, and he took three steps forward, lifted a paw, and shivered, wagging his stump of a tail, and appealing from face to face as though waiting to be kicked.

With a yell, the men jumped up. He turned and fled across the snow. The door was slammed to.

"That's him the Colonel raised such a row about last summer," grumbled Benzel. "He's been hanging around ever since. If I get hold of him I'll stretch his neck, damn little mongrel!"

Next morning there was a hue-and-cry. As the Mut passed the kitchen, the cook called:

"Say! There's a dog out there under the trees. Scare him away. He come up to me in the kitchen as bold as brass, and I chased him through the dairy, and he fell into my milk-pans, the little mongrel!"

In the fields a maid was frowning over an expanse of linen, across which stretched bunches of little brown spots.

"If you see a dog around, kick him out," she ordered. "Trampling all over my sheets! And then to come up wagging his tail at me, the nasty little cur!"

At noon, returning with the dogs from a walk, he met Mrs. Deming. As she paused to caress them, Watts, the valet, stalked up, carrying a mass of filmy stuff at arm's-length.

"My scarf!" she exclaimed; then adding, pettishly: "Quite spoiled! Dear me! How did it happen?"

"A dog, mem," apologized Watts. "I found him lying on it, on a chair in the drawing-room, early this morning. A horrid, dirty little dog, mem. I was quite startled. He offered to make friends, mem, but I couldn't catch him. He ran down stairs and out that way."

"How could he have got in?" queried the lady. "Most annoying! Mutsen, if you see the dog, put him out. Don't hurt him, only be sure he never gets in again."

The Colonel, that evening, was more severe.

"He's been hanging about the place for three or four months," he stormed. "No, more than that—long before you came. And I've given repeated instructions. A mongrel is no use to any one, an eyesore to every one—should never have been born. If you see him again, shoot him. You understand?" And the Mut acquiesced faintly.

The show was but ten days off, and the Colonel's usual fit of nerves was on. Then, too, Carteret III. had just broken loose and dined to the extent of five pounds above the St. Bernard limit. For a week they starved and walked the beast almost into a state of light-headedness, and sometimes the Colonel walked down to the kennels the last thing at night to have a look at him.

Once the Mut was over in the stables, making sport, so the Colonel found his room empty; but from under the bed came a faint tapping, the clothes rustled, and out crawled the miserable object of his disgust, drew up a paw, lifted its brown, bleared eyes to his, and then, as he stepped forward, shot across the room and down the stairs with the scuffle of many rats in a wall.

Stiff with rage, he returned to the Castle, sent for Mutsen, and raked him fore and aft. Beneath the volley the Mut bent moist and limp, uttering at crucial points a faint, "Yes, sir; Yes, sir; Yes, sir!" and finally faltered forth a few odds and ends.

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"No, sir—I never seen him since. He—he got in somehow. I—meanin' no harm, sir—I don't know—"

"Well, well," abated the Colonel, "he's somewhere about the place. Take all day to-morrow, all the help you need. Shoot him—drown him—anything!"

And the next night the Mut reported, saying: "I found him, sir—down by the lake. And I—I—yes, sir, I drowned him." And that settled it.

"The team goes down day after to-morrow," said the Colonel after dinner. "You must see them, my dear. They've never been in finer shape. Mutsen is as proud as Punch. He'd do anything for those dogs. In fact, I think I'll make him kennel-master for good."

In the stables, just then, a very different future was being predicted for him.

"You will let stray dogs trail after you!" Bennel was saying. "Best be on your guy-vyve. He'll turn up again, all right, and—I see your finish."

"He won't," stammered the Mut; "I drow—"

But on that word the door screaked, and the ghost of a miserable little snuff-colored cur entered, appealing from face to face, and then trotted straight across to the Mut's side, where it cowered, licking his limp hand.

The Mut drew it away, rose, very white, and shrank against the wall. The men closed in on the cur. There was a scuffle, a kick, a yelp, and it shot forth on three legs. For the first time in his life the Mut clinched his fists, then sank into a chair and sobbed.

The Colonel handed him a month's pay next evening, saying, "You can go."

The Mut found his little room crowded with men congratulating the newly returned Jerrems, but no one noticed him. He collected his scant belongings and huddled them very slowly. At length he paused and gazed vacantly about the room.

"Got all your things together?" asked Jerrems, quite pleasantly, and the rest turned.

"Yes, sir—thank you, sir," murmured the Mut. "I—I think so." Indeed, the room was quite bare, save for chairs, wash-stand, bed, and some straw projecting from beneath it. Then, amid dead silence, he limped slowly forth; but he lingered on the stairs, and he lingered at the door, and all along the road, looking back many times.

Afterward Jerrems swore that, when he joined the rest in the stables at nine-thirty, he left all doors and windows locked, and threw his butt outside. He also swore that he was quite sober, and the rest lied nobly.

But, whether or no, an hour later they surged panic-stricken about the riddled building, their faces white beneath the leaping jets of flame, their voices mute beneath the din of wild, half-human cries.

"Never mind the house," called the Colonel, rigidly calm. "The dogs, men, quick!"

Those nearest sheered away. A voice answered,

"We've called 'em, but they won't come down."

"A thousand—five thousand dollars!" he cried. "Who'll go?"

They hung irresolute. As he turned up his collar a twisted, swaying, jolting figure tumbled past him and through the shattered door.

Through the crackle and whir a shrill whistle, an interminable trampling, then out trooped the pack at the Mut's heels, and swarmed about their master.

At length, "All here?" cried the Colonel. Then he straightened, and, all aquiver, grasped the Mut's hand, saying,

"By God, you're a hero!"

"Oh, they just follered. I didn't do it for *them*."

And from beneath his coat there fell into the midst of those great, magnificent brutes a miserable, mangy, snuff-colored little cur, who lifted a bandaged paw, wagged his stump of a tail, and turned his bleary eyes from face to face as though waiting to be kicked.

And the Colonel turned away, muttering,

"Blood will tell!"

THE RECORDS OF THE SNOW

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

AT dawn the snow was new and white,
A spotless page that was turned in the night;
By noon it was marked with sign and trail,
Printing that tells a spruce-land tale.

This name, so boldly written, shows
Where the lordly moose-bull goes;—
Who has better right to sign
Than he of the North woods' royal line?

Here a clumsy track spells out
The name of one who is ever in doubt,
Shuffling step and shifty eye,—
The squirrel jeers as a bear goes by.

Long leaps in the snow are marks of a lynx;
The squirrel hushes, his small heart sinks;
Grouse whir away, and hare start back,
They read a harsh warning writ in this track.

An air of tragedy haunts the spot
Where splashes of blood make an ugly blot;
A clew to the murder the snows declare,
For fox-track follows the track of a hare.

Delicate tracks are telltales of
A gentle passage of woodland love:
The low-voiced snowbirds met together
In this to them sweet courtship weather,
And lifted their throats in a soft love-tune,
Vowing to mate far north next June.

Again it snows, and the morning light
Shines on a fresh page, smooth and white.



THE STREET OF BEAUPORT

FRANCIS STERNE PALMER

WHEN night in the North outdoes the day
With cold more bitter and warmth more gay—
Cold of the frozen stars, and glow
Of logs that blaze and flout the snow—
Then is heard the muffled tramp
Of lumbermen who plod to camp,
While clear through frosty forest rings
This song that Jean the Chopper sings:—





YOU say that it's good here in the spruce
Alone with the caribou and moose,
But if I could choose I'd be to-night
Where Beauport street is long and white,
And holy shrines ward off mischance,
And every night there is a dance;
There my old mother dreams out the day;
There the good priest keeps the witches away.

OMY brothers, my heart has cried
Back to the street by the river's side—
Back to one there whose prayer goes forth
And guards her Jean in the wilds of the North!





COLONEL STARBOTTLE FOR THE PLAINTIFF

BY BRET HARTE

IT had been a day of triumph for Colonel Starbottle. First, for his personality, as it would have been difficult to separate the Colonel's achievements from his individuality; second, for his oratorical abilities as a sympathetic pleader; and third, for his functions as the leading legal counsel for the Eureka Ditch Company *versus* the State of California. On his strictly legal performances in this issue I prefer not to speak; there were those who denied them, although the jury had accepted them in the face of the ruling of the half-amused, half-cynical Judge himself. For an hour they

had laughed with the Colonel, wept with him, been stirred to personal indignation or patriotic exaltation by his passionate and lofty periods—what else could they do than give him their verdict? If it was alleged by some that the American eagle, Thomas Jefferson, and the Resolutions of '98 had nothing whatever to do with the contest of a ditch company over a doubtfully worded legislative document; that wholesale abuse of the State Attorney and his political motives had not the slightest connection with the legal question raised,—it was, nevertheless, generally accepted that the losing party would have been only too glad to have the Colonel on their side. And Colonel Starbottle knew this, as, perspiring, florid, and panting, he rebuttoned the lower buttons of his blue frock-coat, which had become loosed in an oratorical spasm, and readjusted his old-fashioned, spotless shirt frill above it as he strutted from the court-room amidst the handshakings and acclamations of his friends.

And here an unprecedented thing occurred. The Colonel absolutely declined spirituous refreshment at the neighboring Palmetto Saloon, and declared his intention of proceeding directly to his office in the adjoining square. Nevertheless the Colonel quitted the building alone, and apparently unarmed except for his faithful gold-headed stick, which hung as usual from his forearm. The crowd gazed after him with undisguised admiration of this new evidence of his pluck. It was remembered also that a mysterious note had been handed to him at the conclusion of his speech—evidently a challenge from the State Attorney. It was quite plain that the Colonel—a practised duellist—was hastening home to answer it.

But herein they were wrong. The note was in a female hand, and simply requested the Colonel to accord an interview with the writer at the Colonel's office as soon as he left the court. But it was an engagement that the Colonel—as devoted to the fair sex as he was to the "code"—was no less prompt in accepting. He flicked away the dust from his spotless white trousers and varnished boots with his handkerchief, and settled his black cravat under his Byron collar as he neared his office. He was surprised, however, on opening the door of his private office to find his visitor already there; he was still more startled to find her somewhat past middle age and plainly attired. But the Colonel was brought up in a school of Southern politeness, already antique in the republic, and his bow of courtesy belonged to the epoch of his shirt frill and strapped trousers. No one could have detected his disappointment in his manner, albeit his sentences were short and incomplete. But the Colonel's colloquial speech was apt to be fragmentary incoherencies of his larger oratorical utterances.

"A thousand pardons—for—er—having kept a lady waiting—er! But—er—congratulations of friends—and—er—courtesy due to them — er — interfered with—though perhaps only heightened—by procrastination — pleasure of — ha!" And the Colonel completed his sentence with a gallant wave of his fat but white and well-kept hand.

"Yes! I came to see you along o' that speech of yours. I was in court. When I heard you gettin' it off on that jury, I says to myself that's the kind o' lawyer *I* want. A man that's flowery and convincin'! Just the man to take up our case."

"Ah! It's a matter of business, I see," said the Colonel, inwardly relieved, but externally careless. "And—er—may I ask the nature of the case?"

"Well! it's a breach-o'-promise suit," said the visitor, calmly.

If the Colonel had been surprised before, he was now really startled, and with an added horror that required all his politeness to conceal. Breach-of-promise cases were his peculiar aversion. He had always held them to be a kind of litigation which could have been obviated by the prompt killing of the masculine offender—in which case he would have gladly defended the killer. But a suit for damages!—*damages!*—with the reading of love-letters before a hilarious jury and court, was against all his instincts. His chivalry was outraged; his sense of humor was small—and in the course of his career he had lost one or two important cases through an unexpected development of this quality in a jury.

The woman had evidently noticed his hesitation, but mistook its cause. "It ain't me—but my darter."

The Colonel recovered his politeness. "Ah! I am relieved, my dear madam! I could hardly conceive a man ignorant enough to—er—er—throw away such evident good fortune—or base enough to deceive the trustfulness of womanhood—matured and experienced only in the chivalry of our sex, ha!"

The woman smiled grimly. "Yes!—it's my darter, Zaidee Hooker—so ye might spare some of them pretty speeches for *her*—before the jury."

The Colonel winced slightly before this doubtful prospect, but smiled. "Ha! Yes!—certainly—the jury. But—er—my dear lady, need we go as far as that? Cannot this affair be settled—er—out of court? Could not this—er—individual—be admonished—told that he must give satisfaction—personal satisfaction—for his dastardly conduct—to—er—near relative—or even valued personal friend? The—er—arrangements necessary for that purpose I myself would undertake."

He was quite sincere; indeed, his small black eyes shone with that fire which a pretty woman or an "affair of honor" could alone kindle. The visitor stared vacantly at him, and said, slowly,

"And what good is that goin' to do us?"

"Compel him to—er—perform his promise," said the Colonel, leaning back in his chair.

"Ketch him doin' it!" said the woman, scornfully. "No—that ain't wot we're after. We must make him *pay!* Damages—and nothin' short o' *that*."

The Colonel bit his lip. "I suppose," he said, gloomily, "you have documentary evidence—written promises and protestations—er—er—love-letters, in fact?"

"No—nary a letter! Ye see, that's jest it—and that's where *you* come in. You've got to convince that jury yourself. You've got to show what it is—tell the whole story your own way. Lord! to a man like you that's nothin'."

Startling as this admission might have been to any other lawyer, Starbottle was absolutely relieved by it. The absence of any mirth-provoking correspondence, and the appeal solely to his own powers of persuasion, actually struck his fancy. He lightly put aside the compliment with a wave of his white hand.

"Of course," said the Colonel, confidently, "there is strongly presumptive and corroborative evidence? Perhaps you can give me—er—a brief outline of the affair?"

"Zaidee kin do that straight enough, I reckon," said the woman; "what I want to know first is, kin you take the case?"

The Colonel did not hesitate; his curiosity was piqued. "I certainly can. I have no doubt your daughter will put me in possession of sufficient facts and details—to constitute what we call—er—a brief."

"She kin be brief enough—or long enough—for the matter of that," said the woman, rising. The Colonel accepted this implied witticism with a smile.

"And when may I have the pleasure of seeing her?" he asked, politely.

"Well, I reckon as soon as I can trot out and call her. She's just outside, meanderin' in the road—kinder shy, ye know, at first."

She walked to the door. The astounded Colonel nevertheless gallantly accompanied her as she stepped out into the street and called, shrilly, "You Zaidee!"

A young girl here apparently detached herself from a tree and the ostentatious perusal of an old election poster, and sauntered down towards the office door. Like her mother, she was plainly dressed; unlike her, she had a pale, rather refined face, with a demure mouth and downcast eyes. This was all the Colonel saw as he bowed profoundly and led the way into his office, for she accepted his salutations without lifting her head. He helped her gallantly to a chair, on which she seated herself sideways, somewhat ceremoniously, with her eyes following the point of her parasol as she traced a pattern on the carpet. A second chair offered to the mother that lady, however, declined. "I reckon to leave you and Zaidee together to talk it out," she said; turning to her daughter, she added, "Jest you tell him all, Zaidee," and before the Colonel could rise again, disappeared from the room. In spite of his professional experience, Starbottle was for a moment embarrassed. The young girl, however, broke the silence without looking up.

"Adoniram K. Hotchkiss," she began, in a monotonous voice, as if it were a recitation addressed to the public, "first

began to take notice of me a year ago. Arter that—off and on—"

"One moment," interrupted the astounded Colonel; "do you mean Hotchkiss the President of the Ditch Company?" He had recognized the name of a prominent citizen—a rigid ascetic, taciturn, middle-aged man—a deacon—and more than that, the head of the company he had just defended. It seemed inconceivable.

"That's him," she continued, with eyes still fixed on the parasol and without changing her monotonous tone—"off and on ever since. Most of the time at the Free-Will Baptist church—at morning service, prayer-meetings, and such. And at home—outside—er—in the road."

"Is it this gentleman—Mr. Adoniram K. Hotchkiss—who—er—promised marriage?" stammered the Colonel.

"Yes."

The Colonel shifted uneasily in his chair. "Most extraordinary! for—you see—my dear young lady—this becomes—a—er—most delicate affair."

"That's what maw said," returned the young woman, simply, yet with the faintest smile playing around her demure lips and downcast cheek.

"I mean," said the Colonel, with a pained yet courteous smile, "that this—er—gentleman—is in fact—er—one of my clients."

"That's what maw said too, and of course your knowing him will make it all the easier for you," said the young woman.

A slight flush crossed the Colonel's cheek as he returned quickly and a little stiffly, "On the contrary—er—it may make it impossible for me to—er—act in this matter."

The girl lifted her eyes. The Colonel held his breath as the long lashes were raised to his level. Even to an ordinary observer that sudden revelation of her eyes seemed to transform her face with subtle witchery. They were large, brown, and soft, yet filled with an extraordinary penetration and prescience. They were the eyes of an experienced woman of thirty fixed in the face of a child. What else the Colonel saw there Heaven only knows! He felt his inmost secrets plucked from him—his whole soul laid bare—his vanity, belligerency, gallantry—even his mediæval chivalry, penetrated, and yet illuminated, in that single glance. And when the eyelids fell again, he felt that a greater part of himself had been swallowed up in them.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hurriedly. "I mean—this matter may be arranged—er—amicably. My interest with—and as you wisely say—my—er—knowledge of my client—er—Mr. Hotchkiss—may effect—a compromise."

"And *damages*," said the young girl, readdressing her parasol, as if she had never looked up.

The Colonel winced. "And—er—undoubtedly *compensation*—if you do not press a fulfilment of the promise. Unless," he said, with an attempted return to his former easy gallantry, which, however, the recollection of her eyes made difficult, "it is a question of—er—the affections?"

"Which?" said his fair client, softly.

"If you still love him?" explained the Colonel, actually blushing.

Zaidee again looked up; again taking the Colonel's breath away with eyes that expressed not only the fullest perception of what he had *said*, but of what he thought and had not said, and with an added subtle suggestion of what he might have thought. "That's tellin'," she said, dropping her long lashes again. The Colonel laughed vacantly. Then feeling himself growing imbecile, he forced an equally weak gravity. "Pardon me—I understand there are no letters; may I know the way in which he formulated his declaration and promises?"

"Hymn-books," said the girl, briefly.

"I beg your pardon," said the mystified lawyer.

"Hymn-books—marked words in them with pencil—and passed 'em on to me," repeated Zaidee. "Like 'love,' 'dear,' 'precious,' 'sweet,' and 'blessed,'" she added, accenting each word with a push of her parasol on the carpet. "Sometimes a whole line outer Tate and Brady—and Solomon's Song, you know, and sich."

"I believe," said the Colonel, loftily, "that the—er—phrases of sacred psalmody lend themselves to the language of the affections. But in regard to the distinct promise of marriage—was there—er—no *other* expression?"

"Marriage Service in the prayer-book—lines and words outer that—all marked," said Zaidee. The Colonel nodded naturally and approvingly. "Very good. Were others cognizant of this? Were there any witnesses?"

"Of course not," said the girl. "Only me and him. It was generally at church-time—or prayer-meeting. Once, in passing the plate, he slipped one o' them peppermint lozenges with the letters stamped on it 'I love you' for me to take."

The Colonel coughed slightly. "And you have the lozenge?"

"I ate it," said the girl, simply. "Ah," said the Colonel. After a pause he added, delicately: "But were these attentions—er—confined to—er—sacred precincts? Did he meet you elsewhere?"

"Useter pass our house on the road," returned the girl, dropping into her monotonous recital, "and useter signal."

"Ah, signal?" repeated the Colonel, approvingly.

"Yes! He'd say 'Keerow,' and I'd say 'Keeree.' Suthing like a bird, you know."

Indeed, as she lifted her voice in imitation of the call the Colonel thought it certainly very sweet and birdlike. At least as *she* gave it. With his remembrance of the grim deacon he had doubts as to the melodiousness of *his* utterance. He gravely made her repeat it.

"And after that signal?" he added, suggestively. "He'd pass on," said the girl.

The Colonel coughed slightly, and tapped his desk with his pen-holder.

"Were there any endearments—er—caresses—er—such as taking your hand—er—clasping your waist?" he suggested, with a gallant yet respectful sweep of his white hand and bowing of his head; —"er—slight pressure of your fingers in the changes of a dance,—I mean," he corrected himself, with an apologetic cough —"in the passing of the plate?"

"No;—he was not what you'd call 'fond,'" returned the girl. "Ah! Adoniram K. Hotchkiss was not 'fond' in the ordinary acceptance of the word," said the Colonel, with professional gravity.

She lifted her disturbing eyes, and again absorbed his in her own. She also said "Yes," although her eyes in their mysterious prescience of all he was thinking disclaimed the necessity of any answer at all. He smiled vacantly. There was a long pause. On which she slowly disengaged her parasol from the carpet pattern and stood up.

"I reckon that's about all," she said.

"Er—yes—but one moment," said the Colonel, vaguely. He would have liked to keep her longer, but with her strange premonition of him he felt powerless to detain her, or explain his reason for doing so. He instinctively knew she had told him all; his professional judgment told him that a more hopeless case had never come to his knowledge. Yet he was not daunted, only embarrassed. "No matter," he said, vaguely. "Of course I shall have to consult with you again." Her eyes again answered that she expected he would, but she added, simply, "When?"

"In the course of a day or two," said the Colonel, quickly. "I will send you word." She turned to go. In his eagerness to open the door for her he upset his chair, and with some confusion, that was actually youthful, he almost impeded her movements in the hall, and knocked his broad-brimmed Panama hat from his bowing hand in a final gallant sweep. Yet as her small, trim, youthful figure, with its simple Leghorn straw hat confined by a blue bow under her round chin, passed away before him, she looked more like a child than ever.

The Colonel spent that afternoon in making diplomatic inquiries. He found his youthful client was the daughter of a widow who had a small ranch on the cross-roads, near the new Free-Will Baptist church—the evident theatre of this pastoral. They led a secluded life; the girl being little known in the town, and her beauty and fascination apparently not yet being a recognized fact. The Colonel felt a pleasurable relief at this, and a general satisfaction he could not account for. His few inquiries concerning Mr. Hotchkiss only confirmed his own impressions of the alleged lover—a serious-minded, practically abstracted man—abstentive of youthful society, and the last man apparently capable of levity of the affections or serious flirtation. The Colonel was mystified—but determined of purpose—whatever that purpose might have been.

The next day he was at his office at the same hour. He was alone—as usual—the Colonel's office really being his pri-

vate lodgings, disposed in connecting rooms, a single apartment reserved for consultation. He had no clerk; his papers and briefs being taken by his faithful body-servant and ex-slave "Jim" to another firm who did his office-work since the death of Major Stryker—the Colonel's only law partner, who fell in a duel some years previous. With a fine constancy the Colonel still retained his partner's name on his door-plate—and, it was alleged by the superstitious, kept a certain invincibility also through the *manes* of that lamented and somewhat feared man.

The Colonel consulted his watch, whose heavy gold case still showed the marks of a providential interference with a bullet destined for its owner, and replaced it with some difficulty and shortness of breath in his fob. At the same moment he heard a step in the passage, and the door opened to Adoniram K. Hotchkiss. The Colonel was impressed; he had a duellist's respect for punctuality.

The man entered with a nod and the expectant inquiring look of a busy man. As his feet crossed that sacred threshold the Colonel became all courtesy: he placed a chair for his visitor, and took his hat from his half-reluctant hand. He then opened a cupboard and brought out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses.

"A — er — slight refreshment, Mr. Hotchkiss," he suggested, politely. "I never drink," replied Hotchkiss, with the severe attitude of a total abstainer. "Ah —er—not the finest Bourbon whiskey, selected by a Kentucky friend? No? Pardon me! A cigar, then — the mildest Havana."

"I do not use tobacco nor alcohol in any form," repeated Hotchkiss, asceticallly. "I have no foolish weaknesses."

The Colonel's moist, beady eyes swept silently over his client's sallow face. He leaned back comfortably in his chair, and half closing his eyes as in dreamy reminiscence, said, slowly: "Your reply, Mr. Hotchkiss, reminds me of—er—sing'lar circumstance that—er—occurred in point of fact—at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans. Pinkey Hornblower—personal friend—invited Senator Doolittle to join him in social glass. Received, sing'larly enough, reply similar to yours. 'Don't drink nor smoke?' said Pinkey. 'Gad, sir, you must be mighty sweet on the ladies.' Ha!" The Colonel paused long enough to allow the faint flush to pass from Hotchkiss's cheek, and went on, half closing his eyes: "'I allow no man, sir, to discuss my personal habits,' said Doolittle, over his shirt collar. 'Then I reckon shootin' must be one of those habits,' said Pinkey, coolly. Both men drove out on the Shell Road back of cemetery next morning. Pinkey put bullet at twelve paces through Doolittle's temple. Poor Doo never spoke again. Left three wives and seven children, they say—two of 'em black."

"I got a note from you this morning," said Hotchkiss, with badly concealed impatience. "I suppose in reference to our case. You have taken judgment, I believe." The Colonel, without replying, slowly filled a glass of whiskey and water. For a moment he held it dreamily before him, as if still engaged in gentle reminiscences called up by the act. Then tossing if off, he wiped his lips with a large white handkerchief, and leaning back comfortably in his chair, said, with a wave of his hand, "The interview I requested, Mr. Hotchkiss, concerns a subject—which I may say is—er—er—at present *not* of a public or business nature —although *later* it might become—er—er —both. It is an affair of some—er—delicacy."

The Colonel paused, and Mr. Hotchkiss regarded him with increased impatience. The Colonel, however, continued, with unchanged deliberation: "It concerns—er —er—a young lady—a beautiful, high-souled creature, sir, who, apart from her personal loveliness—er—er—I may say is of one of the first families of Missouri, and—er—not remotely connected by marriage with one of—er—er—my boyhood's dearest friends." The latter, I grieve to say, was a pure invention of the Colonel's —an oratorical addition to the scanty information he had obtained the previous day. "The young lady," he continued, blandly, "enjoys the further distinction of being the object of such attention from you as would make this interview—really —a confidential matter—er—er—among friends and—er—er—relations in present and future. I need not say that the lady I refer to is Miss Zaidee Juno Hooker, only daughter of Almira Ann Hooker, rel-

ict of Jefferson Brown Hooker, formerly of Boone County, Kentucky, and latterly of—er—Pike County, Missouri."

The sallow, ascetic hue of Mr. Hotchkiss's face had passed through a livid and then a greenish shade, and finally settled into a sullen red. "What's all this about?" he demanded, roughly. The least touch of belligerent fire came into Starbottle's eye, but his bland courtesy did not change. "I believe," he said, politely, "I have made myself clear as between—er—gentlemen, though perhaps not as clear as I should to—er—er—jury."

Mr. Hotchkiss was apparently struck with some significance in the lawyer's reply. "I don't know," he said, in a lower and more cautious voice, "what you mean by what you call 'my attentions' to—any one—or how it concerns you. I have not exchanged half a dozen words with—the person you name—have never written her a line—nor even called at her house." He rose with an assumption of ease, pulled down his waistcoat, buttoned his coat, and took up his hat. The Colonel did not move. "I believe I have already indicated my meaning in what I have called 'your attentions,'" said the Colonel, blandly, "and given you my 'concern' for speaking as—er—er—mutual friend. As to *your* statement of your relations with Miss Hooker, I may state that it is fully corroborated by the statement of the young lady herself in this very office yesterday."

"Then what does this impertinent nonsense mean? Why am I summoned here?" said Hotchkiss, furiously.

"Because," said the Colonel, deliberately, "that statement is infamously—yes, damnably to your discredit, sir!"

Mr. Hotchkiss was here seized by one of those impotent and inconsistent rages which occasionally betray the habitually cautious and timid man. He caught up the Colonel's stick, which was lying on the table. At the same moment the Colonel, without any apparent effort, grasped it by the handle. To Mr. Hotchkiss's astonishment, the stick separated in two pieces, leaving the handle and about two feet of narrow glittering steel in the Colonel's hand. The man recoiled, dropping the useless fragment. The Colonel picked it up, fitted the shining blade in it, clicked the spring, and then rising, with a face of courtesy yet of unmistakably genuine pain, and with even a slight tremor in his voice, said, gravely:

"Mr. Hotchkiss, I owe you a thousand apologies, sir, that—er—a weapon should be drawn by me—even through your own inadvertence—under the sacred protection of my roof, and upon an unarmed man. I beg your pardon, sir, and I even withdraw the expressions which provoked that inadvertence. Nor does this apology prevent you from holding me responsible—personally responsible—*elsewhere* for an indiscretion committed in behalf of a lady—my—er—client."

"Your client? Do you mean you have taken her case? You, the counsel for the Ditch Company?" said Mr. Hotchkiss, in trembling indignation.

"Having won *your* case, sir," said the Colonel, coolly, "the—er—usages of advocacy do not prevent me from espousing the cause of the weak and unprotected."

"We shall see, sir," said Hotchkiss, grasping the handle of the door and backing into the passage. "There are other lawyers who—"

"Permit me to see you out," interrupted the Colonel, rising politely.

"—will be ready to resist the attacks of blackmail," continued Hotchkiss, retreating along the passage.

"And then you will be able to repeat your remarks to me *in the street*," continued the Colonel, bowing, as he persisted in following his visitor to the door.

But here Mr. Hotchkiss quickly slammed it behind him, and hurried away. The Colonel returned to his office, and sitting down, took a sheet of letter-paper bearing the inscription "Starbottle and Stryker, Attorneys and Counsellors," and wrote the following lines:

"Hooker *versus* Hotchkiss.

"DEAR MADAM,—Having had a visit from the defendant in above, we should be pleased to have an interview with you at 2 P.M. tomorrow. Your obedient servants.

STARBOTTLE AND STRYKER."

This he sealed and despatched by his trusted servant Jim, and then devoted a few moments to reflection. It was the custom of the Colonel to act first, and justify the action by reason afterwards.

He knew that Hotchkiss would at once lay the matter before rival counsel. He

knew that they would advise him that Miss Hooker had "no case"—that she would be nonsuited on her own evidence, and he ought not to compromise, but be ready to stand trial. He believed, however, that Hotchkiss feared that exposure, and although his own instincts had been at first against that remedy, he was now instinctively in favor of it. He remembered his own power with a jury; his vanity and his chivalry alike approved of this heroic method; he was bound by no prosaic facts—he had his own theory of the case, which no mere evidence could gainsay. In fact, Mrs. Hooker's own words that "he was to tell the story in his own way" actually appeared to him an inspiration and a prophecy.

Perhaps there was something else, due possibly to the lady's wonderful eyes, of which he had thought much. Yet it was not her simplicity that affected him solely; on the contrary, it was her apparent intelligent reading of the character of her recreant lover—and of his own! Of all the Colonel's previous "light" or "serious" loves none had ever before flattered him in that way. And it was this, combined with the respect which he had held for their professional relations, that precluded his having a more familiar knowledge of his client, through serious questioning, or playful gallantry. I am not sure it was not part of the charm to have a rustic *femme incomprise* as a client.

Nothing could exceed the respect with which he greeted her as she entered his office the next day. He even affected not to notice that she had put on her best clothes, and he made no doubt appeared as when she had first attracted the mature yet faithless attentions of Deacon Hotchkiss at church. A white virginal muslin was belted around her slim figure by a blue ribbon, and her Leghorn hat was drawn around her oval cheek by a bow of the same color. She had a Southern girl's narrow feet, encased in white stockings and kid slippers, which were crossed primly before her as she sat in a chair, supporting her arm by her faithful parasol planted firmly on the floor. A faint odor of southernwood exhaled from her, and, oddly enough, stirred the Colonel with a far-off recollection of a pine-shaded Sunday-school on a Georgia hillside and of his first love, aged ten, in a short starched frock. Possibly it was the same recollection that revived something of the awkwardness he had felt then.

He, however, smiled vaguely, and sitting down, coughed slightly, and placed his finger-tips together. "I have had an—er—interview with Mr. Hotchkiss, but—I—er—regret to say there seems to be no prospect of—er—compromise." He paused, and to his surprise her listless "company" face lit up with an adorable smile. "Of course!—ketch him!" she said. "Was he mad when you told him?" She put her knees comfortably together and leaned forward for a reply.

For all that, wild horses could not have torn from the Colonel a word about Hotchkiss's anger. "He expressed his intention of employing counsel—and defending a suit," returned the Colonel, affably basking in her smile. She dragged her chair nearer his desk. "Then you'll fight him tooth and nail?" she said, eagerly; "you'll show him up? You'll tell the whole story your own way? You'll give him fits?—and you'll make him pay? Sure?" she went on, breathlessly.

"I—er—will," said the Colonel, almost as breathlessly.

She caught his fat white hand, which was lying on the table, between her own and lifted it to her lips. He felt her soft young fingers even through the lisle-thread gloves that encased them and the warm moisture of her lips upon his skin. He felt himself flushing—but was unable to break the silence or change his position. The next moment she had scuttled back with her chair to her old position.

"I—er—certainly shall do my best," stammered the Colonel, in an attempt to recover his dignity and composure.

"That's enough! You'll *do* it," said the girl, enthusiastically. "Lordy! Just you talk for *me* as ye did for *his* old Ditch Company, and you'll fetch it—every time! Why, when you made that jury sit up the other day—when you got that off about the Merrikan flag waving equally over the rights of honest citizens banded together in peaceful commercial pursuits, as well as over the fortress of official proflig—"

"Oligarchy," murmured the Colonel, courteously.

"Oligarchy," repeated the girl, quickly, "my breath was just took away. I

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said to maw, 'Ain't he too sweet for anything!' I did, honest Injin! And when you rolled it all off at the end—never missing a word—(you didn't need to mark 'em in a lesson-book, but had 'em all ready on your tongue), and walked out— Well! I didn't know you nor the Ditch Company from Adam, but I could have just run over and kissed you there before the whole court!"

She laughed, with her face glowing, although her strange eyes were cast down. Alack! the Colonel's face was equally flushed, and his own beady eyes were on his desk. To any other woman he would have voiced the banal gallantry that he should now, himself, look forward to that reward, but the words never reached his lips. He laughed, coughed slightly, and when he looked up again she had fallen into the same attitude as on her first visit, with her parasol point on the floor.

"I must ask you to—er—direct your memory to—er—another point: the breaking off of the—er—er—er—engagement. Did he—er—give any reason for it? Or show any cause?"

"No; he never said anything," returned the girl.

"Not in his usual way?—er—no reproaches out of the hymn-book?—or the sacred writings?"

"No; he just *quit*."

"Er—ceased his attentions," said the Colonel, gravely. "And naturally you —er—were not conscious of any cause for his doing so." The girl raised her wonderful eyes so suddenly and so penetratingly without replying in any other way that the Colonel could only hurriedly say: "I see! None, of course!"

At which she rose, the Colonel rising also. "We—shall begin proceedings at once. I must, however, caution you to answer no questions nor say anything about this case to any one until you are in court."

She answered his request with another intelligent look and a nod. He accompanied her to the door. As he took her proffered hand he raised the lisle-thread fingers to his lips with old-fashioned gallantry. As if that act had condoned for his first omissions and awkwardness, he became his old-fashioned self again, buttoned his coat, pulled out his shirt frill, and strutted back to his desk.

A day or two later it was known throughout the town that Zaidee Hooker had sued Adoniram Hotchkiss for breach of promise, and that the damages were laid at five thousand dollars. As in those bucolic days the Western press was under the secure censorship of a revolver, a cautious tone of criticism prevailed, and any gossip was confined to personal expression, and even then at the risk of the gossiper. Nevertheless, the situation provoked the intensest curiosity. The Colonel was approached—until his statement that he should consider any attempt to overcome his professional secrecy a personal reflection withheld further advances. The community were left to the more ostentatious information of the defendant's counsel, Messrs. Kitcham and Bilser, that the case was "ridiculous" and "rotten," that the plaintiff would be nonsuited, and the fire-eating Starbottle would be taught a lesson that he could not "bully" the law—and there were some dark hints of a conspiracy. It was even hinted that the "case" was the revengeful and preposterous outcome of the refusal of Hotchkiss to pay Starbottle an extravagant fee for his late services to the Ditch Company. It is unnecessary to say that these words were not reported to the Colonel. It was, however, an unfortunate circumstance for the calmer, ethical consideration of the subject that the church sided with Hotchkiss, as this provoked an equal adherence to the plaintiff and Starbottle on the part of the larger body of non-church-goers, who were delighted at a possible exposure of the weakness of religious rectitude. "I've allus had my suspicions o' them early candle-light meetings down at that gospel shop," said one critic, "and I reckon Deacon Hotchkiss didn't rope in the gals to attend jest for psalm-singing." "Then for him to get up and leave the board afore the game's finished and try to sneak out of it," said another. "I suppose that's what they call *religious*."

It was therefore not remarkable that the court-house three weeks later was crowded with an excited multitude of the curious and sympathizing. The fair plaintiff, with her mother, was early in attendance, and under the Colonel's advice appeared in the same modest garb in which she had first visited his office.

This and her downcast modest demeanor were perhaps at first disappointing to the crowd, who had evidently expected a paragon of loveliness—as the Circe of the grim ascetic defendant, who sat beside his counsel. But presently all eyes were fixed on the Colonel, who certainly made up in *his* appearance any deficiency of his fair client. His portly figure was clothed in a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat which permitted his frilled shirt front to become erectile above it, a black satin stock which confined a boyish turned-down collar around his full neck, and immaculate drill trousers, strapped over varnished boots. A murmur ran round the court. "Old 'Personally Responsible' had got his war-paint on," "The Old War-Horse is smelling powder," were whispered comments. Yet for all that the most irreverent among them recognized vaguely, in this bizarre figure, something of an honored past in their country's history, and possibly felt the spell of old deeds and old names that had once thrilled their boyish pulses.



"I NEVER DRINK," REPLIED HOTCHKISS, WITH THE SEVERE ATTITUDE OF A TOTAL ABSTAINER

The new District Judge returned Colonel Starbottle's profoundly punctilious bow. The Colonel was followed by his negro servant, carrying a parcel of hymn-books and Bibles, who, with a courtesy evidently imitated from his master, placed one before the opposite counsel. This, after a first curious glance, the lawyer somewhat superciliously tossed aside. But when Jim, proceeding to the jury-box, placed with equal politeness the remaining copies before the Jury, the opposite counsel sprang to his feet.

"I want to direct the attention of the Court to this unprecedented tampering with the Jury, by this gratuitous exhibition of matter impertinent and irrelevant to the issue."

The Judge cast an inquiring look at Colonel Starbottle.

"May it please the Court," returned

Colonel Starbottle with dignity, ignoring the counsel, "the defendant's counsel will observe that he is already furnished with the matter—which I regret to say he has treated—in the presence of the Court—and of his client, a deacon of the church—with—er—great supercilliousness. When I state to your Honor that the books in question are hymn-books and copies of the Holy Scriptures, and that they are for the instruction of the Jury, to whom I shall have to refer them in the course of my opening, I believe I am within my rights."

"The act is certainly unprecedented," said the Judge, dryly, "but unless the counsel for the plaintiff expects the Jury to *sing* from these hymn-books, their introduction is not improper, and I cannot admit the objection. As defendant's counsel are furnished with copies also, they cannot plead 'surprise,' as in the introduction of new matter, and as plaintiff's counsel relies evidently upon the Jury's attention to his opening, he would not be the first person to distract it." After a pause he added, addressing the Colonel, who remained standing, "The Court is with you, sir; proceed."

But the Colonel remained motionless and statuesque, with folded arms.

"I have overruled the objection," repeated the Judge; "you may go on."

"I am waiting, your Honor, for the—er—withdrawal by the defendant's counsel of the word 'tampering,' as refers to myself, and of 'impertinent,' as refers to the sacred volumes."

"The request is a proper one, and I have no doubt will be acceded to," returned the Judge, quietly. The defendant's counsel rose and mumbled a few words of apology, and the incident closed. There was, however, a general feeling that the Colonel had in some way "scored," and if his object had been to excite the greatest curiosity about the books, he had made his point.

But impassive of his victory, he inflated his chest, with his right hand in the breast of his buttoned coat, and began. His usual high color had paled slightly, but the small pupils of his prominent eyes glittered like steel. The young girl leaned forward in her chair with an attention so breathless, a sympathy so quick, and an admiration so artless and unconscious that in an instant she divided with the speaker the attention of the whole assemblage. It was very hot; the court was crowded to suffocation; even the open windows revealed a crowd of faces outside the building, eagerly following the Colonel's words.

He would remind the Jury that only a few weeks ago he stood there as the advocate of a powerful company, then represented by the present defendant. He spoke then as the champion of strict justice against legal oppression: no less should he to-day champion the cause of the unprotected and the comparatively defenceless — save for that paramount power which surrounds beauty and innocence — even though the plaintiff of yesterday was the defendant of to-day. As he approached the court a moment ago he had raised his eyes and beheld the starry flag flying from its dome—and he knew that glorious banner was a symbol of the perfect equality, under the Constitution, of the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak—an equality which made the simple citizen taken from the plough in the field, the pick in the gulch, or from behind the counter in the mining town, who served on that Jury, the equal arbiters of justice with that highest legal luminary whom they were proud to welcome on the bench to-day. The Colonel paused, with a stately bow to the impassive Judge. It was this, he continued, which lifted his heart as he approached the building. And yet—he had entered it with an uncertain—he might almost say—a timid step. And why? He knew, gentlemen, he was about to confront a profound—aye! a sacred responsibility! Those hymn-books and holy writings handed to the Jury were *not*, as his Honor had surmised, for the purpose of enabling the Jury to indulge in—er—preliminary choral exercise! He might, indeed, say "alas, not!" They were the damning, incontrovertible proofs of the perfidy of the defendant. And they would prove as terrible a warning to him as the fatal characters upon Belshazzar's wall. There was a strong sensation. Hotchkiss turned a sallow green. His lawyers assumed a careless smile.

It was his duty to tell them that this was not one of those ordinary "breach-of-promise" cases which were too often the



"NO: HE JUST QUIT."

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occasion of ruthless mirth and indecent levity in the court-room. The Jury would find nothing of that here. There were no love-letters with the epithets of endearment, nor those mystic crosses and ciphers which, he had been credibly informed, chastely hid the exchange of those mutual caresses known as "kisses." There was no cruel tearing of the veil from those sacred privacies of the human affection—there was no forensic shouting out of those fond confidences meant only for *one*. But there was, he was shocked to say, a new sacrilegious intrusion. The weak pipings of Cupid were mingled with the chorus of the saints—the sanctity of the temple known as the "meeting-house" was desecrated by proceedings more in keeping with the shrine of Venus—and the inspired writings themselves were used as the medium of amatory and wanton flirtation by the defendant in his sacred capacity as Deacon.

The Colonel artistically paused after this thunderous denunciation. The Jury turned eagerly to the leaves of the hymn-books, but the larger gaze of the audience remained fixed upon the speaker and the girl, who sat in rapt admiration of his periods. After the hush, the Colonel continued in a lower and sadder voice: "There are, perhaps, few of us here, gentlemen—with the exception of the defendant—who can arrogate to themselves the title of regular church-goers, or to whom these humbler functions of the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, and the Bible class are habitually familiar. Yet"—more solemnly—"down in our hearts is the deep conviction of our shortcomings and failings, and a laudable desire that others at least should profit by the teachings we neglect. Perhaps," he continued, closing his eyes dreamily, "there is not a man here who does not recall the happy days of his boyhood, the rustic village spire, the lessons shared with some artless village maiden, with whom he later sauntered, hand in hand, through the woods, as the simple rhyme rose upon their lips,

'Always make it a point to have it a rule
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.'

He would recall the strawberry feasts, the welcome annual picnic, redolent with hunks of gingerbread and sarsaparilla. How would they feel to know that these sacred recollections were now forever profaned in their memory by the knowledge that the defendant was capable of using such occasions to make love to the larger girls and teachers, whilst his artless companions were innocently—the Court will pardon me for introducing what I am credibly informed is the local expression—'doing gooseberry'?" The tremulous flicker of a smile passed over the faces of the listening crowd, and the Colonel slightly winced. But he recovered himself instantly, and continued:

"My client, the only daughter of a widowed mother—who has for years stemmed the varying tides of adversity—in the western precincts of this town—stands before you to-day invested only in her own innocence. She wears no—er—rich gifts of her faithless admirer—is panoplied in no jewels, rings, nor mementos of affection such as lovers delight to hang upon the shrine of their affections; hers is not the glory with which Solomon decorated the Queen of Sheba, though the defendant, as I shall show later, clothed her in the less expensive flowers of the king's poetry. No! gentlemen! The defendant exhibited in this affair a certain frugality of—er—pecuniary investment, which I am willing to admit may be commendable in his class. His only gift was characteristic alike of his methods and his economy. There is, I understand, a certain not unimportant feature of religious exercise known as 'taking a collection.' The defendant, on this occasion, by the mute presentation of a tin plate covered with baize, solicited the pecuniary contributions of the faithful. On approaching the plaintiff, however, he himself slipped a love-token upon the plate and pushed it towards her. That love-token was a lozenge—a small disk, I have reason to believe, concocted of peppermint and sugar, bearing upon its reverse surface the simple words, 'I love you!' I have since ascertained that these disks may be bought for five cents a dozen—or at considerably less than one half-cent for the single lozenge. Yes, gentlemen, the words 'I love you!'—the oldest legend of all; the refrain 'when the morning stars sang together'—were presented to the plaintiff by a medium so insignificant that there

is, happily, no coin in the republic low enough to represent its value.

"I shall prove to you, gentlemen of the Jury," said the Colonel, solemnly, drawing a Bible from his coat-tail pocket, "that the defendant, for the last twelve months, conducted an amatory correspondence with the plaintiff by means of underlined words of sacred writ and church psalmody, such as 'beloved,' 'precious,' and 'dearest,' occasionally appropriating whole passages which seemed apposite to his tender passion. I shall call your attention to one of them. The defendant, while professing to be a total abstainer—a man who, in my own knowledge, has refused spirituous refreshment as an inordinate weakness of the flesh, with shameless hypocrisy underscores with his pencil the following passage and presents it to the plaintiff. The gentlemen of the Jury will find it in the Song of Solomon, page 548, chapter ii., verse 5." After a pause, in which the rapid rustling of leaves was heard in the jury-box, Colonel Starbottle declaimed in a pleading, stentorian voice, "Stay me with —er—*flagons*, comfort me with—er—apples—for I am—er—sick of love." "Yes, gentlemen!—yes, you may well turn from those accusing pages and look at the double-faced defendant. He desires—to —er—be—'stayed with flagons!' I am not aware, at present, what kind of liquor is habitually dispensed at these meetings, and for which the defendant so urgently clamored; but it will be my duty before this trial is over to discover it, if I have to summon every barkeeper in this district. For the moment, I will simply call your attention to the *quantity*. It is not a single drink that the defendant asks for—not a glass of light and generous wine, to be shared with his inamorata—but a number of flagons or vessels, each possibly holding a pint measure—*for himself!*"

The smile of the audience had become a laugh. The Judge looked up warningly, when his eye caught the fact that the Colonel had again winced at this mirth. He regarded him seriously. Mr. Hotchkiss's counsel had joined in the laugh affectedly, but Hotchkiss himself sat ashy pale. There was also a commotion in the jury-box, a hurried turning over of leaves, and an excited discussion.

"The gentlemen of the Jury," said the Judge, with official gravity, "will please keep order and attend only to the speeches of counsel. Any discussion *here* is irregular and premature—and must be reserved for the jury-room—after they have retired."

The foreman of the Jury struggled to his feet. He was a powerful man, with a good-humored face, and, in spite of his unfelicitous nickname of "The Bone-Breaker," had a kindly, simple, but somewhat emotional nature. Nevertheless, it appeared as if he were laboring under some powerful indignation.

"Can we ask a question, Judge?" he said, respectfully, although his voice had the unmistakable Western-American ring in it, as of one who was unconscious that he could be addressing any but his peers.

"Yes," said the Judge, good-humoredly.

"We're finding in this yere piece, out o' which the Kernel hes just bin a-quotin', some language that me and my pardners allow hadn't orter to be read out afore a young lady in court—and we want to know of you—ez a far-minded and impartial man—ef this is the reg'lar kind o' book given to gals and babies down at the meetin'-house."

"The Jury will please follow the counsel's speech, without comment," said the Judge, briefly, fully aware that the defendant's counsel would spring to his feet, as he did promptly. "The Court will allow us to explain to the gentlemen that the language they seem to object to has been accepted by the best theologians for the last thousand years as being purely mystic. As I will explain later, those are merely symbols of the Church—"

"Of wot?" interrupted the foreman, in deep scorn.

"Of the Church!"

"We ain't askin' any questions o' *you* —and we ain't takin' any answers," said the foreman, sitting down abruptly.

"I must insist," said the Judge, sternly, "that the plaintiff's counsel be allowed to continue his opening without interruption. You" (to defendant's counsel) "will have your opportunity to reply later."

The counsel sank down in his seat with the bitter conviction that the Jury was manifestly against him, and the case as good as lost. But his face was scarcely as disturbed as his client's, who, in

great agitation, had begun to argue with him wildly, and was apparently pressing some point against the lawyer's vehement opposal. The Colonel's murky eyes brightened as he still stood erect with his hand thrust in his breast.

"It will be put to you, gentlemen, when the counsel on the other side refrains from mere interruption and confines himself to reply, that my unfortunate client has no action—no remedy at law—because there were no spoken words of endearment. But, gentlemen, it will depend upon *you* to say what are and what are not articulate expressions of love. We all know that among the lower animals, with whom you may possibly be called upon to classify the defendant, there are certain signals more or less harmonious, as the case may be. The ass brays, the horse neighs, the sheep bleats—the feathered denizens of the grove call to their mates in more musical roundelays. These are recognized facts, gentlemen, which you yourselves, as dwellers among nature in this beautiful land, are all cognizant of. They are facts that no one would deny—and we should have a poor opinion of the ass who, at—er—such a supreme moment, would attempt to suggest that his call was unthinking and without significance. But, gentlemen, I shall prove to you that such was the foolish, self-convicting custom of the defendant. With the greatest reluctance, and the—er—greatest pain, I succeeded in wresting from the maidenly modesty of my fair client the innocent confession that the defendant had induced her to correspond with him in these methods. Picture to yourself, gentlemen, the lonely moonlight road beside the widow's humble cottage. It is a beautiful night, sanctified to the affections, and the innocent girl is leaning from her casement. Presently there appears upon the road a slinking, stealthy figure — the defendant, on his way to church. True to the instruction she has received from him, her lips part in the musical utterance" (the Colonel lowered his voice in a faint falsetto, presumably in fond imitation of his fair client), "'Kerree!' Instantly the night becomes resonant with the impassioned reply" (the Colonel here lifted his voice in stentorian tones), "'Kerrow.' Again, as he passes, rises the soft 'Kerree'; again, as his form is lost in the distance, comes back the deep 'Kerrow.'"

A burst of laughter, long, loud, and irrepressible, struck the whole court-room, and before the Judge could lift his half-composed face and take his handkerchief from his mouth, a faint "Kerree" from some unrecognized obscurity of the court-room was followed by a loud "Kerrow" from some opposite locality. "The sheriff will clear the court," said the Judge, sternly; but alas, as the embarrassed and choking officials rushed hither and thither, a soft "Kerree" from the spectators at the window, *outside* the court-house, was answered by a loud chorus of "Kerrows" from the opposite windows, filled with onlookers. Again the laughter arose everywhere—even the fair plaintiff herself sat convulsed behind her handkerchief.

The figure of Colonel Starbottle alone remained erect—white and rigid. And then the Judge, looking up, saw what no one else in the court had seen—that the Colonel was sincere and in earnest; that what he had conceived to be the pleader's most perfect acting, and most elaborate irony, were the deep, serious, mirthless *convictions* of a man without the least sense of humor. There was a touch of this respect in the Judge's voice as he said to him, gently, "You may proceed, Colonel Starbottle."

"I thank your Honor," said the Colonel, slowly, "for recognizing and doing all in your power to prevent an interruption that, during my thirty years' experience at the bar, I have never yet been subjected to without the privilege of holding the instigators thereof responsible—*personally* responsible. It is possibly my fault that I have failed, oratorically, to convey to the gentlemen of the Jury the full force and significance of the defendant's signals. I am aware that my voice is singularly deficient in producing either the dulcet tones of my fair client or the impassioned vehemence of the defendant's response. I will," continued the Colonel, with a fatigued but blind fatuity that ignored the hurriedly knit brows and warning eyes of the Judge, "try again. The note uttered by my client" (lowering his voice to the faintest of falsettos) "was 'Kerree'"; the response was 'Kerrowow'"—and the Colonel's voice fairly shook the dome above him.

Another uproar of laughter followed this apparently audacious repetition, but was interrupted by an unlooked-for incident. The defendant rose abruptly, and tearing himself away from the withholding hand and pleading protestations of his counsel, absolutely fled from the court-room, his appearance outside being recognized by a prolonged "Kerrow" from the bystanders, which again and again followed him in the distance. In the momentary silence which followed, the Colonel's voice was heard saying, "We rest here, your Honor," and he sat down. No less white, but more agitated, was the face of the defendant's counsel, who instantly rose.

"For some unexplained reason, your Honor, my client desires to suspend further proceedings, with a view to effect a peaceable compromise with the plaintiff. As he is a man of wealth and position, he is able and willing to pay liberally for that privilege. While I, as his counsel, am still convinced of his legal irresponsibility, as he has chosen, however, to publicly abandon his rights here, I can only ask your Honor's permission to suspend further proceedings until I can confer with Colonel Starbottle."

"As far as I can follow the pleadings," said the Judge, gravely, "the case seems to be hardly one for litigation, and I approve of the defendant's course, while I strongly urge the plaintiff to accept it."

Colonel Starbottle bent over his fair client. Presently he rose, unchanged in look or demeanor. "I yield, your Honor, to the wishes of my client, and—er—lady. We accept."



"WE REST HERE, YOUR HONOR"

Before the court adjourned that day it was known throughout the town that Adoniram K. Hotchkiss had compromised the suit for four thousand dollars and costs.

Colonel Starbottle had so far recovered his equanimity as to strut jauntily towards his office, where he was to meet his fair client. He was surprised, however, to find her already there, and in company with a somewhat sheepish-looking young man—a stranger. If the Colonel had any disappointment in meeting a third party to the interview, his old-fashioned courtesy did not permit him to show it. He bowed graciously, and politely motioned them each to a seat.

"I reckoned I'd bring Hiram round with me," said the young lady, lifting her searching eyes, after a pause, to the Colonel's, "though he *was* awful shy, and allowed that you didn't know him from Adam—or even suspected his existence. But I said, 'That's just where you slip up, Hiram; a pow'ful man like the Colonel knows everything—and I've seen it in his eye.' Lordy!" she continued, with a laugh, leaning forward over her parasol, as her eyes again sought the Colonel's, "don't you remember when you asked me if I loved that old Hotchkiss, and I told you 'That's tellin',' and you looked at me, Lordy! I knew *then* you suspected there was a Hiram *somewhere* —as good as if I'd told you. Now, you, jest get up, Hiram, and give the Colonel a good hand-shake. For if it wasn't for *him* and *his* searchin' ways, and *his* awful

power of language. I wouldn't hev got that four thousand dollars out o' that flirty fool Hotchkiss—enough to buy a farm, so as you and me could get married! That's what you owe to *him*. Don't stand there like a stuck fool starin' at him. He won't eat you — though he's killed many a better man. Come, have *I* got to do *all* the kissin'!"

It is of record that the Colonel bowed so courteously and so profoundly that he managed not merely to evade the proffered hand of the shy Hiram, but to only lightly touch the franker and more impulsive finger-tips of the gentle Zaidee. "I—er—offer my sincerest congratulations—though I think you—er—overestimate—my—er—powers of penetration. Unfortunately, a pressing engagement, which may oblige me also to leave town to-night, forbids my saying more. I have—er—left the—er—business settlement of this—er—case in the hands of the lawyers who do my office-work, and who will show you every attention. And now let me wish you a very good afternoon."

Nevertheless, the Colonel returned to his private room, and it was nearly twilight when the faithful Jim entered, to find him sitting meditatively before his desk. "'Fo' God! Kernel—I hope dey ain't nuffin de matter, but you's lookin' mighty solemn! I 'ain't seen you look dat way, Kernel, since de day pooh Marse Stryker was fetched home shot froo de head."

"Hand me down the whiskey, Jim," said the Colonel, rising slowly.

The negro flew to the closet joyfully, and brought out the bottle. The Colonel poured out a glass of the spirit and drank it with his old deliberation.

"You're quite right, Jim," he said, putting down his glass, "but I'm—er—getting old—and—somehow—I am missing poor Stryker damnably!"





THE JOHN DAY FOSSIL BEDS

BY JOHN C. MERRIAM

DURING the last three or four decades some of the most notable contributions that American investigators have made to science have been based on the study of fossil remains exhumed in the Bad Lands of the western United States. In these strange formations there have been found, scattered through a great thickness of strata, the remains of race after race of ancient animals, all differing more or less widely from the existing inhabitants of the earth. Through a study of these fossils many previously existing gaps in the history of life have been closed up; a flood of light has been thrown upon innumerable scientific problems; and so many new creatures have been discovered that it has been necessary to modify the scheme of zoological classification considerably in order to accommodate them.

Most of these great fossil fields have received more or less careful attention from the traveller and the scientist, but, strangely enough, one of the longest known and most productive of them, the John Day Basin, of eastern Oregon, which furnishes, perhaps, the most remarkable chapter in the ancient history of the earth, has remained practically unknown, excepting to the few who have actually visited it.

Like many another rich field for scientific investigation, these fossil beds were discovered by a military expedition. In 1861 a number of fossil rhinoceros teeth, in the hands of army officers returning from a campaign against the Indians, attracted the attention of Professor Thomas Condon, then pastor of the Congregational church at The Dalles, Oregon. He perceived that a great discovery had been made. In the following spring he obtained permission to accompany a party going out to re-enforce troops that had wintered in the field, and under military protection he made a reconnoissance tour through the principal fossil localities, but was prevented by marauding Indian bands from collecting many specimens.

Some time after the discovery of the field a number of bones and teeth were sent by Condon to Professor Marsh, of Yale, with the result that Marsh came out post-haste, and having satisfied himself of the importance of the discovery, engaged several collectors, who were employed by him interruptedly for many years. Following the example set by Professor Marsh, many prominent institutions of this country and of Europe have worked over the beds, obtaining the remains of a large number of strange and interesting animals previously unknown.

But for the existence of the John Day River, we would know little regarding the ancient life of eastern Oregon, for great lava floods have covered almost the entire country, burying thousands of feet deep all but the later geological formations. As the result of long ages of erosion, the John Day has cut a deep and narrow valley, which passes through the lavas, and exposes to view, layer upon layer, in almost diagrammatic arrangement, the formations above and below them. In the strata of this section we find entombed the remains of those venerable creatures which attract the scientist to this field; and written, as it were, upon the walls of the great mausoleum, we discover the record of a remarkable series of changes in the physical geography of the country, that occurred in the ages during which these animals inhabited it.

In the erosion of their cañons the John Day and its tributaries have uncovered about ten thousand feet of strata, comprising eight or more geological formations, which represent as many distinct periods in the history of the country. At the bottom of this enormous pile are masses of ancient crystalline rocks the age of which is yet unknown. The lowest well-known strata are two almost inseparable formations, aggregating not less than 3500 feet in thickness. They contain numerous fossil remains which are all of marine animals, and demonstrate the existence of the sea over this region at the time they were being deposited. The lower formation is mainly hardened mud, indicating rather deep water, while the upper one is principally sand and coarse gravel, showing that the sea was shallowing as it accumulated.

The Cretaceous period, to which this, the first legible record in the history of this region, is carried back by these lower formations, though by no means early in geological time, is so remote from the present that it is difficult to measure its distance, except by the magnitude of the changes in the earth and its inhabitants which have taken place since it began. Perhaps the best illustration of this, from the physical stand-point, is found in the fact that at the beginning of Cretaceous time a considerable portion of the strata which now form the Himalayas, the Alps, and the Rocky Mountains were not yet even deposited, as gravel, sand, and mud, on the floor of the ocean; while to the long period required for their accumulation we must add the time necessary for the elevation and sculpturing into their present form of these enormous masses of material.



SKULL OF THREE-TOED HORSE

Though we find no remains of land animals in the Cretaceous beds of the John Day, we know from a study of other



DIGGING OUT A CAMEL SKULL

deposits of the same age that the dominant animals of this period were gigantic, fantastic, reptilian forms, quite unlike anything living at the present day; and that the mammalia, which played such an important rôle in the later John Day life, were represented in the Cretaceous very sparingly by insignificant creatures.

Following the close of the Cretaceous period, during which the fires of the earth were slumbering, there was inaugurated in the John Day region a long era of vulcanism, extending almost up to the present day. In this age volcanic and other igneous activity seems to have been almost continuous in or around the basin, and there were accumulated about 6000 feet of strata, consisting principally of lava and volcanic ashes. The four or five hundred feet of hardened ash and tufa at the bottom of the section are known as the Clarno formation, of Eocene age, and constitute one of the unique scenic features of the valley. Wherever they are exposed, these strata weather very unevenly, producing numberless grotesque balanced rocks and mock statues. Resting upon the Eocene in the river cañon are nearly two thousand feet of soft, fancifully sculptured and pinnacled, and often beautifully colored, ashy beds, designated as the John Day Miocene. Upon the crumpled surface of this formation lie the great Columbia lava beds, three thousand feet thick. Above the lavas are eight hundred feet of tilted ashy strata, the Cottonwood formation, of Pliocene age; and upon these, in nearly horizontal position, are about four hundred feet of coarse gravel and volcanic tufa, the Rattlesnake beds. In the river valleys, which are necessarily younger

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than the strata into which they are cut, we find, on terraces about fifty to seventy-five feet above the stream, the ashy and gravelly remnants of the last deposits formed before the present period.

All the formations of this age of fire contain fossils, but in none of them do we find shells or skeletons of marine animals. The remains are all of land or fresh-water forms, which signifies that the shallowing Cretaceous sea disappeared entirely from the region before the beginning of the following period, and that the later strata were deposited either in fresh water or as ash drifts or flows of mud and lava upon the land. Judging from the character of these deposits, they are generally considered as having originated in large lakes. We have evidence of the existence of four of these inland seas, in which showers of volcanic ash, streams of volcanic mud, and the natural wash from the land, heaped up, layer upon layer, great deposits, the remains of which we now recognize as fossil lake beds in the Clarno, the John Day, the Cottonwood, and the Rattlesnake formations.

Some of the lakes seem to have extended over large areas. Scattering outcrops of these deposits are found over a great portion of eastern Oregon, indicating at least a correspondingly wide extension of the ancient seas. The relations of the strata of successive deposits to each other show that the bed of the Eocene lake had apparently been dry some time before the waters of the John Day lake began to gather. We know also that the second, in turn, was dried up before the first eruption of the Columbia lavas, for we often find in the bottom of the lower lava beds the charred remains of forest trees, which thickly covered the upper surface of the John Day formation when they were overwhelmed and buried by the first flows.

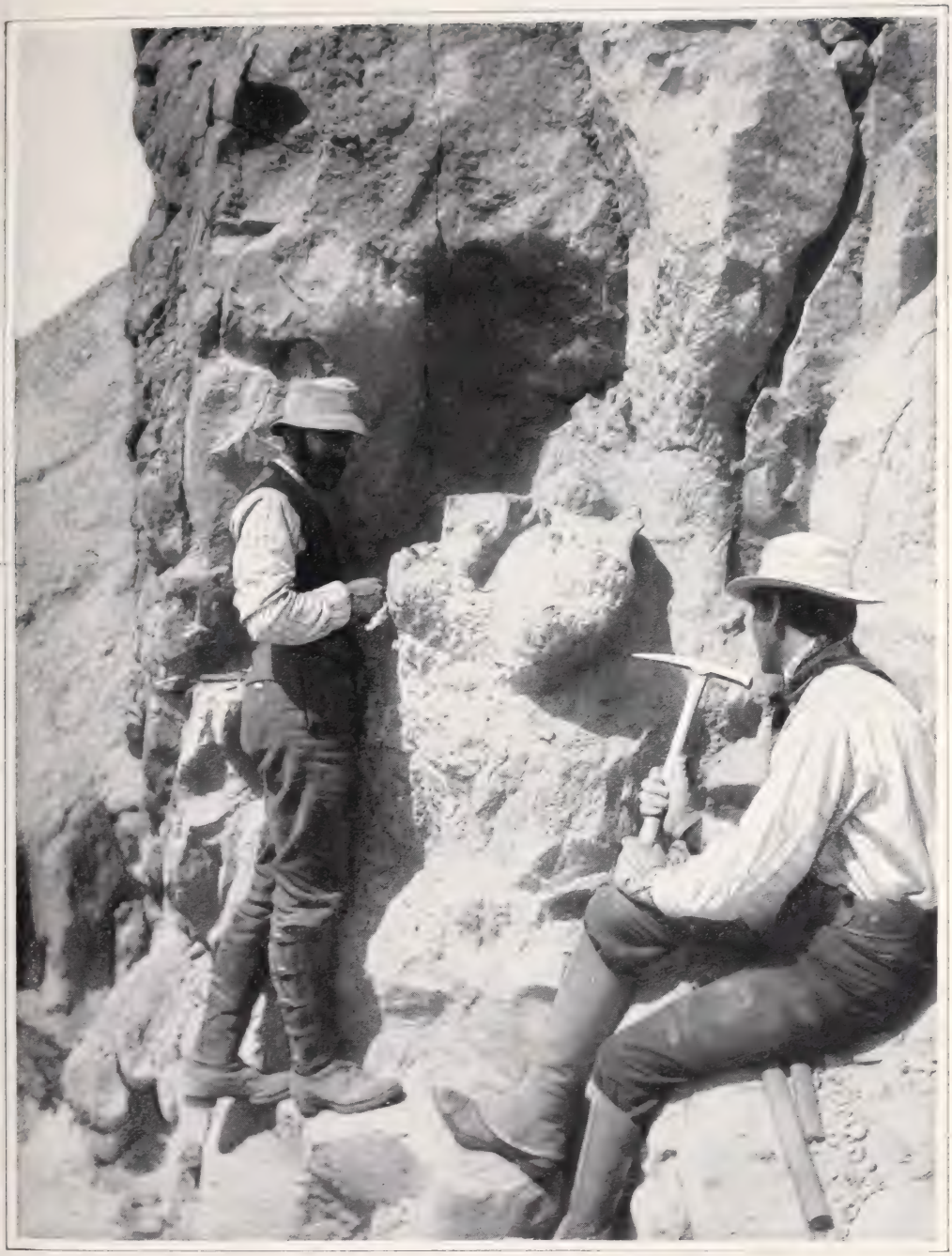
The Columbia lava formation, as we find it here, is one of the most remarkable products of igneous activity which the world has known. Varying from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet in thickness over an area of approximately 200,000 square miles, it represents an enormous mass of molten material removed from beneath the earth's crust and poured out upon its surface. It was not, as has sometimes been supposed, due to a single great volcanic outburst, but is composed of a large number of small flows that were apparently poured out at intervals during a long period.

Little is known as yet regarding the sources from which the immense quantity of lava and ashes in eastern Oregon has been derived, or of the vents through which it came to the surface. The magnificent volcanic cones of the Cascade Range to the west, which would naturally be considered as the source, are not of sufficient calibre to furnish all this erupted material, and are, moreover, of later age than part of it.

Beneath the lava the strata are in many places broken or faulted by many great fractures, and into some of these the molten basaltic material has been squeezed, forming dikes. The Davis dikes, crossing the main John Day River near the junction of the North and South forks, extend, with some slight interruptions, for about fifteen miles as a well-marked wall of basalt many feet in height. Though it has not yet been possible to connect the dikes with the flows above, it is pretty certain that the great lava masses are the result of what are known as fissure eruptions, or the squeezing out of vast bodies of molten material through wide cracks in the earth's crust.

Where it has not been cut through by streams, the Columbia lava now covers the whole of the John Day country north of the East Fork as a nearly horizontal sheet. Along the northern side of this valley it bends down sharply, passing beneath the river-bed, and in this depression rest the strata which give us the next chapter in the history of the region, namely, the deposits of the Cottonwood lake. These beds, as well as those of the Rattlesnake formation just above them, are tilted in the same direction as the lava, indicating that the sinking of the lake floor was continued through a long period, the last subsidence having given a slight slope to the uppermost strata. Deposits similar to those of the Cottonwood and Rattlesnake lakes are found at other localities in eastern Oregon, and a number of large bodies of water probably existed here on a wide lava plain in Pliocene time.

One incontestable proof of the great antiquity of even the uppermost strata



AN IMPORTANT FIND

CUTTING OUT OF THE ROCK THE CRANIUM AND LOWER JAW OF A LARGE ELOTHERIUM

of the John Day section is furnished by the cañon-cutting of the rivers, which is perhaps the most striking thing in the average landscape of the basin. Everywhere the narrow valleys show on either side the edges of similar beds that were evidently once connected. This means that the great gorges have been formed since the deposition of the uppermost strata through which they cut. That many millenniums would be required by the streams in scouring their way through the adamantine lavas and into the formations below, at the most rapid rate at which they wear, is evident to any one who looks into the chasms that are the result of their work. An interesting confirmation of the evidence supplied by erosion is found in the occurrence of remains of the mammoth, and other animals now long extinct, in the terraces near the bottom of the valley. These deposits, with the included remains, are stranded remnants of stream wash, formed when the excavation of the gorge had advanced almost to the present stage.

The purely physical history of the John Day Basin is in itself a subject of absorbing interest. The kaleidoscopic changes in the geological record present to us in succession over the same area the deep waters of an open sea, an alternation of great lakes and dry plains, an ocean of molten stone, a second series of alternating lakes and plains, and finally the existing landscape, cut by persistent abrading of the streams out of the débris accumulated in preceding ages. All this shows plainly that the physical features of the earth's surface, which serve as our symbols of the everlasting and unchangeable, only appear permanent because the range of human observation is limited to a mere moment in the long stretch of geological time.



ELOTHERIUM SKULL, BRIDGE CREEK. LENGTH OF SKULL ABOUT THIRTY INCHES

To a student of living things, these physical revolutions are, however, only changes of scene in the history of the creatures which have inhabited this region. His chief interest centres on those living beings which kept the flame of life alive through these long ages.

The history of the ancient inhabitants of the country is furnished us by the remains entombed in the strata of successive periods at the time of their accumulation. The majority of the fossils found are single bones and teeth, or parts of skeletons which apparently lay for a long time upon the land before the scattered and decayed fragments were carried into the lakes, a few at a time, by stream or rain wash, and buried in the slowly accumulating deposits. In many instances the bones have evidently been torn apart and broken by beasts of prey; in other cases they were almost gnawed to pieces by small prehistoric rodents, which left indubitable evidence of their work in the innumerable marks of their sharp incisor teeth. Occasional entire skeletons discovered are probably the remains of animals which were drowned or mired in the lake, or perhaps were overtaken and buried upon the land by ashes or mud from volcanic eruptions.

The collecting of fossils in this region has about it a fascination that is, in a manner, a combination of the passions of the hunter and the miner with the natural inborn desire to learn of something entirely new. The danger that one experiences in climbing over steep and treacherous places on the cliffs in search of specimens, and the unquenchable hope that each projecting fragment encountered may prove to be a part of some fine skeleton, are sufficiently strong to raise the otherwise tedious and laborious occupation far above the level of drudgery. Whole skulls or portions of skeletons are occasionally found almost freed from the rock by erosion, and the pleasurable excitement felt in coming suddenly upon such treasure, after perhaps many hours of fruitless search, is not exceeded in the

securing of any other variety of game. Usually there is exposed only a very small portion of a bone, which has, through weathering, come to look so much like the surrounding rock that only the most careful scrutiny of the exposed strata will result in its discovery. When the large Elotherium skull now in the museum of the University of California was found, only a portion of a single dingy front tooth was in sight; and not until several days of hard labor had been expended in cutting away the surrounding rock with pick and chisel was it at all certain that the whole cranium was present. The skull was situated in an almost inaccessible place near the top of a steep bluff about two hundred feet high, and in order to get standing-room from which to work, it was necessary to cut foot-holes. To make matters worse, the cranium ran straight back into the cliff, necessitating so much excavation that a number of loose blocks above were almost certain to fall and damage it. To avoid all possibility of accident, steps were cut to a pinnacle about twenty feet above the specimen, and from that point the face of the cliff was systematically torn down till a working space was uncovered. The whole operation of excavating occupied for two weeks as many persons as could conveniently work at the same time, and resulted in the discovery of the most important parts of the animal's skeleton. The lower jaw was found intact some distance away from the cranium, one of the fore limbs and a few scattered bones were beneath the head, and close behind it were all of the neck vertebrae.

So many specimens would seem to be discovered by pure accident that one learns to examine the rocks with all manner of possible occurrences in mind. Although digging blindly into a cliff for fossils is generally about as fruitless an expenditure of energy as would be harpooning at random into the sea for whales, the collector never neglects to explore for some distance around the hole from which a skeleton has been removed, as many of the finest specimens known have come to light in this way.

On one of the California expeditions the writer discovered a nearly perfect head of a three-toed horse resting on the brink of an excavation made by some earlier expedition. Probably the picks of the first collectors had cut within a few inches of the skull, which was not then uncovered by erosion. After removing the horse head, a stroke into the surrounding matrix jerked a perfect wolf skull entirely free from the rock.



SKULL OF LARGE OREODON

The explanation of finds of this character is found in the fact that the skeletons seem actually to be in pockets or nests, where they may have been brought together by currents in the lake.

The remains found in the lake beds represent the most common animals of their time. Then, as now, only one skeleton out of many thousand would be buried, even in part, in such a way as to insure indefinite preservation, and the chances of rarer forms being thus entombed would be very slight. The fossils in the John Day beds proper, where they are more abundant than elsewhere, pretty certainly furnish us a fair picture of the dominant life of eastern Oregon in Miocene time. Probably the total variety of animals that have so far been found there is about what a prehistoric

hunter would have encountered in the flesh on an excursion of a fortnight's duration about the John Day lake.

The known remains from John Day strata include the leaves of a few types of trees, a number of snail and clam shells, many large tortoises, a few birds, a snake, a lizard, and a large number of mammals. These last forms are by far the most abundant as well as the most interesting fossils. Compared with the existing fauna of this continent, the mammalia from these beds are indeed a strange assemblage of creatures. None of the species are living now, and even the majority of the sub-families are extinct.

At least three-fourths of all the material collected consist of remains of certain peculiar hoofed animals known as Oreodons, curious forms which do not closely resemble anything now living, though they are related to the deer and the hogs. Possessing grinding teeth somewhat similar to those of the deer, they had also prominent tusks developed on both the upper and lower jaws as weapons of defence. The numerous species varied in size from that of a dog to the dimensions of a small cow. Several skulls of the giants of this group, that have been examined by the writer, are at least seventeen inches in length, and must certainly have belonged to large and powerful animals. The Oreodons probably roamed over the hills and along the shores of the lake in small herds like the deer or sheep of later ages.

Not so common as the Oreodon bones are those of a small horse, about as large as a sheep, which, from the absence of any visible means of defence, must have trusted to his slender, three-toed limbs to keep him out of danger. In constantly standing or running on the tips of his longest or middle toes, he was obtaining from his limbs the highest possible degree of elasticity and speed, and was at the same time losing the use of the side digits, and developing the one-toed type of foot which we find in his living relatives.

The largest animals yet discovered in the John Day beds are the giant Elotheres, relatives of the living hog, ranking among the largest known mammals. The skull of the specimen at the University of California measures about thirty inches in length, and numerous fragments of other skeletons indicate the existence of much larger individuals. Judging from what we know of the skeleton, the Elotheres must have attained a length of over ten feet and a height of six or seven feet. Probably few animals have ever existed that were better able to protect themselves than these huge Miocene boars; yet they have long since disappeared from the earth, leaving no direct descendants.

No less strange than the creatures that have been mentioned, appear to us the ancient representatives of several groups of animals which now inhabit parts of the earth remote from Oregon. Remains of near relatives of the rhinoceros, the camel, the tapir, and the peccary are well known from these deposits. The rhinoceros is now confined to the Eastern Hemisphere, the camel tribe is represented in the Eastern Hemisphere and in South America, tapirs are found in southeastern Asia and South America, and peccaries are at home in South America, though they range into southern United States. All this goes to show that the present distribution of animals has no more been permanent from the beginning than were the physical conditions in any given locality.

Preying upon the weaker hoofed animals were numerous flesh-eating forms, of which we find remains not uncommon. Wolves are represented by more than a dozen species, and the cat tribe by eight forms belonging to the family of sabre-tooths. In these cats the upper canine teeth were greatly elongated, flattened, and serrated along the edges, making the most formidable weapons ever possessed by any carnivore. Some of the sabre-tooths were much larger than the living puma, and probably preyed upon all the other mammals, excepting the larger species of Elotherium.

The teeth of these carnivores, as well as of all the other mammals, are usually preserved to us practically unchanged, not only in form, but in the materials which compose them. The worn surfaces which we find on the murderous teeth of ancient wolves and sabre-tooths are the actual surfaces which clicked together when they tore through quivering nerves and muscles. The glis-

tening enamel surface which we find on the sabres of the great cat is the same that dripped with the blood of Oreodons and three-toed horses so long ago that the mountains of eastern Oregon have no recollection of the day, because they were then unborn.

The fossil forms of the Cottonwood lake beds are not only very different from the animals living at the present time, but they are also unlike those of the John Day period. So far as the writer is aware, not a single species of John Day mammal survived the period of Columbia lava flows and left remains in the deposits of the Cottonwood lake. This does not necessarily mean that every living thing was overwhelmed and buried in the lava, though doubtless many perished in that way, but rather that the time which elapsed between the two lake periods was so long that before its close the accumulated changes by evolution and the immigration of new types of animals from other regions had resulted in the complete alteration of the mammalian fauna.



SKULL OF PECCARY FROM JOHN DAY FOSSIL BEDS

In the interval during which the paleontological record was interrupted, the pigmy three-toed horses had become very rare, their place being taken by a larger form, in which the side toes were relatively much smaller. In the ashy beds at Cottonwood we find teeth and scattered bones of this interesting animal quite common. In the museum of the University of Oregon there is from this locality a perfect foot, which served as a basis for part of Professor Marsh's famous work on the evolution of the horse. The little camels of the John Day are also replaced by much larger forms, which are more common than their predecessors. The Oreodons had nearly disappeared, and their bones form only a small part of our collection. Elotherium remains are unknown in these strata, but in their place we find another giant, the mastodon, the oldest representative of his race in this country.

In the strata of the next section of the geological record, the Rattlesnake beds, we find fossils of a still higher type than those from the Cottonwood lake beds, but the change in the fauna is not so great as that which occurred during the period of Columbia lava flows.

Along the John Day and other rivers of Oregon, in the many remnants of ancient stream deposits left stranded on the sides of the valley as the river channel deepened, we find fossil remains which tell of still another, later, but distinct, period, in which the life of this region was different both from that of the age preceding and from the fauna of the present day. In these terraces are found foot bones of horses closely resembling the existing domestic animal, but still a distinct species. In the same deposits are fragmentary skeletons of gigantic cattle, compared with which our Texas steers would seem quite diminutive. Associated with the remains of these animals, which foreshadow the fauna of our own time, are the bones of a gigantic sloth, a grotesque creature entirely different from any beast now living. Some years ago there was found in these deposits, near Cañon City, Oregon, a nearly complete skeleton of an extinct elephant, with tusks, skull, limbs, and vertebrae in almost perfect condition.

The occurrence of the great sloth and the elephant in these deposits shows us that as late as is this period, compared with the many preceding, it is still so remote from the present as to be entirely beyond the range of human history and tradition.

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The few typical examples that have been given of the fossil contents of consecutive formations present, as it were, the record of a succession of organic worlds, each specifically distinct both from those preceding and those following it. Early investigators in Europe concluded, from a study of faunas similarly related, that the geological history of the earth was made up of a series of periods of quiet with abundant life, alternating with universal catastrophes in which everything organic was destroyed. Each period was, in a manner, an experiment of the Creator in His search for the highest types of creatures. The general aspect of the life of each formation is, however, more like that of the present than is that of the beds below it, showing a gradual advance along definite lines. In some cases, as illustrated by the horse and camel tribes, the stages are of such a character as to leave no room for doubt that a blood relationship existed between forms of succeeding periods. We find, further, that in each formation the fossils of the uppermost beds differ materially from those in the lower ones, which means that considerable changes were taking place while the record was being made. The physical history of the region, as already indicated, shows us that the strata of the successive formations are not a continuous record, but that long intervals may have elapsed between the periods of their origin. The fossils of consecutive formations we therefore consider as recording *stages* in the history of an uninterrupted chain of living forms stretching from early geological time to the present day. The remains in a given series of formations are not necessarily all in a direct line of descent, for shifting currents of migration frequently changed the entire fauna of each region, bringing to it new life from other lands. The conclusion of each cycle, however, always finds the average life higher than at its beginning.

Although there are other geological sections, particularly in western United States, which furnish as remarkable a history as that which has been barely outlined, there are probably none in which the relations of the various chapters to each other are more evident than they are in the record inscribed on the walls of the John Day Cañon. The deciphering of the geological story of most regions is accomplished through the enthusiastic labors, over wide areas, of men taught to see things which escape the notice of untrained observers. The John Day section tells its story so plainly that to one who sees the record a comprehension of its meaning is unavoidable. Standing above the Picture Gorge, a magnificent cañon near Cottonwood, one may see, marking out with almost diagrammatic clearness upon the valley slopes, nearly the entire series of formations. From these strata were obtained the greater number of the fossils mentioned in this outline, together with many others no less interesting, and the succession of faunas is here splendidly illustrated. Probably nowhere in the world does the scientist work amid more impressive surroundings than in this valley, where every cliff has blazoned upon it the proof of such immeasurable antiquity of the entombed remains. To one who reads this record as it stands, an undisputed work of the Creator, there is made a revelation no less magnificent in its expression of historic fact than that in the creation story of the books of Moses.



Skull of Sabre-tooth Tiger



THE TRUST ISSUE AT STONETOP

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

"A TALL man can see farther than a short man maybe, but that is not admitting that he can *think* farther." This was the absolutely incontestable logic of Silas J. Adams, who kept the chief store of Stonetop, and in connection therewith conducted the post-office. His establishment was the natural and inevitable headquarters of the trade, politics, and gossip—not to mention the religion and life-insurance and other issues—of the community.

Nothing better could be applied to the village itself than his invulnerable sentence. Even more, indeed, might be said, for Stonetop could fit the saying at either end, and still be in the full significance of its wisdom even if it were turned upside down. Stonetop commanded—and for that matter still commands—a noble view of the world. Perched far up on the mountain-side, it lived its small life for the better part of a century undisturbed by summer boarders and riches. It drew its physical sustenance from the hard soil, and its intellectual nourishment from the classics and the newspapers. It naturally came to have a people of hard opinions, that took the popular views of great issues, and stuck to them through thick and thin. The men, with that fine liberality which often characterizes the head of the house, allowed to the children and their women folks the beauties and consolations of the classics, while they monopolized the newspapers, which came from the large cities at club rates, for in addition to its other peculiarities Stonetop was one village which did not have its own weekly journal of civilization.

So Stonetop was both tall and short in the sense of the saying of the postmaster. Its physical view of the earth was exceptional, but it was far away from the currents of trade and travel, and the busy world knew little about it. Again, this did not keep it from thinking a great deal farther than it could see from its lofty position in the material world. And great issues moved it as profoundly as they did any other population, and even more intensely than most others, for the people of Stonetop

had plenty of time to think. When the trust issue first appeared Stonetop did not bother much about it, since it seemed something too remote for notice. But gradually the truth dawned. The papers hammered away at the iniquity of these combinations. Speeches in Congress increased the fury, and finally the President who was in and the man who wanted to get in outdid each other in excoriating the modern evil. As if this were not enough, the candidates who came up to Stonetop for the few votes of the village all denounced the trusts as far as the law would allow. It made no difference as to party or office. Every man was against the trusts. The man who was running for road commissioner was just as severe against them as the man who was running for Congress.

But all of them put together could not equal the sincerity and solemnity of Postmaster Silas J. Adams. The philippics which he hurled across the counter every evening would have made the iniquitous monopolies shake in their boots if the conscienceless magnates could have heard them; and if they could have listened to the riper philosophy which he discoursed when Josiah Tomson came in to spend the afternoon, they would surely have repented of the error of their ways.

"A tall man can see farther than a short man maybe, but that is not admitting that he can *think* farther," he was saying, while Josiah puffed. "I hold that up here, far off from contact with the big things, we can judge the things better than if we were right there in their midst. And so judging, I say that monopoly is the curse of the country. It squeezes the blood of the innocent to make millions for the guilty. Now you have just bought a paper of tacks. You paid more for them than you paid a year ago. Did it cost as much to make them? No."

"Do I get any change?" asked Josiah.

"Wait a minute. No, it does not cost as much to make them. Well, have the wages of the men been increased? Not at all. Some of them have lost their jobs entirely. And now it comes closer home. Do I make more for selling these tacks to you? I do not get as much. The combine increases the cost to me just enough so I must increase it to you. They get more of your money, while I get less, and the workman gets less. Now, in the second place"—Mr. Adams was orderly in his speech as well as in the store—"this little difference does not seem very important, but when you multiply it by millions, you have millions of dollars. Take this apple; it represents your yearly income; now one trust takes off a little slice, it does not seem to be much, but all the time the other trusts are taking off slices, and pretty soon you are down to the core. Is not that so?"

"It surely is," said Josiah, waking up and coughing out the words, for some of the smoke had gotten in his throat.

"Hence," continued Mr. Adams, "the trust is the monster that threatens the safety of the republic and the happiness of the world. And mind you, my friend, we are to blame for it all. Why? Simply because we worship wealth—because while we would not speak to a dishonest man when he is poor, we will toady to him after he gets his money; because while we denounce trusts, we praise the men who have the profits. Yes, the monsters have their heels upon our necks while we scrape and bow to them."

"That certainly is bad," said Josiah, now fully awake. "I understand the whole thing, except that I don't see how, if a man has his heel on your neck, a-pressing you to the ground, you can do much bowing, but of course the scraping is all right."

Mr. Adams would have resented this with proper dignity had not an unusual incident come to the rescue of Josiah Tomson. Two horses rattled up the street and halted in front of the store, while the larger of the two horsemen jumped quickly off and made his way by leaps to the front of the letter-boxes.

"Letters for Andrew Jarman, please—and be quick about it. I must catch the train, and haven't a minute to lose."

Andrew Jarman! The young Napoleon of Industry. The Genius of the Tack Trust! Here he was, ordering—positively ordering—one of the greatest of the enemies of trusts to hurry up—and Josiah Tomson looking on!

The majesty of conscience, of pride, of conviction of the whole Federal au-

thority delegated to the postmastership of Stonetop, arose against his autocratic outrage. For once the trust magnate should know his place—and Josiah Tomson should tell the story unto as many generations as he might last.

So Postmaster Adams deliberately took down a boll of muslin and proceeded to measure it with the utmost care, saying, in the mean while,

"This gentleman was in here first, sir, and I shall duly proceed to fill his order, after which I shall be glad to see whether or not there are any letters for you."

"But I'm catching a train," said the intruder, now thoroughly aroused.

"Well, catch it, then. Nobody's a-hindering you. How many yards did you say, Mr. Tomson?"

"Six."

"I thought you said seven. I'll measure it over again."

"Do I get my letters or do I not?" demanded the young man.

"It depends, in the first place, on whether or not there are any letters for you, and in the second place on whether or not you can wait until I find out. Is there anything else, Mr. Tomson?"

He wrapped the bundle with extraordinary care, while the young man beat the floor with his whip, and then, after a delay that seemed endless, he went slowly to the mail counter and handed out five letters to Andrew Jarman, who at once rushed to the street, jumped upon his horse, and made for the station, six miles away, on a run.

"I suppose," said Mr. Adams, very deliberately, after the young man had gone, "that Mr. Jarman thinks, because he has come to this part of the country and purchased a farm that won't raise enough black-eyed pease to feed a calf, he can run the whole country; but I want him to know that there is one part of it he cannot boss, and that is this same identical store and post-office."

In less than an hour the two horsemen again drew up before the post-office. Jarman dismounted and threw the reins to the man. He was angry all the way through, and he entered the store with an earnest but entirely undefined idea of getting satisfaction.

His step was so firm that Josiah Tomson, who had gone into another of his afternoon trances, awoke with a start, and almost fell off the box on which he was sitting. Jarman walked directly to the counter behind which the postmaster was standing.

"I want to inform you, sir, that your delay made me miss my train."

"Information always gladly received," replied Mr. Adams, serenely, "and I suppose you'd like to have some in return?"

"Well, what is it?" asked Jarman, who, truth to tell, seemed a bit dazed by the imperturbability of the enemy.

"The same train leaves the same station at the same time to-morrow, unless it be late, which often happens—a habit, in fact, into which it has got by long indulgence."

"But see here," exclaimed Jarman, "what I want you to understand is that if you had given me my letters promptly, all this would not have happened."

"And what I would like you to understand," said Mr. Adams, with great dignity, "is that if you had come to the post-office in time, you would have caught your train, or if the train had not been on time, you would have caught it. Now I suppose if you go out to the station to-morrow, and have to wait two or three hours because the train is late, you'll blame it all on this post-office. Very well; have your own way. As Abraham Lincoln once said, this government is great because it knows how to be patient."

Jarman was knocked out for the moment, and while he stood in hesitation, Josiah Tomson, fearing either that there was going to be trouble, or that his presence interfered with the debate, hobbled noisily out.

Jarman ended his attitude of doubt by declining to parley further, and followed Josiah to the street. He was sure that he saw a friendly twinkle in Josiah's eye, and he approached him.

"My friend," he said, "can you tell me what's the matter with your postmaster? Is he a bad man?"

"None better in the world."

"Does he behave this way regularly?"

"What way?"

"What kind of people are you up here, anyhow?"

"Best in the world. And we're not afraid of trusts either."

"Trusts? Oh, I see. Then I'm—"

"One of them monsters with your heels on our necks, and while you're a-pressing us to the ground you expect us to bow and scrape. And the postmaster and the rest of us ain't a-going to do it—especially the bowing part. No, sir-ree." There was another twinkle in the eye of Josiah.

All at once the fun of the situation flashed upon Jarman, and his anger vanished in a hearty, resonant laugh. He called to his man and ordered him to walk the horses around, as he would probably stay in the village a little while. With him to think was to do. It made him what he was—had raised him from poverty to wealth—had saved the fortunes of a great industry in a crisis. It was his promptness of comprehension and of strategy that had given him his fine fame in the business world. He was also quick to anger, but behind it all was a love of humor and of sport that removed all bitterness. So, in a moment, when he found the nature of the postmaster's antagonism, he dismissed resentment, and entered into the contest for all the fun it could furnish.

Like a good general, he went back into the post-office and took a complete view of the battle-ground. He saw that there were six private or lock boxes, and intuition told him that they ought to be valuable fortifications. So, in the pleasantest manner possible, he inquired how many of them were unrented. All but one—which the preacher got free.

"I will take the five, then," he replied. "Please place the corner one in my name, and the other four in the names of my managers and overseers." He wrote the name on a slip of paper, and paid a year in advance. Then, with a commonplace "Good-day," he went out.

Josiah was waiting for him. "I'd like to ask you a personal question," he said. "We're thinking about taking up our carpets and turning 'em over some time this year, and maybe it might pay us to put it off a bit. Do you think tacks will get any cheaper?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Jarman, with a smile. "It looks to me as if the monster will keep his heel on your neck."

"But we won't bow and scrape to him while he does," returned Josiah.

"Especially bow," said Jarman, who was still laughing as he disappeared in the cloud of dust.

Glorious was the only word that could express the view from the porch of his new house. He had bought the top of a mountain—a splendid table-land, with acres in plenty, streams that laughed all the way, and went to sleep in the bosom of a beautiful lake, and trees that sighed poems and preached sermons. He had bought it all for a few thousand dollars, but he was going to spend a fortune in making it his paradise afar from the vexations of cities and crowds.

Jarman's experience in life had taught him that the best way to gain a man's real respect was to beat him at his own game. He knew perfectly well that if he surrendered to the postmaster the whole town would soon be laughing at him; and while Jarman liked laughter, he hated to be laughed at. A good joke was all right so that he got his share of the fun.

So it began. An avalanche of forwarded mail descended upon the Stonetop post-office. Nearly all of it was for Andrew Jarman. Postmaster Adams filled Mr. Jarman's box, and then placed the rest in the other boxes. One by one Mr. Jarman's men came in, unlocked their boxes, and politely told the postmaster that he had gotten the letters mixed. Mr. Jarman sauntered in smilingly and took the pile of letters.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Postmaster," he said, "but you have placed some of my men's letters in my box."

"Well, isn't it all the same?" asked Mr. Adams, somewhat nettled.

"Certainly not. I rented these boxes so that the mail might be kept well separated. I'll be obliged if you will see that it is done in the future."

Josiah heard it all, and viewed with alarm the dejected air of the postmaster. "The monster is surely getting his heel on his neck," he said to himself.

In a few minutes Jarman returned, and with some anxiety asked: "Mr. Postmaster, I expected a foreign letter today—it's rather important, and as the ship got in two days ago it should be here; you don't happen to have overlooked it?"

"There is a foreign letter here," said Mr. Adams, "but it is not addressed to

Jarman; it looks like 'Ald. German,'—anyhow it's Dutch to me."

"But he is not a-bowing and a-scraping—especially bowing," continued Josiah in his meditations.

"Well, but don't you see that it is for me? There is no other name around here like it. What you take for 'Ald.' is the abbreviation for Andrew, and if you look very closely the last name is just as much like 'Jarman' as it is like 'German.'"

"If you will give me a receipt for the letter, I'll let you have it," said Mr. Adams, in a businesslike manner.

And as Jarman wrote the receipt, Josiah winked to himself and said,

"He surely is not bowing."

Jarman's next attack was in the nature of heavy ordnance. Taking care that the letters should not be mailed from Stonetop, he wrote to three close personal friends—one a member of the United States Senate, one a member of the House of Representatives, and one a member of the cabinet—asking each as a favor to forward to his summer home all the official documents he could command; "for," he said, "I'm going in for a study of the operations of the government from the original papers, and I want every one I can get. It makes no difference how large or small they may be. Send me everything in sight."

What followed beggars all words. The postmaster said nothing, but hired carts and in some way got the mass of stuff to the post-office, where it seriously blocked the business of the store. But while Mr. Adams was heroically restrained, Josiah broke forth in lamentations.

"The monster," he said, "is getting both heels on our necks."

But the fight was not all one way. In the midst of Jarman's rejoicing came messages from several friends and from his firm advising him that if he wanted prompt replies he had better in the future place stamps on his letters.

"I do not understand this," he said to Postmaster Adams.

"It seems plain," said Mr. Adams, calmly. "You did not put any stamps on, and I followed the regulations and held the letters until postage was forwarded."

"But as I was coming in every day, you might have told me about it."

"I follow the regulations," said Mr. Adams, conclusively.

Jarman turned with a frown just as Josiah was saying to himself, "No bowing and scraping to-day, thank you—not even scraping."

But Jarman was just getting interested in the contest. Life was a bit dull in the mountains anyhow, and there was real fun in a tussle with the United States government. On the next round he was clearly defeated. Postmaster Adams saw him coming and closed the bag and started it off before he could get his letters in—and he had to ride all the way to the railroad station to mail them.

Josiah was delighted at this. "If it keeps on our way," he declared, "tacks will soon be cheap enough for us to turn that carpet."

But the boast was premature.

Jarman discovered that the stamp-supply was low, and when Mr. Adams was out and Josiah was temporarily in charge he bought all on hand, and it took three days for Mr. Adams to get a new lot. Those were hours of trial and tribulation, and Josiah's remarks on the monster were frequent and lurid. Mr. Adams bore his trials with the calm of a martyr, and it seemed to help his spirit for Josiah to utter the sentiments which he felt but refrained from expressing, because he represented the government, and because Mr. Jarman was clearly within his legal rights.

By this time Jarman, who was spending a great deal of money on his new place, had bought something of almost every one in the village, and practically the whole population was looking to the first of the month, which was June, for the promised settlement. It fell on a Saturday, and plans not only for Sunday but for the coming week, and in some instances for the whole month, were dependent upon the new wealth which the monster was pouring into the community. Either personally or through his managers he informed those to whom he owed money that it would be sent to them on Saturday.

And it was.

Postmaster Adams began to have cold chills before he had gone half-way through the mail. The monster had played his trump card. He had paid

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everybody in money-orders — sent from his city office — and Postmaster Adams knew that the money would not be on hand for several days to come. In the mean while the expectant, indignant community would be clamoring for the cash, blaming him and the government—especially him. But his stern, unyielding nature stiffened with new resolution, and he faced the consequences.

Jarman was sitting in a big chair after a fine day in the fields, and was enjoying the view to the west which he loved so well. An open book lay upon the arm of the chair, and a thin line of smoke ascended from the cigar which had been placed in the tray. He was deep in reverie when a servant interrupted him.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir."

"A lady!" he exclaimed, thoroughly surprised. "Who can it be? Ask her to come around here."

In a few minutes she appeared. She was dressed with great good sense and becomingness. He saw that at once. She was dusty, too, showing that she had walked up the mountain. Her self-possession was complete, but he thought he saw signs of agitation, and he felt as if he should be deferential.

His ideas of patronage quickly disappeared when she spoke.

"Won't you sit down, please?" he said. "You must be tired after that long climb."

"Thank you, I will, although I am used to walking, and I do not feel at all fatigued. No, thank you," anticipating his purpose as he arose to procure her a glass of water. "I am not at all thirsty."

She paused a moment, and suddenly realizing the beauty of the view before her, seemed lost in admiration of it.

"It is fine, isn't it?" he said.

"I beg your pardon," she replied, with a smile. "It is the first time I have seen it for two years, and it overcame me. There is nothing like it anywhere else, and it is all the more overpowering to me after months in the flat country."

"In the flat country?" he repeated, not knowing exactly what else to say.

"Yes, in your old home—in the district where you were born and raised—and that is why I have thrown the usual conventions aside and come here on a matter of great importance to see you."

"I do not quite understand."

"I will explain. I am the teacher in charge of the school in Wessex, and I have heard of you ever since I have been there. I also know of your brilliant success since then; but it is not that which has brought me here. Your people—I mean your distant relatives who like to talk of your great wealth—all your close people are dead, I'm told—your people tell of your pranks, and how you would stick to your cause until you had either won or made the other person appreciate the force and earnestness of your character. You left an interesting reputation there, but I must say that everybody gives you credit for manliness."

"It is very kind, I am sure," he said, mystified more than ever. Did she want to sell him a book, or was she after a charity subscription?

"Now I find that the spirit of mischief, or of conflict, has not died either of wealth or of age."

He stared at her as if she were a new mountain view.

"It is because you have been indulging your bent at the expense of my father that I came to see you."

"Your father?"

"Yes; I am Miss Adams, and my father is the postmaster."

He sank back in the chair and waited for the rest of it.

"Now, Mr. Jarman, I'll be perfectly frank with you and say that you have won your game, but my father would not acknowledge it if he had to die the next minute. I knew nothing of the trouble until I got home this morning—we had closed the school for the summer—and I came up here entirely on my own responsibility. As far as the post-office is concerned, I do not care. If you want to force him out—"

"But I don't," he interrupted, quickly. "I haven't the slightest ill feeling against your father. It was just a little battle between us, you know."

"But this last thing is serious. Do you know what you have done?"

"I haven't the slightest idea that I have done anything harmful."

"Well, you have. You have paralyzed a whole community."



THE CONVERSATION SOON TURNED TO THE BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY

"I have done what?"

"Brought the entire town to a standstill. You know well enough that all those money-orders cannot be cashed to-day, or to-night. And what is the result? John cannot get his money, and Mary cannot get that new dress, and Sammie cannot go to Sunday-school, and Mr. Jones and his wife cannot take their trip, and the merchants are in the doldrums, and the preacher knows it is of no use to preach that sermon calling for the rest of the money to pay the debt on the church. You have a lovely reputation in Wessex, but I must say that you have eclipsed it at Stonetop."

Jarman laughed immoderately, and then he caught himself and asked what could be done.

"That is why I came. I am sure that you will appreciate the discomforts your action may cause, and do what you can to remedy them. I do not ask anything for my father, because he would not have me do it, and I ask nothing for myself, because he has my full sympathy, but I do ask you to save these innocent people from disappointment, anxiety, and suffering."

"By Jove, she doesn't spare me," said Jarman to himself. And then aloud: "Miss Adams, I did not realize what I was doing, and I assure you that I shall be only too glad to undo it."

She arose. The sun had touched the horizon, and the eventide would soon be deepening.

"Will you wait a moment?" he asked, as he made his way into the house. He soon reappeared, with his hat and cane.

"I find," he said, "that I have enough money to meet the orders. I will take it to the post-office. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Perfectly. I thank you, and I bid you good-evening."

"But," he said, rather impetuously, "I had intended to walk to the village with you."

"Oh, I prefer not," she replied. "I know all these mountain roads and paths, and there is not the slightest danger. Then, too," she added, with a smile, "there has been no introduction. My visit here was impelled simply by my desire to save persons from needless inconvenience, and by my feeling that when you saw what you had done you would be glad to correct it."

"Don't rub it in too hard," he begged, with a laugh. "But since you are doing it, and since I happen to own this road, I think I will walk along anyhow, whether you want me or not."

"But don't you see, I do not like to be placed in the light of coming up here and having you bring me back. In other words, when I do good, I don't want to suffer for it."

"You beard the monster—that's what your father and Josiah call me—in his den, and then fear—Gossip."

"Of course. Who doesn't? A monster is one; Gossip is a multitude. The monster may have mercy, bad as he may be; Gossip, never."

But they walked along, and the conversation soon turned to the beauties of the country.

"I did not know it was one-half as lovely as it is," he said.

"Oh, but you haven't seen hardly any of it. The finer things are to be discovered, not on horseback and in carriages, but in climbing through briers and wading through creeks, and roughing it in the fullest sense of the word." And right then and there—being a man of quick judgment and instant decision—he determined that she should show these paths to him. He looked at her as much as he could without seeming to do so, and he liked her. She had a fine face, clear eyes, a firm mouth, a good nose, cheeks full and red, and a voice that was distinct and natural. She walked as if she were walking, and not merely dragging petticoats. And he admired that.

When they reached the edge of the village, she told him that she expected to call at one of the houses farther down the road before going back home. Thus at the cross-roads she got rid of him, and he again admired her for the clever manner in which she did it.

He went on to the post-office, and found Mr. Adams pale but determined. He asked for a private interview, and the two retired to the parlor—the residence adjoined the store—while Josiah made more explanations to the disappointed holders of money-orders.

"Mr. Adams, I simply want to say that I think it is about time to call our

little battle off. I admire your patience and persistence, and perhaps you and Josiah may not think me a very great monster in spite of the cost of tacks. At any rate I did not fully appreciate what I was doing when I had the money-orders sent. I now see that it is causing considerable inconvenience, and fortunately I have enough money with me to make it all right. This I will place in your hands, and you can fix it up when the money is sent from the city office, for I do not mind telling you that I arranged it so that the orders would get here before the cash."

And while they were making up their differences and laughing over the fun and anxiety they had with each other, Miss Adams came in.

"My daughter, this is Mr. Jarman," said Mr. Adams, and—

Well, that was the formal beginning of an altogether different story.

Mr. Adams, who is now retired, has a way of saying to his boon companion, Josiah Tomson, when speaking of his son-in-law,

"Andrew Jarman is certainly a quick one to come to the point."

And Josiah has a way of asking,

"When you speak of points, do you refer to tacks?"



THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAIN

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

LOW at my feet is stretched the lordly vale;
Across my realm the high wild stars are led;
My garment is the light, the darkness dread;
I wrap me round with rain and snow and hail.
Round me and round the eagles nest and sail;
Between my knees the thunders make their bed;
I lap the storm-winds, and their young are bred,
Their young that play, and chafe my rocky mail.
Who cometh up to me, he shall have power,
The prophet's power, the old law-giver's might,
Ay, he shall have the tablet in his hand.
He shall not fall, but in the evil hour
And good, uplifted, clothed upon with light,
His neck unbowed, as I stand shall he stand.



A SERGEANT OF CAVALRY CAME ROUND THE CORNER

IN THE BOX CAÑON OF THE GILA

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

AFTER service one hot Sunday night in August a little party of us gathered on the porch of Harmar's quarters overlooking the parade-ground at Fort Riley. The Bishop had preached an excellent sermon, as usual, at the service in the little old stone chapel—one of the oldest churches in the West, by-the-way—and as it was still early and too hot to think of going to bed, we accepted the Captain's hospitable invitation—he was a bachelor—and sat down for a pleasant chat before sleeping-time. It was a broad, pleasant porch, full of easy-chairs, mostly wicker and cane, and soon every one was comfortably stretched out, even the Bishop. He knew how to lay aside his episcopal dignity on occasion; indeed it usually sat lightly upon him, though there was never any contempt-breeding familiarity about him. A decanter, sundry bottles, and glasses in which ice tinkled alluringly in the heat, sat on a convenient table, with cigars for those who cared to smoke.

General Blythe, the Colonel of the garrison regiment, the Twelfth Cavalry, and the commandant of the post as well, a white-mustached, eagle-eyed veteran, presently strolled up the walk and joined the party. He appeared to be suffering from a bad cold, for he coughed and cleared his throat rather emphatically as he sank into a proffered seat. He seemed to have been affected that way before, for without having recourse to the surgeon, Price, the Adjutant, found a satisfactory remedy for hoarseness on the table. The General took his nip like a man and a soldier, and lighting his cigar, waited in silence for the opening of the conversational campaign.

The Bishop began it. The Bishop did not lack initiative, for all his modesty.

"General," he said, "something has been troubling me about the chapel yonder."

"What is it, Bishop? If it is in the power of Uncle Sam, as I represent him in this post, we'll fix it for you."

"It is that inscription, you know, on the wall of the chancel, just over the cross."

"What's the matter with it? Anything wrong with the spelling, or shall I have the painter touch it up?"

"No, no, it's not that, but the words, '*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?*' are so inappropriate for a church, at least for my idea of a church," added the Bishop, apologetically.

"Oh, is it?" remarked the General, blankly—he was not as well versed in Scripture as in tactics. "What does it mean, anyway?" he questioned.

"'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'" answered the Bishop, softly.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the soldier, in surprise.

"Yes."

There was a little pause, finally broken by the General, who had been reflecting deeply.

"Well," he said at last, "I rather hate to change the old church; those words were there since my father commanded this post, forty years ago, and—to be frank—I never did know what they meant; no one knew it, I guess. Did any of you fellows know it before?" he asked of the interested group of listeners.

A chorus of dutiful and tactful "No, sirs," rose at once, although some of the officers, too wise to know anything in public of which the commanding officer was ignorant, discreetly remained silent.

"There, you see," continued the General, turning to the amused Bishop, "no harm's been done as yet. However, since these young men all know it now, it will be all over the post to-morrow. Adjutant, make a note of this, and have them out, and—er—I feel my cough coming on again."

"Thank you," said the Bishop, as the General reverted to his "cough mixture" once more.

"I suppose there was a time when the —er—motto—was appropriate, though," broke in the Major. "They say that in early days this was the most God-forsaken country. The Indians raising the devil on every side. I expect the little garrison then often felt just that way."

"I suppose you have all had some interesting experiences with Indians on the frontier in earlier days," said the Bishop, looking reflectively at the little group of men on the porch.

"Well, rather," answered the General, promptly; and then, as his glance fell upon Harmar, the host, who commanded the two companies of infantry attached to the post, he continued, "all except Harmar, that is; he belongs to the infantry, and it's generally the cavalry that tangles up poor 'Lo,' you know."

There was a general, if good-natured, laugh at the lonely "beetle-crusher" from the assembled cavalrymen, at the General's pleasantry.

"General," remarked the infantryman, calmly ignoring the jest, and not referring to the old antagonism between horse and foot in the army, "you never heard of my Indian campaign on the Gila, did you?"

"Never," remarked the General, tersely. "Never knew the Twenty-sixth Infantry ever made an Indian campaign."

"Tell us about it, old man," said the Doctor.

"Let us have the story, Captain," urged the Bishop as he poured himself a glass of Apollinaris. The Bishop was a man of action himself, and he dearly loved stories of that kind. Before Harmar began, however, a smart, erect, soldierly-looking sergeant of cavalry came round the corner from the barracks, walked rapidly to the foot of the porch steps, clicked his heels together like an infantryman, saluted, and delivered a message to the General. Receiving a reply, he turned sharply on his heel and walked rapidly away.

"What a fine-looking fellow!" remarked the Bishop as they watched him disappear in the shadow.

"One of the best in the Twelfth Cavalry," said the General. "Go ahead, Harmar."

"As you say, General, he is a good soldier, and he belongs to the story—" Harmar began.

"I thought you couldn't get up an Indian campaign without a cavalryman, Harmar," laughed the General, "and there he is."

"He was an infantryman then, sir, and the best I ever saw, except in one instance, perhaps. What he did then I—But you can judge for yourselves, gentlemen. Here's the story:

"When Miles and Lawton were trying so desperately hard to round up Geronimo and his band of Apaches, four companies of my regiment were garrisoning Fort Yuma — the cavalry being busy elsewhere. Some of you fellows, perhaps all of you, know the famous spring—a regular well it is—just under the end of the Superstition Mountains, where the San Pedro comes rushing down the Santa Catalina Valley and joins the Gila. Well, it was a favorite stopping-place for war parties in those days, and I was sent out with a sergeant—that man here a moment since was he—and sixteen men to hold the position and incidentally gobble up anything in the shape of an Indian that presented itself."

"A fine time you would have had if Geronimo and his gang had come along! They'd have eaten up your handful; the gobbling would have been the other way," interrupted the General.

"Yes, sir," assented Harmar, "quite likely. Still, we would have made it interesting, I think. We covered the spring with a breastwork, and with that in front of us and the mountain behind us, it would not have been too easy a job.

"Well, sir, we had no adventures of any sort — none worth mentioning, that is—for a long time. Did not even catch a Gila monster. We kept a good watch, but never saw an Indian. The men amused themselves hunting, fishing, and so on. It was awfully boring to me, I must confess. My sergeant was a treasure—he'd been with the regiment for years—and he kept the men busy and in good spirits, and I did not have much to do. He was a queer fellow too. There was a girl—"

"Ah!" said the Bishop, smiling, "there is always a girl—even in an Indian campaign."

"You're right, Bishop," answered Boyle, of the artillery. "If you had seen the girls—squaws, of course—lying behind bowlders and pumping lead from their Winchesters into the old Twelfth at Wounded Knee, you would have seen girls in a new light, I'll warrant. I commanded the Hotchkiss gun there, and I could see them."

"I expect Methuselah in his thousand years of experience did not exhaust the differing kinds of women," remarked the Bishop, who was not without experience himself.

"Go on, Harmar," said the General. "If we get on women, we'll never hear the end of your campaign."

"Well, Sergeant Boyd was in love with this one. Her name was Bridget Sullivan. She had been a maid in the Major's family at Yuma. How she ever got from Ireland to that God-forsaken spot I don't know. But there she was, a black-haired, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, light-hearted Irish girl. Boyd was not alone in his admiration. All the unmarried and some of the married men in the battalion were his rivals. He fought his way to the supreme position in her good graces, however, and seemed to be in fair way of winning the prize, when along comes a well-to-do, good-looking young ranchman, and whisks her away under his very nose.

"Boyd took his medicine and faced his disappointment like a man and a soldier, and though he had been hit hard he bore no ill-will to his successful rival. The men chaffed him at first, but he found means to settle that, and things soon resumed their usual state of depression, hot depression at that. You know, Bishop, that Yuma is the hottest place this side of—of—"

"I can imagine your standard of comparison," said the Bishop, smiling again.

"Not unless you've been there," the General broke in. "I mean Yuma, not—," he added, in some confusion.

"You have to feed the chickens cracked ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs," remarked Howard, audaciously.

"There is only one thing makes that story incredible," said the Paymaster, "the country's too hot for ice."

"Well," resumed Harmar, "all this love-making and giving—or taking—in marriage took place about two years before we were ordered to hold that spring. The Gila there flows through a box cañon. It was summer, and the river was almost dry. You know, Bishop, a box cañon is a sort of valley with a—a flat bottom and perpendicular sides; the river flows through the middle. It's like a long box with the lid off, for all the world. Sometimes the box is wide enough to admit of a little farming being done under the walls on either side.

"There were several settlers in the cañon, but they had all been warned that the Apaches might be down on them at any time, and they had abandoned their ranches, and had gone to the settlements for protection, with their families and such goods as they could take with them. All but George Isles, that is. He it was who had married Bridget Sullivan. He had refused to come in. Said he'd always treated the Indians right, that he knew many of the principal Apaches, and he didn't believe they'd hurt him or his. He'd risk it, anyway. They had a baby just beginning to toddle, and a fine ranch as well, just where a deep creek tore through a great gap in the mountains and opened out a wide—well, as I am a Carolinian, I'll say—savanna in the cañon. He had a good house there too; properly it was two one-roomed houses connected by a wide open porch, which was dining-room, parlor, and general storehouse as well.

"So he staid and took the risk, and a fearful risk it was, as I told him, and as Boyd and other experienced men warned him on one Sunday afternoon when he drove down to the camp with his wife and baby to make us a visit. He laughed at us as he drove away, I remember. The boys wanted to abandon the spring and camp near the ranch to guard Bridget and the baby—she looked prettier than ever with the little baby in her arms, it seemed to me, and I guess the men thought so too. I should have preferred to go up there myself, but of course my orders would not allow anything of that kind. So we staid where we were, and hoped against our better judgment that Isles might be right and we wrong.

"Early one August morning, Sunday

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and hot too, like to-day, Bishop, a mule came limping down the cañon toward the camp. The men promptly rounded him up without much trouble; indeed, the poor brute was about done for. He had been shot in the flank, and his hind quarters were covered with blood. It was one of George Isles's mules; we recognized his brand, and some of the men swore they recognized the mule as well. It was evident some one had shot him. That some one could only be an Apache. There was no one up the cañon except Isles and his family, and he certainly would not shoot his own mule. The men gathered in a little group about the mule, the sergeant in the midst of them. There was a hurried examination, an excited discussion, and then Boyd and one or two others came toward me. The faces of the men lighted up as they saw me buckling on my revolver—my mind was already made up. Boyd saluted, and began,

"'Lieutenant, we think from the mule that them Apache hell-hounds—'

"'All right, Boyd,' I answered, for time was pressing, and I had divined his thought, which, indeed, would have come to any one, however stupid. 'All right. Detail a corporal and five men to stay here and hold this place, and the rest of you get your rifles and canteens and fill your belts and come with me. We'll push on up to the ranch at once, and see what's the matter.'

"They were ready in the twinkling of an eye, gentlemen, and after cautioning Corporal White and the men left behind—who were as eager as the rest to go, by-the-way—to keep close in the fort we had built, and keep a bright lookout for Indians, for if the Apaches were in the cañon they might pay us a visit, we set forth, promising to be back by noon.

"We did not advance up the cañon, which would have been the easiest way, but followed a mountain trail I had discovered, which no horse that ever lived could have managed: that's one for you gentlemen of the yellow stripe."

"I've got a mare that would do it all right, I'll wager," cried Michelson, the boldest rider in the regiment.

"Oh, shut up, Mick," said Roodruff, the artillery Major; "we know all about that mare of yours. Go on, Harmar."

"This mountain trail led over the bluff on the south side of the cañon till it struck the creek which flowed into the Gila at Isles's ranch. We hoped by following it up till we reached the creek, and then by descending its banks, to strike the Indians in the flank, if there were any there, and by taking them at a disadvantage make up for our small force. They naturally would not expect any attack from that direction.

"We travelled that trail at a breakneck speed, recklessly scrambling over everything in the way: those of you who have been there know what those trails are, perhaps. Finally we struck the creek, and scrambled down its steep sides into its rocky bed. Fortunately the water was low, and we could get along. The nearer we got to the Gila the more anxious we became. As we approached the place where the creek entered the cañon, I halted the men and formed them in some kind of order, and gave them their instructions. We looked to our arms, and then softly made for the big bowlder which lay at the opening. We hoped to hear the crack of Isles's rifle, or some noise to show that he was holding his own, but there was not a sound of any sort in the cañon. It was a quiet morning and not a breath of air broke the stillness. With beating hearts we crept around the bowlder. I led, of course, and Boyd was right by me, and the rest close up. I had to hold Boyd back by main force; he was mad to get on.

"When we gained the open we didn't see a soul nor hear a sound. The house was standing all right. There wasn't an Indian anywhere. We did not see Isles or his wife or the baby. Presently I caught sight of a little column of smoke drifting up in the utterly still morning from behind the house. We stopped a second, called to Isles, and then broke and ran recklessly toward the house. We should have approached with caution, I know, General, but I was as guilty as the rest.

"You see, that girl was so pretty, and— Well, we ran like fiends, forgetting our fatigue and everything else but what was before us. When we turned the corner of the house, this is what we saw on the other side:

"Isles had been stripped and tied to

his wagon wheel, he had been shot and scalped, and was stone-dead, but while he was still alive the red brutes had kindled a slow fire under him. In his dead face was such a look of horror, of agony, of despair, as I never want to see again. I can see him now. A few feet away was Bridget, his wife. She—she—"

Harmar paused; his voice sank to a whisper; the porch was deadly still, the men on it sat leaning forward in their chairs, their neglected cigars in their hands.

"She— But you understand. She was dead—and the baby—too, thank Heaven, but, strangely enough, there was a little smile on her face, and—"

He stopped again, and passed his hand nervously across his forehead, as if to brush away the terrible recollection.

"Good God!" burst out the General, amid the deep breathing of the men around him.

Presently Harmar resumed the narrative:

"Bridget and the baby had both been scalped. The men cursed and swore and raved and blasphemed. The cold sweat stood out on their faces. Some of them threw their guns on the ground and tramped up and down like caged tigers; others shook their fists in the face of the sky in blind rage. As for me, I remember I trembled and shook as if I had a chill. Boyd turned as white as the moonlight yonder, but he said nothing. He picked up the dress they had torn from her, though, and covered her over with it.

"It had been a complete surprise, evidently. The ground was covered with pony tracks; we judged there might have been a hundred in the band. They had been gone for hours, apparently; by this time they were miles away. There was nothing we could do, nothing. We were helpless, and that was the hardest part of it. We were crazy; murder, revenge, everything in our hearts. I think if the men had come across a thousand Indians then, I could not have prevented their attacking them—perhaps I should not have tried it. Don't call it glorifying ourselves or boasting—it's the way we felt then.

"I got them quieted down after a while, and we dug a big grave and buried all three of them together. We washed their faces and straightened them out and wrapped them in blankets before we put them away. It was all we could do. I'm not much of a praying man, Bishop, but I said such things as I could remember from the prayer-book service—and some other things, while the men stood bareheaded around me. Some of them were crying. They fired three volleys over them, to do the thing up properly, they said, and then they covered the grave with a great heap of stones. I expect it's there yet in that lonely cañon to mark that ghastly tragedy."

"Is that all?" asked the Bishop, as Harmar stopped.

"No, sir, it is not. We stopped a moment by the grave and then moved off down the cañon. On the way down the river toward our camp we were so excited that we disdained cover and kept in the middle of the cañon. A few rods from the clearing a shot rang out from a nest of bowlders under the north bluff right in our path.

"No one was hit, and the men, entirely reckless, ran toward the smoke. No footracers ever went faster. A second shot hit one man in the arm, but that did not stop the rest of us. I went with them as before; in fact, being younger and in better training than most of them, I outran them all except Boyd. There was an Indian behind the rocks, a greasy, dirty, drunken Apache warrior. He had got drunk that morning, wandered away from his party, fallen over the cliffs, and broken his leg. He had been unable to rejoin them, and his fellow-braves had ridden off and left him—forgotten. At least I suppose all this. We were heading for him, and his discovery was inevitable, or he would not have shot at us.

"Boyd had his gun up to beat out the Apache's brains when I caught the descending stock in my hands and called him to attention sharply. He was too good a soldier to fail to obey after a momentary hesitation. I drew my revolver promptly and forced the men back—all their excitement had come back—and I had some little difficulty before I could get them in hand. They wanted to tear him to pieces, and so on. I did not blame them. But of course, being an officer, I could not allow anything of that sort,

although, frankly, I'd have liked it as much as the rest.

"Well, we made him a prisoner, and I was in a quandary. What to do with him I did not know. It was afternoon now; I was very anxious to rejoin the men at the spring; I could not tell what had happened there. We had no horse, and how to get that lame devil along I could not see. Finally, Boyd and one other man volunteered to bring him in and let the rest of us push on toward the post.

"I think I only gave Boyd one order. 'Don't let him escape,' I said. I can remember how he smiled at me when he said he would not. It wasn't a pleasant smile, either.

"Well, we got back late in the afternoon, and found everything safe at the spring. We thought we heard a couple of shots back in the cañon after we left Boyd, but we were not sure. That evening Boyd and the other man came in—alone.

"'Where's the Apache?' I asked, sternly, as he reported to me.

"'He escaped, sir,' answered the sergeant, calmly. He seemed strangely calm.

"'Escaped!' I cried.

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, looking hard at me. 'He won't trouble you again, sir,' he added, after a pause.

"'Oh,' I said; 'very well.'

"Boyd turned and walked away, and I learned afterward that he had given the Indian the other man's rifle, because he could not kill even a wounded Apache in cold blood, and at a distance of ten paces had exchanged shots with him. The Apache's bullet went wild, but Boyd's aim was truer. They left the Apache in the cañon with the top of his head blown off. He had nothing to complain of. He had been shot like a gentleman—and by one. It was rank disobedience and everything else on Boyd's part."

"What did you do to him?" asked the Bishop.

"Nothing, nothing at all. I never reported it, or mentioned the subject again. Boyd was a changed man from that hour. A few days after, Lawton's command came along, and I let Boyd go with them, he begged so, and Lawton was willing; he loved men, and Boyd was a man. So that is the way he became a cavalryman. Not even Lawton himself pursued those Apaches with more grim determination and relentless energy than that sergeant of infantry. He was in at the round-up with his new commander. That is the end of the story, gentlemen."

The General finally broke the silence.

"Well, Harmar," he said, "as you remarked, it was disobedience of orders and all that, and the man should have been court-martialed. Yes, certainly—"

There was another pause, while we waited breathless.

"By-the-way, Mr. Price," he continued, turning to the Adjutant. "The death of Vance leaves his position vacant. Will you make out an order to-morrow morning appointing Sergeant Boyd sergeant-major of the Twelfth Cavalry."

The Bishop rose from his seat, stepped across the porch to the General, and solemnly wrung him by the hand.

THE POET

BY LULU W. MITCHELL

ALONE among familiar forms and voices,
By his own household fire still isolate,—
Far, far away the region of his choice is,
An alien, castaway of petulant Fate.

His native tongue he hears not on the highway;
His crumbs of truth all unregarded fall;
Few make him answer, but in greening byway
The whispering Twilight stays and tells him all

THE RIGHT OF WAY*

PART III

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XII

THE COMING OF ROSALIE

CHARLEY STEELE saw himself as he had been through the eyes of another. He saw the work that he had done in the carpentering shed, and had no memory of it. The real Charley Steele had been enveloped in oblivion for seven months. During that time a mild phantom of himself had wandered, as it were, in a somnambulistic dream, through the purlieus of life. Open-eyed, but with the soul asleep, all idiosyncrasy laid aside, all acquired impressions and influences vanished, he had been walking in the world with no more complexity of mind than a new-born child, automatic, involuntary, nothing intervening between the sight of the eyes and the original sense.

Now, when the real Charley Steele emerged again, the folds of mind and soul unrolling to the million-voiced creation and touched by the antennæ of a various civilization, the phantom Charley Steele was gone again into obscurity. The real Charley could remember naught of the other, could feel naught, save as in the stirring industrious day one remembers that he had dreamed a strange dream the night before, and cannot recall it, though the overpowering sense of it remains.

He saw the work of his hands, the things he had made with adze and plane, with chisel and hammer, but nothing seemed familiar save the smell of the glue-pot, which brought back in a cloudy sort of way curious unfamiliar feelings. Sights, sounds, motions, passed in a confused way through his mind as the smell of the glue crept through his nostrils, and he struggled hard to remember. But no—seven months of his life were gone forever. Yet he knew and felt that a vast change had gone over him, had passed through him. While the soul had lain fallow, while the body had been growing back to childlike health again, and Nature had been pouring into his sick senses her healing balm, while the medicaments of peace and sleep and quiet labor had been having their way with him, he had been reorganized, renewed; had been flushed of the turgid silt of dissipation. For his sins and weaknesses there had been no gall and vinegar to drink.

As Charley stood looking round the workshop, Jo Nadeau entered, shaking the snow from his moccasined feet.

"The Curé, Monsieur Loisel, has come, m'sieu'," he said.

Charley turned and, without a word, followed Jo into the house. There, standing at the window and looking down at the village beneath, was the Curé. As Charley entered, Monsieur Loisel came forward with outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you well again, monsieur," he said, and his cool thin hand held Charley's for a moment as he looked him benignly in the eye.

With a kind of instinct as to the course he must henceforth pursue, Charley replied simply, dropping his eye-glass as he met that clear soluble look of the priest—such a well of simplicity he had never before seen. Only naked eye could meet that naked eye, imperfect though his own sight was.

"It is good of you to feel so, and to come and tell me so," he answered, quietly. "I have been a great trouble, I know."

There was none of the old pose in his manner, none of the old cryptic quality in his words.

"We were anxious for your sake—and for the sake of your friends, monsieur."

Charley evaded the suggestion. "I

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cannot easily repay your kindness and that of Jo Nadeau, my good friend here," he rejoined.

"M'sieu'," replied Jo, his face turned away, and his foot pushing a log on the fire, "you have repaid it."

Charley shook his head. "I am in a conspiracy of kindness," he said. "It is all a mystery to me. For why should one expect such treatment from strangers, when, besides all, one can never make any real return, not even to pay for one's board and lodging!"

"'I was a stranger and ye took me in,'" said the Curé, smiling by no means sentimentally. "So said the Friend of the World."

Charley looked the Curé steadily in the eyes. He was thinking how simply this man had said these things; as if, indeed, they were part of his life; as though it were usual speech with him, a something that belonged, not an acquired language. There was the old impulse to ask a question, and he put his eye-glass to his eye, but his lips did not open, and the eye-glass fell again. He had seen familiarity with sacred names and things in the uneducated, in excited revivalists, worked up to a state clairvoyant and conversational with the Creator; but he had never heard an educated man speak as this man did.

At last Charley said: "Your brother—Nadeau tells me that your brother, the surgeon, has gone away. I should have liked to thank him—if no more."

"I have written him of your good recovery. He will be glad, I know. But my brother, from one stand-point—a human stand-point — had scruples. These I did not share, but they were strong in him, monsieur. Marcel asked himself—" He stopped suddenly and looked towards Jo.

Charley saw the look, and said quickly: "Speak plainly. Jo Nadeau is my friend."

Jo turned quickly, and a light seemed to come to his eyes — a shining something that resolved itself into a doglike fondness, an utter obedience, a strange intense gratitude. That moment saw a man made a slave.

"Marcel asked himself," the Curé continued, "whether you would thank him for bringing you back to—to life and memory. I fear he was trying to see what I should say—I fear so. Marcel said: 'Suppose that he should curse me for it? Who knows what he would be brought back to—to what suffering and pain, perhaps?' Marcel said that."

"And you replied, monsieur le Curé?"

"I replied that Nature required you to answer that question for yourself, and whether bitterly or gladly, it was your duty to take up your life and live it out. Besides, it was not you alone that had to be considered. One does not live alone or die alone in this world. There were your friends to consider."

"And because I had no friends here, you were compelled to think for me," answered Charley, calmly. "Truth is, it was not a question of my friends, for as I was during those seven months, or as I am now, can make no difference to them!"

He looked the Curé in the eyes steadily, and as though he would convey his intentions without words. The Curé understood. The simple actions of his mind, the habit of listening to the revelations of the human heart, had given him something of that clairvoyance which can only be pursued by the primitive mind, unvexed by complexity.

"It is, then, as though you had not come to life again? It is as though you had no past, monsieur."

"Just so. It is that, monsieur le Curé."

Jo Nadeau suddenly turned and left the room, for he heard a step on the frosty snow without.

"You will remain here, monsieur?" said the Curé.

"I cannot tell."

The Curé had the bravery of simple souls with a duty to perform. He fastened his eyes on Charley.

"Monsieur, is there any reason why you should not stay here? I ask it now, man to man—not as a priest of my people, but as man to man."

Charley did not answer for a moment. He was wondering how he should put his reply. But his look did not waver, and the Curé saw the honesty of the gaze. At length he said: "If you mean, Have I committed any crime which the law may punish?—no, monsieur le Curé. If you mean, Have I robbed or killed, or

forged—or wronged a woman as men wrong women?—no. These, I take it, are the things that matter first. For the rest, you can think of me as badly as you will, or as well, for what I do henceforth is the only thing that really concerns the world, monsieur le Curé."

The Curé came forward and put out his hand with a kindly gesture. "Monsieur, you have suffered!" he said.

"Never, never at all, monsieur. Never for a moment, until I was dropped down here like a stone from a sling. I had life by the throat; now it has me there —that is all."

"You are not a Catholic, monsieur?" asked the priest, almost pleadingly, and as though the question had been much on his mind.

"No, monsieur le Curé."

The Curé made no rejoinder. If he were not a Catholic, what matter what he was? If he were not a Catholic, were he Buddhist, Pagan, or Protestant, the position for them personally was the same. "I am very sorry," he said, gently. "I might have helped you had you been a Catholic."

The eye-glass came like lightning to the eye, and a caustic, questioning phrase was on the tongue, but Charley stopped himself in time. For, apart from all else, this priest had been his friend in calamity, had acted with a charming sensibility. The eye-glass troubled the Curé, and the look on Charley's face troubled him still more, but it passed as Charley said, in a voice as simple as the Curé's own:

"You may still help me as you have already done. I give you my word, too" —strange that he touched his lips with his tongue as he did in the old days when his mind turned to Jean Jolicoeur's saloon—"that I will do nothing to cause regret for your humanity and — and Christian kindness." Again the tongue touched the lips—a wave of the old life had swept over him, the old thirst had rushed upon him. Perhaps it was the force of this feeling which made him add, with a curious energy, "I give you my word of honor, monsieur le Curé."

At that moment the door opened and Jo entered.

"Monsieur," he said to Charley, "a registered parcel has come for you. It has been brought by the postmaster's daughter. She will give it to no one but yourself."

Charley's face paled, and the Curé's was scarcely less pale. In Charley's mind was the question, Who had discovered his presence here? Was he not, then, to escape? Who should send him parcels through the post?

The Curé was perturbed. Was he, then, to know who this man was — his name and history? Was the story of his life now to be told?

Charley broke the silence. "Tell the girl to come in."

A moment afterwards the postmaster's daughter entered. The look of the girl's face, at once spirituelle and rosy with health, almost put the question of the letter out of his mind for an instant. Her dark eyes met his as he came forward with outstretched hand.

"This is addressed, as you will see, '*To the Sick Man at the House of Monsieur Jo Nadeau, at Vadrome Mountain.*' Are you that person, monsieur?" she asked.

As she handed the parcel, Charley's eyes scanned her face quickly. How did this *habitant* girl come by this perfect French accent, this refined manner? He did not know the handwriting on the parcel; he hastily tore it open. Inside were a few dozen small packets. Here also was a piece of paper. He opened and read it quickly. It said:

> Monsieur, I am not sure that you have recovered your memory and your health, and I am also not sure that in such case you will thank me for my work. If you think I have done you an injury, pray accept my profound apologies. Monsieur, you have been a drunkard. If you would reverse the record now, these powders, taken at opportune moments, will aid you. Monsieur, with every expression of my good-will, and the hope that you will convey to me without reserve your feelings on this delicate matter, I append my address in Paris, and I have the honor to subscribe myself, monsieur, yours faithfully, MARCEL LOISEL.

The others looked at him with varied feelings as he read. Curiosity, inquiry, expectation, were common to them all, but with each was a different personal feeling. The Curé has been described. Jo Nadeau's mind was asking if this meant that the man who had come into his life must now go out of it; and the girl was

asking who was this mysterious man, like none she had ever seen or known.

Without hesitation Charley handed over the letter to the Curé, who took it with surprise, read it with amazement, and handed it back with a flush on his face.

"Thank you," said Charley to the girl. "It is good of you to bring it all this way. May I ask—"

"She is Mademoiselle Rosalie Evanturel," said the Curé, smiling.

"I am Charles Mallard," said Charley, slowly.

"Thank you. I will go now, Monsieur Mallard," the girl said, lifting her eyes to his face. He bowed. As she turned and went towards the door, her eyes met his. She blushed.

"Wait, mademoiselle; I will go back with you," said the Curé, kindly. He turned to Charley and held out his hand. "God be with you, Monsieur—Charles," he said. "Come and see me soon." Remembering that his brother had written that the man was a drunkard, his eyes had a look of pity. This was the man's own secret and his. It was a way to the man's heart; he would use it.

As the two went out of the door, the girl again turned. Charley was putting the great surgeon's letter into the fire, and did not see her, yet she blushed again.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW CHARLEY WENT ADVENTURING AND WHAT HE FOUND

A WEEK passed. Charley Steele's life was running in a tiny circle, but his mind was compassing large revolutions. The events of the last few days had cut deep. His life had been turned upside down, all his predispositions had been suddenly brought to check, his habits turned upon the flank and routed, his mental postures flung into confusion. He had to start life again; but it could not be in the way of any previous travel of mind or body. The line of cleavage was sharp and wide, and the only connection with the past was in the long-reaching influence of evil habits, which crept from their coverts, now and again, to mock him as his old self had mocked life—to mock him and to tempt him. Through seven months of healthy life for his body, while brain and will were sleeping, the old weakness had had no domination; and the whole man had made long strides towards recreation. But with the renewal of will and mind the old weaknesses, roused by memory, began to emerge intermittently, as water flows from a spring. There was something terrible in this involuntary repetition of sensation — the terrible law of habit answering to the machinelike throbbing of memory, as a kaleidoscope turning, turning, its pictures pass a certain point at fixed intervals—an automatic recurrence. He found himself at times touching his lips with his tongue, and with this act came the dry throat, the hot eye, the restless hand feeling, feeling for a glass that eluded his fingers.

Twice in one week did this fever spring up in him, and it caught him in those moments when, exhausted by the struggle of his mind to adapt itself to the new conditions, his senses were delicately susceptible. Visions of Jolicoeur's saloon came to his mind's eye. With a singular separateness, a new and strangely developed dual sense, he saw himself standing in the summer heat, looking over to the cool dark doorway of the saloon, and he caught the smell of the fresh-drawn beer as it was set upon the counter. In thinking of the past, he was conscious of always seeing himself as plainly as one sees people on a stage from the stalls of a theatre. He was conscious of watching himself do this and that, of seeing himself move here and there. He began to look upon Charley Steele as a man he had known—he, Charles Mallard, had known—while he had to suffer for what Charley Steele had done. Then, all at once, as he was thinking and dreaming and seeing, there would pass over him, as though by some electrical medium, the sweeping power of the old appetite, coincident with the seizure of his brain by the old sense of satire at its worst—such a worst as had made him insult Jake Hough when the rough countryman was courageously ready to take his part that night at the Côte Dorion.

At such moments life became a conflict—almost a terror—for as yet he had not swung into line with the new order of things. In truth, there was no "order of things"; for one life was be-

hind him and the new one was not yet decided upon, save that here he would stay—here out of the world, out of the game, far from old associations, cut off, and to be forever cut off, from all that he had ever known or seen or felt or loved!.... Loved! When did he ever love? If love was synonymous with unselfishness, with the desire to give greater than the desire to get, then he had never known love. He realized now that he had given Kathleen only what might be given across a dinner table, the sensuous tribute of a temperament which was passionate without true passion or true faith or friendship. Kathleen had known that he gave her nothing worth the having, for in some meagre sense she knew what love was, and had given it meagrely, after her nature, to another man, preserving meanwhile the letter of the law, respecting that bond which he had shamed by his excesses.

And Kathleen was now sitting at another man's table — no, probably at his own table—his, Charley Steele's own table in his own house, in the house he had given her by deed of gift before he died. Tom Fairing was sitting where he used to sit, talking across the table — not as he used to talk — looking into Kathleen's face as he had never looked! He was no more to them than a dark memory. "Well, why should I be more?" he said to himself. "I am dead, if not buried. They think me down among the fishes. My game is done; and when she gets older and understands life better, Kathleen will say, 'Poor Charley —he might have been anything!' She'll be sure to say that some day, for habit and memory go round in a circle and pass the same point again and again. For me—they take me by the throat—" He put his hand up as if to free his throat from a grip, his tongue touched his lips, his hands grew restless, and he clinched his fingers to hold them steady.

"It comes back on me like a fit of ague, this miserable thirst. If I were within sight of Jolicoeur's saloon, I should be drinking hard this minute. But I'm here, and—" His hand felt in his pocket, and he took out the powders the great surgeon had sent him.

"He knew—how did he know that I was a drunkard? Does a man carry in his face the story of what he is? Jo says I didn't talk of the past, that I never had delirium, that I never said a word to suggest who I was, or what I did, or where I came from. Then how did he know? I suppose every particular habit carries its particular signal, as it were, and the expert knows the ciphers."

He was nervous. His tongue touched his lips. He opened the paper containing the powders, and looked round for water, then hesitated, folded the paper up, and put it in his pocket again. He went over to the window and looked out. His shoulders set square. "No, by God, not a speck on my tongue!" he said. "What I can't do of my own will is not worth the doing. It's too foolish a game to yield to the shadow of an old appetite. I play this game alone, and I'll play it here at Chaudière."

He looked out and down. The sweet sun of early spring was shining hard, and the snow was beginning to pack, to hang like a blanket on the branches, to lie like a soft coverlet over all the forest and the fields. Far away on the frozen river were saplings stuck up to show where the ice was safe—a long line of poles from shore to shore—and carioles were hurrying across to the village. It was market-day, and the place was alive with the cheerful commerce of the *habitant*. It was a saint's day, too, and the bell of the parish church was ringing. The sound of it came up distantly and peacefully. Charley drew a long breath, turned away to a pail of water, filled a dipper half full, and drank it off gaspingly. Then he returned to the window.

"That does it," he said; "the horrible thing is gone again—out of my brain and out of my throat."

At that moment Nadeau came up the hill with a bundle in his arms. Charley watched him for a moment, half whimsically, half curiously. Yet he sighed once too as Nadeau opened the door and came into the room.

"Well done, Jo," said he. "You have 'em?"

"Yes, m'sieu'. A good suit, and I believe they'll fit. Old Trudel says it's the best suit he has made in a year. I'm afraid he'll not make many more suits, old Trudel! He is very bad. When he

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goes there will be no tailor—ah, old Trudel will be missed for sure, m'sieu'!"

Jo spread the clothes out on the table—a coat, waistcoat, and trousers of fulled cloth, gray and sensible and bulky, and smelling of the loom and the tailor's iron. Charley looked at them interestedly, then glanced at the clothes he had on, the suit that had belonged to him last year—grave-clothes!

He drew himself up as though rousing from a dream. "Come, Jo, clear out, and you shall have your new *habitant* in a minute," he said. Nadeau left the room, and when he came back, Charley was dressed in the suit of gray fulled cloth. It was loose, but comfortable, and save for the refined face—on which a beard was growing now—and the eyeglass, he might easily have passed for a farmer. When he put on the dog-skin fur cap and a small muffler round his neck, it was the costume of the *habitant* complete.

Yet it was no disguise, for it was part of the life that Charles Mallard, once Charley Steele, should lead henceforth.

He turned to the door and opened it. "Good-by, Nadeau," he said.

Jo was startled. "Where are you going, m'sieu'?"

"To the village."

"What to do, m'sieu'?"

"Who knows?"

"You will come back?" Jo asked, anxiously.

"Before sundown, Jo. Good-by, again!"

This was the first long walk he had taken since he had become himself again. The sweet, cold air, with a gentle yet bracing wind blowing in his face, gave peace to the nerves which but lately were strained and fevered in the fight with appetite. His mind cleared, and for a time he did nothing but soak in the sun and the air and the pungent smell of the balsams. His feet light with moccasins, he even ran a distance, enjoying the glow from a fast-beating pulse.

As he came into the high-road, people passed him in carioles and sleighs, and some eyed him curiously.

What was he to do? What object had he in coming to the village? What did he expect? As he entered the village his pace slackened. He had no destination, no object. He was simply aware that his new life was beginning in earnest; that only by work and in work could he hope to strengthen his will to play the new part, fight down old temptations, recover from old excesses, in body and mind.

He passed a little house on which was a sign, "*Narcisse Dauphin, Notary.*" It gave him a curious feeling. It was the old life before him. "*Charles Mallard, Notary?*"—No, that was not for him. Everything that reminded him of the old life, that brought him in touch with it, must be set aside. He moved on. Should he go to the Curé? No; one thing at a time, and to-day he wanted his thoughts for himself. More people passed him, turned and looked at him, and spoke to each other concerning him, though there was no coarse curiosity—the *habitant* has virtues of courtesy.

Presently he passed a low shop with a divided door. The lower half was closed, the upper open, and the winter sun was shining full into the room, where a bright fire burned.

Charley looked up. Over the door was painted, in straggling letters, "*Louis Trudel, Tailor.*" He looked inside. There on a low table, bent over his work, with a needle in his hand, sat Louis Trudel, the tailor. Hearing footsteps, feeling a shadow, he looked up. Charley started at the look of the shrunken, yellow, haggard face; for if ever death had set his seal anywhere, it was on that parchment. The tailor's yellow eyes ran from Charley's face to his clothes.

"I knew they'd fit," he said, with a snarl. "Drove me hard, too!"

Charley had an inspiration. He opened the door, and entered. Why not? Was there not work here—a start in the way of labor? One thing was as good as another. The tailor was ill, and alone!

"Do you want help?" he said, fixing his eyes on the tailor's, steady and persistent.

"I want it, but I can't get it," was the irritable reply, and he uncrossed his legs.

Charley took the iron out of his hand. "I'll press, if you'll show me how," he said.

"I don't want a fiddling ten-minutes' help like that."

"It isn't fiddling. I'm going to stay, if you think I'll do."

"You are going to stay—every day?" The old man's voice quavered a little.

"Precisely that." Charley wet a seam with water as he had often seen tailors do. He dropped the hot iron on the seam, and sniffed with satisfaction.

"Who are you?" said the tailor.

"A man who wants work. The Curé knows. It's all right. Shall I stay?"

The tailor nodded, and sat down with a color in his face.

CHAPTER XIV

ROSALIE, CHARLEY, AND THE MAN THE WIDOW PLOMONDON JILTED.

FROM the moment there came to the post-office the letter addressed to "The Sick Man at the House of Jo Nadeau at Vadrome Mountain," Rosalie Evanturel dreamed dreams. Mystery, so fascinating an element in all the experiences of life, took hold of her. The strange man in the lonely hut on the hill, the bandaged head, the keen, piercing blue eyes, the monocle, like a masked battery of the mind, levelled at her—all appealed to that life she lived apart from the people with whom she had daily commerce. Her world was a world of books and dreams, and simple, practical duties of life. Most books were romance to her, for most were of a life to which she had not been educated. Even one or two purely Protestant books of missionary enterprise, found in a box in her dead mother's room, had had all the charms of poetry and adventure. It was all new, therefore all delightful, even when the Protestant sentiments shocked her as being not merely untrue, but hurting that æsthetic sense never remote from the mind of the devout Catholic.

She had blushed when monsieur had first looked at her, in the hut on Vadrome Mountain, not because there was any soft sentiment about him in her heart—how could there be for a man she had but just seen!—but because her feelings, her imagination, were all at high temperature; because the man was unusual and very good to see, the situation was mysterious. The feeling sprang from a deep sensibility, a primitive and whole-hearted sense of the real, which had never been rendered incredulous by the ironies of life. These had never presented themselves to her in a country, in a parish, where people said of fortune and misfortune, happiness and sorrow, "*C'est le bon Dieu!*"—always "*C'est le bon Dieu!*"

In some sense it was a pity that she had brains above the ordinary, that she had a good education and nice tastes. Unschooled in the world, there was danger in the education she had had. It was the cultivation of the primitive and idealistic mind, which could not rationalize a sense of the romantic, of credulousness, by knowledge of life. As she sat behind the post-office counter she read all sorts of books that came her way. When she learned English so as to read it almost as easily as she read French, her greatest joy was to pore over Shakspere, with a heart full of wonder, and, so very often, eyes full of tears—tears are near to the eyes of her race. Her imagination inhabited Chaudière with a different folk, living in homes different from these wide, low-sweeping-roofed structures, with double windows and clean-scrubbed steps, tall doors, and wide, uncovered verandas. Her people—the people of her imagination—were not sordid, or quarrelsome, or childish, or merely traditional, like the *habitants*. They were picturesque, and intellectual, and simple, and doing good things in disguise, and succoring people in distress, and offering up their lives without thought for a cause, or a woman, and loving with an undying love.

Charley was of these people—from the first moment she saw him. The Curé, the Avocat, and the Seigneur were also of them, but placidly, simply, unimportantly. "The Sick Man at Jo Nadeau's House" came out of a mysterious distance. Something deep and searching in his eyes, something that said, "I have seen; I have known," told her that when he spoke she would answer freely, that they were kinsfolk in some hidden way. By nature she was open, frank, and brave, hiding nothing, desiring to hide nothing; living her life upon the house-tops, as it were; going in and out of the lives of the people of Chaudière

with love and understanding; and letting people go in and out of her life with neighborly sympathy. Yet she knew that she was not of them, and they knew that, poor as she was, in her veins there flowed the blood of the old nobility of France. This the Curé could vouch for, for the history of every family of her race in the country, however humble, could be traced back to the hour its pioneers set foot on the soil of the old province. In an official position as she was, she was compelled to serve the public, and she served them with naturalness and simplicity. There were those who had, however, encountered in her a curious courtesy which kept them at a distance—the same sort of thing that the Seigneur, M. Rossignol, assumed at times.

She had been a figure in the parish ever since the day she returned from the convent at Quebec, and took her dead mother's place in the home and the parish. One event in particular, an act of fearlessness and humanity, had brought her into a prominence, which was duly increased when her crippled father was made postmaster, and the responsibility of the office charged to herself. She had a quick temper, but there was not a cheerless note in her nature, and there was scarce a dog or a horse in the parish but had felt her touch, and responded to it. Her canaries sang more gladly than any others, squirrels ate out of her hand, she had even tamed two wild partridges, and she kept in her little garden a bear which she had brought up from a cub. Her life was full of interest of a kind, and her devotion to her father, her care of him, was in keeping with her quick response to every incident of sorrow or joy in the parish—only modified by certain wilfulnesses and prejudices scarcely in keeping with her unselfishness.

As Mrs. Flynn, the Seigneur's Irish cook, said of her: "Shure, she's not made all av wan piece, the darlin'! She'll wear like silk, but she's not linen for everybody's washin'." And Mrs. Flynn knew a thing or two, as was agreed by everybody in Chaudière. No gossip was Mrs. Flynn, but she knew well what was going on in the parish, and she had her pronounced views upon all subjects, and a special interest in the welfare of two people in Chaudière. One of these was the Seigneur, who, when her husband died, having left behind him a name for good company and wit and neighborliness, and nothing else, proposed that she should come to be his cook. In spite of her protest that what was "fit for Tim was not for a gintleman of quality," the Seigneur had had his way, and had never repented of his choice. Mrs. Flynn's cooking was not her only strong point. She had the rarest good sense, and an unfailing spring of good-nature—life bubbled round her. It was she that had suggested the crippled M. Evanturel to the Seigneur when the office of postmaster became vacant, and the Seigneur had acted on her suggestion, henceforth taking great notice of Rosalie.

It was Mrs. Flynn who first gave Rosalie information concerning Charley's arrival at the shop of Louis Trudel, the tailor. The morning after Charley came, Mrs. Flynn had called for a waistcoat of the Seigneur, who was expected home from a visit to Quebec. She found Charley standing at a table pressing seams, and her quick eye took him in with knowledge and instinct. She was the one person, save Rosalie, who could always amuse Louis Trudel, and this morning she puckered his sour face with amusement by the story of the courtship of the widow Plomondon and Germain Boily, the horse-trader, whose greatest gift was animal-training, and greatest weakness a fondness for widows, temporary and otherwise. Before she had left the tailor shop, with Charley's smile answering to her nod, she had made up her mind that Charley was a tailor by courtesy only. So she told Rosalie a few moments afterwards.

"'Tis a man, darlin', that's seen the wide wurruld. 'Tis himisperes he knows, not parishes. Fwhat's he doin' here, I dun'no'. Fwhere's he come from, I dun'no'. French or English, I dun'no'. But a gintleman born, I know. 'Tis no tailor, darlin', but tailorin' he'll do as aisy as he'll do a hunderd other things anny day. But how he shlipped in here, an' when he shlipped in here, an' what's he come for, an' how long he's stayin', an' meanin' well, or doin' ill, I dun'no', darlin', I dun'no'."

"I don't think he'll do ill, and I think he means well, Mrs. Flynn," said Rosalie, in good English.

"An' if ye haven't seen him, how d'ye know?" asked Mrs. Flynn, taking a pinch of snuff.

"I have seen him—but not in the tailor shop. I saw him at Jo Nadeau's a fortnight ago."

"Aisy, aisy, darlin'. At Jo Nadeau's—that's a quare place for a stranger to be! 'Tis not wid Jo Nadeau's introducshun I'd be comin' to Chaudière."

"He comes with the Curé's introduction."

"An' how d'ye know that, darlin'?"

"The Curé was at Jo Nadeau's with monsieur when I went there."

"You wint there!"

"To take him a letter—the stranger."

"What's his name, darlin'?"

"The letter I took him was addressed, '*To the Sick Man at Jo Nadeau's House at Vadrome Mountain.*'"

"Ah, thin, the Curé knows. 'Tis some rich man come to get well, and plays at bein' tailor. But why didn't the letther come to his name, I wander now? That's what I wander."

Rosalie shook her head, and looked reflectively through the window towards the tailor shop.

"How manny times have ye seen him?"

"Only the once," answered Rosalie, truthfully. She did not, however, tell Mrs. Flynn that she had thrice walked nearly to Vadrome Mountain in the hope of seeing the stranger again, and that she had gone to her favorite resort, the Rest of the Flax-Beaters, lying in the way of the river-path from Vadrome Mountain, on the chance of monsieur passing. She did not tell Mrs. Flynn that there had scarcely been a waking hour when she had not thought of the mysterious stranger.

"What Nadeau knows, he'll not be tellin'," said Mrs. Flynn, after a moment. "An' 'tis no business of ours, is it, darlin'? Shure, there's Jo comin' out of the tailor shop now!"

They both looked out of the window, and saw Jo encounter Filion Lacasse, the saddler, and Maximilian Cour, the baker. The three stood in the middle of the street for a moment, Jo talking freely. He was usually morose and taciturn, but now he spoke as though eager to unburden his mind—Charley and he had agreed upon what should be said to the people of Chaudière.

The sight of the confidences among the three was too much for Mrs. Flynn. She opened the door of the post-office and called to Jo. "Like three crows shtandin' there!" she said. "Come in—ma'm'selle says come in, and tell your tales here, if they're fit to hear, Jo Nadeau," she said. "Who are you to say *no* when ma'm'selle bids!" she added.

A moment afterwards Jo was inside the post-office, telling his tale with a deliberation suggesting a lesson learned by heart.

"It's all right, as ma'm'selle knows," he said. "The Curé was there when ma'm'selle brought a letter to M'sieu' Mallard. The Curé knows all. M'sieu' come to my house sick—and he staid there. There is nothing like the pine-trees and the junipers to cure some things. He was with me very quiet some time. The Curé come and come. He knows. When m'sieu' got well, he said, 'I will not go from Chaudière; I will stay. I am poor, and I will earn my bread here.' At first, when he is getting well, he is carpent'ring. He makes cupboards and picture-frames. The Curé has one of the cupboards in the sacristy: the frames he puts on the Stations of the Cross in the church."

"That's good enough for me!" said Maximilian Cour.

"Did he make them for nothing?" asked Filion Lacasse, solemnly.

"Not one cent did he ask. What's more, he's working for Louis Trudel for nothing. He come through the village yesterday; he see Louis old and sick on his bench, and he set down and go to work."

"That's good enough for me!" said the saddler. "If a man work for the Church for nothing, he is a Christian. If he work for Louis Trudel for nothing, he is a saint — first-class — or a fool. I wouldn't work for Louis Trudel if he give me five dollars a day."

"*Tiens!* the man that work for Louis Trudel work for the Church, for all that old Louis makes goes to the Church in the end—that is his will! The Notary knows," said Maximilian Cour.

"See there, now," interposed Mrs. Flynn, pointing across the street to the tailor shop. "Look at that grocer-man stickin' in his head; and there's Magloire Cadoret and that pig of a barber, Moise Moisan, starin' through the dure, an'—"

As she spoke, the barber and his companion suddenly turned their faces to the street, and started forward with startled exclamations, the grocer following. They all ran out from the post-office. Not far up the street a crowd was gathering. Rosalie locked the office door and followed the others quickly.

In front of the Hôtel Trois Couronnes a painful thing was happening. Germain Boily, the horse-trainer, fresh from his disappointment with the widow Plomondon, had driven his tamed moose up to the Trois Couronnes, and had drunk enough whiskey to make him ill-tempered. He had then begun to "show off" the animal, but the savage instincts of the moose being roused, he had attacked his master, charging with wide-branching horns, and striking with his feet. Boily was too drunk to fight intelligently. He went down under the hoofs of the enraged animal, as his huge boar-hound, always with him, fastened on the moose's throat, dragged him to the ground, and tore gaping wounds in his neck.

It was all the work of a moment. People ran from the doorways and sidewalks, but staid at a comfortable distance until the moose was dragged down; then they made to approach the insensible man. Before any one could reach him, however, the great hound, with dripping fangs, rushed to his master's body, and standing over it, showed his teeth savagely. The hotel-keeper approached, but the bristles of the hound stood up, he prepared to attack, and the landlord drew back in haste. Then M. Dauphin, the Notary, who had joined the crowd, held out a hand coaxingly, and with insinuating rhetoric drew a little nearer than the landlord had done; but he retreated precipitously as the hound crouched back for a spring. Some one called for a gun, and Filion Lacasse ran into his shop. The ferocious animal had now settled down on his master's body, his bloodshot eyes moving everywhere in watchfulness and menace. The one chance seemed to be to shoot him, and there must be no bungling, lest his prostrate master be shot at the same time. The crowd had melted away into the houses, and were now standing at doorways and windows, ready for instant retreat.

Filion Lacasse's gun was now at disposal, but who would fire it? Jo Nadeau was an expert shot, and he reached out a hand for the weapon.

As he did so, Rosalie Evanturel cried, "Wait a moment, Nadeau," and before any one could interfere she moved along the open space to the dog, speaking in a soothing voice, calling his name, and looking the mad beast in the eyes.

The crowd held their breath. A woman fainted. Some wrung their hands, and Jo Nadeau, with blanched face, stood with gun half raised. With an assured kindness of voice and manner, Rosalie walked up to the hound boldly and softly, yet deliberately. At first the animal's bristles came up, and he prepared to spring, but she held out her hand, murmuring to him, and presently laid a hand on his huge head. With a growl of subjection, the dog drew from the body of his master, and licked Rosalie's hand as she knelt beside Boily and felt his heart. She put her arm round the dog's neck, and said to the crowd, "Some one come—only one!—ah, yes, you, monsieur," she added, as Charley Steele, who had just arrived on the scene, came forward. "Only you, if you can lift him. Take him to my house."

Her arm still round the dog, she talked to him, as Charley came forward, and lifting up the body of the little horse-trainer, drew him across his shoulder. The hound at first resented the act, but under Rosalie's touch became quiet, and followed at their heels towards the post-office, licking the wounded man's hands as they hung down Charley's back. The crowd kept at a respectful and prudent distance. Inside M. Evanturel's house the injured man was laid upon a couch. Charley examined his wounds, and finding them severe, advised that the Curé be sent for, while he and Jo Nadeau set about restoring him to consciousness. Jo had skill of a sort, and his crude medicaments were presently efficacious.

When the Curé came, the hurt man

was handed over to his care, and he arranged that in the evening Boily should be removed to his house, to await the arrival of the doctor from the next parish.

This was Charley's public introduction to the people of Chaudière, and it was his second meeting with Rosalie Evanturel.

The incident brought him into immediate prominence, and before he left the post-office, having consigned the wounded man to the Curé, Filion Lacasse, Maximilian Cour, and Mrs. Flynn had given forth his history, as related by Jo Nadeau.

But attention was not centred on himself, for Rosalie's courage had set the parish talking. When the Notary stood on the steps of the saddler's shop, and with fine rhetoric proposed a vote of admiration for the girl, the cheering could be heard inside the post-office, and it brought Mrs. Flynn outside.

"'Tis for her, the darlin'—for Ma'm'selle Rosalie — they're splittin' their throats!" she said to Charley as he was making his way from the sick man's room to the street door. "Did ye iver see such an eye an' hand? That avil baste that's killed two Injins already—and all the men o' the place sneakin' behind dures, an' she walkin' up cool as leaf in mornin' dew, an' quietin' that divil's own! Did ye iver see annything like it, sir—you that's seen so much?"

Charley looked the Irish woman in the eye sharply, but he saw that she did not mean to be inquisitive, and that she was judging him by some instinct deeper than knowledge. So he said in reply:

"Madame, it is not touch of hand alone, or voice alone."

"Shure, 'tis somethin' kin in baste an' maid, you're manin', thin?"

"Quite so, madame."

"Simple like, an' understandin' what Noah understood in that ark av his—for talk to the bastes he must have, explainin' what was for thim to do."

"Like that, madame."

"Thrue for you, sir, 'tis as you say. There's language more than tongue of man can shpake. But listen, thin, to me" — her voice got lower — "for 'tis not the furst time, a thing like that, the lady she is—granddaughter of a Seigneur, and descinded from nobility in France! 'Tis not the furst time to be doin' brave things. Just a shlip of a girl she was, three years ago, afther her mother died an' she was back from convint school. A woman come to the parish an' was took sick in the house of her brother —from France she was. The small-pox they said 'twas at furst. 'Twas no small-pox, but plague, got upon the seas. Alone she was in the house—her brother left her alone, the black-hearted coward. The people wouldn't go near the place. The Curé was away. Alone the woman was—poor soul! Who wint—who wint and cared for her? Who do ye think, sir?"

"Mademoiselle?"

"Ma'm'selle an' none other. 'Go tell Mrs. Flynn,' says she, 'to care for my father till I come back,' an' away she wint to the house of plague. A week she staid, an' no one wint near her. Alone she was with the woman and the plague. 'Lave her be,' said the Curé when he come back; ''tis for the love of God. God is with her — lave her be, and pray for her,' says he. An' he wint himself, but she would not let him in. ''Tis my work,' says she. ''Tis God's work for me to do,' says she. 'An' the woman will live if 'tis God's will!' says she. 'There's an *agnus dei* on her breast,' says she. 'Go an' pray,' says she. Pray the Curé did, an' pray did we all, but the woman died of the plague. All alone did Rosalie draw her to the grave on a stone-boat down the lane, an' over the hill, an' into the church-yard. An' buried her with her own hands at night, no one knowin' till the mornin', she did. So it was. An' the burial over, she wint back an' burned the house to the ground —sarve the villain right that lave the sick woman alone! An' her own clothes she burned, an' put on the clothes I brought her wid me own hand. An' for that thing she did, the love o' God in her heart, is it for Widdy Flynn or Curé or anny other to forgit? Shure the Curé was foriver broken-hearted, for that he was sick abed for days an' could not go to the house when the woman died, an' say to Rosalie, 'Let me in for her last hour.' But the word of Rosalie—shure 'twas as good as the words of a praste, savin' the Curé's prisince wheriver he may be!"

This was the story of Rosalie which

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Mrs. Flynn told Charley, as he stood at the street door of the post-office. When she had finished, Charley went back into the room where Rosalie sat beside the sick man's couch, the great hound at her feet. She came forward, surprised, for he had bade her good-by but a few moments before, with words that kept ringing in her ears.

"May I sit and watch for an hour longer, mademoiselle?" he said. "You will have your duties in the post-office."

"Monsieur—it is good of you," she answered.

For two hours Charley watched her going in and out, whispering directions to Mrs. Flynn, doing household duty, bringing warmth in with her, and leaving light behind her.

It was afternoon when he returned to his bench in the tailor shop, and was received by old Louis Trudel in peevish silence. For an hour they worked in silence, and then the tailor said:

"A brave girl—that! We will work till nine to-night!"

CHAPTER XV

THE MARK IN THE PAPER

CHAUDIERE was nearing the last of its nine-days' wonder. It had fled past the doorway of the tailor shop; it had loitered on the other side of the street; it had been measured for more clothes than in three months past—that it might see Charley at work in the shop, cross-legged on a bench, or wielding the "goose," his eye-glass in his eye. Here was sensation indeed, for though old M. Rossignol, the Seigneur, had an eye-glass, it was held to his eye—a large bone-bound thing with a little gold handle; but no one in Chaudière had ever worn a glass in his eye like that. Also, no one in Chaudière had ever looked quite like "M'sieu'"—for so it was that after the first few days (a real tribute to his importance and sign of the interest he created) Charley came to be called "M'sieu'," and the *Mallard* was at last entirely dropped.

Presently people came and stood at the tailor's door and talked, or listened to Louis Trudel and M. Mallard talking. And it came to be noised abroad that the stranger talked quite as well as the Curé and better than the Notary. By-and-by they associated his eye-glass with his talent, so that it seemed, as it were, to be the cause of it. Yet their talk was ever of simple subjects, of every-day life about them, now and then of politics, occasionally of the events of the world filtered to them through vast tracts of country. There was one subject which, however, was never discussed, perhaps because there was knowledge abroad that M. Mallard was not a Catholic, perhaps because Charley himself adroitly changed the conversation when it veered that way.

Yet the parish had not quite made up its mind about him. There were a number of things in his favor, despite the fact that he had come into the life so mysteriously. In the first place, the Curé seemed satisfied; secondly, he minded his own business and worked hard. These things Jo Nadeau diligently impressed on the minds of all who would listen. M'sieu' was not a Catholic, and that was suspicious; he was perhaps English, though he spoke French perfectly, and that was against him; but the Curé's remark upon this was, "It is an error not to be French, but it is no sin."

Another matter was in his favor. He was working for Louis Trudel for nothing. Jo Nadeau made this clear.

People thought well of this. Charley's kindness seemed the greater because old Louis Trudel, with his acrimonious temper, was no favorite of Chaudière, in spite of the fact that he had willed all he had to the church of the parish. It was his way to drive hard bargains for clothes, on the plea that it was all for the church in the end. He foresaw the crucial moment when his relations with Charley must be reduced to dollars and cents, but he fought it as he had fought death so gallantly and long. Properly he ought to have been toasting his toes at the fire, and thinking of his latter end; and improperly he sat on his bench and stood at his table, or leaned over his iron, with the same devotion to his work as he had given it for fifty years. When the Curé reproved him for working so hard when he ought to be preparing for his going hence to be no more seen, he replied with an atrabilious tongue. He told the Curé to leave him alone,

for every day's work meant another silver nail in the church door.

From above the frosted part of the windows of the post-office, in the corner where she sorted letters, Rosalie could look over at the tailor's shop at an angle, could watch the door open and shut, could sometimes even see M'sieu' standing at the long table with a piece of chalk, a pair of shears, or a measure. She watched the tailor shop herself, but it annoyed her when she saw any one else do so. She resented—she was a woman and loved monopoly—all inquiry regarding M'sieu', so frequently addressed to her. She was angry with the people who stood in the street making remarks upon the stranger, whose coming had created more interest than any event since the establishment of a tri-weekly carriage of letters to Chaudière and the appointment of her crippled father as postmaster.

So she sedulously watched the door of the shop of Louis Trudel, and wonder grew larger and larger in her mind. One afternoon, as Charley came out, on his way to the house on Vadrome Mountain, she happened to be outside.

He saw her, paused, lifted his fur cap, and crossed the street to her. They had spoken but once or twice since the day Rosalie had played her part with Germain Boily's hound. Yet Charley had thought of her often, and saw in her, only more refined and deeper, the primitive human quality which had once drawn him towards Suzon Charlemagne. Looking across the street, he had even studied her face through the window, as he watched her sorting letters.

"Have you, perhaps, paper, pens, and ink for sale, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, oh yes; come in, Monsieur Mallard."

"Ah, it is nice of you to remember me," he answered.

"I see you every day—often," she answered.

"Of course, we are neighbors," he said. "The man—the horse-trainer—is quite well again?"

"He has gone home almost well," she answered. She placed some pens, paper, and ink before him. "Will these do?" she said.

"Perfectly," he answered, mechanically, and laid a few pens and a bottle of ink beside the paper.

"You were very brave that day," he said.

"Oh no; I knew he would make friends with me—the hound!"

"Of course," he rejoined.

"We should show animals that we trust them," she said, in some confusion, for his being near her made her heart throb painfully.

He did not answer. Presently his eye glanced at the paper again, and was arrested. He ran his fingers over it, and a curious look flashed across his face. He held the paper up to the light quickly, and looked through it. It was thin, half-foreign paper, without lines, and there was a water-mark in it—large, shadowy, filmy—*Kathleen.*

It was paper made in the mills which had belonged to Kathleen's uncle. This water-mark was made to celebrate their marriage-day. Only for one year had this paper been made, and then the trade in it was stopped. It had gone its ways down the channels of commerce, and here it was in his hand, a reminder, not only of the old life, but, as it were, the parchment for the new. There it was, a piece of plain good paper, ready for pen and ink and his letter to the Curé's brother in Paris—the only letter he would ever write, ever again until he died, so he told himself—but hold it up to the light and there was the name over which his letter must be written—*Kathleen,* invisible but permanent, obscured, but to be brought into life by the raising of a hand!

The girl saw the lightning flash of feeling in his face, saw him swiftly hold the paper up to the light, and then, with an abstracted air, calmly hand it back to her.

"That will do, thank you," he said. "Give me the whole packet." She wrapped it up for him without a word, and he laid down a two-dollar note, the last he had in the world.

"How much of this paper have you?" he asked.

The girl looked under the counter. "Six packets," she said. "Six and a few sheets over."

"I will take it all. But keep it for me, for a week, or perhaps a fortnight, will you?" He did not need all this pa-

per to write letters upon, yet he meant to buy all the paper of this sort that the shop contained. But he must get money from Louis Trudel — he would speak about it to-morrow!

"Monsieur does not want me to sell even the loose sheets?"

"No. I like the paper, and I will take it all."

"Very good, Monsieur."

Her heart was beating hard. All this man did had peculiar significance to her. His look seemed to say: "Do not fear. I will tell you things."

She gave him the parcel and the change, and he turned to go. "You read much?" he said, almost casually, yet deeply interested in the life and intelligence of this face, uncrossed by a line of life's real pains, and therefore life's real knowledge.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," she answered, quickly. "I am always reading."

He did not speak at once. He was wondering whether, in these primitive surroundings, such a mind and nature would be the better for reading; whether it were not better to be without a mental aspiration, which might set up false standards.

"What are you reading now?" he asked, with his hand on the door.

"*Antony and Cleopatra,* also 'Enoch Arden,'" she answered, in good English, and without accent.

His head turned quickly towards her, but he did not speak.

"'Enoch Arden' is terrible," she added, eagerly. "Don't you think so, Monsieur?"

"It is very painful," he answered. "Good-night." He opened the door and went out.

She ran to the door and watched him go down the street. For a moment she stood thinking, then turning to the counter, and snatching up a sheet of the paper he had bought, held it up to the light. She gave a little cry of amazement.

"*Kathleen!*" she said.

She thought of the start he gave when he looked at the water-mark; she thought of the look on his face when he said he would buy all this paper she had.

"Who was Kathleen?" she whispered, as though she was afraid some one would hear. "Who was Kathleen!" she said again, resentfully.

CHAPTER XVI

MADAME DAUPHIN HAS A MISSION

ONE day Charley began to know the gossip of the village about him from a source less friendly than Jo Nadeau. The Notary's wife, bringing her boy to be measured for a suit of broadcloth, asked Charley if the things Jo had told about him were true, and if it was also true that he was a Protestant. As yet Charley had been asked no direct questions, for the people of Chaudière had the consideration of their temperament; but the Notary's wife was half English, and being a figure in the place, she took to herself more privileges than even old Madame Dugal, the Curé's sister and housekeeper, ever assumed.

To her ill-disguised impertinence in English, as bad as her French and as fluent, M'sieu' listened with a quiet interest. When she had finished her voluble statement she said, with a simper and a sneer—for, after all, a Notary's wife must keep her position: "And now, what is the truth about it? And are you a Protestant?"

There was a sinister look in old Trudel's eyes as, cross-legged on his table, he listened to Madame Dauphin. He remembered the time, twenty-five years ago, when he had proposed to this babbling woman, and had been rejected with scorn —to his subsequent satisfaction; for there was no visible reason why any one should envy the Notary, in his house or out of it. Already old Trudel had a respect for the tongue of M. Mallard. He had not talked much the few days he had been in the shop, but as the old man had said to Filion Lacasse, the saddler, his brain was like a pair of shears —it went clip, clip, clip right through everything. He now hoped that his new apprentice, with the hand of a master-workman, would go clip, clip through madame's inquisitiveness. He was not disappointed, for he heard Charley say:

"One person in the witness-box at a time, madame. Till Jo Nadeau is cross-examined and steps down, I don't see what I can do!"

"But you are a Protestant!" said the

woman, snappishly. This man was only a tailor, dressed in fulled cloth, and no doubt his past life would not bear inspection; and she was the Notary's wife, and had said to people in the village that she would find out the man's history from himself.

"That is one good reason why I should not go to confession," he replied casually, and turned to a table where he had been cutting a waistcoat—for the first time in his life.

"Do you think I'm going to stand your impertinence! Do you know who I am?"

Charley calmly put up his monocle. He looked at the foolish little woman with so cruel a flash of the eye that she shrank back in dismay.

"Come, Stéphan!" she said nervously to her boy, and pulled him towards the door.

On the instant Charley's feeling changed. Was he then going to carry the old life into the new, and rebuke a silly garish woman whose faults were generic as much as personal? He hurried forward to the door and courteously opened it for her.

"Permit me, madame," he said.

She looked in his face with surprise as she passed through the door. She saw that there was nothing ironical in this politeness. She had a sudden apprehension of an unusual quality called "the genteel," for no storekeeper in Chaudière ever opened or shut a shop door for anybody. She smiled a vacuous smile; she played "the lady" terribly, as, with a curious conception of dignity, she held her body stiff as a ramrod, and with a prim *merci* sailed into the street.

This gorgeous exit changed her opinion of the man she had been unable to catechise. Undoubtedly he had snubbed her —that was the word she used in her mind —but his last act had enabled her, in the sight of several *habitants* and even Madame Dugal, "to put on airs," as the charming old Madame Dugal said afterwards.

Thinking it better to give the impression that she had had a successful interview, she shook her head mysteriously when asked about M'sieu', and said that "He is quite the gentleman!" which she thought a socially distinguished remark.

When she had gone, Charley turned to old Trudel.

"I don't want to turn your customers away," he said, quietly; "but there it is! I don't need to answer questions as a part of the business, do I?"

There was a sour grin on the face of old Trudel. He grunted some inaudible answer, then, after a moment, added, "I'd have been for murder, if she'd answered the question I asked her once as I wanted her to."

He opened and shut his shears with a sardonic gesture.

Charley smiled, and went to the window. For a moment he stood watching Madame Dauphin and Rosalie at the post-office door. The memory of his talk with Rosalie was vivid to him at the moment. He was thinking also that he had not a penny in the world to pay for the rest of the paper he had bought. He turned round and put on his coat slowly.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the old man, with a kind of snarl, yet with trepidation.

"I don't think I'll work any more today."

"Not work! Smoke of the devil! Isn't Sunday enough to play in? You're not put out by that fool wife of Dauphin's?"

"Oh no—not that! I want an understanding about wages!"

To Louis the dread moment had come. He turned a little green, for he was very miserly—for the love of God.

He had scarcely realized what was happening when Charley first sat down on the bench beside him. He had been taken by surprise. Apart from the excitement of the new experience, he had profited by the curiosity of the public, for he had orders enough to keep him busy until summer, and he had had to give out work to two extra women in the parish, though he had never before had more than one working for him. But his ruling passion was strong in him. He always remembered with satisfaction that once when the Curé was absent and he was supposed to be dying, a priest from another parish came, and the ministrations over, he had made an offering of a gold piece. When the young priest hesitated for a moment, his fingers had crept over to the gold piece, closed on it,

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and drew it back beneath the coverlet again. He had then peacefully fallen asleep. It was a gracious memory.

"I don't need much, I don't want a great deal," continued Charley when the tailor did not answer, "but I have to pay for my bed and board, and I can't do it on nothing."

"How have you done it so far?" peevishly replied the tailor.

"By working after hours at carpentering up there"—he made a gesture towards Vadrome Mountain. "But I can't go on doing that all the time, else I'll be like you too soon."

"Be like me!" The voice of the tailor rose shrilly. "Be like me! And what is the matter with me?"

"Only that you're in a bad way before your time, and that you mayn't get out of this hole without stepping into another. You work too hard, Monsieur Trudel."

"What do you want—wages?"

Charley inclined his head. "If you think I'm worth them."

The tailor viciously snipped a piece of cloth. "How can I pay you wages, if you stand there doing nothing?"

"This is my day for doing nothing," Charley answered, pleasantly, for the tailor-man amused him, and the whimsical mental attitude of his past life was being brought to the surface by this odd figure, with big spectacles pushed up on a yellow forehead, and yellow hands viciously clutching the shears.

"You don't mean to say you're not going to work to-day, and this suit of clothes promised for to-morrow night—for the Manor House, too!"

With a piece of chalk Charley idly made heads on brown paper. "After all, why should clothes be the first thing in one's mind—when they are some one else's! It is a beautiful day outside. I've never felt the sun so warm and the air so crisp and sweet—never in all my life."

"Then where have you lived, m'sieu'?" snapped out the tailor, with a sneer. "You must be a Yankee — they have only what we leave over down there!"—he jerked his head southward. "We don't stop to look at weather here. I suppose you did where you come from?"

Charley smiled in a distant sort of way. "Where I came from, when we weren't paid for our work we always stopped to consider our health—and the weather. I don't want a great deal. I put it to you honestly. Do you want me? If you do, will you give me enough to live on—enough to buy a suit of clothes a year, to pay for food and a room? If I work for you for nothing, I have to live on others for nothing, or kill myself as you're doing."

There was no answer at once, and Charley went on: "I came to you because I saw you wanted help badly. I saw that you were hard pushed and sick—"

"I wasn't sick," snarlingly interrupted the tailor.

"Well, overworked, which is the same thing in the end. I did the best I could: I gave you my hands—awkward enough they were at first, I know, but—"

"It's a lie. They weren't awkward," peevishly cut in the tailor.

"Well, perhaps they weren't so awkward, but they didn't know quite what to do—"

"You knew as well as if you'd been taught," growled Louis Trudel.

"Well, then, I wasn't awkward and I had a knack for the work. What was more, I wanted work. I wanted to work at the first thing that appealed to me. I had no particular fancy for tailoring—you get bow-legged in time!"—the old spirit was fighting with the new—"but here you were at work and there I was idle, and I had been ill, and some one who wasn't responsible for me — a stranger — worked for me and cared for me. Wasn't it natural, when you were playing havoc with yourself, that I, a stranger, should step in and give you a hand? You've been better since I came—isn't that so?"

The tailor did not answer.

"But I can't go on doing it, though I want only enough to keep me going," Charley continued.

"And if I don't give you what you want, you'll leave?"

"No. I'm never going to leave you. I am going to stay here, for you'll never get another man so cheap; and it suits me to stay—you need some one to look after you!"

A curious soft look suddenly flashed into the tailor's eyes.

"Will you take on the business after I'm gone?" he asked suddenly. "It's a

long time to look ahead, I know," he added quickly, for not in words would he acknowledge his feebleness or the possibility of the end.

"I should think so," Charley answered, his eyes on the bright sun and the soft snow on the trees beyond the window.

The tailor snatched up a pattern and figured on it for a moment. Then he handed it to Charley. "Will that do?" he asked, with anxious, acquisitive look, his yellow eyelids blinking hard.

Charley looked at it a moment, then said: "Yes, if you give me a room here."

"I meant board and lodging too," said Louis Trudel, with an outburst of eager generosity, for, as it was, he had offered about one-third of what Charley was worth to him.

Charley nodded. "Very well, that will do," he said, and took off his coat and went to work. For a long time they worked silently. The tailor was in great good-humor; for the terrible trial was over, and he now had an assistant who would be a better tailor than himself. There would be more profit, more silver nails for the church door, and more masses for his soul.

"The Curé says you are all right.... When will you come here?" he said at last.

"To-morrow night I shall sleep here," answered Charley.

So it was arranged that Charley should come to live in the tailor's house, to sleep in the room which the tailor had provided for a wife twenty-five years before—even for her that was now known as Madame Dauphin.

All morning the tailor chuckled to himself. When they sat down at noon to a piece of venison which Charley had prepared himself, taking the frying-pan out of the hands of Margot Patry, the old servant, and cooking it to a turn, old Trudel saw his years lengthen to an indefinite period. He even allowed himself to suddenly stand up, bow, shake Charley's hand nervously, and say:

"M'sieu', I care not what you are or where you come from, or even if you're a Protestant. You are a gentleman and a tailor, and old Louis Trudel will not forget you. It shall be as you said this morning—it is no day for work. We will play, and the clothes for the Manor can go to the devil. Smoke of hell-fire! I will go and have a pipe with that poor wretch the Notary."

So, a wonderful thing happened. Louis Trudel, on a week-day and a market-day, went to smoke a pipe with Narcisse Dauphin, and to tell him that M. Mallard was going to stay with him forever, at fine wages. He also announced that he had paid this whole week's wages in advance; but he did not tell what he did not know—that half this money had already been given to old Margot, whose son lay ill at home with a broken leg, and whose children were living on bread and water. Charley had already drawn from the woman the story of her life as he sat by the kitchen fire and talked to her while her master was talking to the Notary.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TAILOR MAKES A MIDNIGHT FORAY

SINCE the day Charley had brought home the paper bought at the post-office, and water-marked *Kathleen,* he had, at odd times, written down his thoughts, and promptly torn the paper up again or put it in the fire. In the repression of the new life, in which he must live wholly alone, so far as all past habits of mind were concerned, it was a relief to scribble down his passing thoughts, as he had been wont to do when the necessity for it was less. Writing them here was like the bursting of an imprisoned stream; it was relaxing the everlasting eye of vigilance; liberating an imprisoned personality. This personality was not yet merged into that which must take its place, must express itself in the involuntary acts which tell of a habit of mind and body—no longer the imitative and the histrionic, but the inherent and the real.

On the afternoon of the day that old Louis agreed to give him wages and went to smoke a pipe with the Notary, Charley scribbled down his thoughts on this subject of personality and habit.

"Who knows," he wrote, "which is the real self? A child comes into the world gin-begotten, with the instinct for liquor in his brain, like the scent of the fox in the nostrils of the hound. And that seems the real. But the same child caught up on the hands of chance is car-

ried into another atmosphere, is cared for by gin-hating minds and hearts: habit fastens on him—fair, decent, and temperate habit—and he grows up like the Curé yonder, a brother of Aaron. Which is the real? Is the instinct for the gin killed, or covered? Is the habit of good living mere habit and mere acting, in which the real man never lives his real life, or is it the real life?

"Who knows! Here am I, born with a question in my mouth, with the ever-present *non possumus* in me. Here am I, to whom life was one poor futility; to whom brain was but animal intelligence abnormally developed; to whom speechless sensibility and intelligence were the only reality; to whom nothing from beyond ever sent a flash of conviction, an intimation, into my soul—not one. To me God always seemed a being of dreams, the creation of a personal need and helplessness, the despairing cry of the victims of futility— And here am I flung like a stone from a sling into this field where men believe in God as a present and tangible being; who reply to all life's agonies and joys and exultations with the words *'C'est le bon Dieu.'* Here am I set down among them, not of them, not able to say *Dieu,* let alone *'C'est le bon Dieu.'* And what shall I become? Will habit do its work as in all creation, and shall I cease to be *me,* and become *him?* Shall I, in the permanency of habit, become like unto this tailor here, whose life narrows into one sole cause; whose only wish is to have the Church draw the coverlet of forgiveness and safety over him; who has solved all questions in a blind belief or an inherited predisposition—which? This stingy, hard, unhappy man—how should he know what I am denied! Or does he know? Is it all illusion? If there is a God who receives such devotion, to the exclusion of natural demand and spiritual anxieties, why does not this tailor 'let his light so shine before men that they may see his good works, and glorify his Father which is in heaven'? That is it. Therefore, wherefore, tailor-man? Therefore, wherefore, God? Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!"

Seated on his bench in the shop, with his eyes ever and anon raised towards the little post-office opposite, he wrote these words. Afterwards he sat and thought till the shadows deepened, and the tailor came in to supper. Then he took up the pieces of paper, and going to the fire, which was still lighted of an evening, thrust them in.

Louis Trudel saw the paper burning, and glancing down, he noticed that one piece—the last—had slipped to the floor and was lying under the table. He saw the pencil still in Charley's hand. Forthwith his natural suspicion leaped up, and the cunning of the monomaniac was upon him. With all his belief in *le bon Dieu* and the Church, Louis Trudel trusted no man. One eye was ever open to distrust man, while the other was ever closed with blind belief in Heaven.

As Charley stooped to put wood on the fire, the tailor thrust a foot forward and pushed the piece of paper further under the table.

That night, when sleep had settled on the house, the tailor crept into the shop, felt for the paper in the dark, found it, and carried it away to his room. All kinds of thoughts had raged through his diseased mind. It was a letter, perhaps, and if a letter, then he would gain some facts about the man's life. But if it was a letter, why did he burn it? It was said that he never received a letter and never sent one, therefore it was little likely to be a letter.

If not a letter, then what could it be? Perhaps the man was a spy of the English government, for was there not disaffection in some of the parishes? Perhaps it was the details of a plan of robbery! To such a state of hallucination did his weakened mind come, that he forgot the secretly friendly feeling he had had for this stranger who had worked for him for nothing. Suspicion, the bane of sick old age, was hot on him. He remembered that Monsieur had put an arm through his when they went up stairs, and that now increased suspicion. Why should the man have been so friendly? To lull him into confidence, perhaps, and then to rob and murder him in his sleep. Thank God, his ready money was well hid, and the rest was perfectly safe in the bank far away!

He crept back to his room with the paper in his hand. It was the last sheet of what Charley had written, and had



THE GIRL SAW THE LIGHTNING FLASH OF FEELING IN HIS FACE

been accidentally brushed off on the floor. The writing was in French, and, holding the candle close, he slowly deciphered the crabbed, characteristic handwriting.

His eyes dilated, his yellow cheeks took on spots of unhealthy red, his hand trembled. A curious unnatural anger took hold of him, and he mumbled the words over and over again to himself. Twice or thrice, as the paper lay in one hand, he struck it with the clinched fist of the other, muttering and distraught.

"*This tailor here.... This stingy, hard, unhappy man. . . . If there is a God! .... Therefore, wherefore, tailor-man? .... Therefore, wherefore, God? .... Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!*"

Hatred of himself, blasphemy, the profane and hellish humor of—of the infidel! A Protestant heretic — he was always damned; a robber—you could put him in gaol; a spy—you could shoot him or tar and feather him; a murderer—you could hang him. But an infidel—this was a deadly poison, a black danger, a being capable of all crimes, ready for awful misdemeanors. An infidel—"*Therefore, wherefore, tailor-man? .... Therefore, wherefore, God? .... Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!*"

The devil laughing—the devil incarnate come to mock a poor tailor, to destroy his soul, to sow plague through a parish where all were at peace in the bosom of the Church.

The tailor had three ruling passions—cupidity, vanity, and religion. Charley had now touched the three, and the whole man was alive. His cupidity had been flattered by the unpaid service of a capable assistant, but now he saw that he was paying the devil a wage. His vanity was now overwhelmed by a satanic ridicule. His religion and his God had been assaulted in so shameful a way that no punishment could be great enough for the man of hell. In religion he was a fanatic: he was a demented fanatic now.

He thrust the paper into his pocket, then crept out into the hall and to the door of Charley's bed-room. He put his ear to the door. After a moment he softly raised the latch, and opened the door and listened again. Monsieur was in a deep sleep.

Louis Trudel scarcely knew why he had listened, why he had opened the door and stood looking at the figure in the bed, scarcely definable in the semi-darkness of the room. If he had meant harm to the helpless man, he had brought no weapon; if he had been curious, there the man was peacefully sleeping! He was so inflamed in mind, his morbid imagination was so alive, that he scarcely knew what he did. As he stood there listening, hatred and horror in his heart, a voice said to him, "*Thou shalt do no murder.*" The words kept ringing in his ears. Yet he had not thought of murder. The fancied command itself was his first temptation towards such a deed. He had thought of raising the parish, of condign punishment of many sorts, but not this. As he closed the door softly, killing entered his mind and staid there. "*Thou shalt not*" had been the first instigation to "*Thou shalt.*"

It haunted him as he went back to his room, undressed himself, and went to bed. He could not sleep. "*Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!*" The challenge had been to himself. He must respond to it. The duty lay with him; he must answer this black infidel for the Church, for faith, for God.

The more he thought of it, the more Charley's face came before him, with the monocle shining and hard in the eye. The monocle haunted him. That was the infidel's sign. "*Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!*" What sign should he show?

Suddenly he sat up straight in bed. In another moment he was out and dressing. Five minutes later he was on his way to the parish church. When he reached it he took a tool from his pocket and unscrewed a small iron cross from the front door. It was a cross which had been blessed by the Pope, and had been brought to Chaudière by the beloved mother of the Curé, now dead.

"When I have done with it I will put it back," he said as he thrust it inside his shirt, and hurried stealthily back to his house. As he got into bed he gave a noiseless, mirthless laugh. All night he lay with his yellow eyes wide open, gazing at the ceiling. He was up at dawn, hovering about the fire in the shop, a strange, eager look in his eyes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"She was the most beautiful . . . of Explanations"

THE MOVING FINGER

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE news of Mrs. Grancy's death came to me with the shock of an immense blunder — one of fate's most irretrievable acts of vandalism. It was as though all sorts of renovating forces had been checked by the clogging of that one wheel. Not that Mrs. Grancy contributed any perceptible momentum to the social machine: her unique distinction was that of filling to perfection her special place in the world. There are so many people like badly composed statues, overlapping their niches at one point and leaving them vacant at another. Mrs. Grancy's niche was her husband's life; and if it be argued that the space was not large enough for its vacancy to leave a very big gap, I can only say that, at the last resort, such dimensions must be determined by finer instruments than any ready-made standard of utility. Ralph Grancy's was, in short, a kind of disembodied usefulness— one of those constructive influences that, instead of crystallizing into definite forms, remain as it were a medium for

the development of clear thinking and fine feeling. He faithfully irrigated his own dusty patch of life, and the fruitful moisture stole far beyond his boundaries. If, to carry on the metaphor, Grancy's life was a sedulously cultivated enclosure, his wife was the flower he had planted in its midst—the embowering tree, rather, which gave him rest and shade at its foot and the wind of dreams in its upper branches.

We had all—his small but devoted band of followers—known a moment when it seemed likely that Grancy would fail us. We had watched him pitted against one stupid obstacle after another—ill health, poverty, misunderstanding and, worst of all for a man of his texture, his first wife's soft insidious egotism. We had seen him sinking under the leaden embrace of her affection like a swimmer in a drowning clutch; but just as we despaired he had always come to the surface again, blinded, panting, but striking out fiercely for the shore. When at last her death released him, it became a question as to how much of the man she had carried with her. Left alone, he revealed numb withered patches, like a tree from which a parasite has been stripped. But gradually he began to put out new leaves; and when he met the lady who was to become his second wife—his one *real* wife, as his friends reckoned—the whole man burst into flower.

The second Mrs. Grancy was past thirty when he married her, and it was clear that she had harvested that crop of middle joy which is rooted in young despair. But if she had lost the surface of eighteen, she had kept its inner light; if her cheek lacked the gloss of immaturity, her eyes were young with the stored youth of half a lifetime. Grancy had first known her somewhere in the East—I believe she was the sister of one of our consuls out there—and when he brought her home to New York she came among us as a stranger. The idea of Grancy's remarriage had been a shock to us all. After one such calcining most men would have kept out of the fire; but we agreed that he was predestined to sentimental blunders and we awaited with resignation the embodiment of his latest mistake. Then Mrs. Grancy came—and we understood. She was the most beautiful and the most complete of explanations. We shuffled our defeated omniscience out of sight, and gave it hasty burial under a prodigality of welcome. For the first time in years we had Grancy off our minds. "He'll do something great now!" the least sanguine of us prophesied; and our sentimentalist emended, "He *has* done it—in marrying her!"

It was Claydon, the portrait-painter, who risked this hyperbole, and who soon afterward, at the happy husband's request, prepared to defend it in a portrait of Mrs. Grancy. We were all—even Claydon—ready to concede that Mrs. Grancy's unwontedness was in some degree a matter of environment. Her graces were complementary and it needed the mate's call to reveal the flash of color beneath her neutral-tinted wings. But if she needed Grancy to interpret her, how much greater was the service she rendered him! Claydon professionally described her as the right frame for him; but if she defined, she also enlarged; if she threw the whole into perspective, she also cleared new ground, opened fresh vistas, reclaimed whole areas of activity that had run to waste under the harsh husbandry of privation. This interaction of sympathies was not without its visible expression. Claydon was not alone in maintaining that Grancy's presence—or indeed the mere mention of his name—had a perceptible effect on his wife's appearance. It was as though a light were shifted, a curtain drawn back; as though, to borrow another of Claydon's metaphors, Love, the indefatigable artist, were perpetually seeking a happier "pose" for his model. In this interpretative light Mrs. Grancy acquired the charm which makes some women's faces like a book of which the last page is never turned. There was always something new to read in her eyes. What Claydon read there—or at least such scattered hints of the ritual as reached him through the sanctuary doors—his portrait in due course declared to us. When the picture was exhibited, it was at once acclaimed as his masterpiece; but the people who knew Mrs. Grancy smiled and said it was flattered. Claydon, however, had not set out to paint *their* Mrs. Grancy—or ours, even—but Ralph's; and Ralph knew his own at a glance. At the first confronta-

tion he saw that Claydon had understood. As for Mrs. Grancy, when the finished picture was shown to her she turned to the painter and said simply, "Ah, you've done me facing the east!"

The picture, then, for all its value, seemed a mere incident in the unfolding of their double destiny—a foot-note to the illuminated text of their lives. It was not till afterward that it acquired the significance of last words spoken on a threshold never to be recrossed. Grancy, a year after his marriage, had given up his town house and carried his bliss an hour's journey away, to a little place among the hills. His various duties and interests brought him frequently to New York, but we necessarily saw him less often than when his house had served as the rallying-point of kindred enthusiasms. It seemed a pity that such an influence should be withdrawn, but we all felt that his long arrears of happiness should be paid in whatever coin he chose. The distance from which the fortunate couple radiated warmth on us was not too great for friendship to traverse: and our conception of a glorified leisure took the form of Sundays spent in the Grancys' library, with its sedative rural outlook, and the portrait of Mrs. Grancy illuminating its studious walls. The picture was at its best in that setting: and we used to accuse Claydon of visiting Mrs. Grancy in order to see her portrait. He met this by declaring that the portrait *was* Mrs. Grancy: and there were moments when the statement seemed unanswerable. One of us, indeed—I think it must have been the novelist—said that Claydon had been saved from falling in love with Mrs. Grancy only by falling in love with his picture of her: and it was noticeable that he, to whom his finished work was no more than the shed husk of future effort, showed a perennial tenderness for this one achievement. We smiled afterward to think how often, when Mrs. Grancy was in the room, her presence reflecting itself in our talk like a gleam of sky in a hurrying current, Claydon, averted from the real woman, would sit as it were listening to the picture. His attitude, at the time, seemed only a part of the unusualness of those picturesque afternoons, when the most familiar combinations of life underwent a magical change. Some human happiness is a landlocked lake; but the Grancys' was an open sea, stretching a buoyant and illimitable surface to the voyaging interests of life. There was room and to spare on those waters for all our separate ventures; and always, beyond the sunset, a mirage of the fortunate isles toward which our prows were bent.

II

It was in Rome that, three years later, I heard of her death. The notice said "suddenly"; I was glad of that. I was glad, too—basely, perhaps—to be away from Grancy at a time when silence must have seemed obtuse and speech derisive.

I was still in Rome when, a few months afterward, he suddenly arrived there. He had been appointed secretary of legation at Constantinople, and was on the way to his post. He had taken the place, he said frankly, "to get away." Our relations with the Porte held out a prospect of hard work, and that, he explained, was what he needed. He could never be satisfied to sit down among the ruins. I saw that, like most of us in moments of extreme moral tension, he was playing a part, behaving as he thought it became a man to behave in the eye of disaster. The instinctive posture of grief is a shuffling compromise between defiance and prostration: and pride feels the need of striking a worthier attitude in face of such a foe. Grancy, by nature musing and retrospective, had chosen the rôle of the man of action, who answers blow for blow and opposes a mailed front to the thrusts of destiny; and the completeness of the equipment testified to his inner weakness. We talked only of what we were not thinking of, and parted, after a few days, with a sense of relief that proved the inadequacy of friendship to perform in such cases the office assigned to it by tradition.

Soon afterward my own work called me home, but Grancy remained several years in Europe. International diplomacy kept its promise of giving him work to do, and during the year in which he acted as *chargé d'affaires* he acquitted himself, under trying conditions, with conspicuous zeal and discretion. A political redistribution of matter removed him from office just as he had proved his usefulness

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to the government; and the following summer I heard that he had come home and was down at his place in the country.

On my return to town I wrote him, and his reply came by the next post. He answered as it were in his natural voice, urging me to spend the following Sunday with him and suggesting that I should bring down any of the old set who could be persuaded to join me. I thought this a good sign, and yet—shall I own it?—I was vaguely disappointed. Perhaps we are apt to feel that our friends' sorrows should be kept like those historic monuments from which the encroaching ivy is periodically removed.

That very evening at the club I ran across Claydon. I told him of Grancy's invitation and proposed that we should go down together; but he pleaded an engagement. I was sorry, for I had always felt that he and I stood nearer Ralph than the others, and if the old Sundays were to be renewed, I should have preferred that we two should spend the first alone with him. I said as much to Claydon, and offered to fit my time to his; but he met this by a general refusal.

"I don't want to go to Grancy's," he said bluntly.

I waited a moment, but he appended no qualifying clause.

"You've seen him since he came back?" I finally ventured.

Claydon nodded.

"And is he so awfully bad?"

"Bad? No; he's all right."

"All right? How can he be, unless he's changed beyond all recognition?"

"Oh, you'll recognize *him*," said Claydon, with a puzzling deflection of emphasis.

His ambiguity was beginning to exasperate me, and I felt myself shut out from some knowledge to which I had as good a right as he.

"You've been down there already, I suppose?"

"Yes, I've been down there."

"And you've done with each other—the partnership is dissolved?"

"Done with each other? I wish to God we had!" He rose nervously and tossed aside the review from which my approach had diverted him. "Look here," he said, standing before me. "Ralph's the best fellow going and there's nothing under heaven I wouldn't do for him—short of going down there again." And with that he walked out of the room.

Claydon was incalculable enough for me to read a dozen different meanings into his words; but none of my interpretations satisfied me. I determined, at any rate, to seek no farther for a companion; and the next Sunday I travelled down to Grancy's alone. He met me at the station and I saw at once that he had changed since our last meeting. Then he had been in fighting array, but now if he and grief still housed together it was no longer as enemies. Physically the transformation was as marked, but less reassuring. If the spirit triumphed, the body showed its scars. At five-and-forty he was gray and stooping, with the tired gait of an old man. His serenity, however, was not the resignation of age. I saw that he did not mean to drop out of the game. Almost immediately he began to speak of our old interests, not with an effort, as at our former meeting, but simply and naturally, in the tone of a man whose life has flowed back into its normal channels. I remembered, with a touch of self-reproach, how I had distrusted his reconstructive powers; but my admiration for his reserved force was now tinged by the sense that, after all, such happiness as his ought to have been paid with his last coin. The feeling grew as we neared the house, and I found how inextricably his wife was interwoven with my remembrance of the place; how the whole scene was but an extension of that vivid presence.

Within-doors nothing was changed, and my hand would have dropped without surprise into her welcoming clasp. It was luncheon-time, and Grancy led me at once to the dining-room, where the walls, the furniture, the very plate and porcelain, seemed a mirror in which a moment since her face had been reflected. I wondered whether Grancy, under the recovered tranquillity of his smile, concealed the same sense of her nearness, saw perpetually between himself and the actual her bright unappeasable ghost. He spoke of her once or twice in an easy incidental way, and her name seemed to hang in the air after he had uttered it, like a chord that continues to vibrate. If he felt her presence it was evidently as

an enveloping medium, the moral atmosphere in which he breathed. I had never before known how completely the dead may survive.

After luncheon we went for a long walk through the autumnal fields and woods, and dusk was falling when we re-entered the house. Grancy led the way to the library, where at this hour his wife had always welcomed us back to a bright fire and a cup of tea. The room faced the west and held a clear light of its own after the rest of the house had grown dark. I remembered how young she had looked in this pale gold light, which irradiated her eyes and hair, or silhouetted her girlish outline as she passed before the windows. Of all the rooms the library was most peculiarly hers; and here I felt that her nearness might take visible shape. Then, all in a moment, as Grancy opened the door, the feeling vanished, and a kind of resistance met me on the threshold. I looked about me. Was the room changed? Had some desecrating hand effaced the traces of her presence? No; here too the setting was undisturbed. My feet sank into the same deep-piled Daghestan; the bookshelves took the firelight on the same rows of rich subdued bindings; her arm-chair stood in its old place near the tea-table; and from the opposite wall her face confronted me.

Her face—but *was* it hers? I moved nearer and stood looking up at the portrait. Grancy's glance had followed mine and I heard him move to my side.

"You see a change in it?" he said.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"It means—that five years have passed."

"Over *her?*"

"Why not? Look at me!" He pointed to his gray hair and furrowed temples. "What do you think kept *her* so young? It was happiness! But now—" he looked up at her with infinite tenderness. "I like her better so," he said. "It's what she would have wished."

"Have wished?"

"That we should grow old together. Do you think she would have wanted to be left behind?"

I stood speechless, my gaze travelling from his worn grief-beaten features to the painted face above. It was not furrowed like his; but a veil of years seemed to have descended on it. The bright hair had lost its elasticity, the cheek its clearness, the brow its light—the whole woman had waned.

Grancy laid his hand on my arm. "You don't like it?" he said sadly.

"Like it? I—I've lost her!" I burst out.

"And I've found her," he answered.

"In *that?*" I cried, with a reproachful gesture.

"Yes, in that." He swung round on me almost defiantly. "The other had become a sham, a lie! This is the way she would have looked—does look, I mean. Claydon ought to know, oughtn't he?"

I turned suddenly. "Did Claydon do this for you?"

Grancy nodded.

"Since your return?"

"Yes; I sent for him after I'd been back a week—"

He turned away and gave a thrust to the smouldering fire. I followed, glad to leave the picture behind me. Grancy threw himself into a chair near the hearth, so that the light fell on his sensitive variable face. He leaned his head back, shading his eyes with his hand, and began to speak.

III

"You fellows knew enough of my early history to guess what my second marriage meant to me. I say guess, because no one could understand—really. I've always had a feminine streak in me, I suppose—the need of a pair of eyes that should see with me, of a pulse that should keep time with mine. Life is a big thing, of course; a magnificent spectacle; but I got so tired of looking at it alone! Still, it's always good to live, and I had plenty of happiness—of the evolved kind. What I'd never had a taste of was the simple inconscient sort that one breathes in like the air....

"Well—I met her. It was like finding the climate in which I was meant to live. You know what she was—how indefinitely she multiplied one's points of contact with life, how she lit up the caverns and bridged the abysses. Well, I swear to you (though I suppose the sense of all that was latent in me) that what I used to think of on my way home at the end of

the day was simply that when I opened this door she'd be sitting over there, with the lamp-light falling in a particular way on one little curl in her neck.... When Claydon painted her he caught just the look she used to lift to mine when I came in—I've wondered, sometimes, at his knowing how she looked when she and I were alone. How I rejoiced in that picture! I used to say to her: 'You're my prisoner now—I shall never lose you. If you grew tired of me and left me, you'd leave your real self there on the wall!' It was always one of our jokes that she was going to grow tired of me—

"Three years of it—and then she died. It was so sudden that there was no change, no diminution. It was as if she had suddenly become fixed, immovable, like her own portrait; as if Time had ceased at its happiest hour, just as Claydon had thrown down his brush one day and said, 'I can't do better than that.'

"I went away, as you know, and staid over there five years. I worked as hard as I knew how, and after the first black months a little light stole in on me. From thinking that she would have been interested in what I was doing, I came to feel that she *was* interested—that she was there and that she knew. I'm not talking any psychical jargon — I'm simply trying to express the sense I had that an influence so full, so abounding as hers couldn't pass like a spring shower. We had so lived into each other's hearts and



"I HAD THE FEELING THAT SHE DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE ME"

minds that the consciousness of what she would have thought and felt illuminated all I did. At first she used to come back shyly, tentatively, as though not sure of finding me; then she staid longer and longer, till at last she became again the very air I breathed.... There were bad moments, of course, when her nearness mocked me with the loss of the real woman; but gradually the distinction between the two was effaced and the mere thought of her grew warm as flesh and blood.

"Then I came home. I landed in the morning and came straight down here. The thought of seeing her portrait possessed me, and my heart beat like a lover's as I opened the library door. It was in the afternoon and the room was full of light. It fell on her picture—the picture of a young and radiant woman. She smiled at me coldly across the distance that divided us. I had the feeling that she didn't even recognize me. And then I caught sight of myself in the mirror over there—a gray-haired broken man whom she had never known!

"For a week we two lived together—the strange woman and the strange man. I used to sit night after night and question her smiling face; but no answer ever came. What did she know of me, after all? We were irrevocably separated by the five years of life that lay between us. At times, as I sat here, I almost grew to hate her; for her presence had driven away my gentle ghost—the real wife who had wept, aged, struggled with me during those awful years.... It was the worst loneliness I've ever known. Then, gradually, I began to notice a look of sadness in the picture's eyes; a look that seemed to say, 'Don't you see that *I* am lonely too?' And all at once it came over me how she would have hated to be left behind! I remembered her comparing life to a heavy book that could not be read with ease unless two people held it together; and I thought how impatiently her hand would have turned the pages that divided us! So the idea came to me: 'It's the picture that stands between us; the picture that is dead, and not my wife. To sit in this room is to keep watch beside a corpse.' As this feeling grew on me the portrait became like a beautiful mausoleum in which she had been buried alive; I could hear her beating against the painted walls and crying to me faintly for help....

"One day I found I couldn't stand it any longer and I sent for Claydon. He came down, and I told him what I'd been through and what I wanted him to do. At first he refused point-blank to touch the picture. The next morning I went off for a long tramp and when I came home I found him sitting here alone. He looked at me sharply for a moment and then he said, 'I've changed my mind; I'll do it.' I arranged one of the north rooms as a studio and he shut himself up there for a day; then he sent for me. The picture stood there as you see it now—it was as though she'd met me on the threshold and taken me in her arms! I tried to thank him, to tell him what it meant to me, but he cut me short.

"'There's an up train at five, isn't there?' he asked. 'I'm booked for a dinner to-night. I shall just have time to make a bolt for the station and you can send my traps after me.' I haven't seen him since....

"I can guess what it cost him to lay hands on his masterpiece; but, after all, to him it was only a picture lost; to me it was my wife regained!"

IV

After that, for ten years or more, I watched the strange spectacle of a life of hopeful and productive effort based on the structure of a dream. There could be no doubt to those who saw Grancy during this period that he drew his strength and courage from the sense of his wife's mystic participation in his task. When I went back to see him a few months later I found the portrait had been removed from the library and placed in a small study upstairs, to which he had transferred his desk and a few books. He told me he always sat there when he was alone, keeping the library for his Sunday visitors. Those who missed the portrait of course made no comment on its absence, and the few who were in his secret respected it. Gradually all his old friends had gathered about him and our Sunday afternoons regained something of their former character; but Claydon never reappeared among us.

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As I look back now I see that Grancy must have been failing from the time of his return home. His invincible spirit belied and disguised the signs of weakness that afterward asserted themselves in my remembrance of him. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of life to draw on, and more than one of us was a pensioner on his superfluity.

Nevertheless, when I came back one summer from my European holiday and heard that he had been at the point of death, I understood at once that we had believed him well only because he wished us to.

I hastened down to the country and found him midway in a slow convalescence. I felt then that he was lost to us and he read my thought at a glance.

"Ah," he said, "I'm an old man now and no mistake. I suppose we shall have to go half-speed after this; but we sha'n't need towing just yet!"

The plural pronoun struck me, and involuntarily I looked up at Mrs. Grancy's portrait. Line by line I saw my fear reflected in it. It was the face of a woman *who knows that her husband is dying.*

My heart stood still at the thought of what Claydon had done.

Grancy had followed my glance. "Yes, it's changed her," he said quietly. "For months, you know, it was touch and go with me—we had a long fight of it and it was worse for her than for me." After a pause he added "Claydon has been very kind; he's so busy nowadays that I seldom see him, but when I sent for him the other day he came down at once."

I was silent, and we spoke no more of Grancy's illness; but when I took leave it seemed like shutting him in alone with his death-warrant.

The next time I went down to see him he looked much better. It was a Sunday and he received me in the library, so that I did not see the portrait again. He continued to improve and toward spring we began to feel that, as he had said, he might yet travel a long way without being towed.

One evening, on returning to town after a visit which had confirmed my sense of reassurance, I found Claydon dining alone at the club. He asked me to join him, and over the coffee our talk turned to his work.

"If you're not too busy," I said at length, "you ought to make time to go down to Grancy's again."

He looked up quickly. "Why?" he asked.

"Because he's quite well again," I returned with a touch of cruelty. "His wife's prognostications were mistaken."

Claydon stared at me a moment. "Oh, *she* knows," he affirmed with a smile that chilled me.

"You mean to leave the portrait as it is, then?" I persisted.

He shrugged his shoulders. "He hasn't sent for me yet!" A waiter came up with the cigars, and Claydon rose and joined another group.

It was just a fortnight later that Grancy's housekeeper telegraphed for me. She met me at the station with the news that he had been "taken bad" and that the doctors were with him.

I had to wait for some time in the deserted library before the medical men appeared. They had the baffled manner of empirics who have been superseded by the great Healer, and I lingered only long enough to hear that Grancy was not suffering and that my presence could do him no harm.

I found him seated in his arm-chair in the little study. He held out his hand with a smile.

"You see she was right, after all," he said.

"She?" I repeated, perplexed for the moment.

"My wife." He indicated the picture. "Of course I knew she had no hope from the first. I saw that"—he lowered his voice—"after Claydon had been here. But I wouldn't believe it at first!"

I caught his hands in mine. "For God's sake don't believe it now!" I adjured him.

He shook his head gently. "It's too late," he said. "I might have known that she knew."

"But, Grancy, listen to me," I began; and then I stopped. What could I say that would convince him? There was no common ground of argument on which we could meet; and after all it would be easier for him to die feeling that she *had*

known. Strangely enough, I saw that Claydon had missed his mark....

V

Grancy's will named me as one of his executors; and my associate, having other duties on his hands, begged me to assume the task of carrying out our friend's wishes. This placed me under the necessity of informing Claydon that the portrait of Mrs. Grancy had been bequeathed to him; and he replied by the next post that he would send for the picture at once. I was staying in the deserted house when the portrait was taken away; and as the door closed on it I felt that Grancy's presence had vanished too. Was it his turn to follow her now, and could one ghost haunt another?

After that, for a year or two, I heard nothing more of the picture, and though I met Claydon from time to time we had little to say to each other. I had no definable grievance against the man and I tried to remember that he had done a fine thing in sacrificing his best picture to a friend; but my resentment had all the tenacity of unreason.

One day, however, a lady whose portrait he had just finished begged me to go with her to see it. To refuse was impossible, and I went with the less reluctance that I knew I was not the only person invited. The others were all grouped around the easel when I entered, and after contributing my share to the chorus of approval I turned away and began to stroll about the studio. Claydon was something of a collector and his things were generally worth looking at. The studio was a long tapestried room with a curtained archway at one end. The curtains were looped back, showing a smaller apartment, with books and flowers and a few fine bits of bronze and porcelain. The tea-table standing in this inner room proclaimed that it was open to inspection, and I wandered in. A *bleu poudré* vase first attracted me; then I turned to examine a slender bronze Ganymede, and in so doing found myself face to face with Mrs. Grancy's portrait. I stared up at it blankly and the face smiled back at me in all the recovered radiance of youth. The artist had effaced every trace of his later touches and the original picture had reappeared. It throned alone on the panelled wall, asserting a brilliant supremacy over its carefully chosen surroundings. I felt in an instant that the whole room was tributary to it — that Claydon had heaped his treasures at the feet of the woman he loved. Yes—it was the woman he had loved, and not the picture; and my instinctive resentment was explained.

Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Ah, how could you?" I cried, turning on him.

"How could I?" he retorted. "How could I *not?* Doesn't she belong to me now?"

I moved away impatiently.

"Wait a moment," he said with a detaining gesture. "The others have gone and I want to say a word to you— Oh, I know what you've thought of me—I can guess! You think I killed Grancy, I suppose?"

I was startled by his sudden vehemence. "I think you tried to do a cruel thing," I said slowly.

"Ah—what a little way you others see into life!" he murmured. "Sit down a moment—here, where we can look at her—and I'll tell you."

He threw himself on the ottoman beside me and sat gazing up at the picture, with his hands clasped about his knee.

"Pygmalion," he began slowly, "turned his statue into a real woman; *I* turned my real woman into a picture. Small compensation, you think—but you don't know how much of a woman belongs to you after you've painted her! Well, I made the best of it, at any rate—I gave her the best I had in me; and she gave me in return what such a woman gives by merely being. And after all she rewarded me enough by making me paint as I shall never paint again. There was one side of her, though that was mine alone, and that was her beauty; for no one else understood it. To Grancy, even, it was the mere expression of herself—what language is to thought. Even when he saw the picture he didn't guess my secret—he was so sure she was all his! As though a man should think he owned the moon because it was reflected in the pool at his door—

"Well—when he came home and sent for me to change the picture, it was like

asking me to commit murder. He wanted me to make an old woman of her—of her who had been so divinely, unchangeably young! As if any man who really loved a woman would ask her to sacrifice her youth and beauty for his sake! At first I told him I couldn't do it—but afterward, when he left me alone with the picture, something queer happened. I suppose it was because I was always so confoundedly fond of Grancy that it went against me to refuse what he asked. .... Anyhow, as I sat looking up at her, she seemed to say, 'I'm not yours, but his, and I want you to make me what he wishes.' And so I did it. I could have cut my hand off when the work was done —I dare say he told you I never would go back and look at it. He thought I was too busy—he never understood....

"Well—and then last year he sent for me again—you remember. It was after his illness, and he told me he'd grown twenty years older and that he wanted her to grow older too—he didn't want her to be left behind. The doctors all thought he was going to get well at that time, and he thought so too; and so did I when I first looked at him. But when I turned to the picture—ah! now I don't ask you to believe me, but I swear it was *her* face that told me he was dying, and that she wanted him to know it! She had a message for him and she made me deliver it."

He rose abruptly and walked toward the portrait; then he sat down beside me again.

"Cruel? Yes, it seemed so to me at first; and this time, if I resisted, it was for *his* sake and not for mine. But all the while I felt her eyes drawing me, and gradually she made me understand. If she'd been there in the flesh (she seemed to say) wouldn't she have seen before any of us that he was dying? Wouldn't he have read the news first in her face? And wouldn't it be horrible if now he should discover it instead in strange eyes? Well—that was what she wanted of me and I did it. I kept them together to the last!" He looked up at the picture again. "But now she belongs to me," he repeated.

NATURE OF LIFE AFTER DEATH

BY JAMES H. HYSLOP

ALMOST interesting psychological phenomenon exists in the expectations which many, perhaps nearly all, people entertain regarding what psychical research ought to accomplish if it affords any evidence of a future life. It is the avowal of incredulity regarding it *on the ground that the results do not reveal the conditions of that existence,* what it is like, whether it is one of happiness or not, what its employments, etc. I have seen many articles demanding information on these points before the existence of such a world can be regarded as credible. I have also talked with many who see the matter in no other light. Because we cannot tell them some idyllic story of the transcendental world, they are sceptical of the only facts that can possibly prove it, and virtually concede their willingness to believe anything impossible if we will only encourage them. In spite of the most careful explanation that such a problem as the conditions of an existence in another world is not the primary question, I find this demand for knowledge regarding them so widespread and so deep-seated that it may be worth while to examine it carefully and to show its irrational character from both a scientific and a moral point of view.

In the first place, after all the fraud and illusion on the one hand, and the phenomena of secondary personality on the other, ordinarily intelligent men ought to recognize, without the necessity of being told it, that the first problem is one of personal identity after death, if any transcendental form of existence is to be admitted at all. The fundamental trouble is that most people assume another world as a foregone conclu-

sion, and they do this without one iota of evidence. With this taken for granted, they demand to know the mode of life in it. Moreover, if there be other conditions of existence than the material world which we know, there would still remain the open question whether any independent intelligence either possibly or actually existed in them. The religious belief in the existence of spirits counts for nothing in the problem unless founded on some kind of adequate evidence. Scepticism in regard to this fundamental matter must be satisfied, so that materialism, or the conception of things for which that doctrine stands, must hold the field of probabilities until the evidence is sufficient to indicate the continuance of personal identity after death. That is the primary problem, whose solution conditions inquiry into all others. I do not say or imply that any adequate answer can be given to this question; for with that secondary personality and its deceptive, half-fiendish simulation of spiritistic ideas, and the possibilities of telepathy, whose limits no one can define at present, to say nothing of the ease with which the necessary phenomena can be fraudulently imitated, the task of proving identity, even in presumably genuine phenomena, is a gigantic one, and until it is done scepticism regarding both the existence and the alleged conditions of a transcendental life and consciousness must be conceded its rights. Nor do I say that there is any hope of attaining knowledge of those conditions, even if it be possible to determine the fact of survival. This is a separate problem. But it is certain that if we wish to obtain any position making it rational to inquire as to the mode of life in another state of existence, we must in some way establish the veracity of the spirits which claim to reveal themselves to us. These alleged spirits, however, must prove their veracity by first proving their identity, their present and previous existence, and we may then reckon with their statements relative to their mode of life. There can be no truce with the man who does not see the priority of personal identity to all other questions of psychical research.

I understand the disposition to ask for the conditions of another life, but I cannot grant either its intelligence or its morality. Religious considerations, connected with poor morals and a desire for irresponsibility in conduct, have been the chief influence in determining this demand. Revelation, fortified by the poetry of Dante and Milton, to say nothing of the ineradicable instinct for immortality and happiness, has fixed men's convictions regarding the presumed fact of a hereafter. But materialistic scepticism and the progress of science since the Renaissance undermined this belief, at least among the intellectual classes, and either loosened the springs of hope and morality, or offered sound moral temperaments the opportunity to display the virtues of stoics. But amid all this doubt, reluctantly entertained often even by the scientific in deference to the sovereignty of reason, human instinct among the generality of men has been strong enough to subordinate the demand for evidence of the fact of a future life to the curiosity regarding its character.

But I must demur to this desire for knowledge where it is either impossible or unverifiable when assumed to be possible. If any knowledge of the conditions of existence hereafter be possible at all, it will only be after the most prolonged investigation, involving inductive material and constructive scientific theories of a high order and complexity far beyond anything seen in Copernican astronomy, Newtonian gravitation, or Darwinian evolution. Personally I have no interest, scientific or moral, in such a question, convinced as I am of the difficulties in the way of any intelligible conception or evidence of such conditions. I must even question the morality of any interest in it. A man must be very conscious of what his deserts ought to be, or have little faith in the order of nature, certainly no great strength of character to withstand the buffets of fortune, if he raises the query regarding the consequences of his present life, or feels curious about matters that bear no important relation to his present environment and duties. The limits of human knowledge on the one hand, and the temptations to libertinism on the other, are such that it is easy for the average man to fall into the position of either a fool or a knave:

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a fool if he does not know and appreciate the rights of scepticism regarding both the fact and the nature of a transcendental world, and a knave if he would abolish the influences, even if they are not of an ideal sort, that make for some kind of virtue in a being who craves liberty more than he respects the monitions of conscience. Of this again, if we have time, as I must return to the main issue. This is the dilemma between the impossibility and the unverifiability of all knowledge about the mode of existence beyond the grave, even after we have assumed that the fact of it is proved, or the belief in it justified.

There are two arguments for this contention, which may be discussed at some length. They are (1) the impossibility of making any statements regarding another world intelligible to any ordinary human understanding limited to sensory experience, and (2) the mental and other conditions under which communications from such a world must probably take place.

The most elementary training in psychology, or even the simple observation of every-day life, ought to teach a man the necessary difficulties in the way of understanding any statements about another life. If those statements describe it in terms resembling our own world, we must naturally set them down as absurd. It would not be another and transcendental world if so described. On the other hand, if they describe it as different, we can neither conceive it nor prove it in terms of what we generally recognize as intelligible. In either case accounts of it are perfectly worthless. We are limited in our knowledge to the experiences of the senses in so far as the data are concerned by which a world becomes intelligible. Our language represents the experiences of vision, hearing, touch, and the other senses to a minor degree. When we name a fact it is a phenomenon of these senses that we name, and these experiences cannot be made interchangeable with each other. They are only associable or capable of being connected in time in the same consciousness. In all the higher and abstract conceptions or theoretical constructions of science the reference is always to data that are purely sensory. We picture a horse in the form in which it is seen, unless we are blind, when either the sound of its neighing or feelings of touch represent the meaning of the term to us. Laura Bridgeman had, and Helen Keller has, to identify the meaning of terms in experiences of touch alone. In general, then, things are intelligible to us only in terms of sensory experience, no matter how refined our conceptions become.

Now unless we admit that the transcendental world exists in space relations like our own, and that the theosophical doctrine of the "astral body," which is described as a fac-simile of the physical body, represents the nature of the case, and that there is a spiritual universe that is the analogue of the physical, this world can have no sensory resemblance whatever to our present conditions, and so cannot be described in our existing language. But there is no adequate evidence of any "astral body" doctrine, and certainly the facts and significance of psychical research will have to be admitted if the doctrine can have even a plausible possibility assumed in its favor. But apart from this supposed analogy between the two worlds, we can no more expect a statement about it to be intelligible than we should expect a person who had no sense of touch and only the sense of vision to make his visual experiences clear to one who had the sense of touch and not that of sight. We know how difficult it is to establish communication with the deaf and dumb, even with all the common points of experience and interest, and how additionally difficult it is to make certain experiences intelligible to them after the communication is established. In fact, it is impossible to give them an idea of an auditory world of sound, and only the most obscure analogies drawn from the experience of feeling or emotion can suggest to them a meaning of any kind in that sense, and this meaning is not in terms of sensation, but only in those of the emotional element common to all the senses, with a difference, too, for each sense. Witness the cases of Laura Bridgeman and Helen Keller, to whom I have already referred. It would naturally be the same with the description of a world beyond the grave. The "astral body" doctrine would not

alter this statement. Whatever analogies it offers to our present world, they are too few and too little like ours in detail to help the case. Its connecting links are not even as useful as those between the normal man and the deaf, dumb, and blind. It would fail at every point except the one of space relations, and these seem also to desert it in important aspects. But without this conception, and in all other respects than its own analogy, it would be impossible to communicate anything sensible to us about the transcendental world, and hence, if it exists, whatever we can learn about it must be learned there, and not here.

A discarnate spirit would have some hope of establishing its identity. This can be accomplished by referring to its past, not its present. Memory is the condition both of our sense of personal identity and of the proof of this identity, whether in this or any other life. If, then, personal identity and the sense of it survived the event of death, and if any possible conditions for communication with a terrestrial world occurred, a discarnate spirit could hope to prove that identity by reference to its past. Its language would be intelligible not by virtue of its present conditions or its reference to them, but by virtue of our knowledge of the facts on this side. The statements would be intelligible because they described terrestrial facts. But we have no assurance that the same language would be intelligible when applied to the description of the "other side"; on the contrary, the assurance is against its possibility. Besides, it is noticeable in the attempts, reported by various persons, to give such descriptions that the combination of terms is not that which is most natural to us in either our sensory or our rational experience. Secondary personality, of course, illustrates the same phenomenon, and were it not that this fact nullifies the assumption that we are ever really dealing with spirit communications, we might have in the absurd association of conceptions purporting to be spiritistic very good illustrations of the impossibility of making a transcendental world intelligible to our experience. But we do not need actual communications to prove this. It is a necessary consequence of our psychological nature, and if mankind were sufficiently acquainted with philosophy since Locke and Kant, they would take this impossibility as an axiom. We might, after a hundred years' investigation and accumulation of data, form some highly abstract ideas of such a world, but they would not be intelligible to mankind in general.

When it comes to what is called empirical evidence for this contention it is not easy, if possible at all, to supply it with assurance. Empirical evidence is that of facts representing actual communications, but the extreme difficulty is that of showing them to be what they claim to be. Such as we have and to which we can appeal at all is found in the Piper case, where we assume that the demands of personal identity are probably satisfied. In my own experiments with that case, however, there is practically nothing illustrating the matter at hand.

There is another very important reason for not accepting descriptions of the next life as intelligible. This is the apparent mental confusion connected with the communications purporting to come from spirits. It is evident in the content of the messages, and can be recognized without believing that they have a spiritistic origin.

It is worth remarking that this view of the case is borne out by the direct assertions of the alleged spirits themselves. They state that they are dazed or confused while communicating. Assuming such a confused state of mind, it would only seem natural that the subject would be seriously hampered in the attempt to describe its life. A semiconscious state or a dazed condition in our own lives is not favorable to an intelligible account of anything whatever that we have experienced. If, then, a discarnate spirit, assuming that it exists, becomes mentally confused from the influence of the various circumstances under which it is necessary to communicate with us, it is apparent that there must be great difficulty in telling us anything at all, and especially anything intelligible about a transcendental world and its life.

This brings us to the phenomena of double personality, which are now becoming quite familiar to the scientist, though he has, as yet, no clear explana-

tion of them. The facts are definite enough. They are represented in somnambulism, hypnosis, certain forms of insanity, and cases of the lost sense of personal identity. They involve the suspension of normal consciousness or memory, so that when the normal consciousness returns there is no recollection of what has transpired during the secondary state. These cases often represent all the appearances of two distinct persons, or parallel streams of consciousness in the same organism, though their manifestation is rather consecutive than simultaneous. This is the reason that the phenomena are called those of double personality, or even multiplex personality, as there are cases of numerous distinct streams of mental action. Generally the normal consciousness has no memory of the abnormal; and sometimes, if not generally, the abnormal has either no memory of the normal at all, or no apparently self-conscious recollection of it. The normal consciousness is called the primary, and the abnormal the secondary or tertiary consciousness, as the case may be. Now it is the usual cleavage between these separate streams of activity that constitutes the main point of interest for us. It must be emphasized.

There are all grades and degrees of distinction between the primary and secondary streams, from an intermixture of their data to their absolute separation, the latter perhaps being the prevalent. We may then say that we generally find no conscious appropriation of the facts of one personality by another. That is to say, the primary consciousness does not know what the secondary state experiences. This is perhaps all but universal, and in cases of the deeper secondary states the cleavage seems to be absolute. On the other hand, the secondary personality, if it appropriates the experiences of the primary consciousness and memory at all (and in some cases it does not seem to do so), it shows no conscious knowledge of their origin in the primary consciousness, but recalls them in a fragmentary and automatic way, and indicates considerable cleavage between them. There are exceptions to this statement, but they do not affect the general rule. To illustrate this rule, a man under hypnosis may forget his own name and most of the facts of his normal experience and memory. He may recall only a few capricious incidents in his past life, and these wholly non-representative of his character, and he may combine with his narrative all sorts of dreamlike utterances, not indicative of anything but mental confusion. I recently hypnotized a man who, in this secondary condition, had completely forgotten his name and age, but he recalled two facts which I was able to prove belonged to his normal state. But he could remember nothing else except the names of some of his companions, and these had been associated with his dazed condition after an accident in which he lost normal consciousness. Yet he could talk about things that he said took place a thousand years ago, and which demonstrably did not take place then, but which possibly had been partly experienced in his normal condition. The cleavage between the two personalities in this case was almost as great as between two different persons whose individual streams of consciousness never interpenetrate, even when telepathy may be supposed to suggest such interpenetration.

Now if we suppose that a discarnate spirit has to assume an abnormal and secondary condition like hypnosis, somnambulism, or subliminal mentality, we may easily understand two probable effects that might follow, after what has just been said. They are (1) confusion and triviality in the messages delivered, and this wholly independent of the disturbing influence of conditions external to the communicating mind and supposed to exist between the terrestrial and transcendental worlds, and (2) separation from a clear knowledge of the normal life and consciousness on the "other side." The condition necessary for communications of any sort may be that rare state between total unconsciousness in which no messages can be given, and that normal spiritual state in which also no messages may be given, so far as we know. It may be a state in which the subject is wholly unconscious of its normal life beyond and conscious only of its past, and even of this only in the fragmentary way of secondary personality. Or it may be a state in which the subject may be partly conscious of

its normal life beyond and also partly conscious of its past. In one of the cases we should get nothing whatever of the life on the "other side," and in the other too little to be intelligible, even if we were qualified to understand it when correctly reported. It is also not only possible, but it is most natural psychologically considered, that contact with terrestrial conditions would suggest terrestrial memories. This, however, would be truer at first than afterwards. But the existence of a secondary state as a condition of communicating would follow known analogies if it cut the communicator off more or less from the transcendental life and its experiences. So much for the possibilities.

Have we, however, any evidence that a secondary or confused state of mind exists in the act of communicating? The answer to this question, of course, depends on our first having satisfied the demands of personal identity. If the difficulties proposed in the Piper phenomena by a combination of telepathy and secondary personality have been sufficiently overcome, we may suppose that the identity of deceased persons has been satisfactorily established. Assuming this for the purpose of the present argument, I can reply to the above question with an affirmative. This evidence of a confused state of mind is often not only clearly indicated by the messages, but is also as often connected with peculiar traces of important facts in the midst of much confusion.

There are two kinds of evidence for this confusion. They are, first, the internal character of the communications, and second, the direct statements of the communicators. The most important illustration of the first type is the condition of things which seems to necessitate an alternation of communicators. A communicator can stay but a short time. What the exact cause of this is we do not know. But it is an invariable fact, and the character of the communication at the termination of one of these periods often runs off into great confusion and dreamy nonsense, like the drivel of secondary personality. This is very prettily illustrated in one of my own sittings, where the communicator twice exclaimed (so to speak, as the message came in automatic writing), "Give me my hat," just as he left off communicating. This language had no connection with the rest of the communications, but, strange enough, my inquiries brought out accidentally that the communicator in life was accustomed to use this very expression in situations like this when suddenly called to go out-of-doors. Here we apparently have a secondary state suddenly approaching syncope, so to speak, and the psychological situation elicits automatically, by ordinary association, the very phrase which the person was accustomed to utter in partly similar circumstances in life.

On another occasion this same communicator told me a story about a fire that had once given him a fright, and described the case so extravagantly that I considered it false. This was early in my experiments. Much later he recurred to the same incident spontaneously, and told it in more sober terms, remarking that he was often confused when trying to tell me facts.

In the attempt to get my step-mother's name rightly a singular incident took place. Her name had been given wrongly in all communications regarding her until I discovered what was probably intended, and asked for the right one. It had been confused with that of my aunt Nannie, the right name being Maggie. It was first given Mannie and then Nannie. In the effort to give it rightly, after I had asked for it, the communicator recognized very clearly his difficulties and confusion, and in the attempt to explain why it had occurred, said: "Help me. Oh, help me to recall what I so longed to say. My own mother Nannie. I— Wait. I will go for a moment." Now his own mother's name was not Nannie. It was Margaret, and the same as that of my step-mother. But Nannie was the name of his sister, and was the name with which he had confused that of my step-mother, as indicated above. A little later the communicator explained that in this attempt to straighten out the confusion he thought of his own mother and sister at the same time. This confusion is a very pretty illustration and evidence of the mental difficulties under which discarnate spirits apparently labor in their attempts to make themselves intelligible.

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It is possible, however, that at times the confusion is due to the rapidity of thought in comparison with the greater slowness of the writing. We know that our thoughts flow more rapidly than we can write them, and that we have to make effort to control their movement in the interest of our writing. I have no doubt that the discrepancy at times is due to this or an analogous phenomenon. But quite often it is a different mental condition altogether.

On one occasion, for instance, in illustration of a disturbed consciousness, my uncle in trying to communicate lost completely the sense of personal identity, and had to cease his attempts, when my father (I use the spiritistic lingo for clearness) suddenly appeared with the half-humorous remark, "Yes, Hyslop, I know who I am, and Annie too," the latter being the name of my deceased sister.

Take another instance. My father said, after apparently mentioning my step-mother: "And yet I am thinking of F** [asterisks mean that the rest of the name could not be deciphered in the original automatic writing] and my visit to him. I mean your brother... [pause] brother... Hear it? Annie... I want to help father to remember everything, because I came here first and long ago."

Now my sister had died in 1864 and my father in 1896. F is the initial of my brother Frank. My father never paid a visit *to* him, but he, together with my step-mother, made a visit to friends in Pennsylvania *with* my brother Frank in 1873.

In the matter of testimony to this confusion the illustrations are quite as interesting. Apropos of the possible rapidity of thought as a disturbing influence, after mentioning the name of an old favorite horse in the family, my father suddenly changed to something else to which there is no clew as to what was intended, and said: "I am thinking about it now, and everything I ever knew, I believe, because my mind travels so fast, and I try to get away from the rest as much as possible. I think of twenty things all at once." After some further confused references he remarked, "Ah, James, do not, my son, think I am degenerating because I am disturbed in thinking over my earthly life, but if you will wait for me I will remember all, everything I used to know." Over and over again he asserts that he is confused when trying to communicate, and several times remarks that when he is not communicating his memory is clear. In favor of this is the fact that often clear messages are sent just as Mrs. Piper returns to her normal consciousness, as if this could be done at an opportune moment just before the conditions disappear that make it possible, and while the communicator is far enough from the ordinary conditions of the trance to maintain a better mental equilibrium.

One more illustration. In allusion to some communications at sittings much earlier, my father said: "I am here, and I am thinking over the things I said when I was confused. Do you remember of my telling you I thought it possible that we might live elsewhere? But to speak was doubtful, very... Ah, yes, we do speak, although vaguely at times. Ah, but we... at best... we do... What is on my mind at present is the conditions which help me to return." This is one little incident among a number of others more evidential and connected with several conversations with my father on the subject of spirit return, and in which I doubted the possibility of any such thing as communications. The reader can see for himself both the confusion and the evident consciousness of the communicator that he suffers from it.

There is much interesting testimony in Dr. Hodgson's sittings bearing on the same question. The reader can determine for himself by reading Dr. Hodgson's report the numerous instances of this mental confusion as evidenced by the contents of the messages. I shall here limit myself to a few testimonial illustrations of the confusion as given by some of the communicators. George Pelham (pseudonym), who died in 1892, and who succeeded in establishing his identity sufficiently to quote his statements, remarked on one occasion to Dr. Hodgson, "Do not talk too fast, because I am in a daze, so to speak." On another occasion he explained to Dr. Hodgson at some length the condition of mind in which he had to get in order to communicate.

"Remember we share, and always shall

have our friends in the dream life—*i. e.*, your life, so to speak—which will attract us forever and forever, and so long as we have any friends *sleeping* in the material world; you to us are more like as we understand sleep, you look shut up as one in prison, and in order for us to get into communication with you, we have to enter into your sphere, as one like yourself asleep. This is just why we make mistakes, as you call them, or get confused and muddled, so to put it, H. You see I am more awake than asleep, yet I cannot come just as I am in reality, independently of the medium's light."

The reader must remark the use of the word "sleep" in this passage, apparently indicating that the communicator was at a loss to describe the condition of his mind when communicating. We know that hypnosis in some conditions and respects resembles sleep, and that sleep is a natural analogy of it, often perhaps more favorable to the establishment of a connection with the normal consciousness than hypnosis. But aside from all technical comparison between the two states, we have in this communication of George Pelham a recognition of a fact which we might possibly infer from the contents of many communications. Direct testimony in this instance coincides with the inference that we should most naturally make from the character of the data.

Another communicator remarked to Dr. Hodgson, "I am a little dull, H., in the head"; and on another occasion, while saying something about a cigar-case for the purpose of proving his identity, suddenly said, "Am I dreaming?" as if aware of the confused and dream-like drift of consciousness in the act of communication.

But one of the most interesting testimonies to the position here advanced is rather indirect, and at the same time affords some evidence of the spiritistic theory of the phenomena. What I have already quoted can hardly claim this character. But a friend of this George Pelham, deceased and purporting to communicate with him through Mrs. Piper, was the sitter. He is called Mr. Hart in the report. This Mr. Hart was much puzzled with the confusion in the communications and the evidence of an apparently degenerating personality, if he had to suppose that he was dealing with his friend George Pelham. But not long after his sittings this Mr. Hart himself died in Paris, and soon turned up to communicate, and found that he could not succeed so well as his friend George Pelham had done, and on one occasion indicated some aggrievance because he did not have the opportunity to communicate so often as he wished. He said: "What in the world is the reason you never call for me? I am not sleeping. I wish to help you in identifying myself. I am a good deal better now." (Dr. Hodgson: "You were confused at first.") "Very, but I did not really understand how confused I was. It was more so—I am more so when I try to speak to you. I understand now why George spelled his words to me."

Mr. Hart had to learn on the "other side" the facts which explained the former confusion of George Pelham, and the incident here crops out as an interesting piece of evidence for personal identity, while it attests the fact of mental confusion in the act of communication.

Evidence of this sort could be multiplied almost indefinitely, but this is sufficient to illustrate my point. Now if the cleavage between the normal consciousness of a discarnate spirit and its condition necessary for communicating is like the cleavage between primary and secondary personality, even though it is not always so great, we can readily understand both the dearth of material reflecting the conditions of life in the transcendental world and the return of the person's consciousness to terrestrial memories, and also the tendency to trivial recollections, as this latter feature is characteristic of all disturbed consciousness.

THE SONG OF A BUDDHIST LOVER

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH WELLS

WANDER from star to star, but when thy roaming
Hath wearied thee,
Come heavy-winged and earth-drawn in thy homing,
To love and me.

Scale heaven on heaven, a higher zone attaining
At each rebirth;
My lonely soul shall follow thee, its plaining
Draw thee to earth.

Seek not Nirvana, where, all passion ended,
Sweet longings cease;
Better a world where loving souls are blended,
And joy, than peace.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE other night (it will be many other nights before this meets the eye of the reader) as the Easy Chair, in the slight but sufficient disguise of an orchestra stall, sat before the curtain of the Garden Theatre and waited for it to rise upon the Hamlet of Mme. Bernhardt, a thrill of the rich expectation which cannot fail to precede the rise of any curtain upon any Hamlet passed through its eager frame. There is, indeed, no scene of drama which is of a finer horror (in the eighteenth-century sense of the word) than that which opens the great tragedy. The sentry pacing up and down upon the platform at Elsinore under the winter night; the greeting between him and the comrade arriving to relieve him, with its hints of the bitter cold; the entrance of Horatio and Marcellus to these before they can part; the mention of the ghost, and while the soldiers are in the act of protesting it a veridical phantom, the apparition of the ghost, taking the word from their lips and hushing all into a pulseless awe: what could be more simply and sublimely real, more naturally supernatural? What promise of high mystical things to come there is in the mere syllabling of the noble verse, and how it enlarges us from ourselves, for that time at least, to a disembodied unity with the troubled soul whose martyry seems foreboded in the solemn accents! As the many *Hamlets* on which the curtain had risen in its time passed in long procession through its memory, the Easy Chair seemed to itself so much of their world, and so little of the world that arrogantly calls itself the actual one, that it would hardly have been surprised to find itself in the next scene, high-backed, quatrefoiled, and uncomfortable, among the other Gothic movables in the "room of state in the castle."

I

The trouble in judging anything is that if you have the materials for an intelligent criticism, the case is already prejudiced in your hands. You do not bring a free mind to it, and all your efforts to free your mind are a species of gymnastics more or less admirable, but not really effective for the purpose. The best way is to own yourself unfair at the start, and then you can have some hope of doing yourself justice, if not your subject. In other words, if you went to see the Hamlet of Mme. Bernhardt frankly expecting to be disappointed, you were less likely in the end to be disappointed in your expectations, and you could not blame her if you were. To be ideally fair

to that representation it would be better not to have known any other Hamlet, and above all the Hamlet of Shakspere.

From the first it was evident that she had three things overwhelmingly against her: her sex, her race, and her speech. You never ceased to feel for a moment that it was a woman who was doing that melancholy Dane, and that the woman was a Jewess, and the Jewess a French Jewess. These three removes put a gulf impassable between her utmost skill and the impassioned irresolution of that inscrutable Northern nature, which is in nothing so masculine as its feminine reluctances and hesitations, or so little French as in those obscure emotions which the English poetry expressed with more than Gallic clearness, but which the French words always failed to convey. The battle was lost from the first, and all you could feel about it for the rest was that if it was magnificent it was not war.

While the battle went on, the Easy Chair was the more anxious to be fair because it had, as it were, pre-espoused the winning side; and it welcomed, in the interest of critical impartiality, another Hamlet which came to mind, through readily traceable associations. This was a Hamlet also of French extraction in the skill and school of the actor, but as much more deeply derived than the Hamlet of Mme. Bernhardt as the large imagination of Charles Fechter transcended in its virile range the effect of her subtlest womanish intuition. His was the first blond Hamlet known to our stage, and hers was also blond, if a reddish-yellow wig may stand for a complexion; and it was of the quality of his Hamlet in masterly technique.

II

The Hamlet of Fechter, which rose ghostlike out of the gulf of the past, and cloudily possessed the stage where the Hamlet of Mme. Bernhardt was figuring, was called a romantic Hamlet, thirty years ago; and so it was in being a break from the classic Hamlets of the Anglo-American theatre. It was romantic as Shakspere himself was romantic, in an elder sense of the word, and not romanticistic as Dumas was romanticistic. It was therefore the most realistic Hamlet ever yet seen, because the most naturally poetic. Mme. Bernhardt recalled it by the perfection of her school; for Fechter's poetic naturalness differed from the conventionality of the accepted Hamlets in nothing so much as the superiority of its self-instruction. In Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet, as in his, nothing was trusted to chance, or "inspiration." Good or bad, what one saw was what was meant to be seen. When Fechter played Edmond Dantes or Claude Melnotte, he put reality into those preposterous inventions, and in Hamlet even his alien accent helped him vitalize the part; it might be held to be nearer the Elizabethan accent than ours, and after all, you said, Hamlet *was* a foreigner, and in your high content with what he gave, you did not mind its being in a broken vessel. When he challenged the ghost with "I call the keeng, father, *rawl*-Dane," you would hardly have had the erring utterance bettered. It sufficed as it was; and when he said to Rosencrantz, "Will you pleh upon this pyip?" it was with such a princely authority and comradely entreaty that you made no note of the slips in the vowels except to have pleasure of their quaintness afterwards. For the most part you were not aware of these bewrayals of his speech; and in certain high things it was soul interpreted to soul through the poetry of Shakspere so finely, so directly, that there was scarcely a sense of the histrionic means.

He put such divine despair into the words, "Except my life, except my life, except my life!" following the mockery with which he had assured Polonius there was nothing he would more willingly part withal than his leave, that the heart-break of them had lingered with the Easy Chair for thirty years, and it had been alert for them with every Hamlet since. But before it knew, Mme. Bernhardt had uttered them with no effect whatever. Her Hamlet, indeed, cut many of the things that we have learned to think the points of Hamlet, and it so transformed others by its interpretation of the translator's interpretation of Shakspere that they passed unrecognized. Rhymed French alexandrines must poorly report the English blank verse, at their best, and in the version which she uses they are hardly at their best. Soliloquies are the weak invention of the enemy, for the most part,

but as such things go that soliloquy of Hamlet's, "To be or not to be," is at least very noble poetry; and yet Mme. Bernhardt was so unimpressive in it that you scarcely noticed the act of its delivery. Perhaps this happened because the sumptuous and sombre melancholy of Shakspere's thought was transmitted in such phrase as

Que faut-il admirer? La résignation
Subissant tes assauts, Fortune, et tes outrages,
Ou la force luttant contre une mer d'orages,
Et demandant le calme aux tempêtes?

But there was always a hardness, not always from the translation, upon this feminine Hamlet. It was like a thick shell with no crevice in it through which the tenderness of Shakspere's Hamlet could show, except for the one moment at Ophelia's grave, where he reproaches Laertes with those pathetic words:

"What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever; but it is no matter."

Here Mme. Bernhardt betrayed a real grief, but as a woman would, and not a man. At the close of the Gonzago play, when Hamlet triumphs in a mad whirl, her Hamlet hops up and down like a mischievous crow, a mischievous she-crow.

There is no repose in her Hamlet, though there are moments of leaden lapse which suggest physical exhaustion; and there is no range in her elocution expressive of the large vibration of that tormented spirit. Her voice drops out, or jerks itself out, and in the crises of strong emotion it is the voice of a scolding or a hysterical woman. At times her movements, which she must have studied so hard to master, are drolly womanish, especially those of the whole person. Her quickened pace is a woman's nervous little run, and not a man's swift stride; and to give herself due stature it is her foible to wear a woman's high heels to her shoes, and she cannot help tilting on them.

In the scene with the queen after the play, most English and American Hamlets have required her to look upon the counterfeit presentment of two brothers in miniatures something the size of tea plates; but Mme. Bernhardt's preferred full-length life-size family portraits. The dead king's effigy did not appear a flattered likeness, in the scene-painter's art, but it was useful in disclosing his ghost by giving place to it in the wall at the right moment. She achieved a novelty by this treatment of the portraits, and she achieved a novelty in the tone she took with the wretched queen. Hamlet appeared to scold her mother, but though it could be said that her mother deserved a scolding, was it the part of a good daughter to give it her?

One should of course say a good son, but long before this it had become impossible to think at all of Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet as a man, if it ever had been possible. She had traversed the bounds which tradition as well as nature has set, and violated the only condition upon which an actress may personate a man. This condition is that there shall be always a hint of comedy in the part, that the spectator shall know all the time that the actress is a woman, and that she shall confess herself such before the play is over; she shall be fascinating in the guise of a man only because she is so much more intensely a woman in it. Shakspere had rather a fancy for women in men's rôles, which, as women's rôles in his time were always taken by pretty and clever boys, could be more naturally managed then than now. But when it came to the *éclaircissement*, and the pretty boys, who had been playing the parts of women disguised as men, had to own themselves women, the effect must have been confused if not weakened. If Mme. Bernhardt, in the necessity of doing something Shaksperean, had chosen to do Rosalind, or Viola, or Portia, she could have done it with all the modern advantages of women in women's rôles. These characters are of course "lighter motions bounded in a shallower brain" than the creation she aimed at; but she could at least have made much of them, and she does not make much of Hamlet.

III

The strongest reason against any woman Hamlet is that it does violence to an ideal. Literature is not so rich in great imaginary masculine types that we can afford to have them transformed to women; and after seeing Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet no one can altogether liberate himself from the fancy that the

Prince of Denmark was a girl of uncertain age, with crises of mannishness in which she did not seem quite a lady. Hamlet is in nothing more a man than in the things to which as a man he found himself unequal; for as a woman he would have been easily superior to them. If we could suppose him a woman as Mme. Bernhardt, in spite of herself, invites us to do, we could only suppose him to have solved his perplexities with the delightful precipitation of his putative sex. As the niece of a wicked uncle, who in that case would have had to be a wicked aunt, wedded to Hamlet's father hard upon the murder of her mother, she would have made short work of her vengeance. No fine scruples would have delayed her; she would not have had a moment's question whether she had not better kill herself; she would have out with her bare bodkin and ended the doubt by first passing it through her aunt's breast.

To be sure, there would then have been no play of *Hamlet*, as we have it, but a Hamlet like that imagined, a frankly feminine Hamlet, Mme. Bernhardt could have rendered wonderfully. It is in attempting a masculine Hamlet that she transcends the imaginable and violates an ideal. It is as if Sir Henry Irving were to play Lady Macbeth, or Mr. John Hare were to play Mrs. Ebbsmith, or Mr. John Drew should do Lady Teazle. It is not thinkable. After you have seen it done, you say, as Mr. Clemens is said to have said of bicycling: "Yes, I have seen it, but it's impossible. It doesn't stand to reason."

Art, like law, is the perfection of reason, and whatever is unreasonable in the work of an artist is inartistic. By the time the Easy Chair had reached these bold conclusions it was ready to deduce a principle from them, and to declare that in a true civilization such a thing as that Hamlet would be forbidden, as an offence against public morals, a violence to something precious and sacred.

In the absence of any public regulation the precious and sacred ideals in the arts must be trusted to the several artists, who bring themselves to judgment when they violate them. After Mme. Bernhardt was perversely willing to attempt the part of Hamlet the question whether she did it well or not was of slight consequence. She had already made her failure in wishing to play the part. Her wish impugned her greatness as an artist; of a really great actress it would have been as unimaginable as the assumption of a sublime feminine rôle by a really great actor. There is an obscure law in this matter which it would be interesting to trace, but for the present the Easy Chair must leave the inquiry with the reader. It can note merely that it seems somehow more permissible for women in imaginary actions to figure as men than for men to figure as women. In the theatre we have conjectured how and why this may be, but the privilege, for less obvious reasons, seems even more liberally granted in fiction. A woman may tell a story in the character of a man and not give offence, but a man cannot write a novel in autobiographical form from the personality of a woman without imparting the sense of something unwholesome. One feels this true even in the work of such a master as Tolstoy, whose *Katia* is a case in point. Perhaps a woman may play Hamlet with a less shocking effect than a man may play Desdemona, but all the same she must not play Hamlet at all. That sublime ideal is the property of the human imagination, and may not be profaned by a talent enamored of the impossible. No harm could be done by the broadest burlesque, the most irreverent travesty, for these would still leave the ideal untouched. Hamlet, after all the horse-play, would be Hamlet; but Hamlet played by a woman, to satisfy her caprice, or to feed her famine for a fresh effect, is Hamlet disabled, for a long time, at least, in its vital essence. The Easy Chair felt that it would take many returns to the Hamlet of Shakspere to efface the impression of Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet; and as it prepared to escape from its row of stalls in the darkening theatre, it experienced a noble shame for having seen the Dane so disnatured, to use Mr. Lowell's word. It had not been obliged to come; it had voluntarily shared in the wrong done; by its presence it had made itself an accomplice in the wrong. It was high ground, but not too high for the Easy Chair, and it recovered a measure of self-respect in assuming it.

Editor's Study.

I

HOW much goes to the making of some books—how much that may be accounted for! Reading *Romola*, one knows what task of research was the writer's; and besides the study of Florence in the time of Savonarola, all that Miss Evans had in any way learned from life and books and art, and all the reflection of a wonderful intellect upon this learning—so much more than the learning itself — were necessary to the production of this work. Even when she wrote *Scenes of Clerical Life* she had already an intellectual equipment that made her the fit associate of George H. Lewes and Herbert Spencer, and a valued contributor to the *Westminster Review*. As the daughter of a clergyman she had the benefit of such special experience and observation as would yield the material for these particular stories. But there were many English girls as well educated —having equal if not superior advantages of situation—who could not have written these stories, and who could not have begun to write novels like *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*. Something besides the same degree of culture and refinement possessed by Mrs. Humphry Ward would be necessary to a writer of such fiction as she has produced.

All this is obvious; but what is that something *not* to be accounted for by circumstance, and which is the positive condition of such production, and, moreover, the essential ground of its distinctive excellence? We do not define or explain it when we say that it is genius—though we have no better term for it, since by its very etymology that word implies the creative power from which springs all that we call art, including the highest forms of imaginative literature. The root of the word, *gen*, from the Greek *gignomai* (to come into being, to be born) implies origination that is creative, as in the word *genesis*. The *genitive* case of the grammarians is the case of origins. The Greek word *to know* (*gignosko*) is from the same root, thus showing intelligence itself as something native and spontaneous, as from a creative font. We have this implication in our word *ken;* and it is but a step to that held in words like *kin, kind* (the *genus*), the German word *Kind*, for child, *acquainted, general* (implying co-ordination through likeness or kinship); while in the words *kind* (indicative of feeling) and *gentle*, there is expressed soft-hearted tenderness as between kindred, and in the word *genial* some temperamental loveliness. To be "in good form" is to be *genteel*. That in life which is creative at the source enters into the order of things, making harmony—since all is fit in its very becoming—a cosmic agreeableness and beauty. *Nature* means *forever being born*, and in all her generations there is the native charm. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" and this is especially true of human nature.

This particular bundle of etymological straw has been threshed a hundred times before, but the speculation helps us to a better comprehension of what is meant when we speak of genius. We are using the term here in its broad, generic meaning, and we see that it is inseparable from life in nature and humanity, having the native attributes of that life—being creative, spontaneous, synthetic—with harmony in the synthesis; interpretative—with a sense of the harmony; we see that it has fertility, free movement, sensibility, temperament—and, in all these, grace, bounty, and charm. Especially it has the attributes of organic life, and is not only vibrant, but crescent in its vibrancy until it sings and has color—like the birds and the flowers. It is in this *crescendo* that its manifestation becomes art—patently vibrant in the song and the dance and in all forms of music, tensely but latently vibrant in sculpture and architecture. In personal charm — in the exquisite form, grace, bounty, and sensibility of physical embodiment—there shines and pulses the shaping genius of the human spirit.

Now, in this generic sense, genius is the most common thing in the living world. Every nascent human being has it, not as a gift or endowment, but na-

tively; and for each it is not only generic, but individual and singular, and never anticipated or repeated in any other. This consideration discloses a peculiar potential value in every child, and gives importance to educational methods. For in nearly all cases is this individual genius suppressed, most often, indeed, through the stress of structural development itself, which veils and limits even where it does not wholly submerge the plastic potency of childhood. The finest art of life is to maintain this potency through the stages of mature development. Formed character is of the greatest importance in all the practical relations of life—a firm, visible leverage; but it is the unseen leverage of the creative spirit that makes the charm and works the miracle. Even in science it becomes that prophetic imagination which gave Clerk-Maxwell his rare distinction.

In the plastic young life under the appearance of likeness there are all degrees of unlikeness. Many may become fine musicians, but only one a Beethoven; many great poets, but only one a Shakspere. The bugle note may not be heard, and Achilles will remain among the maidens. It is within the range of conjecture that if Shakspere had not been touched by Marlowe's mighty line, he might have lacked the full initial inspiration that disclosed to him his own greater might. The emergence of these rarest stars in their full brightness is inexplicable; sometimes it almost seems due to chance, but the outward accident must have met some exceptional subjective condition. Unhappiness cannot make a poet, but it may give him his first voice for utterance. Unusual strain, even disease, may seem to disclose genius; and again conditions of absolute comfort will fail to secure its silence.

Always it is Passion, the very tension thereof, in its normal expression, bringing reserve. In the earliest use of color in textile work there was an intuitive selection, prompted by the passion inherent in æsthetic sensibility, the violence of the first choice being modulated by a natural reaction through the intuitive choice of a complementary color, and so on, the feeling rising and falling through the whole fabric, as in a piece of music. Even into the work of the ingenious artificer this passion-prompted instinct enters. Hence the automatism in Vulcan's smithy.

II

A score of years ago a child visitor in the editor's home sat doubled up in an easy-chair, rapt in abstraction as in a cloud, and wrote some verses. Her theme was "The Gypsy." The verses were good, but they were something more than that. The author had created something with the interpretative quality that belongs to a dream—like the quality that distinguished Alice Archer Sewall's wonderful little poem entitled "In Early Days," published a few years ago in this Magazine. It had the truth of a primitive impression—the essence of all that George Borrow could have known about the subject but probably could never have thus expressed. The girl was but nine or ten years old. There was no sequel, apparently; at least the editor has never seen or heard of any. Many readers of the Study have witnessed some such phenomenon,—such as Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson noted in the verses of Emily Dickinson long before she became publicly known.

Volumes of such creative work in prose and verse were produced by Amélie Rives before she was fifteen. In an article entitled "Fifty Years of Harper's Magazine," in the May number (1900), the editor characterized this work as an example of genius, in its simplest terms and most naïve expression, without precedent or successor in American literature. The nearest to a precedent was the poetry of Maria Gowan Brooks ("Maria del Occidente")—particularly her "Zophiël, or the Bride of Seven." The editor, in his characterization, was not imputing to Amélie Rives supreme literary excellence; he was simply recognizing a distinctive quality of genius nowhere else manifest in a so wholly native fashion. The young girl, whose education had been a home affair, and whose individuality had therefore not been broken on the wheel of a public-school system, had browsed at liberty in the library of her grandfather (the distinguished Senator William C. Rives, sixty years ago our minister to France), and, with the remarkable power of assimilation that is

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peculiar to genius in its plastic stage, had made the best English her own. She neither copied nor imitated; she caught dominant notes and passed into harmonies that were variant and distinctly individual. One of the best of these was *The Farrier Lass of Piping Pebworth.* Another, that never saw the light, was a long dramatic composition in which Robin Hood and his companions developed their peculiar mood and humor, so convincingly true that almost it seemed that their very conversation with each other had been overheard by the writer in some reminiscent dream. In these pieces and in her plays—such as *Herod and Mariamne* and *Athelwold*—she had not so much to go on as Shakspere had. Her first published story, *A Brother to Dragons,* was stealthily abstracted from her store of manuscripts by a young Boston lawyer and left in the office of *The Atlantic Monthly,* then edited by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, without so much as a note for its identification. It was like something fallen overnight out of the heavens; and, as would inevitably be the case with anything really out of heaven, it could not all be published. The final chapter (the *epithalamium* of the story) was omitted, not because it was *risqué,* but as too heavenly pure for mortal eyes; it might have been dreamed by one of Swedenborg's "Innocents." The dramatic faculty through which, with dream-like reality and without sophistication, the writer put herself in the place of another was shown in her series of sonnets entitled *Grief and Faith* (published in this Magazine, May, 1887), wherein is expressed a man's emotion over the lifeless body of his young wife. That Amélie Rives should possess literary ability is not strange. Her grandmother, Mrs. William C. Rives, had such ability, as is shown in her correspondence, some of which, relating to the revolution of 1840 in France, will in an early number be presented to our readers. But in the granddaughter's case there was genius pure and simple, transcending though not excluding the talent. Art there was and brooding labor, but these lay next to nature, too near to be called a second nature. Even Poe was not of the same order of genius; he was rather ingenious, and a certain sophistication disguised that native quality which was the ground of compelling charm and of a wondrous felicity of art never wholly dissociated from artifice. He was always a master of form; while Walt Whitman, whose poetry was conspicuously and elaborately formless, had the greater native distinction. Amélie Rives's work had not the finish which characterized Mrs. Brooks's "Zophiël," nor was it so tensely dramatic. Yet she was the greater dramatist, and her writings furnish a better example of "unpremeditated art." It is just this freedom from sophistication that is her distinction—a something so native that it has no more claim to merit than one may have for beautiful features. It is proper to speak of her in the present tense rather than in the past, for she is yet to be heard from in the literary world, and through work as striking and original as any she has ever done.

III

About the same time that Miss Rives's work was first published, Miss Mary Wilkins was contributing to *Harper's Bazar* short stories that first arrested and then absorbed the attention of readers. She had no more idea of what she was doing than a child at play, and she was little more than a child in years—wholly a child in the quality and manner of her writing. It was a daring adventure, though the boldness was unconscious, to enter a field where such writers as Mrs. Stowe, Harriet Prescott, Rose Terry Cooke, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had won, and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett was rapidly winning, wide applause. But Mary L. Booth, then editor of the *Bazar,* detected in her work a quality quite apart from anything distinguishing the writings of these others—not a literary quality, but something indefinable, yielding to the test of sensibility but not to that of analysis. Almost any other literary mentor would have seen "promise" in the little stories, but would have thought them impossible because of their evident crudity of form, and would have advised the young author to work and wait, forming her style meanwhile on accepted models—counsel that if followed would have meant ruin for her, as it has for many a young writer. Miss Wilkins was as much surprised by the acceptance of her work

as she afterwards was by its success with the public, a success which promptly justified the wise editor's appreciation. Some of those who read this will recall the demure maiden yet in her teens as she appeared in those days at one of the receptions which Miss Booth was wont to give, when such gatherings were less common than they are now. There had been no struggle for the position won, and the author had no consciousness of the rare distinction of her genius that had enabled her to win it without strain. There is no truth in the formula that genius is only another name for painstaking or hard work. Certainly in Miss Wilkins's case it was play before it meant work; and it meant that very soon—as if she determined upon achievement to justify the praise that had at first confounded distinction with merit.

That way, too, there lay a certain danger—the peril of losing the distinction in the achievement — of forgetting, in strife for the prize of merit, that she belonged to the Kingdom of Grace. We shuddered, therefore, when she attempted the novel, fearing that she might bury her native heritage out of sight beneath the elaborate structure; but *Pembroke* and *Jane Field* dispelled our apprehension, which again was keenly alive when *Madelon* appeared, and to some extent justified. How often we have trembled when she who could write poetry as quaint as the old ballads set herself to elaborate sonnets which any fairly good poet might have done equally well!

At first it seemed that the effectiveness of Miss Wilkins's appeal was gained in a negative way—by what she did *not* attempt. Her imitators tried to produce a like effect by presenting a transcript of life, without effort, without elaboration, without reflective comment, and without style. Of course such experiments were futile. Miss Wilkins did not make transcripts from life, and her simplicity was not mere barrenness. She created; the dream-power and the dream-truth were there, and the impression made was a surprise, just as in a great painting or musical composition. The painter may be in the simplest terms an impressionist and yet creative—*that* he must be; and lacking that, no technical perfection will make him an artist. There was something almost primitive in the earliest products of Miss Wilkins's art, whether in prose or verse—a reversion to the magical secret of the first embroidery, the first pottery, the first folk-tales, the first ballads; yet the stuff, the mere material, was of her own time, open to direct observation, like the stuff all dreams are made of, whatever their moving spirit. Because of this primitive plastic potency she has with greater spontaneity and subtlety than any other of our writers reproduced for us the fleeting subjective impressions of childhood. The same power was peculiarly manifest in some pastels in prose dreamed out by her when such things were in vogue.

The author has had the culture of her dream, and has taken upon her the full investiture of her art—a mature but not formal style, deep reflection, complex effects in her synthesis of life—without the surrender of her creative power. All this is evident in her new novel, *The Portion of Labor,* begun in this number of the Magazine.

In this novel the spiritual motive is predominant. No previous work of the author has yielded an equal measure of intellectual satisfaction, but the thought precipitates no corrosive acid and is never strained to an edge of smartness; though the story deals with industrial conditions, it is not a problem novel; it is the story of Ellen Brewster's spiritual development in the peculiar circumstances of her life. However much the original *insouciance* of manner may have given place to the solicitudes of more strenuous endeavor, there is still the old play, the fresh plasticity, the characteristic charm.

The fruits of genius lie nearest to the "fruits of the spirit" in that transcendent field where the human blends with the divine. The supreme reality in life, as in literature, is spiritual. This is beautifully illustrated in the just published *Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks,* by Professor Alexander V. S. Allen. It is true of the highest emotional as it is of the most exalted religious life. In Mrs. Trask's latest book of short stories, *Lessons in Love,* the lessons are spiritual, and have therefore the living reality which gives them their strong hold upon sympathetic readers.

IV

Many readers of this Magazine remember Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson* and the study therein followed of "dreaming true." The theme haunts us, as it must long have haunted the author. It was but a step from this to the hypnotic phenomena in *Trilby*. The most remarkable psychological development of the nineteenth century was the result of experiments in hypnotism. Many of us remember the showman's use of mesmerism in our young days. We can see him now clinching his fists and contorting his brows as he wrestled with his victims, assuming that his victory was the result of superior will-power. Then, in the fifties, Professor Grimes entered the field, and perhaps the editor had an exclusive advantage over his present readers in having heard the lectures and witnessed the experiments of this very remarkable man, who, long before Charcot, demonstrated that will-power had nothing to do with mesmerism; that, indeed, the superior will might reside in the patient rather than in the operator; that it was the suggestion that dominated; and that through auto-suggestion self-hypnotism was possible. The experiments made in France within a few years not only confirm this theory, but make such remarkable disclosures of schisms in the individual consciousness that each one of us may well ask, How many of me are there? At first a secondary consciousness was laid bare, apparently independent of that which we ordinarily carry about with us, and which was technically considered as belonging to a "secondary personality," and in some cases a tertiary stratum was uncovered and a "third personality" assumed. "Beneath each deep there lies a lower deep," and almost we seem borne backward and downward—like Peter Ibbetson in his dream-life—to a generic race consciousness.

Alongside of these experiments in hypnotism have been conducted the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research, which has accumulated volumes of cases indicating some sort of mysterious *rapport* between disembodied spirits and those still in the body—cases also of telepathic communication between the living. Several articles relating to both the phenomena of hypnotism and of so-called spiritism have appeared in this Magazine during the past year. In the present number Dr. Hyslop's interesting contribution, "Nature of Life after Death," suggests a doubt in the reader's mind, if not one entertained by the writer, whether all the phenomena supposed to be "spiritistic" may not finally submit to correlation with those of hypnotism. Mrs. Piper's case presents some difficulties, but who shall say that they are insuperable? Not only does the "medium" fall into a trance, very like, if not identical with, the extreme hypnotic condition, but the deliverances from the unseen world are often confused and irrelevant, suggesting somnolence. There still remains a mystery connected with these phenomena, as with those recorded by Flammarion in his recent work, *The Unknown*, and in works like *From India to the Planet Mars;* but are they any stranger than the phenomena of hypnotism itself? and, in both those and these, is it not, after all, one mystery—the wonder of the human spirit itself?

If automatic writing, the fantastic deliverances of planchettes and ouija-boards, telepathy, and all forms of spiritistic communication should come to be considered purely psychological phenomena, in the restricted sense—*i.e.*, as confined to the individual participant hitherto supposed to be virtually passive in such intercourse, or at most merely a questioner—it must not therefore be presumed that the individual human soul is spiritually isolated. Spiritual kinship is something so near—a communality so intimate—that any form of definite communication (except of an imperative and creative character such as we attribute to inspiration) sinks into insignificance beside the transcendent influence which is always in us and with us. This intimacy, closer than that of our physical members, is our birthright. In the highest sense it is the intimacy of the human with the divine, without which we *are* not. Here we reach the incommunicable. The plastic, creative human imagination lies nearest this field — it sleeps by the fountain.

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THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN

BY JOHN FINLEY

WHAT though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue,
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant, silent paths?

She caught no scent of budding almond-tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulchre.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!
The Tomb was hid; the Garden all ablow;
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day "Mary's Flower."

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The Portion of Labor

BY MARY E. WILKINS

PART II

CHAPTER IV

ELLEN BREWSTER was two nights and a day at Cynthia Lennox's, and no one discovered it. All day the searching parties passed the house. Once Ellen was at the window, and one of the men looked up and saw her, and since his solicitude for the lost child filled his heart with responsiveness toward all childhood, he waved his hand and nodded, and bade another man look at that handsome little kid in the window.

"Guess she's about Ellen's size," said the other.

"Shouldn't wonder if she looked something like her," said the first.

"Answers the description well enough," said the other; "same light hair."

Both of the men waved their hands to Ellen as they passed on, but she shrank back afraid. That was about ten o'clock of the morning of the day after Miss Lennox had taken her into her house. She had waked at dawn with a full realization of the situation. She remembered all that had happened perfectly. She was a child for whom there were very few half-lights of life, and no spiritual twilights connected her sleeping and waking hours. She opened her eyes and looked around the room, and remembered how she had run away and how her mother was not there, and she remembered the strange lady with that same odd combination of terror and attraction and docility with which she had regarded her the night before. It was a very cold morning, and there was a delicate film of frost on the windows between the sweeps of the muslin curtains, and the morning sun gave it a rosy glow and a crusting sparkle as of diamonds. The sight of the frost had broken poor Andrew Brewster's heart when he saw it, and reflected how it might have meant death to his little tender child out under the blighting fall of it like a little house flower.

Ellen lay winking at it when Cynthia Lennox came into the room and leaned over her. The child cast a timid glance up at the tall slender figure clad in a dressing-gown of quilted crimson silk which dazzled her eyes, accustomed as she was to morning wrappers of dark blue cotton at ninety-eight cents apiece, and she was filled with undefined apprehensions of splendor and opulence which might overwhelm her simple grasp of life and cause her to lose all her old standards of value.

She had always thought her mother's wrappers very beautiful, but now look at this! Cynthia's face, too, in the dim rosy light, looked very fair to the child, who had no discernment for those ravages of time of which adults either acquit themselves or by which they measure their own. She did not see the faded color of the woman's face at all; she did not see the spreading marks around mouth and eyes, or the faint parallels of care on the temples: she saw only that which her unbiassed childish vision had ever sought in a human face, love and kindness, and tender

admiration of herself, and her conviction of its beauty was complete. But at the same time a bitter and piteous jealousy for her mother, and home, and all that she had ever loved and believed in, came over her. What right had this strange woman, dressed in a silk dress like that, to be leaning over her in the morning, and looking at her like that? To be leaning over her in the morning instead of her own mother, and looking at her in that way, when she was not her mother? She shrank away toward the other side of the bed with that nestling motion which is the natural one of all young and gentle children even toward vacancy, but suddenly Cynthia was leaning close over her, and she was conscious again of that soft smother of violets, and Cynthia's arms were embracing all her delicate little body with tenderest violence, folding her against the soft red silk over her bosom, and kissing her little blushing cheeks with the lightest and carefulest kisses, as though she were a butterfly which she feared to harm with her adoring touch.

"Oh, you darling, you precious darling!" whispered Cynthia. "Don't be afraid, darling; don't be afraid, precious; you are very safe; don't be afraid. You shall have such a little white new-laid egg for your breakfast, and some slices of toast, such a beautiful brown, and some honey. Do you love honey, sweet? And some chocolate, all in a little pink and gold cup which you shall have for your very own."

"I want my mother!" Ellen cried out suddenly, with an exceedingly bitter and terrified and indignant cry.

"There, there, darling!" Cynthia whispered; "there is a beautiful red and green parrot downstairs in a great cage that shines like gold, and you shall have him for your own, and he can talk. You shall have him for your very own, sweetheart. Oh, you darling, you darling!"

Ellen felt herself overborne and conquered by this tide of love, which compelled like her mother's, though this woman was not her mother, and her revolt of loyalty was subdued for the time. After all, whether we like it or not, love is somewhat of an impersonal quality to all children, and perhaps to their elders, and it may be in such wise that the goddess is evident.

She did not shrink from Cynthia any more then, but suffered her to lift her out of bed as if she were a baby, and set her on a white fur rug, into which her feet sank, to her astonishment. Her mother had only drawn-in rugs, which Ellen had watched her make. She was a little afraid of the fur rug.

Ellen was very small, and seemed much younger than she was by reason of her baby silence and her little clinging ways. Then, too, she had always been so petted at home, and through never going to school had not been in contact with other children. Often the bloom of childhood is soonest rubbed off by friction with its own kind.

Cynthia did not think she was more than six years old, and never dreamed of allowing her to dress herself, and indeed the child had always been largely assisted in so doing. Cynthia washed her and dressed her, and curled her hair, and led her down stairs into the dining-room of the night before, which Ellen still regarded with wise eyes as the store. Then she sat in the tall chair which must have been vacated by that mysterious other child, and had her breakfast, eating her new-laid egg, which the black woman broke for her, while she leaned delicately away as far as she could with a timid shrug of her little shoulder, and sipping her chocolate out of the beautiful pink and gold cup. That, however, Ellen decided within herself was not nearly as pretty as one with "A Gift of Friendship" on it in gilt letters which her grandmother kept on the whatnot in her best parlor. This had been given to her aunt Ellen, who died when she was a young girl, and was to be hers when she grew up. She did not care as much for the egg and toast either as for the griddle-cakes and maple syrup at home. All through breakfast Cynthia talked to her, and in such manner as the child had never heard. That fine voice, full of sweetest modulations and cadences, which used the language with the precision of a musician, was as different from the voices at home, with their guttural slurs and maimed terminals, as the song of a spring robin from the scream of the parrot which Ellen could hear in some distant room. And what Cynthia said was as different from ordinary conversation to the child

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SHE SAT IN THE TALL CHAIR

as a fairy tale, being interspersed with terms of endearment which her mother and grandmother would have considered high-flown, and have been shamefaced in employing, and full of whimsical playfulness which had an undertone of pathos in it. Cynthia was not still for a minute; she seemed to feel that much of her power lay in her speech and voice, like some enchantress who cast her spell by means of her silver tongue. Nobody knew how she dreaded that outcry of Ellen's, "I want my mother!" It gave her the sensations of a murderess, even while she persisted in her crime. So she talked, diverting the child's mind from its natural channel by sheer force of eloquence. She told a story about the parrot which caused Ellen's eyes to widen with thoughtful wonder; she promised her treasures and pleasures which made her mouth twitch into smiles in spite of herself; but with all her efforts, when after breakfast they went into another room, Ellen broke out again, "I want my mother!"

Cynthia turned white and struggled with herself for a moment, then she spoke. That which she was doing of the nature of a crime was in reality more foreign to her nature than virtue, and her instinct was to return to her narrow and straight way in spite of its cramping of love and natural longing. Who is your mother, darling? And what is your name?"

But Ellen was silent, except for that one cry, "I want my mother!" The persistency of the child in spite of her youth and her distress was almost invulnerable. She came of a stiff-necked family on one side at least, and sometimes stiff-neckedness is more pronounced in a child than in an adult, in whom it may be tempered by experience and policy. "I want my mother!" Ellen repeated in her gentle wail, as plaintively inconsequent as the note of a bird.

Then Cynthia displayed the parrot, but a parrot was too fine and fierce a bird for Ellen. She would have preferred him as a subject for her imagination, which could not be harmed by his beak and claws, and she liked Cynthia's story about him better than the gorgeous actuality of the bird himself. She shrank back from that shrieking splendor, clinging with strong talons to his cage wires, against which he pressed cruelly his red breast and beat his gold-green wings, and through which he thrust his hooked beak, and glared with his yellow eyes.

Ellen fairly sobbed at last when the parrot thrust out a wicked and deceiving claw toward her, and said something in his unearthly shriek which seemed to have a distinct reference to her, and fired at her a volley of harsh "How do's," and "Good-mornings," and "Good-nights," and "Polly want a crackers," then finished with a wild shriek of laughter, her note of human grief making a curious chord with the bird's of inhuman mirth. "I want my mother!" she panted out, and wept, and would not be comforted. Then Cynthia took her away from the parrot and produced the doll. Then truly did the sentiment of emulative motherhood in her childish breast console her for the time for her need of her own mother. Such a doll as that she had never seen, not even in the store windows at Christmas-time. Still, she had very fine dolls, for a little girl whose relatives were not wealthy, but this doll was like a princess, and nearly as large as Ellen.

Ellen held out her arms for this ravishing creature in a French gown, looked into its countenance of unflinching infantile grace and amiability and innocence, and her fickle heart betrayed her, and she laughed with delight, and the tension of anxiety relaxed in her face.

"Where is her mother?" she asked of Cynthia, having a very firm belief in the little-girl-motherhood of dolls. She could not imagine a doll without her little mother, and even in the cases of the store dolls, she wondered how their mothers could let them be sold, and mothered by other little girls; how very poor they must be. But she never doubted that her own dolls were her very own children, even if they had been bought in a store. So now she asked Cynthia, with an indescribably pitying innocence, "Where is her mother?"

Cynthia laughed and looked adoringly at the child with the doll in her arms. "She has no mother but you," said she; "she is yours; but once she belonged to a dear little boy, who used to live with me."

Ellen stared thoughtfully: she had never seen a little boy with a doll. The lady seemed to read her thought, for she laughed again.

"This little boy had curls, and he wore dresses like a little girl, and he was just as pretty as a little girl, and he loved to play with dolls like a little girl," said she.

"Where is he?" asked Ellen, in a small, gentle voice. "Don't he want her now?"

"No, darling," said Cynthia; "he is not here; he has been gone away two years; and he had left off his baby curls and his dresses, and stopped playing with her, for a year before that." Cynthia sighed and drew down her mouth, and Ellen looked at her lovingly and wonderingly.

"Be you his mother?" she asked, piteously, then, before Cynthia could answer, her own lip quivered and she sobbed out again, even while she hugged her doll-child to her bosom, "I want my mother! I want my mother!"

All that day the struggle went on. Cynthia Lennox, leading her little guest, who always bore the doll, traversed the fine old house in search of distraction, for the heart of the child was sore for her mother, and success was always intermittent. The music-box played, the pictures were explained, and even old trunks of laid-away treasures ransacked. Cynthia took her through the hot-houses and gave her all the flowers she liked to pick, to still that longing cry of hers. Cynthia Lennox had fine hot-houses, kept by an old colored man, the husband of her black cook. Her establishment was very small; her one other maid she had sent away early that morning to make a visit with a sick sister in another town. The old colored couple had lived in her family since she was born, and would have been silent had she stolen a whole family of children. Ellen caught a glimpse of a bent dark figure at one end of the pink-house as they entered; he glanced up at her with no appearance of surprise, only

a broad welcoming expansion of his whole face, which caused her to shrink; then he shuffled out in response to an order of his mistress.

Ellen stared at the pinks, swarming as airily as butterflies in motley tints of palest rose to deepest carmine over the blue-green jungle of their stems; she sniffed the warm, moist, perfumed atmosphere; she followed Cynthia down the long perspective of bloom, then she said again that she wanted her mother; and Cynthia led her into the rose-house, then into one where the grapes hung low overhead and the air was as sweet and strong as wine, but even there Ellen wanted her mother.

But it was not until the next morning, when she was eating her breakfast, that the climax came. Then the door-bell rang, and presently Cynthia was summoned into another room. She kissed Ellen, and bade her go on with her breakfast and she would be back shortly; but before she had quite left the room a man stood unexpectedly in the doorway, a man who looked younger than Cynthia. He had a fair mustache, a high forehead scowling over near-sighted blue eyes, and stood with a careless slouch of shoulders in a gray coat.

"Good-morning," he began. Then he stopped short when he saw Ellen in her tall chair, staring shyly around at him through her soft golden mist of hair. "What child is that?" he demanded; but Cynthia with a sharp cry sprang to him, and fairly pulled him out of the room, and closed the door.

Then Ellen heard voices rising higher and higher, then the door swung softly open in a draught made by the black woman coming in with honey, and leaving another door ajar, and Ellen, who was leaning back in her chair and not eating, heard quite distinctly Cynthia say, in a voice of shrill passion: "I cannot, Lyman, I cannot give her up. You don't know what I have suffered since George married and took little Robert away. I can't let this child go."

Then came the man's voice, hoarse with excitement:

"But, Cynthia, you must; you are mad. Think what this means. Why, if people know what you have done, kept this child while all this search has been going on, and made no effort to find out who she was—"

"I did ask her, and she would not tell me," Cynthia said, miserably.

"Good Lord! what of that? That is nothing but a subterfuge. You must have seen in the papers—"

"I have not looked at a paper since she came."

"Of course you have not. You were afraid to. Why, good God! Cynthia Lennox, I don't know but you will stand in danger of lynching if people ever find this out, that you have taken in this child and kept her in this way—I don't know what people will do."

Ellen waited for no more; she rose softly, she gathered up her great doll which sat in a little chair near by, she gathered up her pink and gold cup which had been given her, and the pinks which had been brought from the hot-house the day before, which Cynthia had arranged in a vase beside her plate, then she stole very softly out of the side door, and out of the house, and ran down the street as fast as her little feet could carry her.

CHAPTER V

THAT morning, after the street in front of Lloyd's factory had been cleared of the flocking employees with their little dinner-boxes, and the great broadside of the front windows had been set with faces of the workers, a distracted figure came past. A young fellow at a window of the cutting-room noticed her first. "Look at that, Jim Tenny," said he, with shove of an elbow toward his next neighbor.

"Get out, will ye!" growled Jim Tenny, but he looked.

Then three girls from the stitching-room came crowding up behind with furtively tender pressings of round arms against the shoulders of the young men. "We come in here to see if that was Eva Loud," said one, a sharp-faced, alert girl, not pretty, but a favorite among the male employees, to the constant wonder of the other girls.

"Yes, it's her fast enough," rejoined another, a sweet-faced blonde with exaggeratedly fashionable coiffure, and a noticeable smartness in the tie of her neck-ribbon and the set of her cotton waist. "Just look at the poor thing's hair! Only

see how frowsly it is, and she has come out without her hat."

"Well, I don't wonder," said the third girl, who was elderly, and whose complexion was tanned and weather-beaten almost to the color of the leather upon which she worked. Yet through this seamed and discolored face, with thin grayish hair drawn back tightly from the temples, one could discover, as through a transparent mask, a past prettiness and an exceeding gentleness and faithfulness. "If my sister's little Helen was to be lost, I shouldn't know whether my hat was on or not," said she. "I believe I should go raving mad."

"You wouldn't have to slave as you have done supportin' it ever since your sister's husband died," said the pretty girl. "Only look how Eva's waist lays in the back, and she 'ain't got any belt on. I wouldn't come out lookin' so."

"I should die if I didn't have something to work for. That's the difference between being a worker and a slave," said the other girl, simply. "Poor Eva!"

"Well, it was a pretty young one," said the first girl.

"Looks to me as if Eva Loud's skirt was comin' off," said the pretty girl. She pressed close to Jim Tenny with a familiar air of proprietorship as she spoke, but the young man did not seem to heed her. He was looking over his bench at the figure on the street below, and his heavy black eyebrows were scowling and his mouth set.

Jim Tenny was handsome after a swarthy and grimy fashion, for the tint of the leather seemed to have become absorbed into his skin. His black mustache bristled roughly, but his face was freer than usual from his black beard-stubble, because the day before had been Sunday and he had shaved. His black right hand with its squat discolored nails grasped his cutting-knife with a hard clutch, his left held the piece of leather firmly in place, while he stared out with that angry and anxious scowl at Eva, who had paused on the street below, and was staring up at the windows, as if she meditated a wild search in the factory for the lost child. There was a curious likeness between the two faces; people had been accustomed to say that Eva Loud and her gentleman looked more like brother and sister than a courting couple; and there was moreover, a curious spirit of comradeship between the two. It asserted itself now with the young man, in opposition to the more purely sexual attraction of the pretty girl who was leaning against him, and for whom he had deserted Eva.

After all, good comradeship is a steadier force than love, if not as overwhelming, and it may be that certain of the emotions which torture the hero.

"Well, for my part, I think a good deal more of Eva Loud than if she had come out all frizzed and ruffled—shows her heart is in the right place," said the man who had spoken first. He spoke with a guttural drawl, and kept on with his work, but there was a running in his words for the pretty girl, who had coquetted with him before taking up with Jim Tenny.

"That is so," said another man as Jim Tenny's right. "She is right to come out as she has done, when she is so anxious for the child." This man was a fair-haired Swede, and he spoke English with a curious and careful precision, very different from the hurried, slurring intonations of the other men. He had been taught the language by a philanthropic young lady, a college graduate, in whose father's family he had lived when he first came to America, and in consequence he spoke like a gentleman, and had some considerable difficulty in understanding his companions.

"Eva Loud has had a damned hard time, take it all together," spoke out another man, looking over his bench at the girl on the street. He was small and thin and wiry, a mass of brown-coated muscles under his loose-hanging gingham shirt. He plied feverishly his cutting-knife with his lean, hairy hands as he spoke. He was accounted one of the best and swiftest cutters in Lloyd's, and he worked unceasingly, for he had an invalid wife and four children to support. Now and then he had to stop to cough, then he worked faster.

"That's so," said the first man.

"Yes, that is so," said the Swede, with a nod of his fair head.

"And now to lose this young one that she set her life by," said the first girl, with an evident point of malice in her tone, and a covert look at the pretty girl

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at Jim Tenny's side. Jim Tenny paled under his grime; the hand which held the knife clinched.

"What do you s'pose has become of the young one?" said the first girl. "There's a good many out from the shop huntin' this mornin', ain't there?"

"Fifty," said the first man, laconically.

"You three were out all day yesterday, wa'n't you?"

"Yes. Jim and Carl and me were out till after midnight."

"Well, I wonder whether the poor little young one is alive? Don't seem as if she could be—but—"

"Look there! look there!" screamed the elderly girl suddenly. "Look at *there!*" She began to dance, she laughed, she sobbed, she waved her lean hands frantically out of the window, leaning far over the bench. "Look at there!" she kept crying. Then she turned and ran out of the room, with the other girls and half the cutting-room after her.

"Damn it, she's got the child!" said the thin man. He kept on working, his dark sinewy hands flying over the sheets of leather, but the tears ran down his cheeks. Lloyd's emptied itself into the street, and surrounded Eva Loud and Ellen, who, running aimlessly, had come straight to her aunt. Jim Tenny was first.

Eva stood clasping the child, who was too frightened to cry, and was breathing in hushed gasps, her face hidden on her aunt's broad bosom. Eva had caught her up at the first sight of her, and now she stood clasping her fiercely, and looking at them all as if she thought they wanted to rob her of the child. Even when a great cheer went up from the crowd, and was echoed by another from the factory, with an accompaniment of waving, bare, leather-stained arms and hands, that expression of desperate defiance instead of the joy of recovery did not leave her face, not until she saw Jim Tenny's face working with repressed emotion, and met his eyes full of the memory of old comradeship. Then her bold heart and her pride all melted, and she burst out in a great wail before them all.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried out. "Oh, Jim, I lost you, and then I thought I'd lost her! Oh, Jim!"

Then there was a chorus of feminine sobs, for Eva's wild weeping had precipitated the ready sympathy of half the girls present. The men started another cheer to cover a certain chivalrous shamefacedness which was upon them at the sight of the girl's grief, and another cheer from the factory echoed it. Then came another sound, the great steam-whistle of Lloyd's; then the whistles of the other neighboring factories responded, and people began to swarm out of them, and the windows to fill with eager faces. Jim Tenny grasped Eva's arm with a grasp like a vise. "Come this way," said he, sharply. "Come this way, Eva."

"Oh, Jim! oh, Jim!" Eva sobbed again; but she followed him, little Ellen's golden fleece tossing over her shoulder.

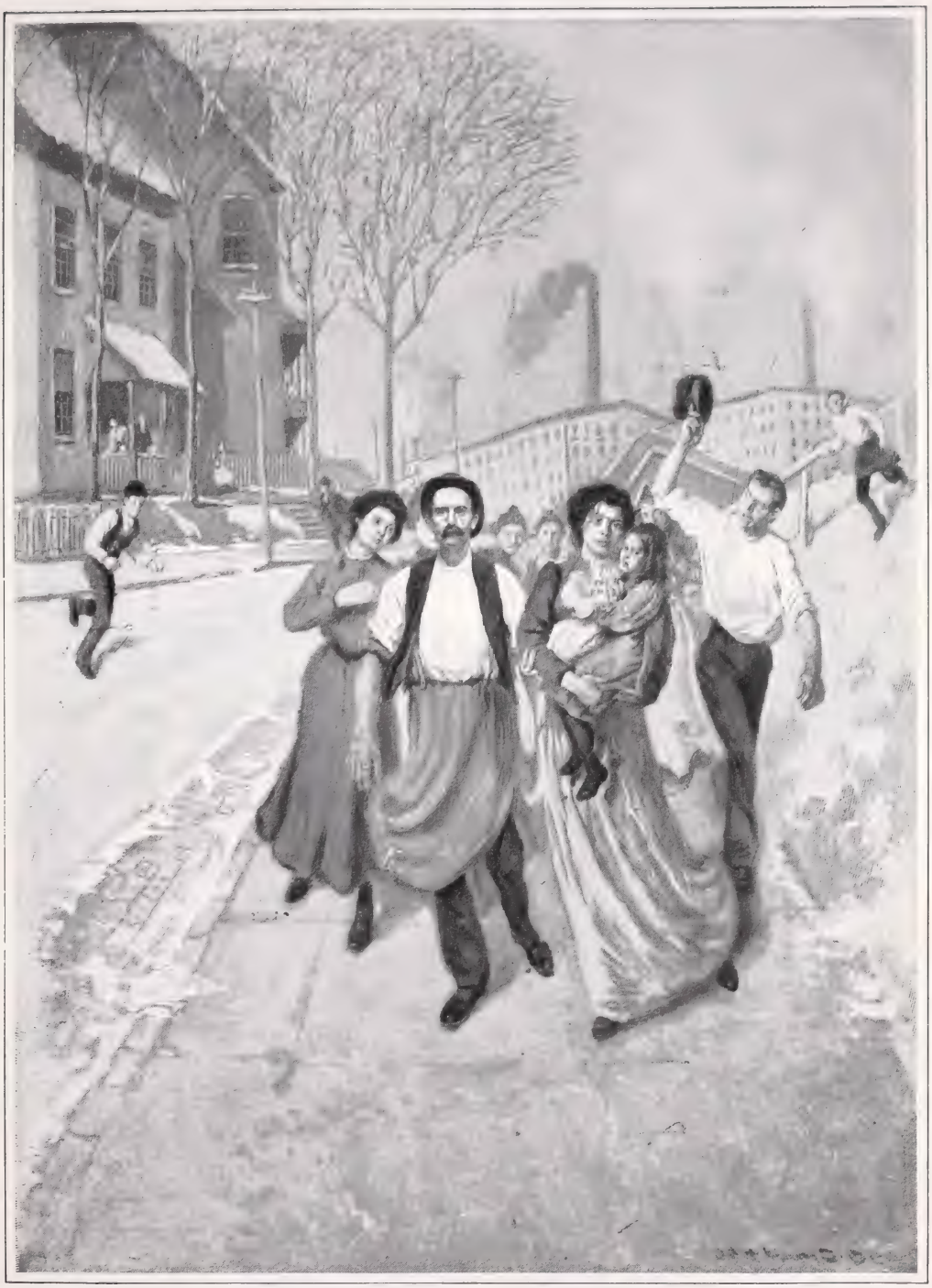
"She's got her; she's got her!" shouted the people.

Then the leather-stained hands gyrated, the cheers went up, and again the whistles blew.

Jim Tenny, with his hand on Eva's arm, pushed his way through the crowd.

"Where you goin', Jim?" asked the pretty girl at his elbow; but he pushed past her roughly, and did not seem to hear. Eva's face was all inflamed and convulsed with sobs, but she did not dream of covering it—she was full of the holy shamelessness of grief and joy. "Let me see her; let me see her. Oh, the dear little thing, only look at her! Where have you been, precious? Are you hungry? Oh, Nellie, she is hungry, I know! She looks thin. Run over to the bakery and buy her some cookies, quick! Are you cold? Give her this sacque. Only look at her! Kate, only look at her! Are you hurt, darling? Has anybody hurt you? If anybody has, he shall be hung! Oh, you darling! Only see her, Liza."

But Jim Tenny, his mouth set, his black brows scowling, his hard grasp on Eva's arm, pushed straight through the gathering crowd until they came to Clarkson's stables, at the rear of Lloyd's, where he kept his horse and buggy—for he lived at a distance from his work, and drove over every morning. He pointed to a chair which a hostler had occupied, tilted against the wall, for a morning smoke, after the horses were fed and watered, and had vacated to join the jubilant crowd. "Sit down there," he said to Eva.



"SHE'S GOT HER; SHE'S GOT HER!" SHOUTED THE PEOPLE

Then he hailed a staring man coming out of the office. "Here, help me in with my horse, quick!" said he.

The man stared still, with slowly rising indignation. He was portly and middle-aged, the senior partner of the stable firm, who seldom touched his own horses of late years, and had a son at Harvard. "What's to pay? What do you mean? Anybody sick?" he asked.

"Help me into the buggy with my horse!" shouted Jim Tenny. "I tell you the child is found, and I've got to take it home to its folks."

"Don't they know yet? Is that it?"

"Yes, I tell you." Jim was backing out his horse as he spoke.

Mr. Clarkson seized a harness and threw the collar over the horse's head, while Jim ran out the buggy. When Mr. Clarkson lifted Eva and Ellen into the buggy, he gave the child's head a pat. "God bless it!" he said, and his voice broke.

The horse was restive. Jim took a leap into the buggy at Eva's side, and they were out with a dash and a swift rattle. The crowd parted before them, and cheer after cheer went up. The whistles sounded again. Then all the city bells rang out. They were signalling the other searchers that the child was found. Jim and Eva and Ellen made a progress of triumph down the street. The crowd pursued them with cheers of rejoicing; doors and windows flew open; the house yards were full of people. Jim drove as fast as he could, scowling hard to hide his tenderness and pity. Eva sat by his side, weeping in her terrible candor of grief and joy and wonder, and Ellen's golden locks tossed on her shoulder.

CHAPTER VI.

AS Jim Tenny, with Eva Loud and the child, drove down the road toward the Brewster house, his horse and buggy became the nucleus of a gathering procession, shouting and exclaiming, with voices all tuned to one key of passionate sympathy. There were even many women of the poorer class who had no sense of indecency in following the utmost lead of their tender emotions. Some of them bore children of their own in their arms, and were telling them with passionate croonings to look at the other little girl in the carriage who had been lost, and gone away a whole day and two nights from her mother. They often called out fondly to Ellen and Eva, and ordered Jim to wait a moment that they might look at the poor darling. But Jim drove on as fast as he was able, though he had sometimes to rein his horse sharply to avoid riding down some lean racing boys, who would now and then shoot ahead of him with loud whoops of triumph. Once as he drove he laid one hand caressingly over Eva's. "Poor girl!" he said, hoarsely and shamefacedly, and Eva sobbed louder. When Jim reached Mrs. Zelotes Brewster's house there was a swift displacement of lights and shadows in a window, a door sprang open, and the gaunt old woman was at the wheel.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop! Bring her in here to me. Let me have her. Give her to me; I have got everything ready. Come, Ellen—come to grandmother."

Then there was a mad rush from the opposite direction, and the child's mother was there, reaching into the buggy with fierce arms of love and longing. "Give her to me!" she shrieked out. "Give me my baby, Eva Loud! Oh, Ellen, where have you been?"

Fanny Brewster dragged her child from her sister's arms so forcibly that she seemed fairly to fly over the wheel. Then she strained her to her hungry bosom, covering her with kisses, wetting her soft face and yellow hair with tears.

"My baby, mother's darling, mother's baby!" she gasped out with great pants of satisfied love; but another pair of lean, wiry old arms stole around the child's slender body.

"Give her to me," demanded Mrs. Zelotes Brewster. "She is my son's child, and I have a right to her. You will kill her, goin' on so over her. Give her to me. I have everything all ready in my house to take care of her. Give her to me, Fanny Brewster."

"Keep your hands off her," cried Fanny. "She's my own baby, and nobody's goin' to take her away from me, I guess."

"Give her to me this minute!" said Mrs. Zelotes Brewster. "You'll kill her, goin' on so. You're frightenin' her to death. Give her to me this minute."

Ellen, meanwhile, that little tender blossom tossed helplessly by contending

waves of love, was weeping and trembling with joy at the feel of her mother's arms, and with awe and terror at this tempest of passion which she had evoked.

"Give her to me," demanded Mrs. Zelotes Brewster.

The crowd who had followed stood gaping with working faces. The mothers wept over their own children. Eva stood at her sister's elbow, with a hand on one of the child's, which was laid over Fanny's shoulder. Jim Tenny had his face hidden on his horse's neck.

"Give her to me," said Mrs. Zelotes again. "Give her to me, I say. I am her own grandmother."

"And I am her own mother," called out Fanny, with a great master-note of love and triumph and defiance. "I'm her own mother, and I've got her, and nobody but God shall take her from me again." The tears streamed down her cheeks: she kissed the child with pale, parted lips. She was at once pathetic and terrible. She was human love and selfishness incarnate.

Mrs. Zelotes Brewster stared at her, and her face changed suddenly and softened. She turned and went back into her own house. Her gray head appeared a second beside her window, then sank out of sight. She was kneeling there, with her Bible at her side, a sudden sweet humility of thankfulness rising from her whole spirit like a perfume, when Fanny, with Eva following, still clinging to the child's little hand over her sister's shoulder, went across the yard to her own house to tell her husband. The others followed, and stood about outside, listening with curiosity sanctified by intensest sympathy. One nervous-faced boy leapt on the slant of the bulkhead to peer in a window of the sitting-room, and when his mother pulled him back forcibly, rubbed his grimy little knuckles across his eyes, and a dark smooch appeared on his nose and cheeks. He was a young boy, very small and thin for his age. He whispered to his mother, and she nodded, and he darted off in the direction of his own home.

Andrew Brewster had just come home after an all night's search, and he was in his bed-room in the bitter sleep of utter exhaustion and despair. Suddenly his heart had failed him, and his brain had reeled. He had begun to feel dazed, to forget for a minute what he was looking for. He had made incoherent replies to the men with him, and finally one, after a whispered consultation with the others, had said: "Look at here, Andrew, old fellow; you'd better go home and rest a bit. We'll look all the harder while you're gone, and maybe she'll be found when you wake up."

"Who will be found?" Andrew asked, with a dazed look. He reeled as if he were drunk.

"'Ain't had anything, has he?" one of the men whispered.

"Not a drop, to my knowledge."

Andrew's lips trembled perceptibly; his forehead was knitted with vacuous perplexity; his eyes reflected blanks of unreason; his whole body had an effect of weak settling and subsidence. The man who worked next to him in the cutting-room at Lloyd's, and had searched at his side indefatigably from the first, stole a tender hand under his shoulder. "Come along with me, old man," he said, and Andrew obeyed.

When Fanny and Eva came in with the child he lay prostrate on the bed, and scarcely seemed to breathe. A great qualm of fear shot over Fanny for a second. His father had died of heart-disease.

"Is he—dead?" she gasped to Eva.

"No, of course he ain't," said Eva. "He's asleep; he's wore out. Andrew, Andrew, Andrew, wake up! She's found, Andrew; Ellen's found." But Andrew did not stir.

"He is!" gasped Fanny again.

"No, he ain't. Andrew, Andrew Brewster, wake up, wake up! Ellen's here! she's found."

Fanny put Ellen down, and bent over Andrew and listened. "No; I can hear him breathe," she cried. Then she kissed him, and leaned her mouth close to his ear. "Andrew!" she said, in a voice which Eva and Ellen had never heard before. "Andrew, poor old man, wake up: she's found. Our child is found."

When Andrew still did not wake, but only stirred, and moaned faintly, Fanny lifted Ellen on to the bed. "Kiss poor father, and wake him," she told her.

Ellen, whose blue eyes were big with fright and wonder, whose lips were quivering, and all her little body vibrating

with the strain of her nerves, laid her soft cheek against her father's rough, pale one, and stole a little arm under his neck. "Father, wake up," she called out in her little trembling sweet voice, and that reached Andrew Brewster in the depths of his own physical inertness. He opened his eyes and looked at the child, and the light came into them, and then the sound of his sobbing filled the house and reached the people out in the yard, and an echo arose from them. Gradually the crowd dispersed. Jim Tenny, before he drove away, went to the door and spoke to Eva.

"Anything I can do?" he asked, with a curious tender roughness. He did not look at her as he spoke.

"No, thank you, Jim," replied Eva.

Suddenly the young man reached out a hand and stroked her rough hair. "Well, take care of yourself, old girl," he said.

Eva went to her sister as Jim went out of the yard. Ellen was in the sitting-room with her father, and Fanny had gone to the kitchen to heat some milk for the child, whom she firmly believed to have had nothing to eat during her absence.

"Fanny," said Eva.

"Well?" said Fanny. "I can't stop; I must get some milk for her; she must be 'most starved."

Fanny turned and looked at Eva, who cast down her eyes before her in a very shamefacedness of happiness and contrition.

"Why, what is it?" repeated Fanny, staring at her.

"I've got Jim back, I guess, as well as Ellen," said Eva, "and I'm going to be a good woman."

After all the crowd of people outside had gone, the little nervous boy raced into the Brewster yard with a tin cup of chestnuts in his hand. He knocked at the side door, and when Fanny opened it he thrust them upon her. "They're for her," he blurted out, and was gone, racing like a deer.

"Don't you want the cup back?" Fanny shouted after him.

"No, ma'am," he called back, and that although his mother had charged him to bring back the cup, and he knew that he would get a scolding.

CHAPTER VII



ELLEN had clung fast all the time to her doll, her bunch of pinks, and her cup and saucer; or, rather, she had guarded them jealously. "Where did you get all these things?" her aunt Eva had asked her, amazedly, when she first caught sight of her, and then had not waited for an answer in her wild excitement of joy at the recovery of the child. The great smiling wax doll had ridden between Jim and Eva in the buggy, Eva had held the pink cup and saucer with a kind of mechanical carefulness, and Ellen herself clutched the pinks in one little hand, though she crushed them against her aunt's bosom, as she sat in her lap. Ellen's grandmother had glanced at these treasures with momentary astonishment, and so had her mother, but curiosity was in abeyance for both of them for the time; rapture at the sight of the beloved child at whose loss they had suffered such agonies was the one emotion of their souls. But later investigation was to follow.

When Ellen did not seem to care for her hot milk liberally sweetened in her own mug, and griddle-cakes with plenty of syrup, her mother looked at her, and her eyes of love sharpened with inquiry. "Ain't you hungry?" she said. Ellen shook her head. She was sitting at the table in the dining-room, and her father, mother, and aunt were all hovering about her, watching her. Some of the neighbor women were also in the room, staring with a sort of deprecating tenderness of curiosity.

"Do you feel sick?" Ellen's father inquired, anxiously.

"You don't feel sick, do you?" repeated her mother.

Ellen shook her head.

Just then Mrs. Zelotes Brewster came in with her black and white checked shawl pinned around her gaunt old face, which had in it a strange softness and sweetness, which made Fanny look at her again, after the first glance, and not know why.

"We've got our blessing back again, mother," said her son Andrew, in a broken voice.



"Andrew, Old Fellow, You'd Better Go Home And Rest A Bit"

"But she won't eat her breakfast, now mother has gone and cooked it for her; so nice, too," said Fanny, in a tone of confidence which she had never before used toward Mrs. Zelotes.

"You don't feel sick, do you, Ellen?" asked her grandmother.

Ellen shook her head. "No, ma'am," said she.

"She says she don't feel sick, and she ain't hungry," Andrew said, anxiously.

"I wonder if she would eat one of my new doughnuts? I've got some real nice ones," said a neighbor — the stout woman from the next house, whose breadth of body seemed to symbolize a corresponding spiritual breadth of motherliness, as she stood there looking at the child who had been lost and was found.

"Don't you want one of Aunty Wetherhed's nice doughnuts?" asked Fanny.

"No, I thank you," replied Ellen.

Eva started suddenly with an air of mysterious purpose, opened a door, ran down cellar, and returned with a tumbler of jelly, but Ellen shook her head even at that.

"Have you had your breakfast?" said Fanny.

Then Ellen was utterly quiet. She did not speak; she made no sign or motion. She sat still, looking straight before her.

"Don't you hear, Ellen?" said Andrew. "Have you had your breakfast this morning?"

"Tell Auntie Eva if you have had your breakfast," Eva said.

Mrs. Zelotes Brewster spoke with more authority, and she went farther. "Tell grandmother if you have had your breakfast, and where you had it," said she.

But Ellen was dumb and motionless. They all looked at one another.

"Tell Aunty Wetherhed, that's a good girl," said the stout woman.

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"Where are those things she had when I first saw her?" asked Mrs. Zelotes, suddenly. Eva went into the sitting-room and fetched them out — the bunch of pinks, the cup and saucer, and the doll. Ellen's eyes gave a quick look of love and delight at the doll.

"She had these, luggin' along in her little arms, when I first caught sight of her comin'," said Eva.

"Where did you get them, Ellen?" asked Fanny. "Who gave them to you?"

Ellen was silent, with all their inquiring eyes fixed upon her face like a compelling battery. "Where have you been, Ellen, all the time you have been gone?" asked Mrs. Zelotes. "Now you have got back safe, you must tell us where you have been."

Andrew stooped his head down to the child's and rubbed his rough cheek against her soft one, with his old facetious caress. "Tell father where you've been," he whispered. Ellen gave him a little piteous glance, and her lip quivered, but she did not speak.

"Where do you s'pose she got them?" whispered one neighbor to another.

"I can't imagine; that's a beautiful doll."

"Ain't it? It must have cost a lot. I know, because my Hattie had one her aunt gave her last Christmas; that one cost a dollar and ninety-eight cents, and it didn't begin to compare with that. That's a handsome cup and saucer, too."

"Yes, but you can get real handsome cups and saucers to Crosby's for twenty-five cents. I don't think so much of that."

"Them pinks must have come from a greenhouse."

"Yes, they must."

"Well, there's lots of greenhouses in the city besides the florists'. That don't help much." Then the first woman inclined her lips closely to the other woman's ear and whispered, causing the other to start back. "No, I can't believe she would," said she.

"She came from those Louds on her mother's side," whispered the first woman, guardedly, with dark emphasis.

"Ellen," said Fanny, suddenly, and almost sharply, "you didn't take those things in any way you hadn't ought to, did you? Tell mother."

"Fanny!" cried Andrew.

"If she did, it's the first time a Brewster ever stole," said Mrs. Zelotes. Her face was no longer strange with unwonted sweetness as she looked at Fanny.

Andrew put his face down to Ellen's again. "Father knows she didn't steal the things; never mind," he whispered.

Suddenly the stout woman made a soft, ponderous rush out of the room and the house. She passed the window with oscillating swiftness.

"Where's Mis' Wetherhed gone?" said one woman to another.

"She's thought of somethin'."

"Maybe she left her bread in the oven."

"No; she's thought of somethin'."

A very old lady, who had been sitting in a rocking-chair on the other side of the room, rose trembling and came to Ellen and leaned over her, looking at her with small, black, bright eyes through gold-rimmed spectacles. The old woman was deaf, and her voice was shrill and high-pitched to reach her own consciousness. "What did such a good little girl as you be run away from father and mother for?" she piped, going back to first principles and the root of the whole matter, since she had heard nothing of the discussion which had been going on about her, and had supposed it to deal with them.

Ellen gasped. Suddenly all her first woe returned upon her recollection. She turned innocent accusing eyes upon her father's loving face, then her mother's and aunt's. "You said—you said—you—" she stammered out, but then her father and mother were both down upon their knees before her in her chair embracing her, and Eva, too, seized her little hands. "You mustn't ever think of what you heard father and mother say, Ellen," Andrew said, solemnly. "You must forget all about it. Father and mother were both very wrong and wicked—"

"And Aunt Eva, too," sobbed Eva.

"And they didn't mean what they said," continued Andrew. "You are the greatest blessing in this whole world to father and mother; you're all they have got. You don't know what father and mother have been through, thinking you were lost, and they might never see their little girl again. Now you mustn't ever think of what they said again."

"And you won't ever hear them say it again, Ellen," Fanny Brewster said, with a noble humbling of herself before her child.

"No, you won't," said Eva.

"Mother is goin' to try to do better, and have more patience, and not let you hear such talk any more," said Fanny, kissing Ellen passionately, and rising with Andrew's arm around her.

"I'm goin' to try too, Ellen," said Eva.

The stout woman came padding softly and heavily into the room, and there was a bright blue silken gleam in her hand. She waved a whole yard of silk of the most brilliant blue before Ellen's dazzled eyes. "There!" said she, triumphantly, "if you will tell Aunty Wetherhed where you've been, and all about it, she'll give you all this beautiful silk to make a new dress for your new dolly."

Ellen looked in the woman's face, she looked at the blue silk, and she looked at the doll, but she was silent.

"Only think what a beautiful dress it will make!" said a woman.

"And see how pretty it goes with the dolly's light hair," said Fanny.

"Ellen," whispered Andrew, "you tell father, and he'll buy you a whole pound of candy down to the store."

"I shouldn't wonder if I could find something to make your dolly a cloak," said a woman.

"And I'll make her a beautiful little bonnet, if you'll tell," said another.

"Only think, a whole pound of candy!" said Andrew.

"I'll buy you a gold ring," Eva cried out; "a gold ring with a little blue stone in it."

"And you shall go to ride with mother on the cars to-morrow," said Fanny.

"Father will get you some oranges, too," said Andrew.

But Ellen sat silent and unmoved by all that sweet bribery, a little martyr to something within herself; a sense of honor, love for the lady who had concealed her, and upon whom her confession might bring some dire penalty; or perhaps she was strengthened in her silence by something less worthy—possibly that stiff-neckedness which had descended to her from a long line of Puritans upon her father's side. At all events she was silent, and opposed successfully her one little new will to the onslaught of all those older and more experienced ones before her, though nobody knew at what cost of agony to herself. She had always been a singularly docile and obedient child; this was the first persistent disobedience of her whole life, and it reacted upon herself, with a cruel spiritual hurt. She sat clasping the great doll, the pinks, and the pink cup and saucer before her on the table—a lone little weak child, opposing her single individuality against so many, and to her own hurt and horror and self-condemnation, and she did not weaken; but all at once her head drooped on one side, and her father caught her.

"There! you can all stop tormentin' this blessed child!" he cried. "Ellen, Ellen, look at father! Oh, mother, look here; she's fainted dead away!"

"Fanny!"

When Ellen came to herself she was on the bed in her mother's room, and her aunt Eva was putting some of her beautiful cologne on her head, and her mother was trying to make her drink water, and her grandmother had a glass of her currant wine, and they were calling to her with voices of far-off love as if from another world.

And after that she was questioned no more about her mysterious journey.

"Wherever she has been, she has got no harm," said Mrs. Zelotes Brewster; "and there's no use in trying to drive a child, when it comes of our family. She's got some notion in her head, and you've got to leave her alone to get over it. She's got back, safe and sound, and that's the main thing."

"I wish I knew where she got those things," Fanny said. Looseness of principle as to property rights was not as strange to her imagination as to that of her mother-in-law.

For a long time afterward she passed consciously and uneasily by cups and saucers in stores, and would not look their way lest she should see the counterpart of Ellen's, which was Sèvres, and worth more than the whole counterful, had she only known it, and she hurried past the florists who displayed pinks in their windows. The doll was evidently not new, and she had not the same anxiety with regard to that.



"WHAT DID SUCH A GOOD LITTLE GIRL AS YOU BE
RUN AWAY FROM FATHER AND MOTHER FOR?" SHE PIPED

No one was allowed to ask Ellen further questions that day, not even the reporters, who went away quite baffled by this infantile pertinacity in silence, and were forced to draw upon their imaginations, with results varying from realistic horrors to Alice in Wonderland. Ellen was kissed and cuddled by some women and young girls, but not many were allowed to see her. The doctor had been called in after her fainting fit, and pronounced it as his opinion that she was a very nervous child, and had been under a severe strain, and he would not answer for the result if she were to be further excited.

"Let her have her own way: if she wants to talk, let her; and if she wants to be silent, let her alone. She is as delicate as that cup," said the doctor, looking at the shell-like thing which Ellen had brought home, with some curiosity.

CHAPTER VIII

THAT evening Lyman Risley came to see Cynthia. He looked at her anxiously and scrutinizingly when he entered the room, and did not respond to her salutation.

"Well, I have seen the child," he said, in a hushed voice, with a look toward the door, as he seated himself before the fire, and spread out his hands toward the blaze. He looked nervous and chilly.

"How did she look?" asked Cynthia.

"Why in the name of common-sense, Cynthia," he said abruptly, without noticing her query, "if you had to give that child china for a souvenir, didn't you give her something besides Royal Sèvres?" Lyman Risley undoubtedly looked younger than Cynthia, but his manner even more than his looks gave him the appearance of comparative youth. There was in it a vehemence and impetuosity almost like that of a boy. Cynthia, with her strained nervous intensity, seemed very much older.

"Why not?" said she.

"Why not? Well, it is fortunate for you that those people have a knowledge for the most part of the fundamental properties of the drama of life, such as bread-and-butter, and a table from which to eat it, and a knife with which to cut it, and a bed in which to sleep, and a stove and coal, and so on, and so on, and that the artistic accessories, such as Royal Sèvres, which is no better than common crockery for the honest purpose of holding the tea for the solace of the thirsty mouth of labor, are beneath their attention."

"How does the child look, Lyman?" asked Cynthia Lennox. She was leaning back in a great crimson-covered chair before the fire, a long slender graceful shape, in a clinging white silk gown, which was a favorite of hers for house wear. The light in the room was subdued, coming mostly through crimson shades, and the faint worn lines on Cynthia's face did not show; it looked, with her soft crown of gray hair, like a cameo against the crimson background of the chair. The man beside her looked at her with that impatience of his masculine estate and his superior youth, and yet with the adoration which nothing could conquer. He had passed two-thirds of his life metaphorically at this woman's feet, and had formed a habit of admiration and adoration which no facts nor developments could ever alter. He was frowning, he replied with a certain sharpness, and yet he leaned toward her as he spoke, and his eyes followed her long graceful lines, and noted the clear delicacy of her features against the crimson background. "How the child looked; how the child looked. Cynthia, you do not realize what you did. You have not the faintest realization of what it means for a woman to keep a lost child hidden away as you did, when its parents and half the city were hunting for it. I told you I did not know what the consequences might be to you, if it were found out. There is wild blood in a city like this, and even the staid old New England stream is capable of erratic currents. I tell you I have had a day of dreadful anxiety, and it was worse because I had to be guarded. I dared scarcely speak to any one about the matter. I have listened on street corners; I have made errands to newspaper offices. I meant to get you away if— Well, never mind. I tell you you do not realize what you did, Cynthia."

Cynthia glanced at him without moving her head, then she looked away, her face quivering slightly, more as if from a reflection of his agitation than from

her own. "You say you saw her," she said.

"This afternoon," the man went on, "I got fairly desperate. I resolved to go to the fountain-head for information, and take my chances. So down I went to Maple Street, where the Brewsters live, and I rang the front-door bell, and the child's aunt, a handsome, breathless kind of creature, came, and ushered me into the best parlor, and went into the next room—the sitting-room—to call the others. I caught sight of enough women for a woman's club in the sitting-room. Then Andrew Brewster came in, and I offered my legal services out of friendly interest in the case, and in that way I found out what I wanted to. Cynthia, that child has not told."

Cynthia raised herself and sat straight, and her face flashed like a white flame. "Were they harsh to her?" she demanded. "Were they cruel? Did they question her, and were they harsh and cruel because she would not tell? Why did you not tell them yourself? Why did you not, Lyman Risley? Why did you not tell the whole story rather than have that child blamed? Well, I will go myself. I will go this minute. They shall not blame that darling. What do you think I care for myself? Let them lynch me if they want to. I will go this minute!" Cynthia sprang to her feet, but Risley, with a hoarse shout under his breath, caught hold of her and forced her back.

"For God's sake, sit down, Cynthia!" he said. "Didn't you hear the door-bell? Somebody is coming."

The door-bell had in fact rung, and Cynthia had not noticed it. She lay back in her chair as the door opened and Mrs. Norman Lloyd entered. "Good-evening, Cynthia," she said, beamingly. "I thought I would stop a few minutes on my way to meeting. I'm rather early. No, don't get up," as Cynthia rose. "Don't get up; I can only stay a minute. Never mind about giving me a chair, Mr. Risley—thank you. Yes, this is a real comfortable chair." Mrs. Lloyd, seated where the firelight played over her wide sweep of rich skirts, and her velvet jet and fur trimmed cloak and plumed bonnet, beamed upon them with an expansive benevolence and kindliness. She was a large, handsome, florid woman. Her grayish-brown hair was carefully crimped, and looped back from her fat pink cheeks, a fine shell and gold comb surmounted her smooth French twist, and held her bonnet in place. She unfastened her cloak, and a diamond brooch at her throat caught the light and blazed red like a ruby. She was the wife of Norman Lloyd, the largest shoe-manufacturer in the place. There was between her and Cynthia a sort of relationship by marriage. Norman Lloyd's brother George had married Cynthia's sister, who had died ten years before, and of whose little son, Robert, Cynthia had had the charge. Now George, who was a lawyer in St. Louis, had married again. Mrs. Norman had sympathized openly with Cynthia when the child was taken from Cynthia at his father's second marriage. "I call it a shame," she had said, "giving that child to a perfect stranger to bring up, and I don't see any need of George's marrying again anyway. I don't know what I should do if I thought Norman would marry again if I died. I think one husband and one wife is enough for any man or woman, if they believe in the resurrection. It has always seemed to me that the answer to that awful question in the New Testament, as to whose wife that woman who had so many husbands should be in the other world, meant that people who had done so much marrying on earth would have to be old maids and old bachelors in heaven. George ought to be ashamed of himself, and Cynthia ought to keep that child."

Ever since, she had been very solicitously friendly toward Cynthia, who had always imperceptibly held herself aloof from her, owing to a difference in degree. Cynthia had no prejudices of mind, but many of nerves, and this woman was distinctly not of her sort, though she had a certain liking for her. Every time she was brought in contact with her she had a painful sense of a grating adjustment as of points of meeting which did not dovetail as they should. Norman Lloyd represented one of the old families of the city, distinguished by large possessions and college training, and he was the first of his race to engage in trade. His wife came from a vastly different

stock, being the daughter of a shoe-manufacturer herself, and the granddaughter of a cobbler who had tapped his neighbors' shoes in his little shop in the L of his humble cottage house.

Mrs. Norman Lloyd was innocently unconscious of any reason for concealing the fact, and was fond, when driving out to take the air in her fine carriage, of pointing out to any stranger who happened to be with her the house where her grandfather cobbled shoes and laid the foundation of the family fortune.

"That all came from that little shop of my grandfather," she would say, pointing proudly at Lloyd's great factory, which was not far from the old cottage. "Mr. Lloyd didn't have much of anything when I married him, but I had considerable, and Mr. Lloyd went into the factory, and he has been blessed, and the property has increased until it has come to this." Mrs. Lloyd's chief pride was in the very facts which others deprecated. When she considered that many-windowed pile of Lloyd's, and that her husband was the recognized head and authority over all those throngs of grimy men, walking with the stoop of daily labor, carrying their little dinner-boxes with mechanical clutches of leather-tanned fingers, she used to send up a prayer for humility, lest evil and downfall of pride come to her. She was a pious woman, a member of the First Baptist Church, and active in charitable work.

Mrs. Norman Lloyd adored her husband, and her estimate of him was almost ludicrously different from that of the grimy men who flocked to his factory, she seeing a most kindly spirited and amiable man, devoting himself to the best interests of his employees, and striving ever for their benefit rather than his own, and the others seeing an aristocrat by birth and training, who was in trade because of shrewd business instincts, and longing for wealth and power, but who despised and felt himself wholly superior to the means by which it was acquired.

"We ain't anything but the rounds of the ladder for Norman Lloyd to climb by, and he only sees and feels us with the soles of his patent-leathers," one of the turbulent spirits in his factory said. And yet Mrs. Norman Lloyd would not have believed her ears had she heard these remarks.

Mrs. Lloyd had not sat long before Cynthia's fire that evening before she opened on the subject of the lost child. "Oh, Cynthia, have you heard—" she began, but Risley cut her short.

"About that little girl who ran away?" he said. "Yes, we have; we were just talking about her."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" said Mrs. Lloyd. "They say they can't find out where she's been. She won't tell. Don't you believe somebody has threatened her if she does?"

Cynthia raised herself and began to speak, but a slight, almost imperceptible gesture from the man stopped her.

"What did you say, Cynthia?" asked Mrs. Lloyd.

"There is no accounting for children's freaks," said Risley, shortly and harshly. Mrs. Lloyd was not thin-skinned; such a current of exuberant cordiality emanated from her own nature that she was not very susceptible to any counter-force. Now, however, she felt vaguely and wonderingly, as a child might have done, that for some reason Lyman Risley was rude to her, and she had a sense of bewildered injury.

Mrs. Lloyd was always, moreover, somewhat anxious as to the relations between Cynthia and Lyman Risley. She had heard a deal of talk about it first and last, and while she had no word of unkind comment herself, yet she felt at times uneasy.

"Folks do talk about Cynthia and Lyman Risley keeping company so long," she told her husband; "it's as much as twenty years. It does seem as if they ought to get married; don't you think so, Norman? Do you suppose it is because of the property which was left to her—for you know Lyman hasn't got anything besides what he earns—or do you suppose it is because Cynthia doesn't want to marry him? I guess it is that. Cynthia never seemed to me as if she would ever care enough about any man to marry him. I guess that's it; but I do think she ought to stop his coming there quite so much, especially when people talk so much about the affair. It must be very unpleasant to both of them, especially to Cynthia. I wonder how Ly-

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man Risley can place her in such a position. It seems as if he ought to see it would be better for him not to go there so much if they aren't going to be married."

So it happened, when Risley caught up her question to Cynthia in that peremptory fashion, Mrs. Lloyd felt, in addition to the present cause, some which had gone before for her grievance. She addressed herself thereafter entirely and pointedly to Cynthia. "Did you ever see that little girl, Cynthia?" said she.

"Yes," replied Cynthia, in a voice so strange that the other woman stared wonderingly at her.

"Ain't you feeling well, Cynthia?" she asked.

"Very well, thank you," said Cynthia.

"When did you see her?" asked Mrs. Lloyd. Cynthia opened her mouth as if to speak, then she glanced at Risley, whose eyes held her, and laughed instead —a strange nervous laugh. Happily, Mrs. Lloyd did not wait for her answer. She had her own important information to impart. She had in reality stopped for that purpose. "Well, I have seen her," she said. "I met her in front of Crosby's one day last summer. And she was so sweet-looking I stopped and spoke to her—I couldn't help it. She had beautiful eyes, and the softest light curls, and she was dressed so pretty, and the flowers on her hat were nice. The embroidery on her dress was very fine, too. Usually, you know, those people don't care about the fineness, so long as it is wide, and showy, and bright-colored. I asked her what her name was, and she answered just as pretty, and her mother told me how old she was. Her mother was a handsome woman, though she had an up and coming kind of way with her. But she seemed real pleased to have me notice the child. Where do you suppose she was all that time, Cynthia?"

"She was in some safe place, undoubtedly," said Risley, and again Mrs. Lloyd felt that she was snubbed, though not seeing how nor why, and again she rebelled with that soft and gentle persistency in her own course, which was the only rebellion of which she was capable.

"Where do you suppose she was, Cynthia?" said she.

"I think some woman must have seen her, and coaxed her in and kept her, she was such a pretty child," said Cynthia, defiantly and desperately. But the other woman looked at her in wonder.

"Oh, Cynthia, I can't believe that," said she. "It doesn't seem as if any woman could be so bad as that when the child's mother was in such agony over her." And then she added, "I can't believe it, because it seems to me that if any woman was bad enough to do that, she couldn't have given her up at all, she was such a beautiful child." Mrs. Norman Lloyd had no children of her own, and was given to gazing with eyes of gentle envy at pretty, rosy little girls, frilled with white embroidery like white pinks, dancing along in leading hands of maternal love. "It doesn't seem to me I could ever have given her up, if I had once been bad enough to steal her," she said. "What put such an idea into your head, Cynthia?"

The church-bell clanged out just then, and Lyman Risley had never been so thankful in his life. Mrs. Lloyd rose promptly, for she had to lead the meeting, that being the custom among the sisters in her church.

"Well," said she, "I am thankful she is found, anyway; I couldn't have slept a wink that night if I had known she was lost, the dear little thing. Good-night, Cynthia; don't come to the door. Good-night, Mr. Risley. Come and see me, Cynthia—do, dear."

When Mrs. Norman Lloyd was gone, Risley looked at Cynthia with a long breath of relief, but she turned to him with seemingly no appreciation of it, and repeated her declaration, which Mrs. Lloyd's coming had interrupted: "Lyman, I am going there to-night — this minute. Will you go with me? No, you must not go with me. I am going." She sprang to her feet.

"Sit down, Cynthia," said Risley. "I tell you they were *not* harsh to her. You don't seem to consider that they love the child—possibly better than you can—and would not in the nature of things be harsh with her under such circumstances. Sit down and hear the rest of it."

"But they will be harsh by-and-by,

after the first joy of finding her is over," said Cynthia. "I will go and tell them the first thing in the morning, Lyman."

"You will do nothing so foolish. They are not only not insisting upon her telling her secret, but announced to me their determination not to do so in the future. I wish you could have seen that man's face when he told me what a delicate, nervous little thing his child was, and the doctor said she must not be fretted if she had taken a notion not to tell; and I wish you could have seen the mother and the aunt, and the grandmother, Mrs. Zelotes Brewster. They would all give each other and themselves up to be torn of wild beasts first. It is easy to see where the child got her extraordinary strength of will. They took me out into the sitting-room, and there was a wild flurry of feminine skirts before me. I had previously overheard myself announced as Lawyer Risley by the aunt, and the response from various voices that they were goin' if he was comin' out into the sittin'-room. It always made them nervous to see lawyers. Well, I followed the parents and the grandmother and the aunt out. I dared not refuse when they suggested it, and I hoped desperately that she would not remember me from that one scared glance she gave at me this morning. But there she sat in her little chair, holding the doll you gave her, and she looked up at me when I entered, and I have never in the whole course of my existence seen such an expression upon the face of a child. Remember me? Indeed she did, and she promised me with the faithfulest, stanchest eyes of a woman set in a child's head that she would not tell; that I need not fear for one minute; that the lady who had given her the doll was quite safe. She knew, and she must have heard what I said to you this morning. She is the most wonderful child I have ever seen."

Cynthia had sunk back in her chair. Lyman Risley put his cigar back between his lips; Cynthia was quite still, her delicate profile toward him.

"I assure you there is not the slightest danger of their troubling the child because of her silence, and you would do an exceedingly foolish thing, and its consequences would react not upon yourself only, but—upon others, were you to confess the truth to them," he said, after a little. "You must think of others—of your friends, and of your sister's boy, whose loss led you into this. This would—well, it would get into the papers, Cynthia."

"Do you think that the doll continued to please her?" asked Cynthia.

"Cynthia, I want you to promise," said her friend, persistently.

"Very well, I will promise, if you will promise to let me know the minute you hear that they are treating her harshly because of her silence."

Suddenly Cynthia turned her face upon him. "Lyman," said she, "do you think that I could do anything for her—"

"Do anything for her?" he repeated, vaguely.

"Yes; they cannot have money. They must be poor: the father works in the factory. Would they allow me—"

The lawyer laughed. "Cynthia," he said, "you do not realize that pride finds its native element in all strata of society, and riches are comparative. Let me inform you that these Brewsters, of whom this child sprung, claim as high places in the synagogue as any of your Lennoxes and Risleys; and what is more, they believe themselves there. They have seen the tops of their neighbors' heads as often as you or I. The mere fact of familiarity with shoe-knives and leather, and hand-skill instead of brain-skill, makes no difference with such inherent confidence of importance as theirs. The Louds, on the other side—the handsome aunt is a Loud—are rather below caste, but they make up for it with defiance. And as for riches, I would have you know that the Brewsters are as rich in their own estimation as you in yours; that they have possessions which entirely meet their needs and their æsthetic longings; that not only does Andrew Brewster earn exceedingly good wages in the shop, and is able to provide plenty of nourishing food and good clothes, but even by-and-by, if he prospers and is prudent, something rather extra in the way of education—perhaps a piano. I would have you know that there is a Rogers group on a little marble-topped table in the front window, and a table

in the side window with a worked spread, on which reposes a red plush photograph album; that there is also a set of fine parlor furniture, with various devices in the way of silken and lace scarfs over the corners and backs of the chairs and sofa, and that there is a tapestry carpet; that in the sitting-room is a fine crushed plush couch, and a multiplicity of rocking-chairs; that there is a complete dining-set in the next room, the door of which stood open, and even a sideboard with red napkins, and a fine display of glass, every whit as elegant in their estimation as your cut glass in yours. The child's father owns his house and land free of encumbrance. He told me so in the course of his artless boasting as to what he might some day be able to do for the precious little creature of his own flesh and blood; and the grandmother owns her comfortable place next door, and she herself was dressed in black silk, and I will swear the lace on her cap was real, and she wore a great brooch containing hair of the departed, but it was set in pearls. What are you going to do in the face of opulence like this, Cynthia?"

Cynthia did not speak; her face looked as still as if it were carved in ivory.

"Cynthia," said the man, in a harsh voice, "I did not dream you were so broken up over losing that little boy of your sister's, poor girl."

Cynthia still said nothing, but a tear rolled down her cheek. Lyman Risley saw it, then he looked straight ahead, scowling over his cigar. He seemed suddenly to realize in this woman whom he loved something anomalous, yet lovely—a beauty as it were of deformity, an over-development in one direction, though a direction of utter grace and sweetness, like the lip of an orchid.

Why should she break her heart over a child whom she had never seen before, and have no love and pity for the man who had laid his best at her feet so long?

He saw at a flash the sweet yet monstrous imperfection of her, and he loved her better for it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Inspiration

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

AS sometimes sight is given
The Artist, and he knows
His art was born in Heaven
And not through him arose—
His but the holy duty
To clothe the Heaven-lent
In word or shape of beauty,
That witness its descent—

So Mary, in the breaking
Of that rare Eastern Morn,
From pain to peace awaking,
Knew, with a joy forlorn,
Not hers the Son she cherished,
Not hers the Light that shone;
Hers but the gift that perished,
The suffering alone!

Serpent-Worshippers of India

BY WALTER H. TRIBE



HE Colonel and Canning and I were bound for Acharakund that morning, there to sketch and talk with Brahman priests, and speculate concerning the snake-worshippers, whose religious superstitions made them and the Punjab so interesting to travellers. We passed over the drawbridge, and stopped only for a few moments at a time in the bazar, which was crowded with men and women plying their different crafts—a potter squatting on the floor and turning his clumsy wheel; a man printing charming patterns in silver or gold on blue or green strips of calico, which would some day adorn a lady's petticoat; a dirty sweetmeat-maker surrounded by his trays; a weaver seated on the ground in front of his beam, and many others.

As we walked on we passed some curious snake-stones, and in answer to a question the Colonel said he did not think snake-worship was prevalent in the locality. But I was not satisfied with the opinion, and determined to gain further information from an old Brahman priest with whom I had been talking a few minutes previously. The Colonel, seeing me take out my sketch-book, suggested that Canning and he would walk on to Acharakund and make preparations for luncheon; and as soon as they left I asked the old Brahman many questions about serpent-worship, and found that it prevailed over the whole district. In a few minutes I had acquired more information upon modern serpent-worship than I had been able to get from all the articles I had read in the Asiatic Society's journal. One result of this conversation was that, a few days later, shortly after sunrise, we stood on top of a hill looking down upon the road leading to Joála Múkki. It wound along the bottom of the hill, here and there fringed with trees, through the spaces of which groups of men, women, and children were seen, all leisurely going in the same direction. After giving our servants instructions about halting seven miles on and preparing breakast for us by the road-side, we parted from them, and following our guide, stepped briskly along over undulating ground till we arrived at the chéla's (snake-priest's) abode.

"Salaam ji," said I to an elderly man, who was so busily engaged in burnishing a number of sacrificial utensils that he was not aware of our presence till I accosted him. He started up and made a profound bow. "Pray do not let us disturb you at your morning's work," I continued. "My friend and I, having heard of your renowned temple, have come some distance to see it, and shall feel obliged if you will show us over when you are disengaged."

"You honor me, gentlemen, by coming to my humble abode. As soon as I have cleansed these vessels I shall do poojah [perform service], and then you can see the temple. In the mean time be pleased to sit down on this bedstead."

The arrival of two strangers had evidently excited the curiosity of his household, for I observed some girls peeping round the corner to get a view of us; but on being seen they scampered away like rabbits. I have always found that the exhibition of my sketch-book was an infallible cure for shyness, so I showed the chéla some portraits of Kangra beauties.

"Wah, wah!" exclaimed the old man; "these are excellent!" This praise soon brought the young ladies from their hiding-places; first one and then another timidly approached, till at last I was surrounded by six giggling girls and their mother.

"Now I should like to take your portrait," I said, addressing the chéla. "Sit still for ten minutes and you shall see

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yourself to the life." This made the girls giggle still more, but the old man sat immovable as a statue till I had finished my sketch, when I said,

"I should like to know what is the meaning of all those white circles I saw daubed on the stones by the way-side."

"They are called liknu, sahib," he replied. "When a Hindu proceeds to a temple for the purpose of making or fulfilling a vow, he is accompanied by one of his female relations, who carries a mixture of pounded rice and water, and she makes circles on stones at short intervals all the way along the road. These marks are pleasing to the deota, inasmuch as they are a proof that the worshipper has constantly borne him in mind during the journey."

"I suppose," said I, "that he gives more substantial tokens of his devotion when he reaches the temple?"

"Oh yes, sahib; if his prayer is heard, he offers money, pomegranates, grain, and milk; and if the nág [snake-god] is propitious, he sacrifices a goat."

"Pray how can you tell whether he is propitious or not?" I inquired.

"We ascertain that," he replied, "by pouring water over the goat's back. If he shivers and shakes himself when the water is thrown over him, we know that the offering is acceptable."

"That is very remarkable," said Canning. "Plutarch mentions that among the Greeks the test whether a goat was in a fit state for sacrifice was by water; the shivering was taken to be the *afflatus.*"

"Yes, you will find many striking resemblances," I observed, "between the ancient Greek and the modern Hindu religious ceremonies; and this is not to be wondered at, seeing that the two races sprang originally from the same Aryan progenitors."

The old man was now ready to start. With a basketful of sacrificial utensils on his arm, he led the way to a very unpretending edifice of mud, in the centre of which we observed a small black stone, on which an erect snake was rudely carved; above it was suspended a canopy of faded silk, from three sides of which dangled a number of peacocks' and yaks' tails, iron cat-o'-nine-tails (or rather of five-tails), iron balls, beautifully chased silver umbrellas (emblems of royalty), and a motley collection of dirty rags. Above the canopy was hung a quaintly carved bell, which was rung by an acolyte.

It was difficult to realize, as we sat at the entrance of the temple watching the old man asperse the floor and brazen vessels with water, that we were assisting at such a ceremony as might have been witnessed some two thousand years ago in the groves of Epidaurus, or even in this place when Alexander the Great invaded India; for we learn from Maximinius of Tyre that serpent-worship prevailed in the neighborhood at that period.

But there was no time for speculating. The chéla had begun his poojah, and I had to make notes. To enter into the minutiæ of the ritual would be unprofitable as well as tiresome, but I may mention that I learned my lesson so well that when visiting another snake-temple a few months later, the priest was so astonished at my knowledge that he asked me whether I was an English nág-priest! In brief, the service consisted of censing, lustrating, fanning, and anointing the idol, and of frequently calling his attention to the worshipper by ringing a bell and blowing a large conch shell; for, like Baal of old, he sometimes sleeps and must be awaked.

On returning to the chéla's house he told me that the help the snake-worshippers hoped for was material and not spiritual (indeed, the Hindu creed is void of ethical significance), that the nágas have great power over the distribution of water and the occurrence of plagues and cattle diseases, also over milch cattle, the milk of the eleventh day after calving being sacred to them, and libations of milk are always acceptable. They are generally distinguished by some color, the most favorite being the kala and dudhea, *i. e.*, black and milky colored. If a believer is bitten by a snake and covers the wound with earth taken from near the temple, he will find it an infallible cure. I was sorry afterwards that I did not carry away some of the earth and have it subjected to chemical analysis, for it would have been interesting to know whether there was any foundation for this belief, which I found to be universal in the valley.



THE POTTER AT HIS WHEEL

As we sat watching the simple-minded chéla performing his devotions we seemed to have retrograded some two thousand years at least from this age of civilization. No Hindu rajah had ever signalized his reign as Hezekiah did when he cut down the groves and break in pieces the brazen serpent which the children of Israel had worshipped for five centuries.

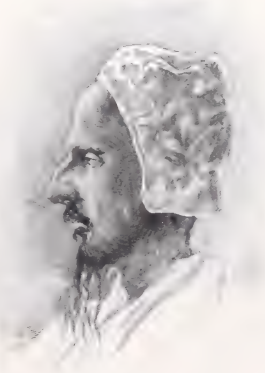
A short gallop from the temple to the main road brought us nearer to our own time by 1500 years. We found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of merry pilgrims leisurely riding or walking towards Joála Múkki. Much as we longed for breakfast we had to rein in our steeds, or we should have trampled under foot a score of men and children.

"This motley crowd," remarked Canning, "reminds one of olden times, when our forefathers

> from every schires ende
> Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wende."

"If I possessed the power of Chaucer," I replied, "I would sit down and write a prologue to the Joála Múkki tales; here are materials enough and to spare. There is scarcely a character depicted in Chaucer's prologue which has not its counterpart, from the 'perfight knight' down to the 'trewe swynker,' the ploughman."

"How thoroughly and yet how quietly they seem to enjoy life!" said Canning. "There is no boisterous merriment here such as you see in a crowd of English excursionists. I suppose our people are obliged to make the most of the few holidays they get, and therefore their enjoyment is concentrated, whereas the Hindu's is spread out over a month or more."



A SNAKE-PRIEST

I replied that I was inclined to think the Hindu's philosophy of life might, after all, be correct.

A break in the line of pilgrims enabled us to gallop on to the place where our servants had prepared breakfast for us. We found the cloth spread on the ground beneath a giant pipal-tree, whose leafy branches afforded shelter to many hungry wayfarers. We were surrounded by strange companions.



ONE OF THE SNAKE-TEMPLES

Near us was seated, on a leopard's skin, a Gusáin, whose Medusa-like locks fell in wild profusion over his bare shoulders; his body was smeared over with the ashes of burnt cow-dung, which made him look more like a terra-cotta statue than a human being. But ascetic though he professed to be, his large horn ear-rings, his Tulsi necklace, and his silver bracelets indicated a large amount of still unconquered vanity,—perhaps that foible was not included in his catalogue of mortal sins.

On one side of him stood a group of pilgrims from Benares, bearing iron tridents in their hands. On the other side sat some Punjabi ladies, who were much amused at our using forks instead of the prehensile implements provided by nature. How charming they looked in their full-skirted crimson petticoats, with broad blue flounces stamped with silver and gold designs! and how becoming were the silver-fringed dáúnis which hung from the median line of the forehead on either side of the face! After much bargaining and coaxing, my bearer succeeded in purchasing one of these archaic ornaments for me, at treble its value.

As soon as our servants were ready to start we again mounted our horses, and moved on slowly with the crowd. Krishnu, my Brahman boy, whom I hired to carry my gun and cartridges, walked barefooted by my side. He was a bright and intelligent lad about fifteen years old, and was much liked by the servants, whom he kept in good-humor by the jokes he perpetrated at their expense.

"Sahib," said he, assuming a grave expression as he looked me in the face, "have you any sons?"

"Yes," I replied; "I have three at school in England."

"Do you give them anything to eat?"

"Of course I do, or how would they live?"

"And do you provide them with shoes as well?"

"Certainly. But why do you ask these foolish questions?"

The boy's countenance at once brightened up, and after the manner of his countrymen he exclaimed, "Ap hámára báp!" (Your honor is my father!), leaving me to infer what were my paternal duties with reference to him. It is not a little droll sometimes to hear even an octogenarian call you his father.

As we approached Joála Múkki we met the native doctor, who, on hearing of our intended visit, had politely come to escort us to the bungalow which had been placed at our service by the district superintendent of police at Dharmsála.

We made a pleasant excursion one day to Bhágsú Nág, a favorite place for picnics, but specially interesting to me as being the chief centre of serpent-worship in this neighborhood. The name "Dharmsála," or "place of rest," was originally applied only to a small native rest-house standing on the hill some years ago. It was afterwards transferred to the whole station by the civil officers when they removed their headquarters from Kangra; but the spot is still best known to the natives by its old name of Bhágsú Nág—the serpent Bhágsú. A picturesque ride of about two miles along the east side of the hill, through a forest of oaks and rhododendrons, brought us to a charming dell, in the midst of which the old temple is situated. The temple is a small octagonal building without pretensions to architectural beauty. Though I was not allowed to put my foot inside, I could see, as I stood at the door, that it only contained an iron trident, a lamp, and a few snake-stones placed against the wall. In one corner was a sink which carried off the water used for libations and cleansing the sacred utensils.



A HILL TEMPLE

"Have you nothing else to show me?" I inquired of the priest.

"I have a few musical instruments," he replied, "which I will show you with pleasure if you will follow me." Whereupon he opened a small room and brought out some drums and trumpets of no value whatever.

"And is this all?" I asked.

"I have an old nág-paní," he replied,

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"which is said to have come from Nepal, but it is no longer of any use." He then produced a most remarkable dicephanous, cobra-shaped, brass trumpet, of which I afterwards became the fortunate possessor.

"Are there many snake-temples in the immediate neighborhood?" I asked.



SNAKE-STONES

"There are five," said he, "near at hand, and one on the top of yonder mountain, dedicated to Indru Nág."

"On what occasions," I inquired, "do you worship the nágs?"

"When we want rain or sunshine, when we or our cattle are ill, and when we want our cows to give milk."

"What offerings do the people make, and on what days?" I asked.

"Saffron, milk, and sweetmeats are brought to the shrine on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, especially on Tuesdays when goats are sacrificed (provided the nág is propitious, and this is known by the shivering of the animal when cold water is poured upon his back), and the priest pronounces the blessing 'Bhala ho!' (Much good may it do you!)."

Here a bystander joined in the conversation, and told me that he had erected ten snake-stones in his fields during the last few years. "Once," said he, "I had the misfortune to cut a snake asunder as I was digging in my garden, and if I had not set up a stone, the nág would have killed either me or my son. At another time I was greatly troubled by white ants and rats, and my gúrú told me that it was because I had neglected to worship the nág. I immediately set up a stone and sacrificed a goat. On the other occasions I did so either because my cows would give no milk, or there was sickness in my family."

A few miles beyond we came upon a hamlet which we were told was Kunyára. The temple, as usual, was shaded by a handsome pipal-tree (*Ficus religiosa*). It was an insignificant building, distinguished from the neighboring huts by a small beehive-shaped dome, and approached by a rough stone staircase. As the doors were open and no one was standing near, we ventured to walk through the chambers, but we saw nothing more than bare walls plastered with gobri (cow-dung and chopped straw), and a small snake-stone lying on the floor. A pool of blood standing in the court-yard showed that sacrifices had been very recently offered. As we were leaving the temple the chéla and musicians, whom I had previously sent for, arrived. After asking a great many questions about their nágs and ritual, at last one of the men looked up with surprise and inquired whether I was a nág-worshipper!

One thing about snake-worship struck me as very remarkable—the priest, who is supposed to possess the power of divination, almost invariably belongs to the lower or menial caste, and receives as his portion of the lands allotted to the temple less than the reader, the musicians, or even the barber. I learned that all the farmers in the village were worshippers of Indru Nág, and that when they want a change of weather they proceed in a body to the chéla, who works himself up into a state of inspiration by smoking and lashing himself with iron chains; he then offers a sheep—a white one if fine weather, a black one if wet weather is required. In addition to the weekly sacrifices, sixteen goats are slaughtered before cutting the summer crop, and thirteen before cutting the winter crop.

From our lofty stand-point near the top of the hill we could see our road winding along the valley at the foot of the mountains for some fifty miles or more, till it reaches Jetingri. A walk of four

miles down hill brought us to level ground, where we mounted our horses and rode eastward along the valley at a brisk trot, having the Bará Banghál (which has a mean elevation of more than fifteen thousand feet) a short distance off on our left, and low, undulating hills sparsely covered with pine-trees on our right. We halted a few minutes at Narwána, a hamlet close by a mountain torrent, in order to examine a large bowlder which is supposed by devout Hindus to bear the impress of Pandu's hand — Pandu, "the pale" ancestor of one branch of the Lunar race. Thousands of pilgrims flock to see it, and the Gusáin's heart's desire is that he may be buried near in a sitting posture facing Siva's heaven on Mount Kailása. *Requiescat in pace.* We have all got our fancies. The Mussulman in his last resting-place faces the west; the Santh, the south; the Gusáin, the north; and the Christian, the east.

On leaving Narwána we rode on to Gopálpur, leaving the rest-house at Dádh on our right, and had breakfast with the manager of one of the largest and oldest tea-plantations in the valley. Here for the first time we saw the whole process of tea-making, from picking the leaf to packing it —after it had been rolled by steam and dried over charcoal fires. Our friend's house was surrounded by many acres of neatly trimmed plants, about five feet in height. From his garden we had a magnificent view of the Bará Banghál Mountains on the one side, and on the other of a picturesque old ruined fort perched on the top of a pine-clad hill.

Our kind host went with us as far as Pálumpúr. On the way he took us to see some village jewellers making necklaces. I doubt whether any European goldsmith could produce such excellent workmanship with their simple tools. Canning and I left fifty rupees with them to be converted into ornaments by the time we returned. On our arrival at Pálumpúr our friend insisted upon our being his guests and staying with him at the Planters' Club, of which we were made honorary members. This little station can boast of one of the prettiest



A Ruined Temple

churches in the Punjab; and as to its surroundings, they are perfect. There is no resident clergyman here, but the government chaplain rides out once a fortnight



A Kulu Girl in Holiday Dress

on a Sunday from Dharmsála and holds a morning service, after which he returns in time to hold an evening service in his own station. The distance out and home is forty-two miles.

In former days a fair used to be held here which was much frequented by merchants from Central Asia, who used to bring down borax, wool, and rugs, and take back large quantities of green tea, for which they paid very remunerative prices.

We were fortunate in meeting a few planters at dinner in the evening. I asked one of them whether serpent-worship was much practised in the neighborhood.

"I am not aware that it is," was the reply, which I might have anticipated. "I only know that the natives strongly object to killing snakes. If you like, I will send old Siyáma to-morrow morning to call upon you before you go; he is the padre of the village, and lives in a rice-field close by. The natives go to him when they want rain for their crops."

"If that's the case, he is probably a snake-priest," I remarked, "and therefore I shall be glad to make his acquaintance."

Early the next morning Siyáma made his appearance. The poor fellow was suffering so much from fever and ague that he could scarcely stand, so I offered him a chair.

"You appear to be a great invalid," I remarked.

"Yes," said he. "I can't tell why the nágs are so much offended with me. For seven years I have gone without shoes; I have scourged myself with chains; I have fed the snakes with milk, and offered incense to them daily, and yet for all that I am none the better."

"And you never will be any the better so long as you live in a house surrounded by a swamp, as I am told yours is. Not all the nágs in heaven and earth can do you any good; but quinine and a dry climate may. Take my advice and go to the dispensary at once. I will write to the apothecary and he will give you some medicine."

Strong as the native's faith is in nágs, it is still stronger in quinine. I seldom stay near a village without being asked for some.

My conversation with the chéla greatly resembled those I had held with others. I am tempted, however, to record one legend, which, childish as it may seem to



A Chéla

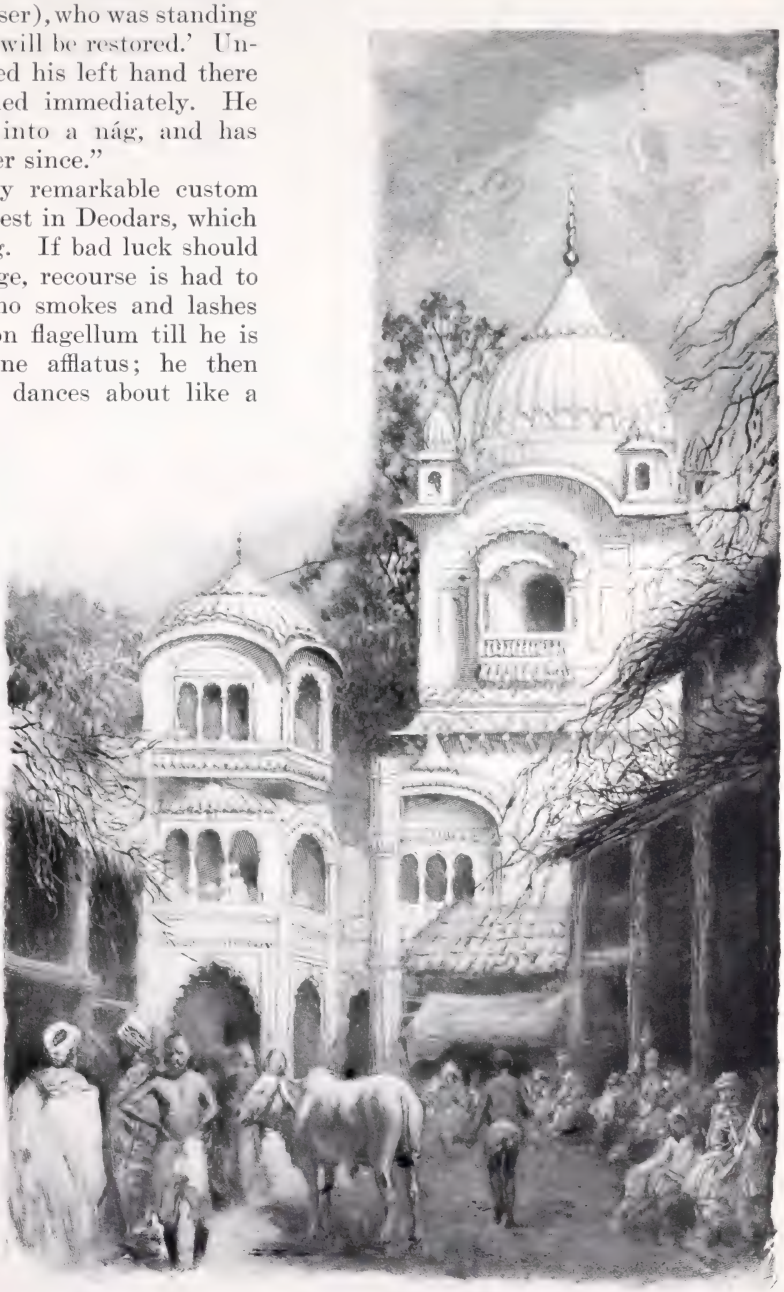
be, is interesting as giving us a little insight into the evolution of deities.

"Some years ago there lived in Soloh, a village near Pálumpúr, a man named

Gúgah, a Rajput by caste. One day he met with a nág who attacked him and cut off his scalp. For a while he fought valiantly without it. 'What a wonderful sight this is!' said some women who were passing by. 'Here is Gúgah fighting without his scalp;' and they called their neighbors to witness the contest. At last he conquered the nág, but he was severely wounded first. 'Put your right hand on the top of your head,' said his gúrú (spiritual adviser), who was standing by, 'and your scalp will be restored.' Unfortunately he placed his left hand there by mistake, and died immediately. He was then changed into a nág, and has been worshipped ever since."

They have a very remarkable custom in and around a forest in Deodars, which is worth mentioning. If bad luck should hang over the village, recourse is had to the snake-priest, who smokes and lashes himself with an iron flagellum till he is seized by the divine afflatus; he then wags his head and dances about like a maniac. At length he reveals the name of the offended deota, and tells the people they must perform a jágah — *i. e.*, they must worship all night long — and in the morning one of them must carry about a basket from house to house and collect all sorts of odds and ends, such as old nails, broken pottery, rice, rags, parings of nails, etc. The whole community must then perambulate the village, and afterwards proceed to the river, into which they must throw the basket and all its contents. A goat must then be sacrificed, and half the flesh given to the man who has ventured to carry the basket.

I was not surprised to hear that serpent-worship prevailed here in all its vitality, for, according to Mr. Fergusson, the mountaineers who inhabit this part of the country belong to the Turanian races, who had at some very remote prehistoric period poured through the Hima-



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE

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layan passes and introduced that cult into India. I was told that there were fourteen snake-temples in the immediate neighborhood, of which Goshál was the most important, inasmuch as it had the honor of containing the vessel in which all the nágs of the district were deposited after their birth.

The following curious legend, which crops up again and again in different parts of Tibet, though in a slightly altered form, was related to me by the chéla when I visited his temple the following morning:

"Once upon a time the nág Busoo fell in love with a beautiful maid of Goshál, and had by her eighteen nágs and eighteen naráins. He bade her close them up in an earthen vessel and worship them. One day she went to a fair and left the vessel in charge of her niece, with strict orders that she should burn incense to them. The niece, thinking that the vessel contained treasure, removed the lid, when, to her amazement, nágs and naráins one after another effected their escape. The former settled down in different parts of Kulú and Lahoul, where they are worshipped to this day, while the latter took up their abode in Mandi. The Dumbla nág has the largest grant of land assigned to him, because he carried off the lid of the vessel on his head. The Solangi nág is the least important, because he was blinded by the girl, who in her fright dropped some burning incense on his eyes." The earthen vessel is said to be still preserved in a house close by the temple, but no bribe would induce the guardian of it to let me see it.





The Point at Issue

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

WE were walking together, the curé and I, back to Pont-Aven on the long white road from Quimperlé. I had come by now to know this primitive part of old Bretagne, and to love it. Many legends the curé had told me, for the land is rich in these, and unmined veins of lore run through it everywhere. To-day, however, our talk for over an hour had been of trifles. It was not until we had reached the first outlying houses of the village that colloquy developed into narrative, and the threads of humble romance were unwound for weaving by a single touch upon the skein. We were passing a small

house, the first on the village outskirts, solid and gray and plain, like all the houses of the Breton peasants.

A little old woman, at an upper window, spinning flax, turned and looked down at us. She smiled brightly and bowed to the curé.

"There is," said I, after my companion had returned her greeting with his usual ready cheerfulness, "a lingering ray of beauty in that old face."

"Yes," he rejoined, "of beauty, and of more than beauty—of joy. Upon her little corner God has smiled."

When we had come to the curé's house, and were seated on the lawn overlooking the river, I listened to his story.

"Pierre de Rouche," began the curé, "and Adam Lemerre are inseparable in the thoughts of the people of Pont-Aven. For through their lives so they were always. But they were friends because never in any way could they agree. All who remember will tell you this, but many will not know of whom you speak if you mention Pierre de Rouche. That is because few called him thus after a chevalier from Paris saw him. This gentleman, whom ever after that we spoke of as Monsieur Le Bel Esprit (for we knew not his real name and could think of none better since he had proved his wit), stopped his horse before the shop of Pierre de Rouche, who was an apothecary, and dismounted from his saddle.

"'My head is splitting,' he said. 'Mix me a cure. *Vite!*' But Pierre de Rouche only scrutinized him and asked, 'From too much wine?' The chevalier laughed and swore. 'What insolence!' he exclaimed. 'A cure, I say!' And just then from the back of the shop came forward Adam Lemerre. 'Mon Dieu!' said he, 'it *was* insolence! And what matter, Pierre? Mix monsieur a draught.' Whereat Pierre turned on his friend furiously for this interference, and the two argued hotly for many minutes. Meanwhile the horse champed his bit and stamped on the ground impatiently, and the chevalier from Paris, with the rein over his arm, stood near the threshold laughing. He understood but little of their talk, for they harangued each other in our Breton language, their tongues wagging quickly, but he felt the absurd heat of their dispute. Presently he broke in quietly: 'Pardon, messieurs, but by this time I am well again. You offer excellent remedies for aching heads.' Then he turned to Pierre. 'May I ask your name? You are a worthy apothecary.'

"'Pierre de Rouche,' said the latter, still sputtering with anger.

"'It should be *Pierre de Touche,*' declared Monsieur le Chevalier Bel Esprit, 'for you are indeed a touchstone. And yours?' he asked, turning to the other, who was now laughing heartily with an old dame's cackle at his friend's discomfiture.

"'Adam Lemerre,' came the answer.

"'Ah,' said the Parisian; 'it should be *Madame La Mère*, you are such an old woman.' Wherewith, leaving the two very much chagrined, Monsieur Le Bel Esprit rode into the village and went to bed in the Hôtel Gaspec, placing more trust in sleep than in apothecaries. After that the one was Pierre de Touche and the other always Madame La Mère, for each told the story against the other, and the sobriquets clung to them always.

"Now this chevalier Bel Esprit staid for several days in Pont-Aven, and, as you will see, that was not his last jest against poor Pierre de Rouche, the apothecary.

"The latter had a son who was handsome and drove the diligence each day from Pont-Aven to Quimperlé and back again. A fine sight he was in his velvet jacket with silver buttons shining on its breast, and velvet ribbons flying out behind his hat as he drove away in the morning. So I thought, and so thought others, and so, more than all, thought Elise Lemerre, who lived in the house on the highroad, and who lives there now, spinning her flax all day as you have seen her. Each morning she would stand at that same window between the red geraniums, and throw to him a kiss; and each evening when he came home slowly up the hill with a full diligence and a tired horse she would be there too, the light of the setting sun in her eyes—and another light also.

"They loved each other, these two, and I felt sure from the first that it was a true love—the love of Armand de Rouche and Elise Lemerre.

"But her father and his father could never agree to the wedding. For two

years they had argued, argued, argued. The one must do this, or the other would not do that; and the other must do more than that, or the one would not by any means do this. I learnt little more about their argument. Adam Lemerre, who was a *fermier* with many acres, wanted money to buy more, and Pierre de Rouche, who was an apothecary having some money, wanted the land of Adam Lemerre. On these terms only the wedding might take place. Sometimes I thought they had agreed, but always Adam would demand another hundred francs, or Pierre another acre, and there was nothing but argument. More than this I cannot tell you of the point at issue.

One afternoon I was returning from Quimperlé to Pont-Aven. I sat behind Armand, the courier. On the front seat, facing the tired horse with Armand, sat Monsieur le Chevalier Bel Esprit.

"We passed the house of Lemerre. Elise stood at her window, half hidden behind the geraniums, and her cheeks the color of their blossoms. She smiled at Armand, and then drew back entirely—there were so many of us in the diligence, and we were looking. Nevertheless Armand had seen and called a greeting, being not so bashful.

"'The prettiest jade,' exclaimed Monsieur Le Bel Esprit, 'in all Bretagne. I am envious. Were it not for you, I would woo her myself. Mon Dieu, what a look of love!'

"But Armand only cracked his whip, crying 'Oop!' to his horse, with a limpid melodious *timbre* in his voice which is indescribable save in the music of itself. For some shout and others swear, but the Breton sings to his horse—which is better.

"'Do you know,' persisted Le Bel Esprit, 'what we would do in Paris with a girl like that? We would carry her off *nolens volens*. But *you* are a dullard.'

"'Oop!' sang Armand again to his horse.

"'Parents!' ejaculated the chevalier, scornfully snapping his fingers. 'Bah!'

"'Oo-oo-p,' drawled Armand, with a breath long drawn—but his whip lay quiet on his knee.

"We alighted from the diligence, and I saw the two walk off together.

"That night I put on my hat and went to the house of Lemerre. It was about



ELISE STOOD AT HER WINDOW

nine o'clock—the hour that evening of the moon's height.

"I walked through the village, meeting no one until I came to the home of Lemerre. At the threshold a man joined me who had come by another way. It was Pierre de Rouche, the apothecary. He was agitated, extremely. Lemerre opened the door, admitting us. We went into a small room at the front of the house, where a table stood in the centre, holding a bottle of thin red wine and another of cider. Lemerre was smoking his long clay pipe, and there was a glass of the wine near a book on his table. He poured out some for us, but neither touched it, nor yet the tobacco he offered, for our mission was urgent.

"'Adam,' at once began Pierre, breathlessly, for he had walked quickly and the words were out of his mouth before I had found my own—'Adam, there is trouble brewing. That Parisian is the devil! I have heard from Alphonse, the baker, that he is telling my son to elope with Elise. "Run away, run away," said Bel Esprit. Alphonse heard those words coming from Quimperlé, and saw Armand walk off arm in arm with the coxcomb, giving heed to him closely afterwards. We must act, and act quickly! Mon Dieu, there may be no time!' At this he paused, gasping with impatience, but the other only seated himself in a chair, and his round red face smiled a great deal.

"'Nonsense,' he replied. 'Nonsense!'

"The thin, shrivelled features of Pierre de Rouche seemed to expand for the moment in amaze at his friend's derisive levity. His nervous mouth, which at first had been agape in astonishment, now closed suddenly, so that his teeth snapped and grated in a savage manner, locking in his speech.

"'Nonsense,' repeated Adam Lemerre, coolly; 'Elise knows me too well to attempt it. My commands to her have never been broken. She is a good girl—too good for Armand.'

"'She is a minx,' retorted Pierre, curbing his wrath in order to speak with some calmness; 'a minx with eyes of mischief; but she worships the earth he treads.'

"'Pouf!' returned Adam. 'You make her out a fool.'

"'No,' said de Rouche; 'that is the one thing sensible about her.'

"'That is never sensible in any woman. No man merits it,' declared Lemerre.

"At this Pierre de Rouche sat down opposite Adam, and struck the table with his fist heavily. 'He does merit it,' said he, 'and the blame be yours if he takes her.'

"'Nonsense,' rejoined Lemerre, with the pipe in his teeth. His favorite word was that. Now and always it was '*Quel bêtise!*' with a cackle and a laugh when the other spoke.

"'Messieurs,' said I, then, 'be it nonsense or be it sense—the latter of which I think it is—remember this: I shall marry Elise and Armand if they ask me.' And I sat down in a chair near the window, watching their faces. Lemerre took pipe from mouth, and whistled, and surveyed me speechlessly. Pierre de Rouche muttered an oath under his breath, and for the first time took a draught from his goblet of wine.

"'We are priest-ridden,' he ejaculated, with that sudden fire which so easily was lighted in him. His old wizened face was livid, but his peaked nose almost touched the claret, for he was looking into that, and not at me.

"'No; it is the right of the holy fathers,' sighed Lemerre, with a look of helplessness. And he mumbled inaudibly more while he mouthed his pipe stem.

"'Fool!' broke in the apothecary. 'He has not the right. Even the Pope has not.'

"And then I lost the drift of their harangue, for out in the moonlight two horses stood riderless and patient before the house. I drew nearer to the window. One horse was the steed of Monsieur le Chevalier Bel Esprit, the other the tired beast of the diligence. And they were both saddled and bridled. The saddle of one was a woman's. They seemed to be looking up at the house with a mild curiosity, for their heads were raised, and I could see their great lustrous eyes in the moonlight. Following those eyes my own gaze rested on a sight I never shall in my life forget.

"For there at the top of a ladder stood Armand a little beneath the window of the geraniums, and on the sill of that

I DREW NEARER TO THE WINDOW

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window leaned Elise. I could see her plainly, for, as you know, that window of the geraniums is in a wing of the small gray house.

"The moonlight fell across her face, showing there to me a look in which timidity and love were blended. And the timidity increased her beauty, and the love increased it yet more a hundredfold. I saw a tear glistening on her cheek, but she was smiling. She was holding back a little from his outstretched arms, but her hands were in his hands....

"Then the horse of Le Bel Esprit neighed loudly. The parents stopped talking. Pierre grasped the arm of his chair with a motion of rising. There was no breath in my lungs. But the next words of de Rouche reassured me. 'Not a sou above three thousand,' said he. The animal's neighing had evidently only suggested the point at issue to some underneath part of his brain, without seeming at all a warning.

"'Nonsense,' returned Lemerre; 'then they shall never marry.'

"'Remember,' said de Rouche, leaning back again in his chair, for his threat to leave had failed as usual, and he craved the acres of land that night—'Remember what Alphonse heard. Even now we may be too late. N'est-ce pas, M'sieur le Vicaire?' and again he turned to me. But my mouth was so dry that my tongue seemed useless, and I made no answer. Fortunately he knew I was offended that night, and did not persist.

"'Quel bêtise!' exclaimed Lemerre. 'Do you think I am an ass, or a sleeping old woman?'

"'Oui, La Mère, La Mère,' retorted de Rouche. 'To allow the priest—' and again they fell into a turmoil of words which had no meaning to me. For I was looking again through the window.

"Once Elise had shaken her head—that was when the tear had fallen—but only once, for even at this minute she was bending low towards him and whispering I know not what—and none may ever know exactly save those two—but I know this: that when she had whispered he caught and kissed her, and she stepped over the sill between the red geraniums onto his ladder. Then the casement was empty except for the sleeping flowers.

"I had been held spellbound—the ceaseless argument of the parents was only a fretful sound to me, like that our river makes when the rains swell it. Even after they had gone down I did not speak of what I had seen. I rose from my chair.

"'Good-night, messieurs,' I said. 'Remember,' whereat I went out, and even as I closed the door behind me they resumed their maddening argument.

"I hurried then after Armand and Elise, who were riding slowly through the village, fearing to awake the people and be caught.

"'My children,' called I, and seeing me they drew rein, knowing me to be their friend. 'Do not go away. You shall be married here.' I had by now come up to them. They were on the road which leads to Concarneau, and with great surprise at my words they halted in the shadow of the mill. 'You shall be married to-morrow at sunrise,' I said. They looked at me as though doubting that I were real. Elise led her horse nearer to the horse of Armand. They seemed a little ashamed and frightened, and still more perplexed at my words. 'Trust to me,' I said. 'For it shall be arranged.'

"I think Armand was relieved by my promise, for with all his love and the romance in his eyes this elopement pleased him not exceedingly. Our peasants like a simple, pretty marriage. Reckless ways they know not by nature.

"And as for Elise—well, she cried then, not one tear but many, holding his hand very tight; so of her I could not tell whether she was pleased or not at having my protection. For the tears of women mean so many different things. One never knows.

"'How can it be?' asked Armand, slipping an arm about her waist, and indeed I was not sure myself what course immediately to follow; but I thought that I should take her to a convent where she might pass the night, and him home with me. This I began to tell them, when suddenly running up to us came Monsieur Le Bel Esprit.

"'How now! What's this?' cried he. 'Not off? Mon Dieu, what clods these peasants are!' Then I explained to him the folly of it, and made known my plan.



FOR THE TEARS OF WOMEN MEAN SO MANY DIFFERENT THINGS

Although he called it prosy, and muttered like Adam a 'Quel bêtise!' he saw my sense.

"'Eh bien!' said he; 'it saves my horse's wind. But not to the convent. I protest.'

"'Where, then?'

"'Back to her father's house,' he returned, and they were no more surprised than I at hearing that from him.

"'Listen,' said he. 'Pierre de Touche and Madame La Mère' (for so he always called them) 'are probably now on the road to Quimperlé. I arranged it so with a franc to a jovial peasant. "Go," said I, "and give the alarm—but say, 'to Quimperlé,' remember; say they have gone to Quimperlé." And he did so. We will wait here a few minutes and the fathers will be riding like mad in the wrong direction. They will pass the night at Quimperlé, but Elise shall pass it at her home. And at sunrise—la, la, la!'

"I strove not to smile. 'It is the best thing to do,' I said, with some severity, and before long back we all went to the house of Lemerre. We knocked, for I had insisted that the mother should know of this arrangement. The wife of Adam came to the door with a candle in her hand. This she dropped when she saw us all—the two afoot, the two mounted—dropped it in blank astonishment. But Le Bel Esprit told of it all in two or three words, which was a knack of his. Then she shook with laughter, which she tried to suppress, but that is impossible for a very fat woman. Then she relighted her candle. 'Remember,' she said, with a scared expression, 'I have been asleep all this time,' and she led Elise up to bed. But once more the big dame leant out at the window and called down, with a finger at her lips, 'Remember, I *am* asleep.'

"Le Bel Esprit laughed heartily. Then we sent Armand home. 'Tell Madame de Touche,' said the chevalier, 'to remember we are asleep, and have been, and shall be until sunrise. Good-night, M'sieur le Vicaire; till sunrise, au revoir.'

"In the morning I rose before the dawn, and looking from my window, awaited impatiently the sun. The day broke through the mist cloudless and strong and brilliant with perennial youth, aglow on the face of the earth. I went to the church through the fields.

"After the mass I married them.

"The mothers were there with frightened looks, but far more gladness than fear. Bel Esprit, however, was absent. I supposed he cared no more now that the thing was decorous. A number of peasants had come, their faces alight with enjoyment.

"But the expressions of Armand and Elise I can see to-day. His eyes were awake from youthful dreams. He was a man. And into his eyes looked hers at the time of the sacrament—looked deeper through them into his soul than any of us could, than any on earth could, than he could himself.

"She is alone now, that little woman, sitting, as you have seen her, the day through at her window where first she gave herself to him. For although he died long ago she is happy—you have seen that, too—for she knows she is only waiting. She is an old woman and a widow, but at heart she is young and at soul a wife. When the two had turned from the altar that morning we heard a clatter of hoofs without. Then into the church walked Monsieur le chevalier Bel Esprit, and who at his heels but Pierre de Rouche and Adam Lemerre!

"'Ah,' said Bel Esprit, with a dismay that I knew was feigned, for I saw him covertly smile, 'we are too late! Well, messieurs, there is nothing to do but to do nothing,' and stepping forward, he kissed the hand of the bride.

"At first, of course, they were furious, but helpless wrath expires quickly. The apothecary was the last to give his blessing, for Lemerre gave that before mentioning the dowry of land. But finally they shook hands.

"Elise and Armand walked out together into the golden morning."



The Australian Squatter

BY H. C. MAC ILVAINE

IT is in vain to look for anything sublime in the story of the colonization of Australia. It had no Pilgrim Fathers, no Plains of Abraham; there was, at starting, neither loot nor revenue to be drawn from it. In its native, unexploited condition it was reckoned the barrenest and most inhospitable country under heaven; it lay for a couple of centuries known but unclaimed. The hoisting of the ensign at Botany Bay in 1769 by Captain Cook was more a matter of racial acquisitiveness than anything else; Australia lay untenanted till 1788, when it was put into requisition as a convict station.

Thenceforward it was more the splendid obstinacy of the Squatter than any far-seeing spirit of enterprise that proved Australia the finest pastoral land in the world. The father of the great breed of flock-masters that was to rise in the new country was a certain Captain Macarthur, who, dimly foreseeing great things, came home in 1803, quite in the modern manner, to float a pastoral company. He was cordially backed in his enterprise by Sir Joseph Banks, who had sailed with Cook; he tried to raise a modest £20,000, and failed. After infinite badgering of the stupid powers that were, he wrung from them a small concession of land, and returned alone. He was humanly alone, that is; but in the few fine-wooled merino ewes and rams that he imported about that time—authorities differ as to the precise date—he carried the seed of many fortunes. He was faced on landing with the historic dunderheadedness of Bligh, then Governor of New South Wales, who said, when he heard of the Macarthur concession, "You've got 5000 acres of the finest land in the country, but by God you sha'n't keep it!"

Keep it, however, Macarthur did, and in his fight to hold it there was a foreshadowing of the future supremacy of the Squatter. Over this and other matters of administration Bligh's incredibly stupid bullying of the free colonists brought the young state to the brink of rebellion, from which it was only saved by the summary and sensible method of forcibly setting the Governor on a man-of-war and consigning him to England.

In the infancy of the last century the area of chartered settlement was as a speck upon the Australian continent. Licensed

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settlers of the speck struggled beneath a load of rent and restrictions; the Squatters—or uncharterèd settlers—roamed, at first, rent free. When complaints of them were lodged by orthodox, tax-paying farmers, and when, in consequence, proclamations were levelled at them by government, the Squatters, in their piratical, patriarchal simplicity, merely moved their belongings a little farther into the wilds. But although they were officially damned as outlaws, the Squatters soon came to be unofficially subsidized: sharper eyes amongst the town-dwellers began to see money in a game so great, so simply played. Even as great Elizabeth wrote earnest denunciations of piracy—for exhibition at foreign courts—on one day, and took shares the next in Bristol buccaneering expeditions, so many a highly respectable tradesman or official of early Sydney, while backing up the government in proclaiming the Squatters as persons of low degree and a public nuisance, at the same time backed up the pastoral freebooters with solid subsidies, and even apprenticed their sons to learn the promising business of squatting.

It was near the close of the eighteenth century that Macarthur brought his merinos; in 1813 the Blue Mountains were climbed for the first time by white men, who reported that there lay beyond a very paradise of pasture. Thenceforward the great future of squatting rapidly unfolded itself. But for long the original reputation of the Squatter held good for that tenacious machine, the official mind: it was not till well on in the thirties that any noticeable restrictions in the way of rental, area of holding, or term of lease were placed upon these wandering pastoralists. Meanwhile the Squatters' own ideas of proprietorship had flourished nobly in their freedom. It is recorded, for instance, that when the matter came to be looked into with an eye to definite legislation, four Squatters, each paying £10 a year—at that time the only fee demanded of them—claimed 7,750,640 acres of land amongst them—picked land, of course. This would hardly do; this overreaching ambition had to be delimited: the Squatter became a government lessee; his territory was charted and assessed; the good old days of pastoral piracy were gone.

But, although he was now turned from outlaw to crown lessee, the Squatter's primal characteristics always clung to him; he always headed the slow pageantry of settlement; it was he, invariably, who met and turned the rough edge of unmitigated nature; he supplied or inspired the daring and endurance that were called for in the opening up of the new continent. Out of the Squatter's needs, whether for expansion outward to fresh pastures, or for the maintenance of his stock-run, or for the link of transport between him and his coastward markets and bases of supply—out of these grew all the purely Australian types of workers on the soil.

For the greater part, the founding and forming of squattages was accomplished in the teeth of grudging nature, and called more for men of grit than glory. It is true that—more particularly in the early times, before the convict stain had been obliterated—the Bush-rangers maintained at times a reign of terror. And it is also eminently true that in the tales of the Australian land-explorers, from Oxley to Burke and Wills, there is as fine a record of pluck as the annals of the race can show. On these, the Austral rowdies and heroes, popular imagination loves to dwell, and concerning them it has been fed liberally with song and story. But the men who bore the brunt of the war that made an Anglo-Saxon province of Australia were the Squatters.

Their fighting was chiefly in endurance. They had to face an almost empty land, peopled by an aboriginal race that was the most cowardly in the world, and never really checked the march of settlement. There was not a man-hunting wild beast in the whole country; it grew native pasture, on which stock throve splendidly, and needed no housing the year round. Thus the land as it stood was ready for settlement; the business of the Squatter was to bring his flocks and watch them while they obeyed the natural laws of increase. Opposition to their increase came to no marked extent either from man or brute: it was in facing the naked elements that the Squatter's fortitude was called for. A bush fire coming when grass was thick and dry might turn plenty to famine in a night, even if it did not—as happened



A BULLOCK TEAM

many a time—swallow the homestead as well, and turn the prosperous settler and his family of one day to destitute fugitives the next. And in a continent that was practically without waterways, and whose river-channels were dumb and dry for the greater part of the year, it was natural that drought should scourge the flocks like a pestilence. It was a commonplace in the history of squatting for a man to see the results of the work of all the best years of his life wither before his eyes while he looked on helpless. And, as the inevitable opposite of droughts, there were the floods, that with their terrible suddenness would sweep away half a struggling man's possessions in a night. The lesser worries of the Squatter's life were plentiful. Comfort-killing, sleep-destroying insects existed in singular profusion; flies and mosquitoes were a perpetual torment—life in the Bush, when a man was making a hand-to-hand fight of it with Nature at her rawest and roughest, was full of heavy cares and wearing trifles.

It is in the populating of this naked, rich, inhospitable waste with sheep and cattle that the first romance of Australian history lies. Since the beginning the land had lain as a blank page in the history of the world: within the span of a single century it holds a rich and thriving nation. The tale of its sudden rise is beautifully epitomized—its needs and destiny were given form and utterance—in the career of the first Australian-born great man, the Squatter statesman, Wentworth.

When Wentworth was born at Sydney, in 1793, Australia was an uncharted continent. A lad of twenty, he was one of the three white men—Blaxland and Lawson being the honored names of the other two—who first looked westward from the Blue Mountains. He came to England, did his term at the university, and returned, a man of large and liberal ideas, with ambition and the seed of statesmanship implanted in him. Such an attitude of mind brought him promptly to war with the then Governor Darling of New South Wales, and with many another of the successors of Darling. It is true that some of these early Governors did the colony stout service: they held lawlessness in check, drove roads into the interior, and even fostered settlement according to their lights. But their lights were dim: they were martinets, most of them; and though they might have been well in place on a quarter-deck or in a barrack square, the aspirations of a people that meant to be free were an offence in their eyes. Wentworth opened the war against them for free institutions, a liberal land policy, and colonial independence. In the forties the colony acquired a measure of representative government; in '56 its constitution as a self-governing colony was completed, and Wentworth was still the towering figure in Australia. Thus the century was barely half through and a native-born Australian had acted as pioneer, and had seen the country grow beneath his statesmanship from an empty continent with a con-



A SQUATTER AND HIS HOMESTEAD



A BUSH FIRE

vict station in one corner of it to a place inhabited by a free people with their destiny in their own hands. Wentworth had seen and done this, and was still young in vigor.

Wentworth showed that, from the nature of the country, the stock-raising industry was bound to be first, and all the rest nowhere: the class of men who had started, about the time he was born, as pastoral pirates without lease or title, had become—in spite of the crushing uncertainty of their lot and of heart-rending ups and downs—the mainstay of the country's industry, the local, untitled, landed aristocracy. The freedom and great prospects of squatting, in spite of its chances and changes, drew the best brains and blood of the country to itself. Wentworth naturally had a throw in this magnificent lottery: his strength and grasp in statecraft were turned to his private account in pastoral enterprise.

Wentworth made his biggest bid for great possessions, not in the theatre of his statecraft—Australia, where he nevertheless was a holder of squattages—but in the colony of New Zealand, then in its infancy. There he bought the whole of the Middle Island from the native chiefs —roughly half the size of Great Britain —and 200,000 acres in the North Island as well, for the sum of £400 down, and some small prospective annuities to be paid in future. A public that admired Wentworth the statesman ever so fervently could hardly see such a bargain clinched by Wentworth the Squatter. He was made to disgorge. The transaction does not harmonize with the reputation for public spirit that his political career has won for him, but it is typical of the part that squatting, the hunger for land and for pastoral exploitation, had come to play in the development of Australia. Though it goes in the teeth of all democratic principles, the Australian Squatter king was somehow crystallized out of free institutions.

Wentworth died in England in 1872. When he was a child, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were in all Australia six thousand sheep, a thousand cattle, and two hundred horses; when he died, there were about forty-five million sheep, four million cattle, and over half a million horses; since then the numbers of each have, roughly, doubled, and Australian wool, tallow, beef, mutton, hides, are used throughout the world. Thus



BUSHMAN AND PACK-HORSES

Wentworth, pioneer and patriarch, saw Australia rise from a land of desolation to be of account among the nations of the earth.

It was the gold discoveries of '51 that crowned the marvel of Australia's rise, but the ground-plan of the country's future was laid by the Squatters. But for them and their men, the gold would never have been heard of: they are the true forefathers of the race and its manner of living.

The flying surveys of the explorers served to indicate what was irreclaimable desert and where the pastoral areas lay; the Squatters — who also did a vast amount of unrecorded exploration on their own account—came always as the vanguard of the white men; cultivation and close settlement followed far behind. To the true-bred Squatter, agriculture was anathema; he landed on his estate on horseback, and with all his worldly goods on a single pack-horse, ran the lines of his territory roughly, posted back to the seat of government, and lodged his application. That received, an official survey made, and the run mapped out in blocks, the Squatter bought his stock and returned, marking his track to the frontier this time with the wheels of the bullock-wagon that held his stores and tools. If his battle with fortune went against him, he left the run as he had come, on horseback, perhaps to push farther out and try another throw; if he held on, the bullock-wagon one happy day made the down journey to the coast, loaded up with wool-bales. As reverses were survived and flocks multiplied, horse-teams followed in the first track of the bullocks; the single wheel-track became a beaten stock and trade route.

Along the line of march of pack-horse, bullock-dray, and horse-wagon, and followers of the primitive up-country trades, the Bush public—the inevitable shanty—soon rose to punctuate the stages from water to water, to slake—or rather, what with the quality of its liquor, and the sun-drenched, shadeless country, to inflame—the perennial thirst of man. Demand created supply, and the Bush publican rose up to furnish and fatten on it —unless, perchance, he caught the infection of his trade and customers and drank himself to death or destitution.

The Bushman's lordly and becoming manner of spending a holiday was the "knocking down" of the check that he had earned by the sweat of his brow.

Sport in the Bush is, as a rule, not plentiful, but, like the revelry, it is apt

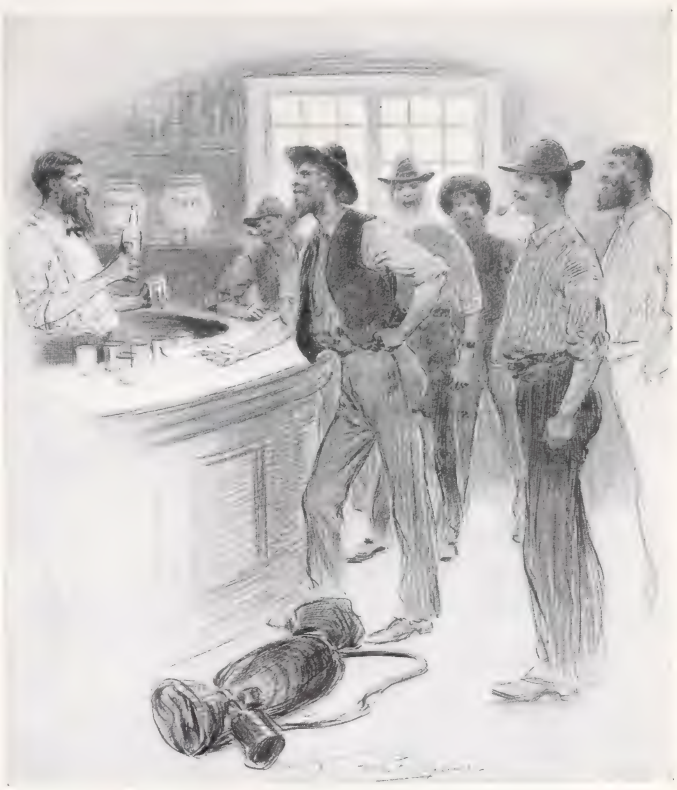
in certain forms to be rousing to the point of frenzy. The fiercest sport of all was, again like the drunkenness, imported, since it arose in connection with the management—or want of management, rather—of the imported live-stock. The first batch of cattle ever landed in New South Wales ran loose, took to the Bush, and became, technically, "scrubbers"; and in the efforts of the first settlers to round them up again there was foreshadowed the "moonlighting," the scrub-riding after wild cattle of later times, that contributed as much as anything to make the Australian horseman as good a rider as the world has ever seen. Strictly, the chivvying of scrubbers is a branch of stock-riding, but in its dangers and delights it so far transcends the routine work of the stockman that no true son of the Bush could call it anything but sport, and that of the finest and fiercest. It is to the normal business of stock-riding (though even that called for stout hearts to follow it) what the work of the race-rider is to that of the stableman. Gordon, the one Bushman's poet, sang:

'Twas merry in the glowing morn,
Amid the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile;
To blow the cool tobacco cloud, and see
the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

'Twas merry in the black woods,
When we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard
With a running fire of stock-whips and a
fiery run of hoofs.
Ah, the hardest day was never then too hard.

It is all there—the breadth and long-enduring silence of the naked wilds, and the momentary, blood-thrilling rush and trampling that are akin to war.

The equine complement of the scrub-ber was the "brumby," or wild horse. When stations were unfenced and lightly manned, horses would stray so far and remain so long without the discipline of whips and yarding-up that the taste of his aboriginal forest freedom was apt to lead the enterprising young stallion to found an autocracy of his own, by driving off a selected party of brood-mares and becoming the founder of a race of brumbies. Where the nature of the country favored the brumby, he has often become so plentiful as to incite rebellious and nomadic ideas in the minds of reputable station horses, and has had to be thinned out or exterminated by shooting. Sometimes brumbies are run into yards by sundry daring and ingenious devices, backed up by the hardest of hard riding. This also has gone far to make the Bush rider what he is. To tear headlong through pathless, close-set, low-branching scrub, while at the same time shaping one's course by the sun overhead in a true line for the yard that is miles



"KNOCKING DOWN" HIS CHECK

away, and wheeling or guiding, ever so gently, the flank or the head of the streaming, crashing column of brumbies —that is among the great deeds in horsemanship of all times and countries. The brumby, *sang pur*, once yarded, however —and alas for boyhood's fond delusions! —was not worth the great efforts he inspired. Inbreeding, and the lack of that control that all civilized and domesticated creatures need for their good health and conduct, robbed the wild horse of his mettle, and left him a weedy, slab-sided mongrel. The most cutting thing you can say of a man's mount is to imply that he is a brumby. "Call *that* an 'orse? Got a pedigree, has he? Oh yes; got by *Hard Ridin'* out of *The Scrub*. That's *his* pedigree!"

The nearest thing to indigenous Australian sport is kangaroo-hunting. With a good horse under you, and a pair of kangaroo-dogs—that is, greyhounds of great size, ferocity, and power—at heel, you may do a piece of hunting that is hard to beat, and that, apart from the risk of spills and broken bones, is not without its thrill of danger. An "old man" kangaroo, when he has had his run for liberty and stands at bay, may measure seven foot six from toe to scalp, and must oftentimes be finished on foot with a bludgeon. Sometimes there is death in his embrace. If he has gripped you firmly in his short fore legs, and the blow of the long, claw-pointed hind leg goes home as he means it from his tremendous haunch, then the end for you is disembowelment.



BUSH-RANGER WAITING TO "BAIL UP"

For the Bush gunner it is either feast or famine. Within restricted areas waterfowl are teemingly plentiful; and at certain seasons, or when after rains the grass is fresh and green, there are the stately wild turkeys, multitudes of assorted pigeons, and, less frequently, quail, snipe, and sundry quick-flyers that put the gunner on his mettle. But water surfaces are relatively small, and the immeasurable open spaces of the interior are seldom green, and long given over to the sun and arid silence. A sportsman's instinct in the way of shooting is wont to wither for lack of nourishment, or to be exercised in killing merely for the sake of the larder, in revolt against the eternal mutton and salt junk.

One form of Bush shooting there is that has kept its fascination strangely—seeing that the quarry is shot sitting and is practically

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THE "MOONING" OF 'POSSUMS

useless—and that is the "mooning" of 'possums. No doubt it is the weirdness of the occupation that has maintained its popularity. The Bush by day is frightful and desolate; by night, under the white moon, in the dewless Austral night, it stands the symbol of eternity and utter silence. Then, to move by stealth, and with the moon for silver lamp to thread the traceries of the huge, white-armed eucalyptians overhead till the eye is caught upon a little, frosted, furry knob that signifies a crouching 'possum; to fire, rending the stillness, and see the scarlet flame at the gun muzzle and hear the thud of the murdered 'possum—there is an unholy thrill about it that endures.

The sport of the Squatter capitalist and king is horse-racing. This sport has struck so deeply, both for good and ill, in the new race that is growing up in Australia that any passing mention of it would be futile; and it belongs, moreover, not to the humbler and more primitive paths of Squatter life with which we have been dealing, but to the life of the Squatter legislator, clubman, and absentee—with the larger modern life of the commonwealth, that would take a chapter by itself.



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN AT 22

Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

PART IV

THE troubles of Massachusetts did not end with the death of King Philip and the extermination of the hostile tribes. That very year of blood and terror, 1676, on the contrary, saw an old danger renewed. Mr. Edward Randolph arrived out of England commissioned to command the authorities of the colony to send agents over sea to answer for their assumption of power over the settlements to the north, beyond the bounds set by their charter, and in despite of the rights of those who were the legal proprietors there. It was the beginning of a very serious matter. She was to be brought to book at last for her too great independence, and her acts as if of sov-



New York City Hall And Docks, 1679

ereignty over the settlements about her. Poor as she was, after her awful struggle with the redskins, she hastened to buy out the rights of those who claimed proprietorship in Maine and New Hampshire (1677) for twelve hundred and fifty pounds sterling; but that only angered the wilful king the more and hastened graver difficulties. She was charged with illegally coining money, with persistently violating the Navigation Acts and trading as she pleased, with exercising whatever powers of government she desired without stopping to find them first granted to her in her charter; and there was little defence she could make in face of the plain facts. Again and again she sent capable agents to England to excuse her acts and justify them; but they made little impression upon the Privy Council or on the king's officers, and she was obliged in mere prudence to receive Mr. Randolph as the collector of customs, and speak submissively of the king's power.

At last there was an action of *quo warranto* against her (1683), and then a writ issued against her in the Court of Chancery, and in the end an adverse judgment (October 23, 1684), which declared her charter forfeited and her government returned to the crown. It was a bitter thing, but there turned out to be no escape from enduring it.

The same year, 1684, Virginia returned to her normal government again, as a royal province, and not the property of Lord Culpeper. The improvident king had not stopped with granting to Lords Arlington and Culpeper, in 1673, "all the dominion of land and water called Virginia," and the quit-rents due from all the lands already occupied there; he had gone farther, and in 1675 had appointed Lord Culpeper governor of the colony for life. Lord Culpeper had bought out the rights of Lord Arlington, his coproprietor, and seemed commissioned now to be Virginia's sovereign master. But his career both as owner and as governor stopped very far short of the term of his life. By 1684 the king had withdrawn his commission and bought off his rights, leaving him a proprietary title over only the "Northern Neck" of Virginia—the great peninsula that ran back to the mountains between the Potomac and the Rappahannock rivers; and the colony was again directly subject to the crown.



New York In 1673

Lord Culpeper was little in his province even while his term as governor lasted. Sir Henry Chicheley was generally to be found acting in his stead,—a real Virginian, whom all esteemed, a man of honor and of parts, a resident in the colony these twenty-five years, and for long either burgess or councillor, a neighbor and friend of the men he ruled as deputy to his lordship. Culpeper wished to be popular, and courted the good-will of the colonists as he could; but a man without morals could not govern, and a man who would not stick at governing could not please the king, and his downfall was inevitable.

It was in the bad times of his rule that a new disorder fell upon the colony. In 1679 and 1680 the crops of tobacco were immense: there was more, much more, than could be sold, and its value fell so much that it was worth little or nothing to make purchases with,—and yet it was the colony's chief currency. The assembly wished to stop or limit the planting of tobacco for a little, by statute; but the king, through the governor, forbade the restriction; and there suddenly broke forth a new sort of rebellion. In 1682 mobs of excited people swarmed upon plantation after plantation, destroying the growing crops of tobacco, until what would have filled ten thousand hogsheads had been cut up as it grew, and two hundred plantations had been laid waste within a single county. The armed forces of the colony stopped the riotous, lawless work at last; three of the ringleaders were tried and hanged, and order was restored; but it was made evident once again to what a temper things could be brought in Virginia when her people were not allowed to regulate their own affairs by orderly course of law; and the king's disgust with the rule of Lord Culpeper was not a little heightened.

Government by proprietors did not seem to go anywhere very well. They were always slow to see how uncommon a sort of property a colony was,—and that the high-spirited men who undertook to settle in colonies, like Englishmen everywhere, must be governed, if governed at all, under a free system which took note of their real circumstances and had their assent. Carolina furnished an example. There were, in fact, two Carolinas. For a little while there had been a struggling settlement on the Cape Fear River (1664-1667), but since that had been abandoned there was nothing but unbroken wilderness through all the long reaches of silent forest which lay between

the Albemarle country and the settlement at Charleston,—full two hundred and sixty miles as the crow flies. There could not well be one government for both, except in name; and it was difficult to tell which was the harder to govern. For almost a whole generation (1669-1698) the proprietors tried to force their Fundamental Constitutions upon the settlements, but made no progress whatever in the matter. Not the original proprietors: the list of Carolina's owners was constantly changing. Some wearied of the business and sold their shares in it, some became bankrupt, some died. And governors changed more rapidly even than proprietors, — no governor finding his seat very easy or being able to please both his masters in England and the colonists in Carolina.

The Albemarle settlers, whose region presently came to be called "North" Carolina, were, on the whole, the more indulged. They endured many things, it is true, of many governors, — even to open robbery at the hands of one Seth Sothel, who bought the Earl of Clarendon's interest in the colony and came among them to rule as proprietor and get what he could out of his purchase on the spot. But they drove him from the colony in 1689, after putting up with his intolerable insolence and greed for five years with more than their ordinary patience. They made their temper pretty clearly understood at last, and were suffered to go their own way in most things, with only enough interference and enough demands for quit-rents to keep them uncomfortably in mind of the proprietors. The settlements about the broad sound slowly filled, and were not a little steadied in their ways of life by a constant increase in the number of Quakers amongst them. French protestants came also, and made settlements of their own a little farther to the southward, in Pamlico and on the Neuse and Trent. Swiss and Germans founded a little hamlet at New Berne. But the rich heart of the fertile country within was still untouched. There were barely five thousand people there in the year 1700, after forty years of growth. The proprietors had little to show for their ambitious efforts at colony-building.

There was more to be seen at the other, far-away settlements in "South" Carolina,—a town, at any rate, and a safe port of entry, such as there was not anywhere upon the northern sounds. Charleston had been removed in 1680 from its first site to a fine point of land which lay opposite, where the Ashley and Cooper rivers joined to make a spacious harbor before passing to the sea. The removal had proved a mere stage in its growth. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, Frenchmen, Germans, sought the new colony out and made their several contributions to its founding. But the proprietors reaped little benefit. The English and Scottish colonists were not easy men to deal with when governors put the interests of the proprietors before the inter-



Old Houses, New York City, 1679.



Penn's First Residence In America
(Letitia Cottage)

ests of the colony, or insisted, as they were bidden to insist, upon the enforcement of the impossible Fundamental Constitutions. Moreover, there were troubles peculiar to the place. The Spanish were close at hand at St. Augustine, watching their chance to attack and destroy the settlements. The colonists invited danger of still another kind by seizing Indians for slaves, and so exasperating the redskins. The English-speaking colonists did not wish to admit the Frenchmen who came amongst them to the full privileges upon which they insisted for themselves; but they were very keen for their own rights, and understood very well to what they were entitled under the charter to the proprietors. Governors lived no more comfortably among them than among the people of North Carolina. There were twenty-five hundred settlers in the colony by the time the new Charleston at the confluence of the rivers was six years old (1686), and seven thousand by the time the century was out (1700); but the more numerous they grew, the more steadfastly did they insist upon governing themselves.

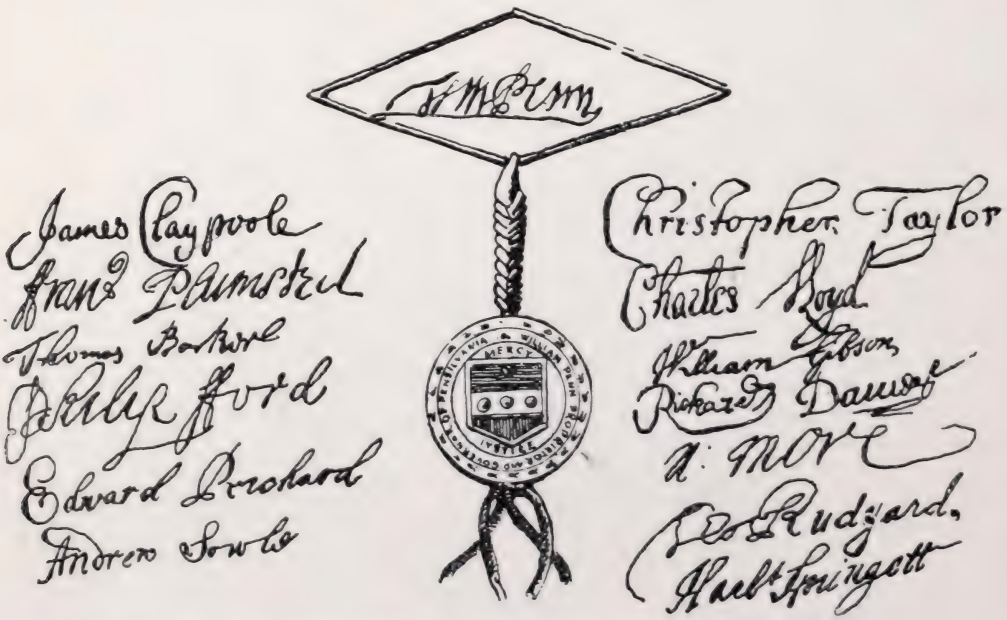


The Penn Arms

Proprietary government was proving quite as difficult, meanwhile, in New Jersey; but the monotony of failure had been broken there by the sudden reentry of the Dutch upon the scene. England and France had joined in war against Holland in 1672, and a hostile Dutch fleet presently found its way to the coasts of America. It first preyed upon the commerce of Virginia and Maryland in the south, and then, standing to the northward, entered the familiar harbor at New York, and took possession as easily as Colonel Nicolls had taken possession nine years before. From August, 1673, to November, 1674, the Dutch were masters in their old seats; there was no New York, no New Jersey; all alike was New Netherland once more. In 1674 the war ended, and England regained her provinces by the treaty of peace (Treaty of Westminster, February 9, 1674).

But the withdrawal of the Dutch did not put the affairs of the English back at the point at which they had been broken off by the conquest. Philip Carteret again became governor in New Jersey, for Sir George Carteret, the proprietor; and for a little his task

seemed easier than it had been before the Dutch came. The chief English towns of the province had stubbornly resisted his authority until the very eve of the coming of the Dutch men-of-war, though he had been steadfast and had not ceased to rule in such matters as he could, or to press the interests and the powers of the proprietor. At last documents had come out of England which conclusively put an end to the claim of the uneasy colonists that they had a right to act independently of the proprietor; but they had hardly reached Carteret before the Dutch fleet came in; and when the Dutch were gone again there were new difficulties to face, because Edmund Andros, that stirring major of dragoons, was governor of New York. King Charles made a new grant of New York to his brother the Duke of York in 1674, to cure any doubt the Dutch occupation might be thought to have put upon his title; and the duke promptly granted East New Jersey over again to Sir George Carteret; but his grace also sent Edmund Andros out to be his deputy in the government of New York "and its dependencies"; and Andros acted almost as if he had been bidden annul the right of Sir George's governor to govern. The New Jersey towns had received their governor back with a sort of satisfaction, having been gladdened by seeing the Dutch go; but Andros saw to it that they should get as little comfort out of the resumption of their separate government as possible. He was a bluff soldier, as honest as he was direct and determined,—not a man to originate a policy of his own, but sure to do what he understood he was commanded to do very absolutely, without tact or scruple or hesitation, with the rough energy of a man who was no politician, but only a soldier. At first he contented himself with collecting customs duties at the New Jersey ports as well as at New York for the duke's revenues; but when Sir George Carteret died, in January, 1680, he went further. He challenged Philip Carteret's authority outright, accused him of acting without legal warrant within the Duke of York's patent, "to the great disturbance of his majesty's subjects," and, when he would not yield, seized him, deposed him from his government by force, and himself assumed the authority of governor in the New Jersey towns. The next year, 1681, saw Carteret upheld and reinstated and Andros rebuked by official letters out of England, and the discredited soldier went home to give his account of the extraordinary affair. East Jersey was to have quiet again for a little under new proprietors.



Seal And Signatures Of The Pennsylvania Frame Of Government

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Since the Dutch occupation there had been no single proprietary province of New Jersey, but two provinces, of East and West Jersey. Lord Berkeley, Sir George Carteret's associate in the original grant, had sold his interest in the province early in 1673, before the Dutch came, and when the Dutch were gone again Sir George Carteret's grant had been renewed, not for the whole of New Jersey, but only for "East" Jersey. "West" Jersey passed into the hands of those who bought out Lord Berkeley's interest in the original gift. It included all the southwestern portion of the province, between the Delaware River where it runs to the southward and the broad bay below, on the one hand, and the sea on the other, together with a narrow strip along the upper reaches of the river, almost to the northernmost bounds of the original grant. East Jersey passed, after Sir George Carteret's death, to a numerous company of proprietors, by purchase (1681),—men of all "religions, professions, and characters." Some were high prerogative men, likely to be of any king's party; some were dissenters, some papists, some Quakers. The governors whom they sent out were not likely to push any one interest or opinion or scheme of authority, and their province fell upon quieter days, when governors and colonists could generally agree and live in peace together.

West Jersey seemed sometimes, to outsiders, a place with no government at all. It, too, had numerous proprietors, whose shares were constantly changing hands, to the confusion both of questions of ownership and of questions of government and authority. But there was, in fact, a quiet growth of prosperous settlements, nevertheless. The several hamlets planted within the little province were established by people abundantly able to take care of themselves, and local government went peacefully on, whether there was any definite government fixed for the colony as a whole or not. Moreover, there was presently a very well ordered government for the province, under a popular assembly to which the proprietors accorded powers very freely, and which they let their governors heed and obey in a way that other colonies might very well have envied.

Both provinces prospered. Many settlers preferred the Jerseys to New York. There was less taxation there, and less interference with merchants' dealings. The currency was kept freer from sudden changes of value than elsewhere. In West Jersey the laws for the punishment and suppression of crime were singularly humane and just. A wilderness lay between the towns near New York and in the Monmouth grant and the towns upon the Delaware, and it was not easy to pass from the one region to the other except by sea; but settlers poured in very steadily to the parts that were open, from New England and Long Island especially, as well as from over sea. Saw-mills and iron-mills were set up; tar, pitch, and turpentine were shipped in paying quantities from the pine forests; whales, caught upon the very coasts, yielded rich supplies of oil and whalebone; and the Jerseys made ready to be as forward as any other colony in growth and self-support.

The democratic government of West Jersey, the humane clemency of the laws, the full freedom of religious belief allowed to all comers, and all the features of liberality and tolerance which drew settlers to the Delaware were due in no small degree to the presence of influential Quakers among its proprietors. Among the rest was William Penn, a man at whose hands schemes of proprietorship in America were to receive a new dignity, and a touch almost of romance. He was but thirty-one when he bought a share in the province of West Jersey (1675). He had been born in 1644, the year Mr. Ingle turned pirate and governor in Maryland,—two years after Sir William Berkeley came out to be governor in Virginia. That was also the year in which Mr. George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, first began, a lad of twenty, to preach a new way of life. He preached no new creed, but only simplicity and purity of life, the direct gift of a guiding light from Heaven, without intermediation of priest or church or learned dogma, the independence of every man's conscience, and his freedom from the authority of men in everything that concerned the life of the spirit. His words made men's hearts burn within them, and he quickly kindled a fire which no man could put out or check. William

Penn had become his follower at twenty-four, taken captive almost upon a first hearing by the new and generous way of thought which so gently bade men better their lives.

Penn was singularly unlike the plain, unlettered people who had been the first to hear Mr. Fox with gladness, and live as he counselled. He was son to Sir William Penn, whom all the world knew as admiral in the royal navy, a great career behind him, a favorite with the king for the service he had done him when he was restored,—half man of the world, half bluff sailor, a man of fortune, and of a direct and ready fashion of making his own way, no lover of newfangled notions or young men's whims; and his son had so handsome a person, so gallant a manner, so manifest a charm in what he said and did, that Sir William's head was filled with dreams of what he should become,—dreams of preferment and a notable career in affairs. It astounded and angered him mightily that the boy should turn Quaker and give up everything for a set of foolish preachers. But it half pleased the old man, after all, when his first choler was passed, to see how steadfast his son was. It half amused him to recognize his own wilfulness turned to such a use. He forgave the strange lad, like the frank sailor he was, and helped him to succeed in another way.



Sir Edmond Andros

And so it turned out that West Jersey was bought,—so far as Mr. Penn and those who thought with him among the new proprietors were concerned,—to be a refuge and place of peace for the Quakers. It was the Quakers who principally crowded into the new province and gave it its prosperity and its sober way in affairs. But Mr. Penn's plans widened as his thought became engrossed in this great matter. A mere share in the ownership of West Jersey did not satisfy him. He determined to have a province of his own, a Quaker colony upon a great scale. The outcome of that purpose was the founding of Pennsylvania, whose orderly government and quick prosperity seem like the incidents of an idyl amidst the confused story of colonial affairs in that day of change. Sir William Penn had died in 1670, and had left to his son, among other items of an ample fortune, a claim for sixteen thousand pounds against the crown. The young Quaker asked for a grant of land in America in satisfaction of the claim, and the king readily enough consented, glad to please an old friend's son and be quit of an obligation so easily. Penn asked for and obtained the land "lying north of Maryland, on the east bounded with Delaware River, on the west limited as Maryland is, and northward to extend as far as plantable" into the unclaimed Indian country; and the king pleased his own fancy by calling the grant "Pennsylvania," in honor of the old admiral whose claim against the crown he was thus paying off. The grant was dated March 4, 1681.

There was a charming frankness and nobility in the spirit in which the young

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proprietor set out upon his great enterprise. He admitted "that government was a business he had never undertaken," but he promptly assured those who were already settled in his province that they should be "at the mercy of no governor who comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making," he promised, "and live a free and, if you will, a sober and industrious people." "For the matter of liberty and privilege," he said, "I propose that which is extraordinary, and to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief,—that the will of one may not hinder the good of a whole country." His wish was to honor God and the principles of the despised sect in whose service he had embarked his faith and his fortune. "The nations want a precedent," he said; and it was his hope to give it them as boldly and wisely as possible. It was his belief, as it was the belief of the great Edmund Burke, who a hundred years afterwards upheld these same colonies in their resistance to the crown, "that any government is free to the people under it (whatever be the frame) where the laws rule and the people are a party to those laws." He meant that his colonists should have such freedom as his gift, and at the very beginning of their government.



Seal Of Massachusetts Province

There were, when he set up his gentle rule, scarcely five hundred white men, all told, settled within the territory Charles had given him: a few tiny Swedish hamlets, a few Quaker families who had crossed the river from West Jersey, stragglers here and there, looking for good lands. There was something of a village at Upland (whose name Mr. Penn was presently to change to Chester), on the river, where the authority of the new proprietor was first proclaimed and his liberal plan of government made known in September, 1681; but the real creation of the colony was to follow, when colonists began to pour in under the new arrangement. In August, 1682, Mr. Penn added to his first grant from the king the lands lying about New Castle and below, by purchase from the Duke of York, to whom they had passed with the rest of New Netherland when the Dutch were ousted; and a few hundred more were thereby added to the number of his colonists, Dutch as well as Swedes, and a few score scattered groups of lonely settlers. Then, that same month of August, 1682, Mr. Penn himself set sail for his province, with a goodly company of Quakers, to begin the real planting of the new region. He reached the colony in October; and during that autumn and the winter which followed (1682-3) no less than twenty-three ships came into the Delaware bringing immigrants, to be followed presently by other ships seeking trade.

Within but a little more than a single year of his coming, Mr. Penn could boast, "I have led the greatest colony into America that ever any man did upon a private credit, and the most prosperous beginnings that ever were in it are to be found among us." By 1685 there were more than seven thousand settlers there. Englishmen predominated among them, but almost one-half the number were of



Massachusetts Coinage

other nationalities, — French, Dutch, Swedes, Germans, Finns, Scots-Irishmen, whoever would come, men of all creeds and kinds, who had sought out the free place and had been accorded an ungrudging welcome. A company of Welsh Quakers arrived before the proprietor himself (August, 1682), and settled upon a tract apart, which it had been agreed beforehand they should have. The next year came a little colony of Germans to obtain like privileges upon a grant of their own, and to make ready for others of their race, a great many, who were to follow. And so company followed company, now of one nationality and again of another, bringing what creed and what peaceful practices of self-government they pleased, to be received and given grants of land without question. Quakers for a while predominated, as Mr. Penn had wished. The German settlers were most of them Mennonites, whose creed and way of simple living were very like those Mr. Fox had preached. And where there were Quakers, government was apt to be a very simple matter. Few officers were needed in their hamlets, and for a while no courts at all. They settled their common affairs not only, but the quarrels, differences, and difficulties of their members also, very quietly in their own stated meetings, and seemed to know the secret of enforcing good temper as well as orderly conduct in a way very honorable to their principles.



The Province House, Residence Of The Royal Governors Of Massachusetts

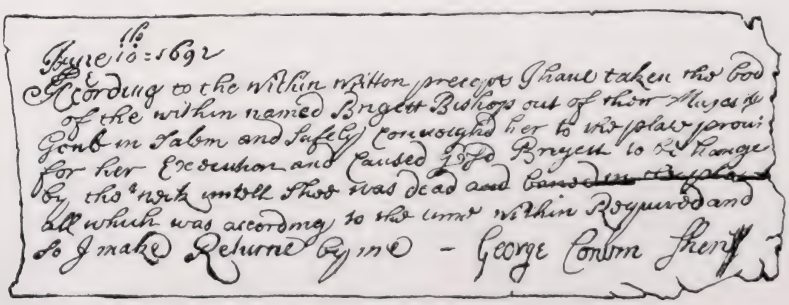
The chief town of the province was established at the confluence of the two fine rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, and Mr. Penn named it Philadelphia, wishing it to be a place of peace and good-will. At first those who were to build there lived in caves cut out of the bluffs which lined the river; but they were quick at substituting good houses. By the end of the year 1683 there were no less than one hundred and fifty dwellings built,—frail and cheap enough, no doubt, but sufficient until stone and brick could be had, and time enough to build with them. That was not very long. The sober, substantial, yeomanlike folk who came into the colony preferred, whenever it was possible, to build of good, lasting stuff, and to build solidly and well. Before Mr. Penn sailed for home, in 1684, there were already three hundred and fifty houses erected, some of them several stories high, built with cellars and decorated with balconies. Outside the central town, with its busy two thousand colonists, there were quite fifty hamlets in the thriving province.

Government did not go quite so easily after Mr. Penn returned to England. He left men behind who wished to have their own way, and whom no authority less than his own could restrain. "For the love of God, me, and the poor country," he wrote them, "be not so *governmentish*, so uneasy and open in your dissatisfaction." But, though the growth and prosperity of the colony were a little retarded by the bickerings of those left in control, there was, after all, less turbulence in the sober colony than Pennsylvania's neighbor settlements had made shift to put up with and survive. The government was liberal in all things, and very simple in its make-up,—upon the familiar model of deputy-governor, council, and assembly. The courts did not attempt the elaborate procedure of the courts at home. There were not lawyers enough in the colony for that, and no one was very anxious to see more of them there. A very simple method of trial sufficed for simple causes, with or without juries as the parties to the suit might
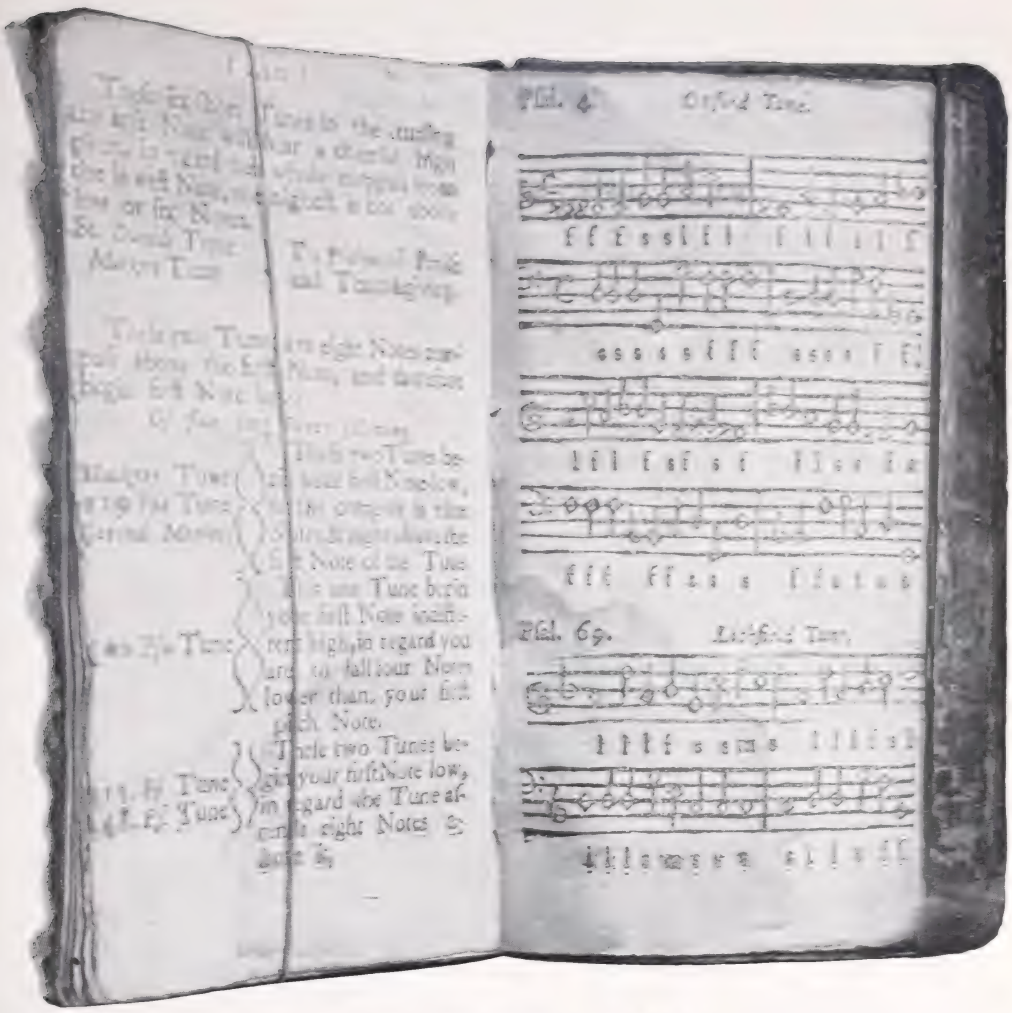
agree; and the Quakers at their periodical meetings saw to it that as few of their own people should resort to the courts as possible. That various population was of course too spirited not to give its rulers trouble; but it went on to prosper very well, and to make its way in the world in a fashion so orderly that its neighbors might well have been envious.

For one thing, it kept peace with the Indians as its neighbors could not. The Quakers everywhere seemed to win the confidence of the red men upon the instant, as Roger Williams had won it, whose doctrines and principles of life were so like their own. They won it by loving justice and keeping faith, and Mr. Penn set them an example which neither they nor any other men who heard of it were likely to forget. He scrupulously purchased the land he occupied of its native owners. He hoped for their speedy civilization, and stipulated in the contracts which he made with those who in turn purchased from him that the Indians should have "the same liberties to improve their grounds and provide for the sustenance of their families as the planters" who were established there. There was something that took hold of men's imaginations in the sober conference he held with the Indians, as if with the leaders of an equal race, at Shackamaxon, June 23, 1683, and in the terms of the free treaty then entered into. Peace between the white men and the red in Pennsylvania rested always upon the firm foundations of mutual confidence which were laid that day. It was a peace whose guarantee was good-will and friendliness. It was a colony of rigorous laws. "Profanity, drunkenness, the drinking of healths, duelling, stage plays, masques, revels, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, cards, dice, and lotteries were all prohibited," and women might be fined for clamorous scolding, quite as in puritan New England. But it was a more kindly rigor, as the Indians perceived. The New Englanders had sought to be just with the red men; but the Quakers sought to add a gentle kindliness to justice, and their peace was more lasting than that of the English in the north.

The next year after Mr. Penn's meeting with the Indians at Shackamaxon saw an even more important treaty concluded with the Indians in the north. This was the treaty made with the great Iroquois confederacy at Albany, on the 2d of August, 1684, to secure the frontiers of the English alike against the red men and against the French. The tribes of that memorable confederacy were the most capable and formidable anywhere to be found upon the Eastern stretches of the continent. Their power extended from the lakes to the borders of the Carolina grant. The Dutch in New Netherland had early won their friendship,—the French in Canada their bitter enmity. With the fire-arms the Dutch had sold them they had made themselves masters in all the Indian country north and south, and had brought their power to such a pitch that no settlement of the white man was safe without their good-will. The French had long ago sent missionaries amongst them, to speak to them both of the true God and of the sacred authority of his majesty their king in France, and had used, through these, every argument of interest and every threat of power to bring them to an alliance; but the shrewd sachems who were their statesmen had stood out unchangingly against their advances, and


June the 10th 1692
According to the within written precept I have taken the body of the within named Bridget Bishop out of the Mayes & Gone in Salem and safely conveyed her to the place provided for her Execution and caused the Precept to be Returned by the High Constable who was dead and buried before all which was according to the time within Required and so I make Return Pr me - George Corwin Sheriff

Fac-Simile Of Sheriff's Return—Execution Of A Witch



Pages From The Bay State Psalm-Book

had held fast to the English, seeing very clearly in their calm counsels, as they sat apart, how much greater the power of the white men grew in the south than in the north. The English governors of New York were as quick as the Dutch rulers of New Netherland had been to see the priceless value of this protecting friendship of the border, and of the great trade in furs of which it made Albany the mart and centre. They saw how it would serve them when it should come to the final rivalry between French and English for the possession of the interior of the continent; and they held the French off by a very close alliance with the masters of the forests.

Governor Andros, being a soldier and man of affairs, had seen to this critical matter in person, going himself to the stronghold of the Mohawks and establishing a permanent board of Indian commissioners to keep warm the alliance with the powerful confederacy which the Mohawks represented. He was as efficient in the proper affairs of his own province of New York as he was arbitrary in pushing for authority beyond its borders in the Jerseys. And Colonel Thomas Dongan, whom the Duke of York selected to succeed him in the government of the colony, was no less watchful and competent. Had his grace known as well how to choose servants and counsellors in England, he had fared better, and might have kept his throne when he came to it. Colonel Dongan was a soldier and an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and had served in the armies of France,—no good school for an English governor,—and yet he

proved himself a wise ruler in a colony in which the duke, his master, saw fit to permit liberty of conscience and to observe a very liberal policy in affairs. Colonel Nicolls had established a singular government in New York at the very outset, nineteen years ago. There was nobody in all its organization to represent the colonists. Its officers were appointed; its decrees were absolute. But its decrees were also liberal and just, made in the interest of the colony as well as in the interest of the duke. Andros had been knighted for his services there, and was Sir Edmund when he went home in 1681 to explain his quarrel with Philip Carteret; and no wonder, for he had done a notable thing. He had strictly enforced the laws of trade, admitting no vessel to discharge her cargo at the great bay where his government was which had not paid duties as if in England, as the statutes commanded; and, instead of breeding rebellion by what he did, had linked New York to the home ports in England by a direct trade across sea, which every year grew greater, and which steadily tended to make his province the chief home in all America of loyalty and cordial feeling for the mother country, a chief port of entry for English ideas and English sympathies.

Colonel Dongan did no less for the duke's authority, but in another way. In his treaty with the Indians, that notable treaty of August, 1684, he did no more than confirm the policy of Sir Edmund and the Dutch. What made the treaty so impressive an event was the presence and co-operation of Lord Howard of Effingham, now governor of Virginia. It was an agreement establishing not merely the safety of the borders of New York, but also the claim of the English to a sort of sovereignty and overlordship over all the great stretches of the continent south and southwest of Lake Ontario. It concerned Virginia no less than it concerned New York; and the redskins regarded it the more because of the presence of the ruler of the English in far-away Virginia, as well as of the duke's governor in New York.

But Colonel Dongan had been instructed to play a very different rôle in the internal government of his province from that which Andros had played. Despite the very liberal measures adopted and the sound public spirit shown by the duke's governors hitherto, it was not in English nature to be satisfied for twenty years together without such an assembly to speak and act for the people as every other colony had, north and south. Emphatic protests and a strong appeal crossed the sea close upon the heels of Sir Edmund Andros in 1681,—speaking not so much discontent with the duke's governor as a firm and rooted objection to the form of government, which the colony now seemed entitled to say that it had outgrown; and the duke thought it wise to yield. Colonel Dongan came, in August, 1683, instructed to appoint a council and call an assembly; and by October New York had a government like that of her neighbor colonies. No tax or imposition was to be laid or law made except by act of assembly, — and that looked like privilege enough.

And then of a sudden the political sky changed, because in February, 1685, Charles II. died, and the duke reigned in his stead, as James II., — a man whom all the world knew to be a Roman Catholic, and presently discovered to be a tyrant, the more intolerable for his solemn bigotry. The same year Louis XIV., king in France, revoked the great Edict of Nantes, forbade the protestants their worship in his kingdom, and so drove fifty thousand of the best people of France,—soldiers, men of letters, craftsmen, artificers, — forth from the land they had enriched, to make Holland, England, Brandenburg, and America so much the better off for their skill and thrifty industry. By spring-time Monmouth and Argyle were in the field, and England saw rebellion lift its head again, both in Scotland and in the south. It was an ominous beginning for the sullen king; and the colonies were to get their share of the change which his reign brought to Englishmen everywhere.

It was a brief reign enough. James ran his course of tyranny with a sort of bitter haste, and had finished the mad business before the fourth year of his rule was ended. The first year (1685) saw the brutal Jeffreys ride his bloody circuit through Somerset and Dorset, to hang, scourge, or behead those who had incurred suspicion of sympathy, were it

never so remote or slight, with Monmouth's rising. More than eight hundred persons were sold into slavery over sea; three hundred and fifty said to be rebels were hanged; women were scourged from market-town to market-town, sent to the block, or burned; and all England stood horror-stricken to see the king's revenge and bitter hate. The next year saw him openly bent upon freeing the Romish Church by his own authority from all restraint of law. Statutes he set aside by the use of what he said was the crown's prerogative. He declared all creeds free, but forbade the ministers of the established Church to preach its protestant doctrine. Bishops who would not yield to his will he haled before the courts; and, lest the ordinary courts should prove disobedient, he set up a special Court of Ecclesiastical Commission, to do what he should bid in churchly discipline. He maintained a standing army without the consent or vote of Parliament, and levied taxes without its authorization. He was as subservient to France as to the Church of Rome, and admitted no one to his counsels who would not accept his creed and do his bidding.

It was strange the nation held its hand so long; and yet the end came swiftly enough. By midsummer, 1688, those who were ready to risk their lives and fortunes for England's constitution had urgently prayed William, Prince of Orange, to come into England, put James from his throne, and save their liberties. William was husband to Mary, James's daughter; was a protestant, a statesman, and a man of honor. He came with an army at his back; but it was not necessary to conquer England. She knew her straits and was ready and glad to receive him. James miserably fled; the Parliament accepted his flight as a voluntary abdication; and the throne went by act of Parliament to William and Mary. Thus was accomplished what men who loved the ancient liberties of England were afterwards to call "the glorious Revolution of 1688." No king should henceforth pretend to any right to rule without consent of Parliament, or in despite of the liberties of the nation which had executed Charles, ousted James, and established the throne as suited its sense of justice and its own security. The momentous thing was over and complete by February, 1689; and it was then just four years since Charles the Second died.

For the northern colonies in America those four years meant a memorable change of government, as ill to live under, almost, as the tyranny in England. For a little while after the loss of her charter in 1684 affairs moved on smoothly and without serious incident in Massachusetts, though half-heartedly enough, it was plain, under a provisional government, waiting to see what the crown would do. The death of King Charles delayed a settlement; but James, when he came to the throne, very promptly showed what he meant to do. He resolved to put Massachusetts and the colonies lying immediately about her into the hands of a royal governor and an appointed council, without an assembly or any other arrangement for a participation of the people in the management of their affairs. At first (May, 1686) he named Joseph Dudley "President of the Council for Massachusetts Bay, New Hampshire, and Maine, and the Narragansett country, or King's Province," but gave him no authority to alter law or impose taxes. But that was only a temporary arrangement. The real change came with the arrival of Sir Edmund Andros, in December, 1686, to be "Governor-General and Vice-Admiral"; and Plymouth was added to his government.

Joseph Dudley had been unwelcome enough. It was a bitter thing for the people of Massachusetts to have this man, whom they deemed a traitor, nothing less, set over them. He was the son of Thomas Dudley, the stern puritan of their day of first exile and settlement, who had been second to great Winthrop in the founding of the colony. And now Thomas Dudley's son, once their agent in London to defend their charter, had consented to serve the crown in the overthrow of their liberties. But Andros was worse. Dudley was at least timid and time-serving and doubtful of his power; but Sir Edmund came with instructions and with a temper of command which no one could mistake. He meant no rank injustice, indeed, but he was no statesman, knew only the rough way of the soldier in

carrying out his instructions, and had very definite and unpalatable instructions to carry out. He was bidden appoint persons of the best character and estate to his council, and to disturb the existing law of the colonies as little as possible; but he was also commanded to allow no printing-press within his jurisdiction; to insist upon a universal toleration in matters of religion, and especially upon the encouragement of the worship of the Church of England; and to execute with vigilance and vigor the laws of trade. He was given, too, a small number of royal troops for his support, whose red coats were sadly unwelcome in Boston. Worst of all, he was authorized to govern and to lay taxes without an assembly.



JAMES BLAIR

This was evidently the sort of government the king meant to set up everywhere in the colonies. He had instructed the officers of the crown almost at the very outset of his reign to secure the annulment of the other colonial charters, and suits had already been prosecuted in the courts against Connecticut and Rhode Island, against the Carolina grants, and even against those he had himself given in New Jersey. The next year after Andros's coming (1687) he turned upon Maryland. New York and Virginia were already practically his own, to deal with as he pleased. The same year Andros went to Boston. Governor Dongan, of New York, was instructed to forbid the popular assemblies granted but three years before. He was commanded, too, as Andros was, "to allow no printing-press." James meant to be master everywhere, and to permit not so much as a word of public comment upon what his servants did; and all America felt the change. Before the first month of his administration was over, Andros, acting upon the king's command, had dissolved the government of Rhode Island, and assumed control of its affairs. The next year he did the same in Connecticut; and in 1688 New York and the Jerseys were added to his government, Francis Nicholson acting as his deputy there, —the patents of the several proprietors of the Jerseys being surrendered that year to the crown.

THE REVOLUTION.

Happily the new tyranny had no longer life in America than in England. It came swiftly enough to its end when the news reached the colonies of James's disgrace and flight and William's coming. The Boston people rose, as if by a common instinct; seized Andros and his officers; seized the fort; seized even the king's frigate lying in the harbor; and resumed their old government under their old magistrates, to await further tidings from over sea. The other colonies round about followed suit. Sir Edmund had got himself well hated. He was an honest, well-meaning man enough, a plain and not very quick-witted soldier who executed his orders quite literally; but he was arbitrary and harsh, and showed sometimes an unwise and ugly temper when he was opposed. And the orders he tried to execute were intolerable to the people of the once free colony he governed. He levied taxes by the authority of the crown; he demanded quit-rents of all the land-owners of the colony, because the loss of the charter, he was

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told by the law-officers in England, destroyed the right of the colonists to the land they had acquired under it; he forbade even the ordinary town meetings; and he sought to crush opposition by harsh punishments. To these puritans it was no small part of the trying experience that he encouraged some to set up a society to worship after the manner of the Church of England, and use the hated prayer-book, and that in 1688 the episcopal congregation thus formed built a place of worship, which they called King's Chapel, in Boston. It was a happy day when they got rid of the hateful tyranny; and an assurance of better times when they presently learned that the new government at home approved what they had done, and were willing that they should send Sir Edmund and his fellow-prisoners to England for trial.

The action of the people was no less prompt and decisive in New York, James's own province. Francis Nicholson, Andros's lieutenant in New York and the Jerseys, was as little liked there as Andros himself was in Boston. Both he and the members of his council were looked upon as tools of a papist king, and New York was Dutch and protestant. News of the revolution in England threw the king's officers into a panic; and while they hesitated what to do, a captain of the men-at-arms they had called together for their defence seized the fort and the government in the name of the Prince of Orange. This was Jacob Leisler. He had come to the colony close upon thirty years before (1660), as a soldier in the employ of the Dutch West India Company; had thriven in trade and made a place of influence for himself amongst the colonists; and now stepped forth as their champion against the officers of the papist king whom the Parliament had deposed. It might have been well enough had he stopped with that; but he did not. For a year and a half he maintained himself as governor, in the new king's name, but without his authority. He even resisted commissioned officers of the king, until a governor sent from England came; and then he was hanged for treason. It was a sad, unjust end. Leisler, the man had been hot-headed, arbitrary, masterful, and had done much that law could not sanction in order to have his own way; but he had meant to serve the community he ruled, and had planned no treason against the king. There had been the heat of parties at the bottom of the trouble. The greater land-owners, the king's officials, and the rich merchants had wished Nicholson to keep the government until the new king should send some one in his stead. The small tradesmen, the artisans, and the sailors of the town heard that there was war with France, and that a French fleet was coming against the place, and believed that the rich men and the officials amongst them were no lovers of common men's liberties, or of a protestant church either; and Leisler was their leader. His condemnation was a thing resolved upon and hurried to its execution in New York, not commanded from over sea; and in 1695 Parliament itself took off the stain of treason from his name.

In Maryland those who were unquiet and did not like the proprietor's government took advantage of the time to overthrow it. The messenger whom Lord Baltimore despatched out of England to command the immediate proclamation of King William and Queen Mary in his province died on the way thither, and Maryland seemed to lag behind the other colonies in her loyalty. Upon which one John Coode, and some others, under pretence that the proprietor's officers in the colony meant to defy the crown and establish papacy, got together an "Association in Arms for the Defence of the Protestant religion, and for asserting the right of King William and Queen Mary to the Province of Maryland and all the English dominions"; seized the government of the colony (1689); convinced the king of their sincerity and good faith in what had been done, though many of the best people in the colony protested; ruled as their party pleased for two years; and then welcomed a royal governor (1692). They had made Maryland a royal province out of hand. Lord Baltimore was to receive only his quit-rents and the proceeds of the export duties.

Everywhere in the colonies there was doubt for a little while what government to obey, until things should be settled in England, and his majesty king William



AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN SIR EDMUND ANDROS AND JAMES BLAIR

should have time to turn his attention to affairs in America. Nowhere was the doubt more embarrassing than in East and West Jersey, which were left without any general government at all. The rights of the Jersey proprietors had been surrendered to the crown in 1688, the very year of the revolution; and when news came of what had happened in England, there seemed neither royal authority nor private right for the government of the growing hamlets they had established. The settlers there, however, were for the most part hard-headed English and Scots people, who were not to be disconcerted in the management of their own affairs by trouble in England or the mere lack of a governor. For quite three years (1689-1692) they waited, without disturbance or excitement or any unusual interruption of their quiet life, under the direction of their town and county officers; until at last they learned what their government as a province was to be. There were already five organized counties in East Jersey, and had been these twenty years, since before the second coming of the Dutch (1674); and ten thousand people crowded their little towns and the cleared spaces of the forest about them. West Jersey, on the other side of the forests, by the Delaware, had grown almost as fast. Both provinces had the means and the men to take care of themselves.



SIR WILLIAM PHIPS

It was not very long, after all, before government became a settled and ordered power again under the new king. William of Orange was a businesslike king, a real governor, not likely to do less, likely, rather, to do more, than either James or Charles in the government of the colonies; and they felt the power of his systematic way of rule very soon. The old charters of Connecticut and Rhode Island were presently recognized again and confirmed; but Massachusetts, instead of her old, got a new charter; Plymouth lost her separate rights altogether and was merged with Massachusetts; and many things were changed. It must have seemed to the older men in the towns about the Bay as if the old freedom and dignity of their life had been done away with forever. Plymouth was the oldest of the northern colonies, and had kept through all the long seventy years of her separate life not a little of the fine temper, the sober resoluteness, steadfastness, moderation, and nobility given to her at the first by her pilgrim founders. Surely the king's advisers had forgotten her story when they thus summarily and without compunction handed her government and territory over to Massachusetts, to be, as it were, obliterated and robbed of their identity!

The new charter was granted in 1691. It not only joined Plymouth to Massachusetts, but Maine also, carrying the northern borders of the province to the very banks of the St. Lawrence. But,



PHIPS RECOVERING THE SUNKEN TREASURE

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though it extended her boundaries, it curtailed her liberties, and it was this that the men of the Bay principally noted. Their governor was thenceforth to be appointed by the crown. There were to be courts of admiralty, customs officers, and a post-office service directly dependent upon the ministers in London. There was to be a representative General Court, almost as before, consisting of the governor, his council, and a house of deputies, and the governor's council of twenty-eight was to be every year, after the first, elected by the General Court itself, in which the people's representatives predominated. Only the General Court could lay taxes and make general laws. But the king's governor was to have the right to veto any law of which he did not approve, and the crown behind him might set the court's enactments aside, as disallowed, at any time within three years after they were passed. All the old rules as to who should vote for deputies, too, were changed. The right to vote was no longer to be confined to members of the puritan churches; it was to be exercised by every man who had forty pounds' worth of personal property, or a freehold estate in land worth two pounds a year. Judges were to be appointed by the governor and council; all other officials of the colony by the governor alone.

It was something to have one of their own fellow-colonists, a familiar figure amongst them, for their first governor under the new arrangement, though that did not alter his powers, and he was hardly the man they would themselves have chosen. Sir William Phips was only a rough, pushing, self-made sailor, one of the youngest of the twenty-one sons of an humble gunsmith in a little settlement close by the mouth of the far-away Kennebec. He had been a ship's carpenter, a common seaman, a ship's captain,—always sanguine, always adventurous, always on the make, risking everything to win his way, and as cheerful and hearty and full of confident plans when he had lost as when he had won. At last he had actually made the fortune he was in quest of, by finding and recovering the treasure of a sunken Spanish galleon in the southern seas. He had been much in England, and had won favor in the court and out of it by his bluff and honest energy and unfailing good-will, and his breezy manners, brought fresh from the salt seas. King James had knighted him, Sir William, for the Spanish treasure he brought into England; and had made him high-sheriff of New England when Sir Edmund Andros was governor there. In the year 1690, the year before the new charter was signed, he had led an expedition into the north and taken Acadia from the French, with much excellent private plunder, and then had failed in an expedition against Quebec. He was no statesman, and it was not pleasant for any man to be the first governor under the charter; but bluff Sir William, known to every man in Boston, was better than a stranger might have been.

The new king's coming to the throne in England had brought war in its train, a long war with the French,—"King William's War," they called it in the colonies; and war with the French meant fear and massacre on the northern borders, where the French were but too apt at stirring the Indians to their fierce attacks even in times of peace. It was this war that had given Sir William Phips leave to make his expeditions against the north, for adventure and profit.

In 1692 a distemper showed itself at Salem, in Massachusetts, which seemed for a little blacker than war itself,—an ominous distemper of the mind. It was the year of the witchcraft frenzy, and Salem, where the chief madness was, saw nineteen persons swing upon her gallows hill for commerce with the devil. Some really believed them witches; some schemed to send their personal enemies to the gallows with a false charge. Governor Phips was induced to appoint special courts for the trial of the witches; and a long year went by before men's better thoughts, natural pity, and awakened consciences called a halt upon the murderous frenzy, and Salem, with all the province, tried to forget what had been done to the innocent.

In that year, 1692, the king appointed Benjamin Fletcher to be governor of New York, and of Pennsylvania as well, which he was instructed to bring within his jurisdiction, for the consolidation of government; and Sir Lionel Copley was made royal governor of Maryland. Sir Edmund Andros, too, was that year once

more commissioned governor, this time of Virginia, and stayed there full five years, a quieter if not a wiser man than in the days of King James. The Virginians did not wholly dislike him, taking him for what he was, a rough soldier, more efficient than patient, who meant to do his duty according to his instructions, but did not know how to do it in the wise way for his own interests and the general peace. He honestly devoted himself to the welfare of the colony, encouraged the growth of cotton in order that cloth might be made, improved the methods of administration, and sought in more than one way to better the sources of wealth. But the Virginians liked as little as the other colonists did his zeal in the enforcement of the acts of trade; and his arbitrary temper ruined him at last by bringing him into collision with James Blair.

Andros's predecessor in the governorship of Virginia had been Francis Nicholson, a man who had been hardly more than a tool of James's tyranny but a little while before in New York, but who was at heart something better than a mere placeman. He was intemperate, and in private often showed himself gross and licentious; but he had some of the gifts of a statesman, and in quiet Virginia devoted himself very steadily to the welfare of the people he governed, no less than to the advancement of the general interests of the crown. James Blair had found in him an intelligent friend, and not an opponent, when he sought to set up a college in the colony. A great deal of Virginian politics centred in Mr. Blair. He was a Scotsman bred to orders in the English Church, and was but thirty-six when Sir Edmund Andros was made governor of Virginia. He had come to the colony in 1685, at twenty-nine; and in 1690, the year Mr. Nicholson became governor, he had been appointed commissary for Virginia by the Bishop of London. Virginia was supposed to lie within the see of London, and as the bishop's commissary there it was Mr. Blair's duty to inspect, report upon, and administer discipline in the church of the colony. He made it his first task to establish a college for the colony,—the assembly, the governor, and every true friend of Virginia at his back in the enterprise,—in order that education might sustain order and enlightenment there. The king granted a charter and revenues to the college in 1692; the merchants of London subscribed right handsomely; Governor Nicholson handed over to it three hundred and fifty pounds voted to him by the assembly; and Virginia at last had the college she had wished and planned for ever since the days of Sir George Yeardley. It was agreed that it should be called the College of William and Mary.

But when Sir Edmund Andros came, Mr. Nicholson being sent to administer the affairs of Maryland, it was found, after a few years' trial, that he and Mr. Blair could not live in the same colony. Mr. Blair was as hot-tempered as Sir Edmund, and spoke his mind in as choleric and unstinted a way. But Mr. Blair, though he was often boisterous, generally managed, after the canny Scots manner, to be right as well, and generally had both the law and the interests of the colony on his side when it came to a contest, while Sir Edmund had a great talent for putting himself in the wrong. When at last it came to a breach between the two, therefore, as it did, Sir Edmund lost and Mr. Blair won. Sir Edmund was recalled to England, and Mr. Nicholson was named governor once more. It was a long time before Mr. Blair ceased to reign in Virginia. Mr. Nicholson became instrumental in removing the capital from Jamestown, which Mr. Bacon had burned, to Williamsburg, more wholesomely placed, ten miles back from the river. The college also had been placed there; and there Mr. Blair continued to preside as governors came and went.

COMMON UNDERTAKINGS.

There had been some noteworthy passages in the reports which Colonel Francis Nicholson sent to the government at home when he was first governor of Virginia (1690); for he studied his duties in those days with wide-open eyes, and had written of what he saw, sometimes, with a very statesmanlike breadth and insight. It was very noteworthy, among other things, that he had urged a defensive confederation of the colonies against the

French and Indians, under the leadership of Virginia, the most loyal of the colonies. He had made it his business to find out what means of defence and what effective military force there were in the other colonies, particularly in those at the north, conferring with their authorities with regard to these matters in person when he could not get the information he wished by deputy. The king and his ministers in England saw very clearly, when they read his careful despatches, that they could not wisely act upon such suggestions yet; but they knew that he only spoke more openly and definitely what must come into the mind of every thoughtful and observant man who was given a post of authority and guidance in the colonies,—what was evident, indeed, to some who were not deemed thoughtful at all. Even the heedless, negligent Lord Culpeper had suggested, eight years ago, little as he really cared for the government he had been set to conduct, that all questions of war and peace in the colonies should be submitted for their final decision to the governor and council of Virginia, where it might be expected that the king's interests would be loyally looked after and safeguarded.

No doubt the colonies would have objected to and resisted such an arrangement with a very hot resentment, and no one in authority in London dreamed for a moment of taking either Lord Culpeper's or Colonel Nicholson's advice in the matter: but it was none the less obvious that the king and his officers must contrive some way, if they could, by which they might use the colonies as a single power against the French in America, if England was indeed to make and keep an empire there. If King James had seen this, who leaned upon France as an ally and prayed for the dominion of the Church of Rome, it was not likely that William of Orange would overlook it, who was the arch-enemy of France and the champion of protestantism against Rome. He was no sooner on the throne than England was plunged into a long eight years' war with the French. And so it happened that the colonies seemed to reap little advantage from the "glorious Revolution" which had put out a tyrant and brought in a constitutional king, pledged to govern according to the righteous principles of English liberty. William of Orange, it presently appeared, meant to unite groups of colonies under the authority of a single royal governor, particularly at the north, where the French power lay,—as James before him had done,—giving to the governors of the principal colonies the right to command the military forces of the colonies about them even if he gave them no other large gift of power. He did more than James had done. Being a statesman and knowing the value of systematic administration, he did systematically what James had done loosely and without consistent plan. The Board of Trade and Plantations, which he organized to oversee and direct the government of the colonies, did more to keep their affairs under the eye and hand of the king than any group of James's ministers had been able to do. The great Dutch king was determined to wield England and her possessions as a single imperial power in the game of politics he was playing in Europe.

The French power, which he chiefly feared, had really grown very menacing in America; was growing more so every year; and must very soon indeed be faced and overcome, if the English were not to be shut in to a narrow seaboard, or ousted altogether. Probably there were not more than twelve thousand Frenchmen, all told, in America when William became king (1689); whereas his own subjects swarmed there full two hundred thousand strong, and were multiplying by the tens of thousands from decade to decade. But the French were building military posts at every strategic point as they went, while the English were building nothing but rural homes and open villages. With the French it did not seem a matter of settlement; it seemed a matter of conquest, rather, and of military occupation. They were guarding trade routes and making sure of points of advantage. The English way was the more wholesome and the more vital. A hardy, self-dependent, crowding people like the English in Massachusetts and Virginia, and the Dutch in New York, took root wherever they went, spread into real communities, and were not likely to be got rid of when once their number had run into the thousands.

Their independence, too, and their capable way of managing their own affairs without asking or wanting or getting any assistance from government, made them as hard to handle as if they had been themselves an established continental power. But the French had an advantage, nevertheless, which was not to be despised. They moved as they were ordered to move by an active and watchful government which was in the thick of critical happenings where policies were made, and which meant to cramp the English, if it could not actually get rid of them. They extended and organized the military power of France as they went; and they were steadily girdling the English about with a chain of posts and settlements which bade fair to keep all the northern and western regions of the great continent for the king of France, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence round about, two thousand miles, to the outlets of the Mississippi at the Gulf.

Their movement along the great rivers and the lakes had been very slow at first; but it had quickened from generation to generation, and was now rapid enough to fix the attention of any man who could hear news and had his eyes abroad upon what was happening about him. Jacques Cartier had explored the noble river St. Lawrence for his royal master of France a long century and a half ago, in the far year 1535, fifty years before the English so much as attempted a settlement. But it was not until 1608, the year after Jamestown was begun, that Samuel de Champlain established the first permanent French settlement, at Quebec, and there were still but two hundred lonely settlers there when nearly thirty years more had gone by (1636). It was the quick growth and systematic explorations of the latter part of the century that made the English uneasy. The twelve thousand Frenchmen who were busy at the work of occupation when William of Orange became king had not confined themselves to the settlements long ago made on the Bay of Fundy and at Montreal, Quebec, and Tadousac, where the great river of the north broadened to the sea. They had carried their boats across from the upper waters of the Ottawa to the open waters of Lake Huron; had penetrated thence to Lake Michigan, and even to the farthest shores of Lake Superior, establishing forts and trading-posts as they advanced. They had crossed from Green Bay in Lake Michigan to the waters of the Wisconsin River, and had passed by that easy way into the Mississippi itself. That stout-hearted pioneer Pierre Marquette had descended the Father of Waters past the Ohio to the outlet of the Arkansas (1673); and Robert La Salle had followed him and gone all the long way to the spreading mouths of the vast river and the gates of the Gulf (1682), not by way of the Wisconsin, but by crossing from the southern end of Lake Michigan to the stream of the Illinois, and passing by that way to the Mississippi.

And so the lakes and the western rivers and the Mississippi itself saw the French; and French posts sprang up upon their shores to mark the sovereignty of the king of France. Frenchmen easily enough learned the ways of the wilderness and became the familiars of the Indians in their camps and wigwams; and they showed themselves of every kind,—rough and lawless rovers, only too glad to throw off the restraints of the orderly life to which they had been bred and live as they pleased in the deep secluded forests, trading without license, seeking adventure, finding the way for the civilization which was to follow them, but themselves anxious to escape it; regular traders, who kept their hold upon the settlements behind them and submitted when they were obliged to official exactions at Montreal; intrepid priests, who preached salvation and the dominion of France among the dusky tribes, and lived or died with a like fortitude and devotion, never willingly quitting their sacred task or letting go their hold upon the hearts of the savage men they had come to enlighten and subdue; hardy captains and little companies of drilled men-at-arms from the fields of France;—at the front indomitable explorers, far in the rear timid farmers clearing spaces in the silent woodland for their scanty crops, and little towns slowly growing within their walls where the river broadened to the sea.

This stealthly power which crept so steadily southward and westward at the back of the English settlements upon the

coast was held at arm's-length throughout that quiet age of beginnings, not by the English, but by a power within the forests, the power of the great confederated Iroquois tribes, who made good their mastery between the Hudson and the lakes: the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Mohawks. They were stronger, fiercer, more constant and indomitable, more capable every way, than the tribes of the north; and Champlain had unwittingly made them the enemies of the French forever. Long, long ago, in the year 1609, which white men had forgotten, he had done what the Iroquois never forgot or forgave. He had come with their sworn foes, the Algonquins, to the shores of that lake by the sources of the Hudson which the pale-faces ever afterwards called by his name, and had there used the dread fire-arms of the white men, of which they had never heard before, to work the utter ruin of the Mohawks in battle. They were always and everywhere ready after that fatal day to be any man's ally, whether Dutch or English, against the hated French; and the French found it necessary to keep at the back of the forests which were the home of these implacable enemies, the forests which stretched to the coasts of the Atlantic. They skirted the domains of the Iroquois when they were prudent, and passed inland by the lakes and the valley of the Mississippi.

But, though they kept their distance, they advanced their power. The colonists in New England had been uneasy because of their unwelcome neighborhood from the first. Once and again there had been actual collisions and a petty warfare. But until William of Orange made England a party to the great war of the protestant powers against Louis XIV. few men had seen what the struggle held in store for America. The English colonies had grown back not a little way from the sea, steadily pushed forward into the thick-set forests which lay upon the broad valleys and rising slopes of the interior. Before the seventeenth century was out adventurous English traders had crossed the Alleghenies, had launched their canoes upon the waters of the Ohio, and were fixing their huts here and there within the vast wilderness as men do who mean to stay. Colonel Dongan, the duke's governor in New York (1683), like many another officer whose duties made him alert to watch the humors and keep the friendship of the Iroquois, the masters of the northern border, had been quick to see how "inconvenient to the English" it was to have French settlements "running all along from our lakes by the back of Virginia and Carolina to the Bay of Mexico." There was keen rivalry in trade, and had been these many years, between the men of the English and Dutch colonies and the men of the French for the profitable trade in furs which had its heart at the north; and it was already possible for those who knew the forest commerce to reason right shrewdly of the future, knowing, as they did, that the English gave better goods and dealt more fairly for the furs than the French, and that many of the very Frenchmen who ranged the forests in search of gain themselves preferred to send what they had to Albany for sale. But, except for a few lonely villages in far-away Maine, there was nowhere any close contact between French and English in America. Few, except traders and thoughtful governors and border villagers, who feared the tribes whom the French incited to attack and massacre English settlers, knew what France did or was planning.





Illustration for "Colonies and Nation"

SLAUGHTER SIGNING THE DEATH-WARRANT OF LEISLER

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The Medicine Grizzly Bear

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL

A LONG time ago there lived in a camp of Pawnees a certain poor boy. His father had only one pony. Once he had been a leading man in the tribe, but now he seemed to be unlucky. When he went on the war-path he brought back nothing, and when he fought he did nothing, and the people did not now look up to him.

There was a chief's son who loved the poor boy, and these two went together all the time. They were like brothers; they used to hunt together and go courting together, and when they were travelling, the poor boy often rode one of the ponies of the chief's son, and the latter used to go to the poor boy's lodge and sleep there with him.

Once the camp went off to hunt buffalo, and the poor boy and the chief's son rode together all the time. After the people had made camp at a certain place, the chiefs decided to stop here for four days, because the buffalo were close by, and they could kill plenty and dry the meat here. North of the camp was a hill on which grew many cedar-trees, and during the day the poor boy had overheard people saying that many Indians had been killed on that hill, among those trees. They said that no one ought to go there, for it was a dangerous place.

That night the chief's son went over to his friend's lodge to sleep there, but before they went to bed he left the lodge for a time, and while he was gone the poor boy, as he sat there waiting, began to think about himself and how unhappy he was. He remembered how poor he and his father were, and how everybody look-

ed down on them and despised them, and it did not seem to him that things would ever be any better for them than they were now. For a long time he sat there thinking about all these things, and the more he thought of them the worse they seemed, and at last he felt that he was no longer glad to live, and he made up his mind to go up into those cedars.

He went out of the lodge and started to go up toward the trees. It was bright moonlight, so that he could see well. Just before he reached the edge of the timber he crossed a ravine, and saw there many skeletons of people who had been killed. The ground was white with these bones. He went on into the cedars, and came to a ravine leading up the hill, and followed it. As he went on he saw before him a trail and followed it, and when he came to the head of the ravine there was a big hole in the bank, and the trail led to it. He stopped for a moment when he came to this hole, but then he went in, and when he had entered he saw there, sitting by the fire, a big she-bear and some little cubs.

As the boy stood there looking at her, the she-bear said to him: "I am sorry that you have come here. My husband is the one who kills persons and brings them here for the children and me to eat. You had better go back to your people quickly, or he will eat you up. He has gone hunting, but he will soon be back again. If he finds you here, he will kill you."

The poor boy said: "Well, I came here on purpose to be killed, and I give myself up to you. I shall be glad to be eaten by you. I am here ready to be killed. I am yours. Take me."

The she-bear said: "Oh, I wish I could do something to save you, but I cannot. He is one of those bad bears—a grizzly—medicine. I can do nothing for you, but I will try. As soon as you hear any noise outside—any one coming—pick up that cub, the littlest one, and hold it in your arms. When he comes in he will tell you to put it down, but do not do so. Hold it tight; he loves that one best of all."

All at once the boy heard outside the cave the noise of a bear snorting and grunting. The she-bear said, "Pick up the cub, quick; he is coming." The boy caught up the little bear, and held it tight to his breast. All at once the noise came to the mouth of the den and stopped. It was the Bear. The boy could hear him talking. He said: "Here! somebody has been about my house. I smell human beings. Yes, he even came in. Where is he? Let me see him, so that I may jump upon him and kill him." When he came in he saw the boy, and seemed very angry. He stood up on his hind feet and threw up his hands, and then came down again and struck his paws on the ground, and then rose up and snorted "*whoof*," and blew out red dust from his nostrils, and then came down and jumped about, and sometimes sprang toward the boy, as though he were going to seize him. He was very terrible, and the boy was very much afraid.

The Bear called out to the boy in a loud voice: "How dare you take up my child and hold it? Let it go, or I will tear you to pieces and eat you." But the boy still held the cub. No matter what the Bear said or what he did, the boy held fast to the cub.

When the Bear saw that the boy would not let the cub go, he became quiet, and no longer seemed angry. He said: "Boy, you are my son. Put down your brother, for now he is your brother. He shall go with you, he shall be your companion, and shall be with you always as your guide and helper. He has told me your story, and how you are poor, unhappy, and now he has kept you from being eaten up. I have taken pity on you, and we will send you back to your people, where you may do some good among them. My son, I am at the head of all these animal lodges, down at Pahuk and at Pahur and everywhere else. I am at the head; there is no animal living that is stronger than I; none that I cannot kill. If a man shoots at me, I make the arrow to fall from my skin without hurting me. Look up around my lodge. See these arrows, these guns, these leggings, these beads, and the medicine that men have brought, thinking to kill me; but I have killed them, and have taken these things, and keep them here.

"I knew that your people were coming to this place to hunt. I drove the buffalo over, so that the people should stop here and hunt and kill meat, in order that you might come to my lodge. I know all your feelings. I know that you are sorry for

your poor father, my brother, and I wished you to come here, so that I might make you my son, and give my power to you, so that you may become a great man among your people. I know that they are now killing buffalo, and that they will be camped here for four days.

"Now, my son, set your brother free. All the power that I have I give to you. I shall kill my son, your little brother there, and give you his skin to keep and to carry away with you, so that he may be your companion and may be with you always. Your brother, your friend at the camp, is looking for you, mourning for you, for he thinks you dead, but to-morrow night you shall see him, and shall tell him to rejoice for you and not to mourn. You shall tell him where you have been."

The little bear that he was holding said to the boy: "It is all right now, brother; put me down. My father means what he says. I am glad that I am going to be with you, my brother." The boy put him down.

Then the Bear said to his wife: "Get up. Take that gun." The she-bear took the gun, and they walked around the fireplace in a circle, and sang, and the boy looked on. The Bear took the gun and told the boy to look at them, and to watch carefully everything that they did. After a little he stopped, and shot his wife, and she fell down dead. Then he put down the gun, and went to the she-bear and put his mouth on the wound, and breathed on it and snorted "*whoof*," and sucked in his breath and took the bullet out, and went around the lodge, singing and making motions, and then he took hold of the she-bear and lifted her to her feet, and supported her, and pushed her around, and helped her, and at last she walked, and was well. Then he called the boy to him and said, "Now I will do the same thing to you." And he did the same thing to the boy, and brought him to life in the same way. Then he said, "That is one power I give you to-night."

Then he gave the gun to the boy and went to the other side of the lodge, and sat up, and said, "Now I will open my mouth, and you shoot me right in the mouth." He opened his mouth, and the boy shot him, and he fell over. After a moment he got up on his feet and slapped his paws on his chest several times, and the bullet came out of his mouth, and he walked around the fireplace two or three times, and made motions and grunted, and then he was well. Then he took the boy in his arms, and hugged him and kissed him and breathed on him, and said: "Now I give you my power. Go over there and I will shoot you as you shot me. Do just as I did." The boy went over there, and the Bear shot him, and the boy did just as the Bear had done, and made himself well.

The Bear then put an arrow in the gun and shot it at the boy, and when the smoke cleared away the boy found the arrow fast in his throat, the feather end sticking out. The Bear took it out and made him well, and gave him also this power. Then the Bear told him to load the gun with a ball and to shoot it at him, and he did so, and shot the Bear, but the lead was made flat and dropped to the ground. The bullet did not go into the Bear.

The Bear now told the boy to take the bow and arrow and to shoot at him with all his strength. The boy did this, but the arrow did not go through the Bear, but the spike rolled up and the shaft was split. The Bear said: "Now you see, my son, that the gun and the bow, the bullet and the arrow, cannot harm me. You shall have the same power. When you go into battle you shall not carry a gun nor arrows, for they are not mine, but you shall take this paint, and put it all over your body, then put this feather on your head, and take this club, which is part of my jawbone. All these things have my power and medicine. When you are carrying these things your enemy cannot hurt you, even if you run right on to him; but with one stroke of this club you shall kill your enemy."

The next morning the Bear took the boy out on the prairie and showed him the different roots and leaves of medicines, and told him how to use them; how he should eat some medicine and then he could cure the wounded by just breathing on the wound.

That night the Bear said to him: "Hereafter you shall have the same feelings as the bear. When you get angry, you will have a grunt like a bear; and if you get too fierce, tushes like a bear's will stick out of your mouth, so that the

people will know that you are very angry. You shall have my power, and you can go into any of the lodges of the animals, of which I am the chief." And he told him how to get into these lodges.

That day they staid in the Bear's lodge, and the Bear took the claw off from his little finger and gave it and a little bundle of medicine to the boy. He said, "Take this claw and this bundle of medicine and put them on a string and wear them on your neck always, the claw hanging in front." He taught him how to make plums grow on trees, and how to make ground-cherries come out of his mouth.

That night he sent the boy back to the camp. He said: "Tell your father and mother not to mourn for you, for you will return in two days more. I have driven plenty of buffalo to this place, and they will kill them and dry the meat. Now go to the camp and get a pipe and some tobacco, and bring them here."



SNORTED "WHOOF," AND BLEW OUT RED DUST FROM HIS NOSTRILS

The boy went back to the camp. When he went into the lodge his father and mother were glad to see him. He told them not to be anxious about him, and not to say anything about his having been away. Then he went out and found his brother, the chief's son, asleep. He said to him: "Wake up, brother. I want you to get some tobacco and a pipe from your father. Tell no one that it is for me. Bring it here. I want to smoke with you. I am going away again, but you must stay in camp. I will be back in a few days." The chief's son got the things and gave them to the boy. He wanted to go with him, but the poor boy would not let him.

That same night the boy went back to the Bear's den, carrying with him the pipe and tobacco. After he went into the

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lodge he filled his pipe and lighted it, and he and the Bear smoked together. The Bear said to him: "After you have gone home, whenever you smoke, always point your pipe toward my den and ask me to smoke with you. After lighting your pipe, point it first to Atíus Tiráwat, and then blow a few whiffs to me. Then I shall know that you still remember me. All my power comes from Atíus. He made me. There will be an end to my days as there is to those of every mortal. So long as I live I shall protect you; when I die of old age, you shall die too."

After this he said, "Now bring my youngest boy here." The boy brought the little cub, and the Bear said, "Now kill him." The boy hesitated to do this. He did not want to kill the little bear, but it said to him: "Go on, my brother, kill me. After this I am going to be a spirit, and always to be with you." Then the boy killed him, and skinned him, and tanned his hide. After it was tanned he put some red medicine paint on the hide. When this was done the Bear told him to put his paint, his feathers, and his war-club in this hide, and to wrap them up and make a bundle of them. Then he said: "Now, my son, go to your people, and when you get home hang your bundle up at the back of the lodge, and let the people know nothing of all this. Keep it secret. Wherever you go, or wherever you are, I shall be with you."

The boy went home to the camp, and told his mother to hang up his bundle, as the Bear had said. Next morning he was in camp and all the people saw him. They were surprised, for they had thought that he had been killed. By this time the Pawnees had all the buffalo they wanted, and the next day they started back to their village.

After they had reached their home, the boy told the chief's son that he wanted him to go off with him on the war-path. His brother said: "It is good. I will go." The poor boy took his bundle, and they started. After travelling many days they came to a camp of the enemy. They went into the village in the daytime, and took many horses and started away with them, riding hard. Soon the enemy pursued them, and at length they could see them coming, and it seemed as if they must soon overtake them. Then the poor boy got off his horse and stopped, telling his brother to go on, driving the horses.

The boy had painted himself red over his whole body. He held his war-club in his hand, and had his feather tied on his head and the little bear-skin on his back. The enemy soon came up and tried to kill him, but they could not. He would run after one and kill him, and all the others would shoot at him with their arrows, but they could not hurt him, and at last they left him and went back, and he went on and overtook the chief's son. Then his brother saw that he had great power. After this they travelled on slowly, and at last reached the village. His brother told the people that this man was powerful, that they had taken the horses in broad daylight, and the young man had staid behind on foot and fought the enemy off, while he drove on the horses.

A few days after they reached home a war-party of the enemy attacked the village. All the Pawnees went out to fight them, but the poor boy staid behind in the lodge. He took down his bundle, filled the pipe, and pointed it first to Atíus, and then toward the Bear's lodge, and smoked. Then he took the paint and mixed it with grease, and rubbed it all over his body except his face: that he painted black. Then he put the feather on his head and the little bear-robe on his back, and took his war-club in his hand and started out. The Bear had told him that in going into battle he must never start toward the east, but must attack going toward the west. So he went around, and came on the battle-field from one side.

As he came up he saw that his people were having a hard time, and were being driven back. There was one of the enemy who seemed to be the bravest of all. The poor boy rushed at this man and killed him with his club, and then ran back to his own line. When his people looked at him, and saw that it was really the poor boy who had just done so brave a deed, they knew that what the chief's son had said was true. When he started again to rush toward the enemy's line, all the Pawnees followed him. He ran among the enemy, and with his club killed one here and one there, and the enemy became afraid and ran, and the Pawnees followed and killed many of them. That night

they returned to the village, rejoicing over the victory. Everybody was praising the young man. Old men were calling his name, young women were singing about him, and old women dancing before him. People no longer made fun of his father or mother, or of him. Now they looked upon him as a great and powerful person.

The Bear had told him that when he wanted his name changed he must call himself Ku ruks la war uks ti, Medicine Bear.

That night the Bear came to the boy in his sleep and spoke to him. He said: "My son, to-morrow the chief of the tribe is going to ask you to take his daughter for your wife, but you must not do this yet. I wish you to wait until you have done certain things. If you take a wife before that time, your power will go from you."

The next day the chief came to Medicine Bear and asked him to marry his daughter, and told him the people wanted him to be their head chief. He refused.

Some time after this all the different tribes that had been attacked by him joined forces and came down together to fight the Pawnees. All the people went out to meet them, but he staid in his lodge and painted himself, and put his feather in his head and the bear-claw on his neck and his bear-skin on his back, and smoked as he always did, and took his club and went out. When he came to the battle, the Pawnees were having a hard time, because the enemy were so many. Medicine Bear charged, and killed a man, and then came back, and the second time he charged the people charged all together, following him, and they killed many and drove the enemy off, and those who had the fastest horses were the only ones who got away. The Pawnees went home to the village. Everybody rejoiced, and there were many scalp-dances. Now the poor boy was more highly thought of than ever. Even the chiefs bowed their heads when they saw him. They could not equal him. This time he called himself Ku ruks ti carish, Angry Bear.

After the excitement had quieted down, one day the head chief said: "Medicine Bear, in all this tribe there is no chief who is equal to you. Sit down by my daughter. Take her for your wife, and take my place as chief. I and my wife will go out of this lodge, and it shall be yours. You shall be the chief of the tribe. Whatever you say we will abide by." The poor boy said: "My father, I will think about this. By morning I will let you know." In the night, before he slept, he filled the pipe and smoked as the Bear had told him to do, and then he went to bed. In dreams the Bear said to him: "My son, you have done what I wished you to do. Now the power will remain with you as long as you shall live. Now you can marry, if you will."

But the boy was not yet ready to do this. The girl was very pretty, and he liked her, but he felt that before he married there were still some things that he must do. He called his brother and said to him, "Go, kill the fattest of the buffalo; bring it to me, and I will take a long journey with you."

His brother went hunting and killed a buffalo, and brought the meat home, and they dried it and made a bundle of it. Medicine Bear told his brother to carry this bundle and a rawhide rope and a little hatchet, and they started on a journey toward the Missouri River. One day toward evening they reached the river, and they found themselves on top of a steep-cut bluff. The river ran at its foot. The poor boy cut a cottonwood pole and drove it into the ground, and tied the rope to it, and then tied the other end of the rope about his brother's body. Then he sharpened a stick and gave it to his brother and said: "Now take the bundle of meat, and I will let you down over the bank. You must put the meat on a ledge of the cliff, and when the birds come you must feed them. Give a piece to the first one that comes, and then take your sharp stick and get another piece, and so feed all the birds. They are the ones that have power, and they can take pity on you." So he let the chief's son down.

The first bird that came was a buzzard, then an eagle, then hawks and owls, all kinds of birds that kill their prey. He fed them all. While he was doing this, the poor boy was above lying on top of the bank. Late in the afternoon, just as the sun was going down, he saw, far up the river, what looked like a flock of geese coming. They came nearer and nearer, and at last passed out

of sight under the bank. Afterward, when he looked down on the river, he could see in the water red light as if it were all on fire, and as he lay on the bank he could hear down below him the sound of drumming and singing just as plain as could be, and all the time the chief's son was hanging there in front of the bank, and the poor boy would call down to him to cry and ask the animals to take pity on him. When Medicine Bear had done this, he started back and went home, leaving the chief's son hanging there.

The chief's son staid there all the night and all the next day, and for three days and nights, and on the night of the fourth day he fell asleep. When he awoke he was in a lodge. It was under the Missouri River. When he looked about him he saw that those in the lodge were all animals. There was the beaver, there was the otter, two buffalo, the antelope, hawks, owls, ermines, bears, frogs, woodpeckers, catfish—all kinds of animals. On each side of the lodge was a little pool, and in each pool sat a goose, and every time they sang, the geese would shake their wings on the water, and it sounded just like drumming. The chief of the animals spoke to him, saying: "My son, at this time we can do nothing for you. We must first send our messenger up to the Bear's lodge to ask him what we may do for you." While he was saying this the Bear's servant entered the lodge and said: "My father, it is all right. Our father the Bear told me to say to you that his son has sent this young man to you, and you must exert all your power for him."

Now the animals began to make ready to use their power to help the chief's son. First the Beaver talked to the young man, to tell him of his powers and his ways, so that he might perform wonderful acts. How he should take the branch of a tree and strike a man with its point and it would go through him, and then how to draw it out and to make the man well again. He gave him the power to do this. He taught him how to take a stick two feet long and swallow it, and then take it out again from his throat, and gave him this power.

The Otter gave him the power, if his enemies ever attacked him, to break their arrows with his teeth and shoot back the shaft without a spike, and if he hit an enemy with the shaft, it would kill him. "The poison from your mouth will kill him," he said.

The Ground-dog said: "My son, here is my little one. I give him to you. Take him, and if you have an enemy among the doctors in your tribe, take this little one down to the water early in the morning and dip his nose in the water, and when you take it out it will have a piece of liver in its mouth. The man who has tried to kill you will be found dead."

The Owl said: "My son, I give you power to see in the night. When you go on the war-path and want to take horses, the night will be like daytime for you."

The Hawk said: "My son, I give you power to run swiftly, and I give you my war-club, which is my wing. You shall strike your enemy with it only once, and the blow shall kill him. Take also this little black rope; you shall use it when you go on the war-path to catch horses. Take also this scalp which you see hanging down from my claw. You shall be a great man for scalping."

Each of the other animals gave him all his kinds of power.

For two days and two nights they taught him the different kinds of power, and for two days and two nights they taught him the different kinds of roots and herbs for healing the sick. They said to him: "You shall be the great doctor of your people. Every now and then you must bring us tobacco, so that we can smoke." They further told him that at this time they could teach him only a little, but that afterward, one at a time, they would meet him out on the prairie, and would teach him more. At last they said: "Now it is time for you to go. Your friend has come, and is waiting for you out on the prairie."

The Buffalo now stood up and said: "My son, I want to be with you always. I give you my robe. Wear it wherever you go, that the people may know that you come from this place." All the animals said, "We want to be with you too." Each one of the birds took off a feather and put it on the robe, and each animal put one of its claws on it, and some put medicine on it. In one of the holes the Beaver tied a little sweet-grass, and others did the same. By the time they were

through, the robe was all covered with feathers and claws and smelt sweet. The animals had put their medicine on it so that it smelt sweet. Then the animals said, "Go, my son, to your people, and bring us something to smoke, so that we may be satisfied."

Presently the chief's son found himself upon the bluff, facing his brother. His brother grasped him in his arms and said: "Oh, my brother, you smell nice. What a fine robe you have on! Look at all these feathers." They hugged each other. Then they went home together. The chief's son had a bundle that the animals had given him.

Soon after this the Pawnees had a big doctors' dance. These boys went into the doctors' lodge and said: "Doctors, you are the head doctors, but we have come to-night to visit you. We want to do a few things ourselves." The doctors all said "*Lau-a.*" The young men took seats close to the door, which is the most important place in this dance. All the doctors were surprised, and said "*Uh!*"

The Bear boy got up first and began shooting at the chief's son, just as he had done with the Bear, and all the doctors thought he was powerful, shooting at this young man and curing him. When he got through, it was the other boy's turn. He would take a long sharp stick and thrust it through his brother, and then heal him again, and then take a knife and stab him, and then cure him. He did some powerful things, more so than his brother had done. After the doctors had seen all these things they all said, "Let us have these two for our head doctors." But the poor boy said: "Not so. This one who is sitting by me has more power than I have. He ought to be the head doctor, for I am a warrior, and can never stay in the camp to doctor people. My brother has gone into the animals' lodge, and they have given him more power than I possess." So the chief's son was chosen to be the head doctor.

When the doctors' dance was over, the two brothers at once started to go to the animals' lodge, carrying with them tobacco and a pipe. When they got there, the chief's son told his brother to wait on the bank, that he was going down to take the tobacco and the pipe to his fathers. He jumped off the steep bank into the river, down into the door of the lodge, and went in. When they saw him all the animals slapped their mouths and called out. They were glad to see him. After smoking with them, he went back to his friend. After that the chief's son would go off by himself and would meet the animals on the hills. They would tell him about different roots, and how to doctor this disease and that. He would come back with some roots and herbs and put them away.

Finally the head chief sent for the Bear man and said to him: "My son, I offered you my lodge, my daughter, and the whole tribe. Now take all this. Let me go out of this lodge and look for another one, and you stay here with my daughter." The young man said: "What of my brother? Send for the other chief. Let him give his daughter, his lodge, his people, to him, and this day we will accept your gifts to us. My brother will after this be the head doctor of this tribe." The other chief when asked to do this agreed, and it was so done.

The Bear man went often on the war-path, but his brother staid at home, and fought against the enemy only when they attacked the village. He took charge of the doctors' lodge. The Bear man after this had some children, and when they had grown up he told his son the secrets of his power. He was now beginning to grow old, and his son went on the war-path, while he staid at home.

One night he had a dream about his father the Bear. The Bear said to him: "My son, I made you great and powerful among your people. The hairs of my body are falling and soon I shall die. Then you too will die. Tell your son all the secret powers that I gave you. He shall keep the same power that you have had."

Soon after this the old Bear must have died, for the man died. Before he died he said to his brother: "Do not mourn for me, for I shall always be near you. Take care of your people. Cure them when they are sick, and always be their chief."

When the enemy came and attacked these people and wounded any, the chief's son was always there and always cured them. He was a great doctor. At last he also died, but his son had the same kind of power. But these two sons never had so great a power as their fathers.

The Right of Way*

PART IV

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XVIII

THE STEALING OF THE CROSS

IF Charley had been less engaged with his own thoughts, he would have noticed the curious baleful look in the eyes of the tailor; but he was deeply absorbed in a struggle that had nothing to do with Louis Trudel.

The old fever of thirst and desire was upon Charley. All morning the door of Jolicoeur's saloon was opening and shutting before his mind's eye, and there was a smell of liquor everywhere. It was in his nostrils when the hot steam rose from the clothes he was pressing, in the thick odor of the fulled cloth, in the melting snow outside the door.

Time and again he felt that he must run out of the shop and away to the little tavern where white whiskey was sold to unwise *habitants*. But he fought on, determined and alone. Here was the heritage of his past which he could not set aside, the lengthening chain of slavery to his old self — was it his real self? Here was what would prevent him from forgetting all that he had been and not been, all the happiness he might have had, all that he had lost—the ceaseless reminder. The thing which would identify him with the man he once had been was not a virtue, but a vice. All else might change and pass away—much had changed—but this body of his, kept in health and abstinence for so many months, was still the victim to a poison which gave him not only a struggle of body, but a struggle of soul—if he had a soul!

"If he had a soul!" This phrase kept repeating itself to him even as he fought the fever in his throat, resisting the temptation to take that artificial and medicinal help which the Curé's brother had sent him.

"*If he had a soul!*" The thinking served as an antidote, for by the ceaseless iteration his mind was lulled into a kind of drowse. Again and again he went to the pail of water that stood on the window-sill, and lifting it to his lips, drank deep and full, to quench the raging thirst.

"*If he had a soul!*" He looked at Louis Trudel, silent and morose, the clammy yellow of a great sickness in his face and hands, but his mind only intent on making a waistcoat—and the end of all things very near! The words he had written the night before came to him: "*Therefore, wherefore, tailor-man? Therefore, wherefore, God?..Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!*"

As if in reply to his thoughts there came the sound of singing, and of bells ringing in the parish church.

A procession with banners was coming near. It was a holy day, and Chaudière was mindful of its duties. The wanderers of the parish had come home for Easter. All who belonged to Chaudière and worked in the woods or shanties, or were in the big cities far away, were returned — all who could return — to take the holy communion in the parish church. Yesterday the parish had been alive with a pious hilarity. The great church had been crowded beyond the doors, the streets had been full of cheerily dressed *habitants*. There had, however, come a sudden chill to the seemly rejoicings,—the little iron cross blessed by the Pope had been stolen from the door of the church!

The fact had been told to the Curé as he said the Mass, and from the altar steps, before going to the pulpit, he referred to the robbery with poignant

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HE WAS THINKING OF THE CURÉ'S LAST WORDS TO THE PEOPLE

feeling; for the relic had belonged to a martyr of the Church, who, two centuries before, had laid down his life for the Master on the coast of Africa.

Louis Trudel had heard the Curé's words, and in his place at the rear of the church he smiled sourly to himself. In due time the little cross should be returned, but it had work to do first! He did not take the holy communion this Easter day, nor go to confession as was his wont. Not, however, until a certain day later did the Curé realize this, though for thirty years the tailor had never omitted his Easter-time duties.

The people guessed and guessed, but they knew not on whom to cast suspicion at first. No sane Catholic of Chaudière could possibly have taken the holy thing. Presently a murmur crept about that Monsieur Mallard might have been the thief. He was not a Catholic, and—who could tell? Who knew where he came from? Who knew what he had been? Perhaps a jail-bird—a robber—a murderer! Charley, however, stitched on, intent upon his own struggle, his own speculations of soul, his own bodily rebellions.

The procession passed the doorway: men bearing banners with sacred texts, acolytes swinging censers, a figure of the Man-Christ carved in wood borne aloft, the Curé under a silk canopy, and a long line of *habitants* following with sacred song. People fell upon their knees in the street as the procession passed, and the Curé's face was bent here and there, his hand raised in blessing.

Old Louis got up from his bench, and putting on a coat over his wool jacket, hastened to the doorway, knelt down, made the sign of the cross, and said a prayer. Then he turned quickly towards Charley, who, looking at the procession, then at the tailor, then back again at the procession, smiled.

Charley was hardly conscious of what he did. His mind had ranged far beyond this scene to the large issues which these symbols represented. Was it one universal self-deception? Was this "religion" the pathetic, the soul-breaking make-believe of time and eternity?

So he smiled—at himself, at his own soul that seemed alone in this play, the skeleton in armor, the thing that did not belong. His own words written that fateful day before he died at the Côte Dorion came to him:

> Sacristan, acolyte, prayer, or preacher—
> Each to his office; but who holds the key?
> Death, only Death, thou, the ultimate teacher,
> Will show it to me.

He was suddenly startled from his reverie, through which the procession was moving—a cloud of witnesses. It was the voice of Louis Trudel, sharp and piercing:

"Don't you believe in God and the Son of God?"

"God knows!" answered Charley slowly in reply—an involuntary exclamation of helplessness, an automatic phrase deflected from its original significance to meet a casual need of the mind. Yet it seemed like satire, like a sardonic, even vulgar humor. So it struck Louis Trudel, who snatched up a hot iron from the fire and rushed forward with it at Charley with a snarl. So astounded was Charley that he did not stir. He was not prepared for the sudden onslaught. He did not put up his hand even, but stared astounded at the tailor, who, within a foot of him, suddenly stopped with the great iron poised.

Louis Trudel repented in time. With the cunning of the monomaniac he realized that an attack now might frustrate his great stroke. It would bring the village to his shop door, and precipitate the crisis upon the wrong incident.

As it chanced, only one person in Chaudière saw the act. That was Rosalie Evanturel across the way. She saw the rush and the iron raised, and looked for Monsieur to knock the tailor down; but, instead, she beheld the tailor go back and put the iron on the fire again. She saw also that Monsieur was speaking, though she could hear no words.

Charley's words were simple enough. "I beg your pardon, monsieur," he said across the room to Old Louis; "I meant no offence at all. I was trying to think it out in a human sort of way. I suppose I wanted a sign from Heaven!—wanted too much, no doubt."

The tailor's lips twitched, and his hand convulsively clutched the great shears at his side.

"It is no matter now," he answered, shortly. "I have had signs from Heaven; perhaps you will have one too!"

"It would be worth while," rejoined Charley, musingly.

Charley wondered bitterly if he had made an irreparable error in saying those ill-chosen words. This might mean a breach between them, and so make his position in the parish untenable. He had no wish to go elsewhere—where could he go? It mattered little what he was, tinker or tailor. He had now only to work his way back to the mind of the peasant; to be an animal with intelligence; to get close to mother earth, and move down the declivity of life with what natural wisdom were possible. It was his duty to adapt himself to the mind of such as this tailor; to acquire what the tailor and his like had acquired —an intolerant belief and an inexpensive security, to be got through yielding his nature to the great religious dream. And what perfect tranquillity, what smooth travelling to be got thereby!

Gazing across the street towards the little post-office, he saw Rosalie Evanturel at the window. Then he fell to thinking about her.

Rosalie, on her part, kept wondering what Old Louis's violence meant. How often she had thought of that day when Charley had sat by Germain Boily's bedside, his eyes following her wherever she went!

A tailor? Not so, her imagination said; but a man tired of the world and come to live their simple peaceful life for good reasons of his own. Who could say aught of him that was not good? What commandment had he broken since he had come to live among them? Yet he was not a Catholic, and he "kept holy the Sabbath day" by walking up to Jo Nadeau's hut on Vadrome Mountain. Jo Nadeau—why should he of all Chaudière see so much of Monsieur? Were there not those who would do as much for him as Jo Nadeau? Were there not those who would, had they opportunity, serve him to the utmost, as, no doubt, many had done all his life? Then there would flash before her mind a sheet of paper held up to the light, and the water-mark *Kathleen* thereon.

She thought of this again as she watched the two men from the window of the post-office, and though, of course, Monsieur was nothing to her, she resented for her sex the indefinite yet suggestive claim of Kathleen.

Presently she saw a half-dozen men come quickly down the street, and before they reached the tailor shop, stand in a group talking excitedly. Afterwards one came forward from the others quickly—Filion Lacasse, the saddler. He stopped short at the tailor's door. Looking at Charley, he exclaimed roughly:

"If you don't hand out the cross you stole from the church door, we'll tar and feather you, M'sieu'."

Charley looked up, surprised. It had never occurred to him that they could associate him with the theft.

"I know nothing of the cross," he said, quietly.

"You're the only heretic in the place. You've done it. Who are you? What are you doing here in Chaudière?"

"Working at my trade," was Charley's quiet answer. He looked towards Louis Trudel, as though to see how he took this intrusion and the ugly charge.

Old Louis responded at once, and in a manner unexpected to the saddler. "Get away with you, Filion Lacasse," he croaked. "Don't come here with your twaddling lies. M'sieu' hasn't stole the cross. What does he want with a cross?—he's not a Catholic. Tar and feather!—I'll brain the first that comes with such a tale."

"No need doing that," answered Filion Lacasse, quickly. "If he didn't steal the cross, why, he didn't; but if he did, what 'll you say for yourself, Old Louis? You call yourself a good Catholic—bah!—when you've got a heretic living with you!"

"What's that to you?" snarled the tailor, and reached out a nervous hand towards the iron. "I served at the altar before you were born. Sacré! I'll make your grave-clothes yet, and be a good Catholic when you're in the church-yard. Be off with you. Ach!" he suddenly added, when Filion did not move, "I'll cut your hair for you!" He scrambled off the bench with his shears.

Filion Lacasse disappeared with his friends, and the old man settled back on his bench.

Charley, looking up quietly from his work, said, "Thank you, monsieur."

He did not notice what an evil look was in Louis Trudel's face as it turned towards him, but Rosalie Evanturel, standing outside, saw it, and she stole back to the post-office ill at ease and wondering.

All that day she watched the tailor's shop, and even when the door was shut in the evening her eyes were fastened on the windows.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SIGN FROM HEAVEN

THE agitation and curiosity which had possessed Rosalie all day held her in the evening when the wooden shutters of the tailor's shop were closed and only a flickering light showed through the cracks. She was restless and uneasy during supper, and gave more than one unmeaning reply to the questions and remarks of her crippled father, who, drawn up for supper at the low table in his wheel-chair, was more than usually inclined to gossip.

Damase Evanturel's mind was stirred concerning the loss of the iron cross; the threat made by Filion Lacasse and his companions troubled him. The one person beside the Curé, Jo Nadeau, and Louis Trudel to whom Monsieur had talked was the crippled postmaster, who sometimes met him of an evening as he was taking the air in his wheel-chair. More than once he had walked behind the postmaster's chair and pushed it some distance, making the little crippled man talk of simple village matters.

As the two sat at supper the postmaster was inclined to take a serious view of Monsieur's position, and he was hardly prepared for Rosalie's firm assurance that the issue of this matter could only be for the benefit and credit of Monsieur. M. Evanturel returned again and again to the subject. He railed at Filion Lacasse; he called the suspicious *habitants* clodhoppers who didn't know any better—which was a tribute to his own superior birth; and at last, carried away by a feverish curiosity, he suggested that Rosalie should go and look through the cracks in the shutters of the tailor shop and find out what was going on within. This was indignantly rejected by Rosalie, but the more she thought, the more uneasy she became. She ceased to reply to her father's remarks, and he at last relapsed into gloom, and said that he was tired and would go to bed. Thereupon she wheeled him inside his bed-room, bade him good-night, and left him to his moodiness, which, however, was soon absorbed in a deep sleep, for the mind of the little gray postmaster could no more hold trouble or thought than a sieve.

Left alone, Rosalie began to be tortured. What were they doing in the house opposite?

Go and look through the windows? But she had never spied on people in her life! Yet would it be spying? Would it not be pardonable? In the interest of the man who had been attacked in the morning by the tailor, who had been threatened by the saddler, and concerning whom she had seen a signal pass between Old Louis and Filion Lacasse, would it not be a humane thing to do? It might be foolish and feminine to be anxious, but did she not mean well, and was it not, therefore, honorable?

The mystery inflamed her imagination. Charley's passiveness when he was assaulted by Old Louis and threatened by the saddler seemed to her indifference to any sort of danger—the courage of the hopeless life, maybe. Instantly her heart overflowed with sympathy. Monsieur was not a Catholic? Well, so much the more he should be befriended, for he was so much the more alone and helpless. If a man was born a Protestant he could not help it, and should not be punished in this world for it, since he was sure to be punished in the next.

Her mind became more and more excited. The post-office had been long since closed, and her father was asleep—she could hear him snoring in the next room. It was ten o'clock, and there was still a light in the tailor's shop. Usually the light went out before nine o'clock. She went to the post-office door and looked out. The streets were empty; there was not a light burning anywhere, save in the house of the Notary. Down towards the river a sleigh was making its way over the thin snow of spring, and screeching on the stones. Some late revellers, moving homewards from the Trois Cou-

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ronnes, were roaring at the top of their voices the *habitant* chanson, "Le Petit Roger Bontemps:"

"For I am Roger Bontemps,
Gai, gai, gai!
With drink I am full and with joy *content,*
Gai, gaiement!"

The chanson died away as she stood there, and still the light was burning in the shop opposite. A thought suddenly came to her. She would go over and see if the old housekeeper, Margot Patry, had gone to bed. Here was the solution to the problem, the satisfaction of modesty and propriety.

She crossed the street quickly, hurried round the corner of the house, and was passing the side window of the shop, when a crack in the shutters caught her eye. At the moment she heard something fall on the floor within. Could it be that the tailor and Monsieur were working at so late an hour? She had an irresistible impulse, and she glued her eye to the crack.

The next instant she started back with a smothered cry. There by the great fireplace stood Louis Trudel picking up a red-hot cross with a pair of pincers. Grasping the iron firmly just below the arms of the cross, the tailor held it up again. He looked at it with a wild triumph, yet with a malignancy little in keeping with the object he held — the holy relic he had stolen from the door of the parish church! The girl gave a low involuntary cry of horror.

She saw Old Louis advance stealthily towards the door in the shop which led into the house. For an instant her brain was confused and she stood still in sheer bewilderment, then, with a sudden impulse, she ran to the kitchen door and tried it softly. It was not locked. She opened it, entered quickly, and found old Margot standing in the middle of the floor in her night-dress.

"Oh, Rosalie, Rosalie!" cried the old woman, "something's going to happen. M'sieu' Trudel has been queer all evening. I peeped in the key-hole of the shop just now, and—"

"Yes, yes, I've seen too. Come!" said Rosalie, and going quickly to the door, opened it and passed through to another room. Here she opened another door, leading into the hall between the shop and the house. Entering the hall, she saw a glimmer of light above. It was the reddish glow of the iron cross held by Old Louis. She crept softly up the stone steps. She heard a door open very quietly. She hurried now, and came to the landing. She saw the door of Monsieur's room open—all the village knew what room he slept in—and the moonlight was streaming in at the window.

She saw the sleeping man on the bed, and the tailor standing over him. Monsieur was lying with one arm thrown above his head; the other lay over the side of the bed.

As she rushed forward, divining Old Louis's object, the fiery cross descended, and a voice cried hoarsely, "'Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man!'"

This voice was drowned by that of another voice, which, gasping with horror and agony out of a deep sleep, as the body sprang upright, cried, "God!—oh God!"

This voice was not more convulsive than Rosalie's hand, which grasped Old Louis's arm too late. The tailor sprang back with a horrible laugh, striking Rosalie aside, and rushed out to the landing, laughing hideously.

"Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur!" cried Rosalie, and snatching a scarf from her bosom, thrust it in upon the excoriated breast, as Charley, hardly realizing what had happened, choked back moans of agony.

"What did he do?" he gasped.

"The iron cross from the church door!" she answered. "A minute, one minute, Monsieur!"

She rushed out upon the landing in time to see the tailor stumble on the stairs and fall head-forwards to the bottom, at the feet of Margot Patry.

Rosalie paid no heed to the fallen man. "Oil! flour! Quick!" she cried. "Quick! Quick!" She stepped over the body of Old Louis, snatched at Margot's arm, and dragged her into the kitchen. "Quick! Oil and flour!"

The old woman showed her where they were, moaning and whining the while.

"He tried to kill Monsieur," cried Rosalie. "He burned him on the breast with the holy cross!"

With the oil and flour, she rushed back over the body of the tailor, up the stairs,

and into Charley's room. Charley was now out of bed and half dressed, though choking with pain, and preserving consciousness only by a great effort.

"Good Rosalie!" he said, and taking the scarf off gently, soaked it in oil and splashed it with flour, and laid it quickly back on the burnt flesh.

Margot came staggering into the room.

"I cannot rouse him. I cannot rouse him. Oh, he is dead! He is dead!" she whined.

Charley swayed forward towards the woman, recovered himself, and said:

"Now not a word of what he did to me, remember. Not one word, or you will go to jail with him. If you keep quiet, I'll say nothing. He didn't know what he was doing." He turned to Rosalie. "Not a word of this, please," he moaned. "Hide the cross."

He moved towards the door. Rosalie saw his object, and ran out ahead of him and down the stairs to where the tailor lay prone on his face, one hand still clinching the pincers. The little iron cross lay in a dark corner. Stooping, she lifted up his head, then felt his heart.

"He is not dead!" she cried. "Quick, Margot, some water," she added, to the whimpering woman. Margot tottered away, and came again presently with the water.

"I will go for some one to help," Rosalie said, rising to her feet, as she saw Charley come slowly down the staircase, his face white with agony. She ran and took his arm to help him down.

"No, no, dear mademoiselle," he said; "I shall be all right presently. You must get help to carry him up stairs. Bring the Notary; he and I can carry him up."

"You, monsieur! You! It would kill you! You are terribly hurt."

"I must help to carry him, else people will be asking questions," he answered, painfully. "He is going to die. It must not be known—you understand!" His eyes searched the floor until they saw the cross, and Rosalie picked it up with the pincers. "It must not be known what he did to me!" Charley said to the muttering and moaning old woman. He caught her shoulder with his hand, for she seemed scarcely to understand.

She nodded. "Yes, yes, M'sieu'. I will never speak."

Rosalie was standing in the door. "Go quickly, mademoiselle," he said. She disappeared with the iron cross, and flying across the street, thrust it inside the post-office, then ran to the house of the Notary.

CHAPTER XX

THE RETURN OF THE TAILOR

TWENTY minutes later the tailor was lying in his bed, breathing, but still unconscious, the Notary, Monsieur, and the doctor of the next parish, who by chance was in Chaudière, beside him. Charley's face was drawn and haggard with pain, for he had helped to carry Old Louis to bed, though every motion of his arms gave him untold agony. In the doorway stood Rosalie and Margot Patry.

"Will he live?" asked the Notary.

The doctor shook his head negatively. "A few hours, perhaps. He fell down stairs?"

Charley nodded. There was silence for some time, as the doctor went on with his ministrations, and the Notary sat drumming his fingers on the little table beside the bed. The two women stole away to the kitchen, where Rosalie again impressed on Margot the importance of secrecy. In the interest of the cause she had even threatened Margot with a charge of complicity. She had heard the phrase "accessory before the fact," and she used it now with good effect.

Then she took some fresh flour and oil, and thrust them inside the bed-room door where Charley now sat clinching his hands in almost intolerable suffering. Careful as ever of his personal appearance, however, he had brushed every speck of flour from his clothes, and buttoned his coat up to the neck.

Nearly an hour passed, and then the Curé appeared. When he entered the sick man's room, Charley followed, and again Rosalie and old Margot came and stood within the doorway.

"Peace be to this house!" said the Curé. He had a few moments of whispered conversation with the doctor, and then turned to Charley.

"He fell down stairs, monsieur? You saw him fall?"

"I was in my room—I heard him fall, monsieur le Curé."

"Had he been ill during the day?"

"He appeared to be feeble, and he seemed moody."

"More than usual, monsieur?" The Curé had heard of the incident of the morning when Filion Lacasse accused Charley of stealing the cross.

"Rather more than usual, monsieur le Curé."

The Curé turned towards the door. "You, Mademoiselle Rosalie, how came you to know?"

"I was in the kitchen with Margot, who was not well."

The Curé looked at Margot, who tearfully nodded. "I was ill," she said, "and Rosalie was here with me. She helped Monsieur and me. Rosalie is a good girl, and kind to me," she whimpered.

The Curé seemed satisfied, and after looking at the sick man for a moment, he came close to Charley. "I am deeply pained at what happened to-day," he said, courteously. "I know you have had nothing to do with the beloved little cross."

The Notary tried to draw near and listen, but the Curé's look held him back. The doctor was busy with his patient.

"You are only just, monsieur le Curé," said Charley in response, wishing that these kind eyes were fixed anywhere than on his face.

All at once the Curé laid a hand upon his arm. "You are ill!" he said, anxiously. "You look very ill indeed. See, Vaudrey," he added, to the doctor, "you have another patient here!"

The friendly, oleaginous doctor came over and peered into Charley's face. "Ill—sure enough!" he said. "Look at this sweat!"—he pointed to the drops of perspiration on Charley's forehead. "Where do you suffer?"

"Severe pains all through my body," Charley answered simply, for it seemed easier to tell the truth, as near as might be.

"I must look to you," said the doctor. "Go and lie down, and I will come to you."

Charley bowed, but did not move, however. Just then two things drew the attention of all: the tailor showed returning consciousness, and there was noise of many voices outside the house and the tramping of feet below-stairs.

"Go and tell them no one must come up," said the doctor to the Notary, and the Curé, nodding approval, prepared to perform the last offices for the dying.

Presently the noise below-stairs diminished, and the priest's voice rose in the office, vibrating and touching. The two women sank to their knees, the doctor followed, his eyes still fixed on the dying man, and, after a moment, Charley did the same; for something penetrating and reasonable in the devotion touched him.

All at once Louis Trudel opened his eyes. Staring round with terrible excitement, his eyes fell on the Curé, then upon Charley.

"Stop — stop, m'sieu' le Curé!" he cried. "There's other work to do!" He gasped and was convulsed, but the pallor of his face was alive with the black fire from the distempered eyes. He snatched from his breast the paper Charley had neglected to burn. He thrust it into the Curé's hand.

"See—see!" he croaked. "He is an infidel—black infidel—from hell!" His voice rose in a kind of shriek piercing to every corner of the house. He pointed at Charley with shaking finger.

"He wrote it there—on that paper. He doesn't—believe in God. He blasphemes. Send him to hell!"

His strength failed him, his hand clutched convulsively at the air. He laughed, a dry, horrible, crackling laugh, and his mouth opened twice or thrice to speak, but gasping breaths only came forth. With a last effort, however, as the priest, shocked, stretched out his hand and said, "Have done! Have done, Trudel!" in a voice that quavered shrilly, he cried:

"He asked—tailor-man—for sign—from — Heaven. Look — Look!" He pointed wildly at Charley. "I—gave him—sign of—"

But that was the end. With a convulsive shudder the body collapsed in a formless heap, and the tailor-man was gone to tell of the work he had done for his faith on earth.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CURÉ HAS AN INSPIRATION

WHITE and malicious faces peered through the doorway at all that was left of the tailor. There was an ugly murmur coming up the staircase. Many *habitants* had heard Louis Trudel's last words, and had passed them on with vehement exaggeration.

Chaudière had been touched in its most superstitious corner. Protestantism was a sin, but atheism was a crime against humanity. The Protestant might be the victim of a mistake, but the atheist was the deliberate child of hell, the source of vague and fearful dangers. An atheist in their midst was like a scorpion in a flower-bed—no one could tell when and where it would sting. Rough misdemeanors among them had been many, there had once been a murder in the parish, but the undefined horrors of infidelity were more terrible than crimes the eye could see.

To the minds of these excited people the tailor-man's death was due to the infidel before them. They were ready to do all that might become a Catholic intent to avenge the profaned honor of the Church and the faith. Bodily harm was the natural form for their passionate purposes to take.

"Bring him out! Let us have him!" were their rash exclamations, to which Rosalie Evanturel turned a pained, indignant face.

As the Curé stood with the paper in his hand, his face set and bitter, Rosalie made a step forward. She meant to tell the truth about Louis Trudel, and show how noble this man was, who stood charged with a dark shame and an imaginary crime. But she met the warning eye of the man himself, calm and resolute, she saw the suffering in the face, endured with what composure! and she felt instantly that she must obey him; and that —who could tell?—his plan might be the best in the end. She looked at the Curé anxiously. What would he say and do?

In the Curé's heart and mind a great struggle was going on. All his inherent prejudice, the hereditary predisposition of centuries, the ingrained hatred of atheism, the lack of sympathy with any thought that questioned God and the hereafter, were surging up in him, hardening his mind against the man before him. His first impulse was to let Charley take his fate at the hands of the people of Chaudière, whatever it might be. But as he looked at the man, as he recalled their first meeting, and remembered the simple, quiet life he had lived among them—charitable, and unselfish—the barriers of creed and habit fell down, and tears unbidden rushed into his eyes.

The Curé had, all at once, the one great inspiration of his life — its one beautiful and supreme imagining. For thus he reasoned swiftly:

Here he was a priest who had shepherded a flock of the faithful passed on to him by another priest before him, who again had received them from a guardian of the fold—a flock of faithful Catholics whose thoughts had never strayed into forbidden realms. He had done no more than keep them faithful and prevent them from wandering—counselling, admonishing, baptizing, and burying, giving in marriage and blessing, sending them on their last great journey with the cachet of Holy Church upon them. But never once, never in all his life, had he brought a lost soul into the fold. If he died to-night, he could not say to St. Peter, when he arrived at heaven's gate, "See, I have saved a soul."

Before the Throne he could not say to Him who cried, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" —he could not say, "Lord, by Thy grace I found this soul in the wilderness, in the dark and the loneliness, having no God to worship, denial and rebellion in his heart; and behold, I took him to my breast, and taught him in Thy name, and led him home to Thy Church and the Haven where Thou art!"

Thus it was that the Curé dreamed a dream. He would set his life to saving this lost soul. He would rescue him from the outer darkness.

His face suffused, his eyes lighted, he handed the paper in his hand back to the man who had written the words upon it. Then he lifted his hand against the people at the door and the loud murmuring behind them.

"Peace—peace!" he said, as though from the altar. "Leave this room of

death, I command you. Go at once to your homes. This man"—he pointed to Charley—"is my friend. Who seeks to harm him, would harm me. Go hence and pray. Pray for yourselves, pray for him, and for me; and pray for the troubled soul of Louis Trudel. Go in peace!"

In a few moments the house was empty, save for the Curé, Charley, old Margot, and the Notary.

That night Charley sat in the tailor's bed-room, rigid and calm, though racked with pain, and watched the candles flickering beside the dead body. He was thinking of the Curé's last words to the people.

"I wonder—I wonder," he said, and through his eye-glass he stared at the crucifix that threw a shadow on the dead man's face. Morning found him there. As dawn crept in he rose to his feet. "Whither now?" he said, like one in a dream.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WOMAN WHO SAW

UP to the moment of her meeting with Charley Steele, Rosalie Evanturel's life had been governed by habit, which was lightly colored by temperament. Since the eventful hour on Vadrome Mountain it had become a life of temperament, in which habit was involuntary and mechanical, and largely meaningless. She did her daily duties with a good heart, but also with an apparent superiority of sense to the practical action. This grew from day to day, until in the trying and tragical days wherein she had secretly played a great part, she moved as in a dream, but a dream so formal that no one saw that any change had taken place in her, or associated her with the events that had happened across the way.

She had been compelled to answer many questions, for it was known she was in the tailor's house when Louis Trudel fell down stairs, but what more was there to tell than that she had run for the Notary, and sent word to the Curé, and that she was present when the tailor died, charging Monsieur with being an infidel? At first she was ill disposed to answer any questions, but she soon felt that attitude would only do harm. For the first time in her life she was face to face with moral problems—which is the beginning of sorrow, of knowledge, and of life.

In all secrets there is a kind of guilt, however beautiful or joyful they may be, or for what good end they may be set to serve. Secrecy means evasion, and evasion means a problem to the moral mind. To the primitive mind, with its direct *yes* and *no,* there is danger of it becoming a tragical problem ere it is realized that truth is various and diverse. Perhaps even with that Mary who "hid the matter in her heart"—the exquisite tragedy and glory of Christendom—there was a delicate feeling of guilt, the guilt of the hidden though supreme and beautiful thing.

If secrecy was guilt, then Charley and Rosalie were bound together by a bond as strong as death: Rosalie held the key to a series of tragical days and doings.

In ordinary course, they might have known each other for five years and not have come to this sensitive and delicate association. In the moment that she had thrust her scarf into his scorched breast, in that little upper room, the work of years had been done. She had sprung into the river of understanding in one great plunge, and from that moment Charley was ever before her eyes; his white, set face, his lips trembling with agony. She heard always his broken words to her commanding secrecy, his strained voice answering the priest in the sick man's room.

His look of gratitude when, answering his warning glance, she held her peace in the room of the dying man; his "Thank you, dear mademoiselle!" afterwards; his friendly hand-grasp the day the tailor was buried—were constantly with her, occupying her thoughts, shutting out much of the painful gossip of the village, or, so far as herself was concerned, neutralizing it.

Waking and sleeping she saw the tailor creeping up the staircase, holding the shining red cross in the iron pincers; she saw his face ghastly in the red glare it made; she saw him entering Monsieur's room—and all the rest. Yet, too, had she not saved him? Might not the tailor have gone further with his ghastly work?

But for her, might not Monsieur now be dead? Indeed, had he not said to her, before she left the house in the gray morning after the tailor's death, "I wonder was it worth your saving, mademoiselle?"

His life—he meant his life, of course. As long as he lived, that mark must remain on Monsieur's breast—the red smooth scar of a cross! She had seen the sort of shining scar a bad burn makes, and at thought of it she flushed, trembled, and turned her head away, as though some one were watching her. Even in the night she flushed and buried her face in the pillow when the thought flashed through her mind, though when she had soaked the scarf in oil and flour and laid it on the angry wound she had not flushed at all, but was determined, quiet, and resourceful.

That moment had made her from a girl into a woman, from a child of the convent into a child of the world. She no longer thought and felt as she had done before. What she did think or feel could not easily have been set down, for her mind was one tremulous confusion of unusual thoughts, her heart was beset by new feelings, her imagination, suddenly finding itself, was trying its wings helplessly. The past was full of wonder and event; the present was full of surprises.

There was Monsieur established already in Louis Trudel's place, having been granted a lease of the house and shop by the Curé, on the part of the parish, to which the property had been left, receiving also a gift of the furniture and of old Margot, who remained where she had been so many years. Now would come the future, in which he and she would be "neighbors across the way," he there at the clothes on his bench, she with her spinning-wheel, or sorting letters, or selling the goods of the little shop to the *habitants*, or, at need, helping her beloved and crippled father.

She could easily see Charley at work—pale and suffering still—for the door was generally open in the sweet April weather, with the birds singing, and the trees bursting into blossom. Her uncontrollable imagination traced the cross upon his breast—it almost seemed as if it were outside upon his clothes, exposed to every eye, a shining thing all fire, not a hateful sore inside, for which old Margot prepared oiled linen now.

The parish was as perturbed as her own mind, for the mystery of the stolen cross had never been cleared up, and a few still believed that Monsieur had taken it. They were of those who kept hinting at dark things which would yet be worked upon the infidel in the tailor's shop. These were they to whom the Curé's beautiful ambition did not appeal. He had said that if the man were an infidel, then they must pray that he be brought into the fold; but they still were suspicious, and said, in Rosalie's presence: "Where is the little cross? M'sieu' knows."

He did know. That was the worst of it. The cross was in her possession. Was it not necessary, then, to quiet suspicion for his sake? She had locked the relic away in a cupboard in her bed-room, and she carried the key of it always in her pocket. Every day she went and looked at it, as at some sacred yet ghostly token. To her it was a symbol, not of sacred significance, of supernatural things, but of life in its new reality to her. It was Monsieur, it was herself, it was their secret—she raged inwardly that Margot should share a part of that secret. If it were only between their two selves—between Monsieur and herself! If Margot—she paused suddenly, for she was going to say, *If Margot would only die!* She was not wicked enough to wish that in cold blood; but in the past few weeks she had found herself capable of thinking things beyond the bounds of any past experience.

She would go at night secretly and nail the cross again on the church door, and so stop the chatter of evil tongues. The moon set very early now, and as every one in Chaudière was supposed to be in bed by ten o'clock, the chances of not being seen were in her favor. She received the final impetus to her resolution by a quarrelsome and threatening remark of Jo Nadeau to some sharp-tongued gossip in the post-office. She was glad that Jo should defend Monsieur, but she was jealous of his friendship for the tailor. Besides, did there not appear to be a secret between Jo Nadeau and Monsieur? Was it not possible that Jo Nadeau knew where Monsieur came from

and all about him? Of late Jo had come in and gone out of the shop oftener than in the past, had even brought her bunches of mosses for her flower-pots, the first budding lilacs, and some maple sugar made from the trees on Vadrome Mountain. She remembered that when she was a girl at the convent, years ago—nine years ago—Jo Nadeau, then scarcely out of his teens, a cheerful, pleasant, quick-tempered lad, had brought her bunches of the mountain-ash berry; that once he had mended the broken runner of her sled; and yet another time had sent her a birch-bark valentine at the convent, where it was confiscated by the Mother Superior. Since those days he had become a dark morose figure, living apart from men, never going to confession, seldom going to Mass, unloving and unlovable.

There was only one other person in the parish more unloved. That was the woman called Paulette Dubois, who lived in the little house at the outer gate of the Manor. Paulette Dubois had a bad name in the parish—so bad that all women shunned her, and few men noticed her; yet no one could say that at the present time she did not live a careful life, justifying, so far as eye could see, the protection of the Seigneur, Monsieur Rossignol, a man of queer habits and queerer dress, a dabbler in physical science, a devout Catholic, and a constant friend of the Curé. He it was who, when an effort was made to drive Paulette out of the parish, had said that she should not go unless she wished; that having been born in Chaudière she had a right to live there and die there; and if she had sinned there, the parish was in some sense to blame. Though he had no lodge gates, and though the seigneury was but a great wide low-roofed farm-house, with an observatory, and a chimney-piece dating from the time of Louis the Fourteenth, the Seigneur gave Paulette Dubois a little hut at his outer gate, which had been there since the great Count Frontenac visited the Manor of Chaudière. Probably Rosalie spoke to Paulette Dubois more often than did any one else in the parish, but that was because the woman came for little things at the shop, and asked for letters, and every week sent one—to a man living in Montreal. She sent these letters, but not more than once in six months did she get a reply, and she had not had one in a whole year. Yet every week she asked, and Rosalie found it hard to answer her politely, and sometimes showed it.

So it was that the two disliked each other without good cause, save that they were separated by a chasm as wide as a sea. The one disliked the other because she must recognize her; the other because only officially could she be recognized by Rosalie.

The late afternoon of the day in which Rosalie decided to nail the cross on the church door again, Paulette arrived to ask for letters at the moment that the office wicket was closed, and Rosalie had answered that it was after office hours, and had almost closed the door in her face. At that moment Jo Nadeau came out of the tailor shop opposite. He saw Paulette, and stood still an instant. She did the same. A strange look passed across the face of each—a look not good to see—then each turned and went in an opposite direction.

Rosalie did not see this meeting, and it is doubtful that if she had she would have noticed anything. She was deeply occupied with her own thoughts. Never in her life had time gone so slowly. She watched the clock. A dozen times she went to the front door and looked out. She tried to read—it was no use; she tried to spin—her fingers trembled; she sorted the letters in the office again, and rearranged every letter and parcel and paper in its little pigeon-hole—then did it all over again. She took out again the letter Paulette had dropped in the letter-box; it was addressed in the name of a man at Montreal. She looked at it in a kind of awe, as she had ever done the letters of this woman who was without the pale. They had a sense of mystery, an air of the unknown, the feeling of forbidden imaginations.

She put the letter back, went to the door again, and looked out. It was now time to go. Drawing a hood over her head, she stepped out into the night. There was a little frost, though spring was well forward, and the smell of the rich earth—the well-nourished ploughed land—and the budding trees was sweet

to the sense. The moon had just set, but the stars gave light, and here and there patches of snow on the hill-side and in the fields added to the light. Yet it was not light enough to see far, and as Rosalie moved down the street she did not notice a figure at a little distance behind, walking on the new-springing grass by the road-side. All was quiet at the tavern; there was no light in the Notary's house—as a rule, he sat up late, reading; and even the fiddle of Maximilian Cour, the baker, was silent. The Curé's windows were dark, and the church with its white tin spire stood up sentinel-like above the village. This spire represented the life of man, and all his emotions and businesses and failures and successes, the hopes and fears of mankind, its light and its revelation, as, far over on Vadrome Mountain, Jo Nadeau's hut represented the life of the creatures of the forest, the weaker preyed upon by the stronger, the mystery of the forest winding backward to the primeval ages, and darkening in its revolutions, to the complete obscurity of creation.

Rosalie had the fateful cross in her hand as she softly opened the gate of the church-yard and approached the great oak doors. Drawing a screw-driver and some screws from her pocket, she felt with a finger for the old screw-holes in the door. Then she began her work, looking fearfully round once or twice at first. Presently, however, because the screws were larger than the old ones, the work became harder; the work called forth more strength, and drove all thought of being seen out of her mind for a moment. At last, however, she gave the final turn to the handle, and the last screw was in its place, its top level and smooth with the iron of the cross. She stopped and looked round again with an uneasy feeling. She could see no one, hear no one, but she began to tremble, and, overcome, she fell on her knees before the door, and with her fingers on the foot of the little cross prayed passionately: for herself, for Monsieur.

Suddenly she heard footsteps inside the church. They were coming towards the doorway, nearer and nearer. At first she was so struck with terror that she could not move. Then with a little cry she sprang to her feet, rushed to the gate, threw it open, ran out into the road, and wildly on towards home. She did not stop for at least three hundred yards. Turning and looking back, she saw at the church door a pale round light. With another cry she sped on, and did not pause till she reached the house. Then, bursting in and locking the door, she hurried to her room, undressed quickly, got into bed without saying her prayers, and buried her face in the pillow, shivering and overwrought.

The footsteps she had heard were those of the Curé and Jo Nadeau. The Curé had sent for Jo to do some last work upon a little shrine, to be used the next day for the first time. The carpenter and the carver in wood who were responsible for the work had fallen victims to white whiskey on the very last day of their task, and had been driven from the church by the Curé, who then sent for Jo Nadeau.

Rosalie had not seen the light at the shrine, as it was on the side of the church farthest from the village. Their labor finished, the two came towards the front door, the Curé's little lantern in his hand. Opening the door, Jo heard the sound of footsteps and saw a figure flying down the road. As the Curé came out abstractedly, he glanced sorrowfully towards the place where the little cross was used to be. He gave a little cry of wonderment, and almost dropped the lantern.

"See, see, Nadeau," he said, "our little iron cross again!"

Jo nodded. "So it seems, monsieur," he said.

At that instant he saw a hood lying on the ground, and as the Curé held up the lantern, peering at the little cross, he hastily and silently picked up the hood and thrust it inside his coat.

"Strange—very strange!" said the Curé. "It must have been done while we were inside. It was not there when we entered."

"We entered by the vestry door," said Jo.

"Ah, true—true," responded the Curé.

"It comes as it went," said Jo. "You can't account for some things."

The Curé turned and looked at Jo curiously. "Are you so very superstitious, Nadeau? Nonsense; it is the

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work of human hands—very human hands," he added, sadly.

"There is nothing to show," said the Curé, seeing Nadeau's glance round.

"As you see, monsieur le Curé."

"Well, it is a mystery which time no doubt will clear up. Meanwhile, let us be thankful," said the Curé. "Let us go," he added.

They parted, the Curé going through a side gate into his own garden, Jo passing out of the church-yard gate through which Rosalie had gone. He looked down the road towards the village.

"Well!" said a voice in his ear. Paulette Dubois stood before him.

"It was you, then," he said, with a glowering look. "What did you want with it?"

"What do you want with the hood in your coat there?" She threw her head back with a spiteful laugh.

"Whose do you think it is?" he said, quietly.

"You and the schoolmaster made verses about her once."

"It was Rosalie Evanturel?" he asked, with aggravating composure.

"You have the hood—look at it. You saw her running down the road; I saw her come, watched her, and saw her go. She is a thief—pretty Rosalie—thief and postmistress! No doubt she takes letters too."

"The ones you wait for, and that never come—eh?"

Her face became black with rage and hatred. "I will tell the world she's a thief!" she said.

"Who will believe you?" he rejoined.

"You will." She was hard and fierce, and looked him in the eyes squarely. "You'll give evidence quick enough, if I ask you."

"I wouldn't do anything you asked me to—nothing, if it was to save my life."

"I'll prove her a thief without you. She can't deny it!"

"If you try it, I'll—" He stopped, husky and shaking.

"You'll *kill* me, eh? You killed *him*, and you didn't hang. Oh, no, you wouldn't kill me, Jo," she added quickly, in a changed voice. "You've had enough of that kind of thing. If I'd been you, I'd rather have hung—ah, sure!" She suddenly came close to him. "Do you hate me so bad, Jo?" she said, anxiously. "It's eight years—do you hate me so bad as *then?*"

"You keep your tongue off Rosalie Evanturel," he said, and turned on his heel.

She caught his arm. "We're both bad, Jo. Can't we be friends?" she said, eagerly, her voice shaking.

He did not reply.

"Don't drive a woman too hard!" she said between her teeth.

"Threats! Pah!" he rejoined. "What do you think I'm made of?"

"I'll find that out!" she said, and, turning on her heel, ran down the road towards the Manor House.

"What had Rosalie to do with the cross?" he said to himself. "This is her hood." He took it out and looked at it. "It's her hood—but what did she want with the cross?"

He hurried on, and as he neared the post-office he saw the figure of a woman in the road. At first he thought it might be Rosalie, but as he came nearer he saw it was not. The woman was muttering and moaning. She wandered to and fro bewilderedly. He came up, caught her by the arm, and looked into her face.

It was old Margot Patry.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE WOMAN WHO DID NOT TELL

"OH, monsieur, I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, Margot?"

"Of the last moment, m'sieu' le Curé."

"There will be no last moment to your mind—you will not know it when it comes, Margot."

The woman trembled. "I am not sorry to die. But I am afraid; it is so lonely, m'sieu' le Curé."

"God is with us, Margot."

"When we are born we do not know. It is on the shoulders of others. When we die we know, and we have to answer."

"Is the answering so hard, Margot?"

The woman shook her head feebly and sadly, but did not speak.

"You have been a good mother, Margot."

She made no sign.

"You have been a good neighbor; you have done unto others as you would be done by."

She scarcely seemed to hear.

"You have been a good servant—doing your duty in season and out of season; honest and just and faithful."

The woman's fingers twitched on the coverlet, and she moved her head restlessly.

The Curé almost smiled, for it seemed as if Margot were finding herself wanting. Yet none in Chaudière but knew that she had lived a blameless life—faithful, friendly, a loving and devoted mother, whose health had been broken by sleepless attendance at sick-beds by night, while doing her daily work at the house of the late Louis Trudel.

"I will answer for the way you have done your duty, Margot," said the Curé. "You have been a good daughter of the Church."

He paused a moment, and in the pause some one rose from a chair by the window and looked out on the sunset sky. It was Charley. The woman heard, and turned her eyes towards him. "Do you wish him to go?" asked the Curé.

"No, no—oh no, m'sieu' le Curé," she said, eagerly. She had asked all day that either Rosalie or Monsieur should be in the room with her. It would seem as if she were afraid that she had not courage enough to keep the secret of the cross without their presence. Charley had yielded to her request, while shrinking from granting it. Yet, as he said to himself, the woman was keeping his secret—his and Rosalie's—and she had some right to make demand.

When the Curé asked the question of old Margot, he turned expectantly, and with a sense of relief. He thought it strange that the Curé should wish him to remain. The Curé, on his part, was well pleased to have him in the influence of a Christian death-bed. A moment must come when the last confidences of the dying woman could be given to no ears but his own, but meanwhile it was good that Monsieur should be there.

"M'sieu' le Curé," said the dying woman, "must I tell all?"

"All what, Margot?"

"All that is sin?"

"There is no *must*, Margot."

"If you should ask me, m'sieu' le Curé—"

She paused, and the man at the window turned and looked curiously at her. He saw the problem in the woman's mind: had she the right to die with the secret of another's crime upon her mind?

"The priest does not *ask*, Margot: it is you who confess your sins. That is between you and God."

The Curé spoke firmly, for he wanted the man at the window to clearly understand.

"But if there are the sins of others and you know, and they trouble your soul, m'sieu' le Curé?"

"You have nothing to do with the sins of others; it is enough to repent of your own sins. The priest has nothing to do with any sins but those confessed by the sinner to himself. Your own sins are your only concern to-night, Margot."

The woman's face seemed to clear a little, and her eyes wandered to the man at the window with less anxiety. Charley was wondering whether, after all, she would have the courage to keep her word, whether spiritual terror would surmount the moral attitude of honor. He was also wondering how much right he had to put the strain upon the woman in her desperate strait.

"How long did the doctor say I would live?" the woman asked presently.

"Till morning, perhaps, Margot."

"I should like to live till sunrise," she answered—"till after breakfast. Rosalie makes good tea," she added, almost musingly now.

The Curé almost smiled. "There is the living bread, my daughter."

She nodded. "But I should like to see the sunrise and have Rosalie bring me tea," she persisted.

"Very well, Margot. We will ask God for that."

Her mind flew back again to the old question.

"Is it wrong to keep a secret?" she asked, her face turned away from the man at the window.

"If it is the secret of a sin, and the sin is your own—yes, Margot."

"And if the sin is not your own?"

"If you share the sin, and if the secret means injury to others, and a wrong is being done, and the law can right that wrong, then you must go to the law, not to your priest."

The Curé's look was grave now, even



anxious, for he saw that the old woman's mind was greatly disturbed.

But her face cleared now, and staid so. "It has all been a mix and a muddle," she answered; "and it hurt my poor head, m'sieu' le Curé, but now I think I understand. I am not afraid; I will confess now."

The Curé had made it clear to her that she could carry to her grave the secret of the little cross and the work it had done, and so keep her word and still not injure her chances of salvation. She was content. She no longer needed the helpful presence of Monsieur or Rosalie. Charley instinctively felt what was in her mind, and came towards the bed.

"I will tell Mademoiselle Rosalie about the tea," he said to her.

She looked up at him, almost smiling. "Thank you, good M'sieu'," she said.

"I will confess now, m'sieu' le Curé," she continued.

Charley left the room.

Towards morning Margot waked out of a brief sleep, and found the Curé and Rosalie and the Curé's sister and others about her bed.

"Is it almost sunrise?" she whispered.

"It is just sunrise. See; God has been good," answered the Curé, drawing open the blind and letting in the first golden rays.

Rosalie entered the room with a cup of tea, and came towards the bed.

Old Margot looked at the girl, at the tea, and then at the Curé.

"Drink the tea for me, Rosalie," she whispered.

Rosalie did as she was asked.

She looked round feebly; her eyes were growing filmy. "I never gave—so much—trouble—before," she managed to say. "I never had—so much—attention.... I can keep—a secret too," she said, setting her lips feebly with pride. "But I—never—had—so much—attention—before: have I—Rosalie?"

Rosalie did not need to answer, for the woman was gone. The crowning interest of her life had come all at the last moment, as it were, and she had gone away almost gladly and with a kind of pride.

Rosalie also had a hidden pride: the secret was now her very own—hers and Monsieur's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shadows on the Grass

BY ELIZABETH W. KING

A LITTLE life, soon ended:—grave or gay. Souls born
To weal or woe,—but in the end to die,
Like Shadows on the grass,—that in the morn
Begin to tremble 'neath a smiling sun, and lie
Till noon all deep and dark,—astir with ev'ry breath
That sways a branch or murmurs thro' the leaves.
No thing in all to presage death. . . .
Forever, thus it is, the Gracious hour deceives.

When cometh night, and o'er the earth creeps slow its chill,
The Shadows fade, all quivering with woe
To feel the sun depart, that on the distant hill
One moment lingers, and the next is gone! Nor may we know
When measure of our time is full. To-day is o'er.
To-morrow,—will one be for us? Alas,—
Who dares to say? 'Tis only God. He makes His law
Our destiny. We are but Shadows on the grass!

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Extracts from Adam's Diary

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

BY MARK TWAIN

[NOTE. — I translated a portion of this diary some years ago, and a friend of mine printed a few copies in an incomplete form, but the public never got them. Since then I have deciphered some more of Adam's hieroglyphics, and think he has now become sufficiently important as a public character to justify this publication.—M. T.]

MONDAY.—This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. . . . Cloudy today, wind in the east; think we shall have rain. . . . *We?* Where did I get that word? . . . . I remember now,—the new creature uses it.

TUESDAY.—Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls—why, I am sure I do not know. Says it *looks* like Niagara Falls. That is not a reason; it is mere waywardness and imbecility. I get no chance to name anything myself. The new creature names everything that comes along, before I can get in a protest. And always that same pretext is offered—it *looks* like the thing. There is the dodo, for instance. Says the moment one looks at it one sees at a glance that it "looks like a dodo." It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wearies me to fret about it, and it does no good, anyway. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do.

WEDNESDAY. — Built me a shelter against the rain, but could not have it to myself in peace. The new creature intruded. When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and made a noise such as some of the other animals make when they are in distress. I wish it would not talk; it is always talking. That sounds like a cheap fling at the poor creature, a slur; but I do not mean it so. I have never heard the human voice before, and any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the solemn hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ear and seems a false note. And this new sound is so close to me; it is right at my shoulder, right at my ear, first on one side and then on the other, and I am used only to sounds that are more or less distant from me.

FRIDAY.—The naming goes recklessly on, in spite of anything I can do. I had a very good name for the estate, and it was musical and pretty — GARDEN - OF-EDEN. Privately, I continue to call it that, but not any longer publicly. The new creature says it is all woods and rocks and scenery, and therefore has no resemblance to a garden. Says it *looks* like a park, and does not look like anything *but* a park. Consequently, without consulting me, it has been new-named —NIAGARA FALLS PARK. This is sufficiently high - handed, it seems to me. And already there is a sign up:

KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

My life is not as happy as it was.

SATURDAY.—The new creature eats too much fruit. We are going to run short, most likely. "We" again—that is *its* word; mine too, now, from hearing it so much. Good deal of fog this morning. I do not go out in the fog myself. The new creature does. It goes out in all weathers, and stumps right in with its muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

SUNDAY.—Pulled through. This day is getting to be more and more trying.

It was selected and set apart last November as a day of rest. I already had six of them per week, before. This morning found the new creature trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree.

MONDAY.—The new creature says its name is Eve. That is all right, I have no objections. Says it is to call it by when I want it to come. I said it was superfluous, then. The word evidently raised me in its respect; and indeed it is a large, good word, and will bear repetition. It says it is not an It, it is a She. This is probably doubtful; yet it is all one to me; what she is were nothing to me if she would but go by herself and not talk.

TUESDAY.—She has littered the whole estate with execrable names and offensive signs:

☞ THIS WAY TO THE WHIRLPOOL.

☞ THIS WAY TO GOAT ISLAND.

☞ CAVE OF THE WINDS THIS WAY.

She says this park would make a tidy summer resort, if there was any custom for it. Summer resort—another invention of hers—just words, without any meaning. What is a summer resort? But it is best not to ask her, she has such a rage for explaining.

FRIDAY.—She has taken to beseeching me to stop going over the Falls. What harm does it do? Says it makes her shudder. I wonder why. I have always done it—always liked the plunge, and the excitement, and the coolness. I supposed it was what the Falls were for. They have no other use that I can see, and they must have been made for something. She says they were only made for scenery—like the rhinoceros and the mastodon.

I went over the Falls in a barrel—not satisfactory to her. Went over in a tub—still not satisfactory. Swam the Whirlpool and the Rapids in a fig-leaf suit. It got much damaged. Hence, tedious complaints about my extravagance. I am too much hampered here. What I need is change of scene.

SATURDAY.—I escaped last Tuesday night, and travelled two days, and built me another shelter, in a secluded place, and obliterated my tracks as well as I could, but she hunted me out by means of a beast which she has tamed and calls a wolf, and came making that pitiful noise again, and shedding that water out of the places she looks with. I was obliged to return with her, but will presently emigrate again, when occasion offers. She engages herself in many foolish things: among others, trying to study out why the animals called lions and tigers live on grass and flowers, when, as she says, the sort of teeth they wear would indicate that they were intended to eat each other. This is foolish, because to do that would be to kill each other, and that would introduce what, as I understand it, is called "death"; and death, as I have been told, has not yet entered the Park. Which is a pity, on some accounts.

SUNDAY.—Pulled through.

MONDAY.—I believe I see what the week is for: it is to give time to rest up from the weariness of Sunday. It seems a good idea. . . . She has been climbing that tree again. Clodded her out of it. She said nobody was looking. Seems to consider that a sufficient justification for chancing any dangerous thing. Told her that. The word justification moved her admiration—and envy too, I thought. It is a good word.

THURSDAY.—She told me she was made out of a rib taken from my body. This is at least doubtful, if not more than that. I have not missed any rib. . . . She is in much trouble about the buzzard; says grass does not agree with it; is afraid she can't raise it; thinks it was intended to live on decayed flesh. The buzzard must get along the best it can with what is provided. We cannot overturn the whole scheme to accommodate the buzzard.

SATURDAY.—She fell in the pond yesterday, when she was looking at herself in it, which she is always doing. She nearly strangled, and said it was most uncomfortable. This made her sorry for the creatures which live in there, which she calls fish, for she continues to fasten names on to things that don't need them and don't come when they are called by them, which is a matter of no consequence to her, as she is such a numskull anyway; so she got a lot of them out and

brought them in last night and put them in my bed to keep warm, but I have noticed them now and then all day, and I don't see that they are any happier there than they were before, only quieter. When night comes I shall throw them outdoors. I will not sleep with them again, for I find them clammy and unpleasant to lie among when a person hasn't anything on.

SUNDAY.—Pulled through.

TUESDAY.—She has taken up with a snake now. The other animals are glad, for she was always experimenting with them and bothering them; and I am glad, because the snake talks, and this enables me to get a rest.

FRIDAY.—She says the snake advises her to try the fruit of that tree, and says the result will be a great and fine and noble education. I told her there would be another result, too—it would introduce death into the world. That was a mistake—it had been better to keep the remark to myself; it only gave her an idea—she could save the sick buzzard, and furnish fresh meat to the despondent lions and tigers. I advised her to keep away from the tree. She said she wouldn't. I foresee trouble. Will emigrate.

WEDNESDAY.—I have had a variegated time. I escaped that night, and rode a horse all night as fast as he could go, hoping to get clear out of the Park and hide in some other country before the trouble should begin; but it was not to be. About an hour after sunup, as I was riding through a flowery plain where thousands of animals were grazing, slumbering, or playing with each other, according to their wont, all of a sudden they broke into a tempest of frightful noises, and in one moment the plain was in a frantic commotion and every beast was destroying its neighbor. I knew what it meant—Eve had eaten that fruit, and death was come into the world. . . . The tigers ate my horse, paying no attention when I ordered them to desist, and they would even have eaten me if I had staid—which I didn't, but went away in much haste. . . . I found this place, outside the Park, and was fairly comfortable for a few days, but she has found me out. Found me out, and has named the place Tonawanda—says it *looks* like that. In fact I was not sorry she came, for there are but meagre pickings here, and she brought some of those apples. I was obliged to eat them, I was so hungry. It was against my principles, but I find that principles have no real force except when one is well fed. . . . She came curtained in boughs and bunches of leaves, and when I asked her what she meant by such nonsense, and snatched them away and threw them down, she tittered and blushed. I had never seen a person titter and blush before, and to me it seemed unbecoming and idiotic. She said I would soon know how it was myself. This was correct. Hungry as I was, I laid down the apple half eaten—certainly the best one I ever saw, considering the lateness of the season—and arrayed myself in the discarded boughs and branches, and then spoke to her with some severity and ordered her to go and get some more and not make such a spectacle of herself. She did it, and after this we crept down to where the wild-beast battle had been, and collected some skins, and I made her patch together a couple of suits proper for public occasions. They are uncomfortable, it is true, but stylish, and that is the main point about clothes. . . . I find she is a good deal of a companion. I see I should be lonesome and depressed without her, now that I have lost my property. Another thing, she says it is ordered that we work for our living hereafter. She will be useful. I will superintend.

TEN DAYS LATER.—She accuses *me* of being the cause of our disaster! She says, with apparent sincerity and truth, that the Serpent assured her that the forbidden fruit was not apples, it was chestnuts. I said I was innocent, then, for I had not eaten any chestnuts. She said the Serpent informed her that "chestnut" was a figurative term meaning an aged and mouldy joke. I turned pale at that, for I have made many jokes to pass the weary time, and some of them could have been of that sort, though I had honestly supposed that they were new when I made them. She asked me if I had made one just at the time of the catastrophe. I was obliged to admit that I had made one to myself, though not aloud. It was this. I was thinking about the Falls, and I said to myself,

"How wonderful it is to see that vast body of water tumble down there!" Then in an instant a bright thought flashed into my head, and I let it fly, saying, "It would be a deal more wonderful to see it tumble *up* there!"—and I was just about to kill myself with laughing at it when all nature broke loose in war and death, and I had to flee for my life. "There," she said, with triumph, "that is just it; the Serpent mentioned that very jest, and called it the First Chestnut, and said it was coeval with the creation." Alas, I am indeed to blame. Would that I were not witty; oh, would that I had never had that radiant thought!

NEXT YEAR.—We have named it Cain. She caught it while I was up country trapping on the North Shore of the Erie; caught it in the timber a couple of miles from our dug-out—or it might have been four, she isn't certain which. It resembles us in some ways, and may be a relation. That is what she thinks, but this is an error, in my judgment. The difference in size warrants the conclusion that it is a different and new kind of animal—a fish, perhaps, though when I put it in the water to see, it sank, and she plunged in and snatched it out before there was opportunity for the experiment to determine the matter. I still think it is a fish, but she is indifferent about what it is, and will not let me have it to try. I do not understand this. The coming of the creature seems to have changed her whole nature and made her unreasonable about experiments. She thinks more of it than she does of any of the other animals, but is not able to explain why. Her mind is disordered—everything shows it. Sometimes she carries the fish in her arms half the night when it complains and wants to get to the water. At such times the water comes out of the places in her face that she looks out of, and she pats the fish on the back and makes soft sounds with her mouth to soothe it, and betrays sorrow and solicitude in a hundred ways. I have never seen her do like this with any other fish, and it troubles me greatly. She used to carry the young tigers around so, and play with them, before we lost our property; but it was only play; she never took on about them like this when their dinner disagreed with them.

SUNDAY.—She doesn't work, Sundays, but lies around all tired out, and likes to have the fish wallow over her; and she makes fool noises to amuse it, and pretends to chew its paws, and that makes it laugh. I have not seen a fish before that could laugh. This makes me doubt. . . . I have come to like Sunday myself. Superintending all the week tires a body so. There ought to be more Sundays. In the old days they were tough, but now they come handy.

WEDNESDAY.—It isn't a fish. I cannot quite make out what it is. It makes curious devilish noises when not satisfied, and says "goo-goo" when it is. It is not one of us, for it doesn't walk; it is not a bird, for it doesn't fly; it is not a frog, for it doesn't hop; it is not a snake, for it doesn't crawl; I feel sure it is not a fish, though I cannot get a chance to find out whether it can swim or not. It merely lies around, and mostly on its back, with its feet up. I have not seen any other animal do that before. I said I believed it was an enigma, but she only admired the word without understanding it. In my judgment it is either an enigma or some kind of a bug. If it dies, I will take it apart and see what its arrangements are. I never had a thing perplex me so.

THREE MONTHS LATER.—The perplexity augments instead of diminishing. I sleep but little. It has ceased from lying around, and goes about on its four legs, now. Yet it differs from the other four-legged animals in that its front legs are unusually short, consequently this causes the main part of its person to stick up uncomfortably high in the air, and this is not attractive. It is built much as we are, but its method of travelling shows that it is not of our breed. The short front legs and long hind ones indicate that it is of the kangaroo family, but it is a marked variation of the species, since the true kangaroo hops, whereas this one never does. Still it is a curious and interesting variety, and has not been catalogued before. As I discovered it, I have felt justified in securing the credit of the discovery by attaching my name to it, and hence have called it *Kangaroorum Adamiensis*. . . .

It must have been a young one when it came, for it has grown exceedingly since. It must be five times as big, now, as it was then, and when discontented is able to make from twenty-two to thirty-eight times the noise it made at first. Coercion does not modify this, but has the contrary effect. For this reason I discontinued the system. She reconciles it by persuasion, and by giving it things which she had previously told it she wouldn't give it. As already observed, I was not at home when it first came, and she told me she found it in the woods. It seems odd that it should be the only one, yet it must be so, for I have worn myself out these many weeks trying to find another one to add to my collection, and for this one to play with; for surely then it would be quieter, and we could tame it more easily. But I find none, nor any vestige of any; and strangest of all, no tracks. It has to live on the ground, it cannot help itself; therefore, how does it get about without leaving a track? I have set a dozen traps, but they do no good. I catch all small animals except that one; animals that merely go into the trap out of curiosity, I think, to see what the milk is there for. They never drink it.

THREE MONTHS LATER.—The kangaroo still continues to grow, which is very strange and perplexing. I never knew one to be so long getting its growth. It has fur on its head now; not like kangaroo fur, but exactly like our hair, except that it is much finer and softer, and instead of being black is red. I am like to lose my mind over the capricious and harassing developments of this unclassifiable zoological freak. If I could catch another one—but that is hopeless; it is a new variety, and the only sample; this is plain. But I caught a true kangaroo and brought it in, thinking that this one, being lonesome, would rather have that for company than have no kin at all, or any animal it could feel a nearness to or get sympathy from in its forlorn condition here among strangers who do not know its ways or habits, or what to do to make it feel that it is among friends; but it was a mistake—it went into such fits at the sight of the kangaroo that I was convinced it had never seen one before. I pity the poor noisy little animal, but there is nothing I can do to make it happy. If I could tame it—but that is out of the question; the more I try, the worse I seem to make it. It grieves me to the heart to see it in its little storms of sorrow and passion. I wanted to let it go, but she wouldn't hear of it. That seemed cruel and not like her; and yet she may be right. It might be lonelier than ever; for since I cannot find another one, how could *it?*

FIVE MONTHS LATER.—It is not a kangaroo. No, for it supports itself by holding to her finger, and thus goes a few steps on its hind legs, and then falls down. It is probably some kind of a bear; and yet it has no tail—as yet—and no fur, except on its head. It still keeps on growing—that is a curious circumstance, for bears get their growth earlier than this. Bears are dangerous—since our catastrophe—and I shall not be satisfied to have this one prowling about the place much longer without a muzzle on. I have offered to get her a kangaroo if she would let this one go, but it did no good—she is determined to run us into all sorts of foolish risks, I think. She was not like this before she lost her mind.

A FORTNIGHT LATER.—I examined its mouth. There is no danger yet; it has only one tooth. It has no tail yet. It makes more noise now than it ever did before—and mainly at night. I have moved out. But I shall go over, mornings, to breakfast, and to see if it has more teeth. If it gets a mouthful of teeth it will be time for it to go, tail or no tail, for a bear does not need a tail in order to be dangerous.

FOUR MONTHS LATER.—I have been off hunting and fishing a month, up in the region that she calls Buffalo; I don't know why, unless it is because there are not any buffaloes there. Meantime the bear has learned to paddle around all by itself on its hind legs, and says "poppa" and "momma." It is certainly a new species. This resemblance to words may be purely accidental, of course, and may have no purpose or meaning; but even in that case it is still extraordinary, and is a thing which no other bear can do. This imitation of speech, taken together with general absence of fur and entire absence of tail, sufficiently indicates that this is a new kind of bear. The further

study of it will be exceedingly interesting. Meantime I will go off on a far expedition among the forests of the North and make an exhaustive search. There must certainly be another one somewhere, and this one will be less dangerous when it has company of its own species. I will go straightway; but I will muzzle this one first.

THREE MONTHS LATER.—It has been a weary, weary hunt, yet I have had no success. In the mean time, without stirring from the home estate, she has caught another one! I never saw such luck. I might have hunted these woods a hundred years, I never should have run across that thing.

NEXT DAY.—I have been comparing the new one with the old one, and it is perfectly plain that they are the same breed. I was going to stuff one of them for my collection, but she is prejudiced against it for some reason or other; so I have relinquished the idea, though I think it is a mistake. It would be an irreparable loss to science if they should get away. The old one is tamer than it was, and can laugh and talk like the parrot, having learned this, no doubt, from being with the parrot so much, and having the imitative faculty in a highly developed degree. I shall be astonished if it turns out to be a new kind of parrot; and yet I ought not to be astonished, for it has already been everything else it could think of, since those first days when it was a fish. The new one is as ugly now as the old one was at first; has the same sulphur-and-raw-meat complexion and the same singular head without any fur on it. She calls it Abel.

TEN YEARS LATER.—They are boys; we found it out long ago. It was their coming in that small, immature shape that puzzled us; we were not used to it. There are some girls now. Abel is a good boy, but if Cain had staid a bear it would have improved him. After all these years, I see that I was mistaken about Eve in the beginning; it is better to live outside the Garden with her than inside it without her. At first I thought she talked too much; but now I should be sorry to have that voice fall silent and pass out of my life. Blessed be the chestnut that brought us near together and taught me to know the goodness of her heart and the sweetness of her spirit!

Optim

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

THOUGH snowy peaks may cap my day,
I know somewhere that vines are twining;
Though storms and lightnings 'round me play,
Deep in my soul the sun is shining.

Though teardrops from mine eyelids start,
I know the world bows not in sorrow;
I would not have it weep,—my heart
May wake in gladness on the morrow.

O Love Divine, keep thou my land,—
My heritage of soul,—enfold it;
I know that when I reach my hand,
A Father's hand is there to hold it!

There shall be no Misunderstanding

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

"NONSENSE, Archie! Why won't you look at it from my point of view? There's no need of getting angry about the matter. It's simply—"

"My dear girl, I see your point of view without any trouble at all. Of course you've a perfect right to any opinion you choose to hold. I don't pretend to flatter myself that I should have any influence in getting you to change it."

"Archie!"

"Well?"

"You are absurd! Just because I don't agree with you I'm to be accused of selfishness and obstinacy. If any one is obstinate, it certainly isn't I."

"Very likely. Perhaps we'd better not talk of the matter any more."

The two young people were seated on the veranda of a country house, charmingly embowered in creeping vines and commanding a wide view of the Hudson and the mighty hills through which it winds. The summer air was full of the fragrance of new-mown hay, and the drowsy murmur of insects lulled the ear, while ever and anon a thrush by the brook rippled into mellow song. Everything spoke of peace except the two in whose hearts, by right, the perfecting glory of love should have given the culminating touch, for the two were engaged. Yet it so happened that a dispute, trifling in itself, had become magnified and embittered, after the sad human way, until both the man and the girl were in a state where any moment might bring forth some act or word which the rest of their lives would be spent regretting. After Archie's last remark there was silence for several minutes. He leaned back in his chair and looked grimly down at the river, while Aileen, having turned from him with a swift movement, stared nervously across the hills and blinked the tears from her eyes. When she spoke it was with a measured coldness which hid the hurried beating of her heart. "If we have only been engaged a week, and have already found a topic on which we must be silent for fear of quarrelling, I think there must be something wrong."

"If you can say such a thing as that, Aileen, there surely is," replied her lover, hoarsely.

"Then — then — there's nothing to do but—" She stopped abruptly and glanced at Archie. But he still stared at the river, and scarcely seemed to have heard her. She sprang to her feet, and the angry color dyed her cheeks.

"I'm sorry I've been so slow to understand you, Archie," she exclaimed. "It's evident we are not suited to each other. The best we can do is—is to forget we've ever been engaged."

Archie stood up and looked at her, pale as she was flushed.

"Do you mean our engagement is broken?" he asked.

"Here is your ring," and she tore it off and handed it to him.

"If your love for me cannot stand a disagreement, Aileen, doubtless you are right." He looked at the ring, and then put it slowly into his pocket. Aileen turned away and began to arrange the magazines on a table. A moment or two passed. Then Archie, without another word, strode down the veranda steps, and mounting his horse, which stood hitched at the foot, galloped off.

Aileen listened to the beat of the hoofs until they died away. Then she went slowly into the house and up to her room. She felt as though she were carrying a great weight, and almost staggered as she reached her door. Tears blinded her as she entered. The perfume of the roses he had brought her that morning sweetened the air. There stood his photograph, manly, handsome, with the smile in his eyes which she knew so well.

"Archie, Archie, *Archie!*" she sobbed, and threw herself on the bed in a pas-

sion of tears. "How can it have happened? What was the matter with us? You know I love you, Archie—yes, and I know you love me. And yet—if we had hated each other we couldn't have been more cruel. Can't a love like ours cast out misunderstanding and vanity and selfishness? I would die gladly if my death could save him from any pain. And yet I cannot yield a worthless point to him—to him, who is worth more than the whole world to me. We didn't mean what we said — it wasn't we who were talking—and yet we have given each other a deadly wound — have insulted our love—have trampled a holy thing in the dust."

The hours slipped by, and at last Aileen roused herself. She sat up, feeling absently at the fourth finger of her left hand. She started as she realized what she was looking for.

"Even my finger misses him," she whispered, with a pitiful smile.

Behind the house a narrow, winding path made its way between the apple-trees and past a yellow field of rye, through a green wood, and over a brook by a pretty rustic bridge. Beyond that point it wandered on, with many a lovely turn, giving now and again an enchanting glimpse of the great river, until, a mile or more farther, it joined the highway.

It had been the custom of the lovers to meet at the little bridge every evening, and then to saunter together along the path, and home by a short-cut across the golf-links. Aileen knew that the hour when she generally started for the trysting-place was at hand. Knew, hesitated, and suddenly arose.

"He won't be there to-night, and I think my heart will break; but I will go—I cannot stay away."

The shadows were long under the apple-trees as she walked out, and the robins fluted joyously. The evening seemed too lovely to belong to earth. Meant for heaven, it had somehow lost its way, and dropped, by a fortunate chance, on our world. As Aileen moved slowly along the fragrant path, seeing in the sky the wonderful, ever-changing shades of rose and green and purple, hearing music from a hundred happy birds, breathing the balmy air, an indescribable peace came into her troubled heart. What though anger and misunderstanding lay behind? She knew it was all right now. Archie would be waiting for her, waiting with a look of perfect comprehension, and she would not even need to speak. But speak she would, and as she never had before—to tell him how deep, how great her love was, and that never more should a shadow darken it. Never, never!

The birds sang always more sweetly, and the wind among the branches made tender harmonies that chimed with the love in her heart.

And now she passed the yellow grain, and now entered the woods, and there, indeed, midway on the bridge, where the sun sent a mellow gleam through the overarching branches, stood her lover awaiting her.

A wave of happiness surged over her, taking her breath for an instant. She stopped, and then ran forward with hands outstretched, calling in a voice low but of piercing tenderness:

"My dearest, I knew that I should find you—I knew you would be here. If you had not, I think I should have died."

In a moment they were in each other's arms, and at his kiss the last faint doubt or lingering veil of bitterness, if any there was, passed utterly out of Aileen's heart, and it seemed to her that in that moment for the first time she knew happiness—supreme, divine.

"Have you waited long?"

"Not long, love."

"Archie, you forgive me?"

"I understand you, beloved. And what is real beside our love?"

With their arms about each other they sauntered on down the path. The dying radiance of the sun made a glory about them, the trees whispered and swayed over their heads, and it seemed to Aileen as though she scarcely touched the ground. What indeed was real beside their love? These lovely things about her—these singing birds and fragrant flowers and murmuring leaves—they were only a sort of picture, a reflection, of the happiness in her heart. As long as this beautiful happiness lasted—and well she knew that it could never end—so long, too, would this delightful, blossoming world surround them. It must always be glorious summer where they two were.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC

"My beloved," said Archie, looking down at her with shining eyes, "is not such union worth a sacrifice?"

"It would be worth any sacrifice."

He drew her closer. They had reached an open glade where a clear spring bubbled up inside a circle of rocks, and trickled off in a series of tiny pools and streamlets, where birds bathed and fluttered. Moved by the same impulse, the lovers seated themselves on the grass beside this spring, and remained awhile in silence, looking into the crystal depth of the water. Each saw therein the reflection of the other, and to Aileen it seemed that never before had she seen a loftier beauty than was now expressed by her lover's face. He seemed almost to emit light, and half startled, half smiling, she turned towards him.

"Archie," she cried, catching his hand in hers, "let me feel you. I want to be sure you are real. In the pool there you hardly seem to belong to this world."

Archie smiled and threw his arm about her.

"There is only one real world," he replied, "and we both belong to that. But give me your hand; there is something missing from it that should be there."

Aileen flushed and paled, holding out her left hand with a gesture almost tragic.

"Yes; put it back," she whispered. "The best part of myself is lacking when that is not there."

He slipped the ring back and kissed the slender fingers.

"Never let it come off again. The circle is the symbol of our perfect union, and that stone the shining sign of its immortality."

"I shall wear it always," said Aileen, solemnly, as though she were pronouncing a vow.

"Come, then, my beloved, the time approaches," said Archie, with a deep tenderness.

"The time?" asked Aileen, dreamily, as they rose. Glancing again into the pool, she caught a last wavering reflection of her lover's features; surely there was a starry gleam about his brows.

They moved on together to what seemed like rhythmic harmony, albeit soundless as a dream.

"The time, Archie? What time?"

"You will know soon now. But remember, my darling, nothing can really part us. You know that."

"I know it."

They were nearing the end of the path, and only a short way beyond lay the highroad. Suddenly a great dread was born in Aileen's heart. She clung trembling to her lover.

"Don't go on, Archie. I am afraid. Don't go on! It is so perfect here—like heaven. I cannot bear to leave it."

Archie smiled, and the smile held so much of joy, and yet withal so tender a pity, that tears filled Aileen's eyes even as she leaned against him with a sigh of perfect happiness.

"It is indeed like heaven, little love," he said, in a voice as deep and musical as the murmur of great pines. "But we must go on—do you not understand?"

Aileen lifted her head slowly and looked into her lover's eyes. Long they gazed at each other, hand clasped in hand, heart against heart.

"You see," said Archie at last.

Aileen turned pale and paler, and her eyes grew dark with dread.

"Not that, my love, not that," she whispered. "I cannot bear that—I cannot lose you now."

"We belong to each other forever. But for a little while— It is the sacrifice!"

"It is the sacrifice."

The men stumbled along awkwardly with their load, breathing heavily. Suddenly they saw a girl step out into the dusty highway. They halted abruptly, looking one at the other with white faces, and trying as best they might to hide from her eyes the nature of their burden.

She came steadily towards them, however, and seeing this, they laid what they were carrying by the road-side, and one of them came towards the girl hastily.

"Don't come any farther," he exclaimed. "There's—there's been an accident —and—"

"I know," she answered, quietly, and stopped. Even in the fading light he could see she was deadly pale. Then she came on. "He is dead—I know. I must see him."

They drew aside, one of them muttering as she passed:

"It was his horse. It fell with him."



"IT IS THE SACRIFICE!"

The Chohan Bride

A ROMANCE OF IND

BY A. SARATH KUMAR GHOSH

[NOTE. – The narrator of this curious story of the Far East is a high-caste Hindu.]

IN the next room lay her lover, wounded, insensible — perhaps dying. A whole hour the grip of a deathly stupor had held him down, without a moan or a sign of life. An hour ago he had suddenly started from his delirium with the wild cry, "To horse! to horse!" thinking he still headed the charge of yesterday's battle — then, with a piteous murmur of her name, had sunk back upon the pillow.

Now he was quiet and motionless, his hot brow swathed in a yard of her veil. Upon his side was a sword-thrust, that, but for an inch, had pierced his heart and sent him to the shades of his forefathers. The warm blood had flowed and flowed in its life-ebbing current in yesterday's battle, whilst he, in the frenzy of passion, had still fought recklessly on—for her sake.

Yes, it was for her sake. But for him she had been now a— She shuddered at the word her tongue refused to name. But for him she had been now the unloved bride of a man she loathed, the unloved bride of a day. But for him she would have risen that morn with a fierce hatred for the man — the man that — would have brought her to that pass: and perhaps in the thought she would have blasphemed the gods for their callousness. The silken cord or the opium cup might have been her redemption, before that loveless bridal. After it—what mattered?.... But for him! but for him!—him that lay wounded, bleeding, perchance in the sweat of death.

She rose up suddenly and glided noiselessly to the next room. There on a simple, plain couch, such as warriors sleep upon, lay that corpse-like figure. The room was dark and gloomy, save for a glimmering oil-lamp in a niche on the wall. She knelt down by the couch, and laid her small hand, gently like a feather, upon his brow. It was hot and throbbing. She passed her hand down to his breast, beside the bandaged wound, and counted the beating of the heart. It came wild and jerky, now rising with a thump, now dying away in a deathly stillness.

It was the crisis of the fever. Would he live through that night? Was she fated thus to lose him, just as she had won him, and he her? Last night he had saved her from a horrible doom by his heart's blood; and this cruel night of agony could she not save him, with her life if need be?

She rose up listlessly with a sigh and stood before the window—to think, to hope, to pray for light and guidance.

The whole castle lay wrapt in slumber. The Great Bikanir Desert stretched out beneath to the right in a wilderness of sand and bowlders, and glimmered like a mist in the faint starlight. On the edge of the desert a gray pillar of rock shot up a thousand feet into the sky, and on its summit sat this solitary castle, like an eagle upon a crag. Its dark wall stood out in a waving curve beneath her window, and coiled round to right and left beyond her vision.

A mountain-goat might climb the rugged hill-side, loosening stone upon stone from its nimble leap; but, save by the secret pathway that wound like a sleeping serpent by crag and chasm and precipice, no man born of woman could reach that dizzy height to the castle wall. True, that coiling serpent licked with its tongue the postern-gate beneath her window; but so steep and narrow was its flank that only one climber at a time



[See page 777]

SHE STOOD AMIDST THAT TERRIBLE ROW OF HEADLESS TRUNKS

could stand by the postern-gate and stoop to enter—were it open.

She sat down on a low stool by the window and folded her arms upon the sill. She was weary at heart with much anxiety, and tired in body by the day's nursing. All unconsciously her head drooped and drooped and drooped, and lay upon the arm. Slowly and imperceptibly her thoughts glided into a changing panorama of that terrible night's work; slowly and as in a dream they re-enacted in her wearied brain the deeds of fate that had culminated last night in that stupendous ordeal. A dream indeed, and yet a vivid flash of a real scene that had impressed itself upon her memory forever. . . .

A daughter of the Chohan race, the noblest, the purest, the proudest in the world. Her father had kept her in her maidenhood till her seventeenth year; promised to celebrate her "bride's choice" before the assembled suitors, as in the days of old. Then suddenly he had vowed to marry her shrieking to a man she loathed. She loved another, a gay young Rajput cavalier. But he owned a solitary castle; the other, a dozen townships and a hundred villages. Her wails and tears had availed nothing; the fatal bridal was yesterday.

A torch-light procession, a quarter of a mile long, had set forth to escort the bride to her new home. Gold-tusked elephants and silver-trumpeters; bands of musicians with conchs, zithers, and one-stringed mandolins; troops of irregular cavalry with pennoned lances and glittering tulwars; groups of laughing boys with squibs and crackers; a score of athletes whirling six-foot sticks, torched at each end, in circles of fire. Big men and small men, old men and young boys, dulcet music and fizzing squibs — all had passed in that gorgeous bridal.

And she had wept hot tears of anguish over her robes of silk and brocade, under the crimson canopy. The castle of her lover lay ten miles away. An hour more, and then — too late! too late! Even now, this moment, the big elephant before her dais enters the narrow gullet of the roadway that spans out beyond to the mansion of her husband (ye gods! yet spare that word!).

And now an hour more, an hour—and the die was cast. Well, it was fate: the sooner over, the better. *He* would not come,—would not come—could not come. Too late! too late!—ye gods!....

What means this disorder? These dozen horsemen walking down from the side street by the gullet? Another procession? Another unhappy bridal? But no; their leader has a cloth around his chin. They come down the street—but the elephant blocks up the gullet. They come down towards her—of course, to fall behind and let her pass first. Well, the sooner over, the better; the sooner, the sooner....

"Come, my love! It is I! Leap! quick—into my arms!"

Who is this—what means this— Ah! ye merciful gods! The cloth is off his face—it is *he!*

As in a dream she had risen, quivering a moment in mingled hope and fear; the next she had shot through the air to his neck, and hung there, weeping, sobbing, laughing, like a mad thing.

"*Jai! Jai! Mahadeo!*"

"*Hur! Hur! Kali Mai!*"

She had heard in her swooning ears the rival battle-cries, the clash of steel, and the oaths of men. The dozen horsemen had fallen upon the thirty footguards that surrounded her dais; the irregular cavalry lay cut off by the elephant in the gullet.

"*Hur! Kali! Hur!*—To the bride, O brothers, to the bride! He escapes!"

She had heard this in her dulled ear as she felt the horse leap and plunge and rear under her.

"Courage, my love! Not by the neck—hold by the waist, thus. Now, beloved—to victory—death!"

She had heard the hot words panted into her ear and the loud din that then burst around her. She had felt the shock of battle as the sea of steel bore down upon her lover. The horse trembled, reeled, and staggered backwards beneath her. A groan—choked into a hiss between his clinched teeth—escaped her lover. He quivered all over his frame, and she felt his arm clutched convulsively to his side.

"*Jai! Jai! Mahadeo!*—To the rescue! To the rescue!"

She had heard these last words like a

distant echo; she had heard the clattering of many hoofs as the faithful band closed around her, and then she swooned away, clinging to her lover's waist, her head upon his breast. She had felt a hot stream running down the cloth and against her face, bathing her eyes and lips and heart. But she knew not then that it was the blood of her lover—the blood that he was pouring out so plenteously for her sake. She fainted away and remembered no more—even as now the dream faded away and she slept peacefully upon that window-sill.

She awoke with a start. A vague feeling of uneasiness came over her. She thought she had heard something—a dull and deadened sound. With the first instincts of nature she turned to hasten to her wounded lover—but stood still at the next instant, rooted to the spot. A long pause, and she almost heard the beating of her heart. Then short and sharp came again the thud of a blow, one single blow; it was a muffled sound of steel against wood. Another pause; pitapat went her heart against her breast; ten times, fifteen times, twenty—that dull thud again.

It came from the outside.

For one moment she stood there, trembling. Her hands clutched up nervously to the breast, to the head. She drew a sharp breath between her teeth; it seemed to stick in her throat in a lump, then was gulped down in a mouthful. Lightly on tiptoe she crept back to the window and peered out between the wooden bars.

It was a black night; there glimmered but few faint stars between the thick, heavy clouds. The castle wall was just visible as a dark shadow; the postern-gate was there, right beneath—some fifteen feet from the windows. That was all she saw. Then again came that dull blow.

What was it?—where was it? She strained her eyes to right and left; all was immovable and still there. She strained her ear to catch the sound and gauge the distance. It came again, dull and muffled as before, but ending in a sharp click of steel against steel. An instantaneous spark appeared beneath her in a tiny point of light.

Yes! It was at the postern-gate! What could it be? The gate was of solid sal-wood, twelve inches thick, and bound with many bands of steel; but in the centre was a small wicket, held by two hinges to the gate and opening inwards. It was so small that one must stoop to the knees to enter it when opened. But the wood was only three inches thick at the wicket.

The sound came again; and now there was a faint creaking of rusty joints. In a moment the truth flashed upon her. Some one from the outside was cutting away the wood around the hinge with a chisel or dagger. The metal had come in momentary contact with the hinge, and made that spark. One hinge was loosened; the other alone held the wicket. Who could it be? Some solitary spy come to discover the weaknesses of the castle? Some unknown foe come to— What was that she heard? It was the low hooting of an owl, far down the hill-side. Immediately came another in response, higher up the hill. Then another, still nearer, but equally low. There was a momentary pause, then came the last hoot from behind the postern-gate itself.

O Mighty Sarasathi, goddess of celestial wisdom, inspire a weak, defenceless maiden! A long line of foes lay hid in that winding pathway down the hill! She realized who they were, and why they had come. Instinct and her sex told her that.

What must she do in this extremity? Run out to awaken the garrison? But even as she went the wicket might fall and give entrance to the foes. Cry out to give the alarm from where she stood? What avail! That would not bring up the garrison quicker; alas, it would but serve to startle her wounded lover from the first sleep of his delirium—and seal his fate.

For a moment she stood still in hesitation, her hands pressed tight to her throbbing temples. She thought a moment to measure the danger—and measure her puny strength against it; her strength alone against that fearful odds. It all came in a flash of lightning, as indeed in such supreme moments it always does. She steeled her heart to the deed, and clinched her teeth in the resolve. It had to be done, and done by her alone; no human aid was nigh.

And yet no woman's work, indeed. But now, this dark night of peril, she must play the man, the man of strength and nerve, the man of blood and iron; she, who was only a weak, fragile maiden, wrapped up in silks and pearls. But now she remembered that she was also a "belted woman," a daughter of the Chohan race.* She remembered how once some such another had stood by her father, brother, or lover, and done battle for him with sword and lance — yea, astride his corpse. That thought was enough. It was for her lover's peril, him that had saved her but yesterday, and was stricken down himself for her sake. That thought was enough. It set her face against these feeble days of womanish tears, and steeled her nerves to the deed.

She reached out to the wall beside her, where hung his broad tulwar in its jewelled scabbard. She drew out the sword with a trembling hand, and poised it in the air. It bent down by its sheer weight, till she grasped the hilt with both hands. She held it aloft a moment above her head. Then, with one single glance at the sleeping form in the far corner, she turned away and descended noiselessly by the winding steps that led to the ground.

She stood by the postern-gate, a yard from the wicket. It was an arm's-length wide, and but three feet from the ground. When the last hinge came off, it must swing back upon the padlock on to the opposite side. She stood still by the gate, the tulwar pointed to the ground, her eyes fixed upon the creaking hinge.

The muffled blow came once more, twice, thrice—then there was a squeaking, straining, grinding of parting wood, cut short by a sudden snap of steel. A panting gasp, a short, sharp breath between set teeth, a snort like that of a disappointed animal, were heard outside.

"Hand me up thy dagger," came a whisper, "mine is broken."

The grinding continued. It grew pitch-dark as the heavy black clouds covered up the stars, and she saw not an arm's-length before her. Suddenly something creaked and fell to the ground with a jangle.

"All ready down there?" came the whisper again from the outside.

"Yes; all in line behind."

She understood the plan. The ledge outside the wicket was only a foot square; five feet below there was another ledge; again another below that; and so on, all along the narrow pathway.

"Mind, spare none!" came a gruff voice from below; "slay all as they sleep."

"Aye. But *they*—"

"Gag *her;* roll her up in a blanket. We'll carry her back thus—to her nuptials. *Him,* his head alone will suffice. Now, up—quick!"

She heard, and in hearing grasped the hilt more tightly. It gave her new strength to raise the heavy sword and rest the broad back upon her shoulder—her two hands clutching the handle beneath, her elbow pressing against the gate. The moment had come. There was no thought of fear or squeamishness now. She had heard the threat. She steeled her heart.

Slowly and cautiously the wicket swung back upon the padlock. A glimpse of starlight between the flying clouds revealed it as a dark shadow a yard in front. With a slight thump it reached the other side. The gap in the gate lay before her—an arm's-length wide, and but three feet from the ground.

A long-drawn breath was heard outside, then stealthily a head protruded through the gap—to the ears, the neck...

A white streak of light broke from the black lowering clouds above; it caught in its flash a falling sword. Some slumbering she-wolf in the jungle below awoke with a startled howl; it echoed in the stillness of night like the swish of the falling sword. The she-wolf's mate cried aloud in response from far up the hillside; it drowned the hiss of the falling sword as it passed through flesh and blood and reached the earth beneath. Reeling from the shock, the earth opened her mouth and lapped up the warm stream in greedy thirst.

The head sprang from the blow and rolled away into the hazy mist that arose hot steaming from the earth. The headless body quivered a moment, erect in the air—then stumbling, was caught by an outstretched hand and cast aside.

Mechanically the deed was done. It

* The Chohan Rajputs claim descent from the heroes of the *Mahabharata*, one of the great national epics of India.

was no human form that wielded that broad tulwar; rather it was an automaton obeying the laws of a higher power. Yet she was vaguely conscious of her act; only, she was powerless to resist the impulse; her will was not her own. Mechanically the sword went up again and rested upon her shoulder. She thought nothing, felt nothing; it was merely some supreme agency working out its purpose through the instrumentality of her material body.

A few seconds after—just so long as it takes a man to swing himself up from one ledge to another—a second head appeared, sniffing the air as it stooped. And then the falling tulwar cut short the sniff with a whiz.

Thus they came up one by one, and thus they fell beneath that terrible axe. A cough, a sneeze, even a half-formed cry, as the smell of fresh blood arose from the ground, was sliced off in the throat. The tulwar rose and fell with mechanical precision. She that had cried and fainted at the sight of her lover's wound, now plied that heavy blade with superhuman strength.

The blood ran thick upon the ground, and slushed up to her ankles; a heap of headless trunks lay piled up by her side; a circle of unclosed eyeballs glared at her through the darkness in ferocious hate. But now all sensation left her. The smell of blood in her nostrils deadened her brain. It was like the torpor of somnambulism that came over her. Awhile ago she had been dimly aware of the deed, though still urged on by some mystic force; now consciousness left her altogether. The awful determination that had nerved her to her task, and the doing of the actual deed, had gradually culminated in self-hypnotization. The heart was dead, the mind was dead. The body alone lived—to obey the stern decree of fate. Suddenly a noise was heard outside: somebody slipped and fell with a thud. Then there was a sharp sneeze, followed by a half-uttered cry of fear.

"Ho! brothers. There is something running down—from under the gate! I slipped over it."

He picked himself up from the ledge upon which he had fallen, and felt his clothes. They were wet. He put his hand to his nose and smelt....

"Back, brothers, back!" he cried out aloud. "It is blood, blood! We are betrayed!"

He jumped down from the ledge in his terror, and rolled over and over down the cliff, till a projecting bramble caught him up and stayed his fall. A dismal clamor broke out of oaths, groans, and curses. The discomfited assailants, knowing not what terrible agency had sent that torrent of fresh blood upon them, fled down the hill-side, toppling over one another in their haste. The black night above, the seething wilderness beneath, increased their panic, and sent the fear of the devils into their hearts. Aroused by their clamor, the whole night awakened from its sleep and joined in the fearful discord. With heavy drooping wings a crowd of vultures darkened the sky, smelling new-found flesh. A long, dismal wail of hyenas and jackals arose from the plains below, and chased the fugitives with a chilling fear. They fled from the hill-side in superstitious terror, and were swallowed up in the shimmering desert that lay hungering beneath.

But that silent form still stood behind the gate. She had not heard the clamor, nor felt the terrors of the night. Still she stood, waiting for a head to appear through the open wicket. She did not know that the foes had fled; the unknown mysterious force that had fixed her will to the deed still bade her stay. That force alone was paramount in her mind.

She did not see the flash of lanterns in the windows above, nor hear the whispered words. Then as the swinging light fetched up sharp and fell full upon her from above, and a sudden cry of mingled fear and wonder gurgled from many throats, she still stood all unconscious amidst that terrible row of headless trunks and glaring eyeballs.

And none dared approach her in that trance. The veil had fallen off her face; she stood with streaming hair like unto some avenging goddess. That fearful tulwar would have descended with unerring, superhuman aim upon the first that came within its reach. Friend or foe, it mattered not; she was long past such distinction. And yet to have awakened her suddenly with some act of violence were perilous; the shock of such an awakening—to the sight of that

hideous array around her—would have shattered her mind and made her a babbling idiot forever.

So the light swung round again, and was focussed upon her face; that might perhaps enter into her mind through the eyes, and awaken her at last. But it did not, and the light revealed the cause.

Her eyes were closed as if in sleep.

After a few hurried whispers a young man emerged from the doorway with a shawl in his hand, and passed noiselessly along the wall in the dark. He was her lover's brother. He alone had the right to touch her or see her face unveiled, for she was now to him as a sister.

The light played full upon her in a narrow band, increasing the darkness on either side by contrast. Slowly the crouching figure curved round and crept behind her. Stealthily, like a panther stalking its prey, he approached nearer and nearer, casting anxious eyes upon the reeking tulwar—to run for his life if it moved but an inch. But still she stood motionless like a pillar of stone, asleep.

Standing a moment a yard behind her, he quickly threw the shawl over her head, and yet lightly like a veil. Swiftly he passed his left arm around her waist, holding her to him with gentle pressure, and yet ready to stiffen his arm in an iron grasp — had she awakened. The right hand he held above the sword hilt —to clutch it hard over her fingers in a moment. Thus he stepped forth with her into the band of light that played on before.

And she did not awaken. But the tension of that stupendous effort snapped like a string at the touch of the strong arm around her, and she nestled there in sudden contentment. With eyes still closed she walked meekly by his side, almost borne in his arm. Thus he led her into the castle—asleep and yet walking. Then gently loosening the tulwar from her grasp, he lifted her up in his arms and placed her upon a divan. There, with a sigh of relief, she curled herself up like a child, and sank into a prolonged slumber through sheer exhaustion.

But all night the men were awake in silent work, and when the first gray of dawn streaked the eastern horizon not a vestige remained to recall to her memory the terrible deed of slaughter.

And she never knew. It passed out of her existence as a dream. And never a hasty word nor a thoughtless jest broke the spell. A benevolent conspiracy of silence among the witnesses of that scene shut out forever from her sensitive heart its recollections. But once, many years after, her husband so much as scratched his finger against a nail. At the sight of the few drops of blood she stood still, trembling all over like a frightened deer. Her face turned to an ashen hue; her eyes glistened, then slowly gazed in a dull nameless terror as they seemed to behold some spectral tragedy.

Suddenly she flung her arms above her head, and beat the air like one gasping for breath. She swayed to and fro a moment; then recoiling with a start from the ground before her, she cried out, in a piercing shriek:

"Oh, save me—save me! The heads! the heads! Can't you see them? There! there!.... The eyeballs glare at me! They come nearer and nearer!.... Keep them back! Keep them back!"

She fell into her husband's arms and lay there cowering. Then, as the vision faded away, she passed her hands quickly over his face, muttering incoherent words the while, as one stricken with blindness. She felt his brows and eyes and lips, to find comfort therein from the toils of this horrible nightmare; horrible, yet which she could neither then describe nor afterwards recall.

And this transitory moment of aberration was the sole impress the deed had left upon her memory.

The Rise of Berlin

BY SIDNEY WHITMAN

WHEN the history of Europe during the latter half of the nineteenth century comes to be written, it is probable that, after the creation of the German Empire itself, the attention of the historian will be chiefly attracted by the extraordinary development of German town life. And if I say development, it is for want of a more comprehensive term; for any single word would fail to convey an adequate idea of the peaceful revolution which has been gradually accomplished during this period in the administration, no less than in the outward aspect, of nearly every town of any importance throughout the length and breadth of the empire.

The year 1850, which one may take as a starting-point, found the urban population of Germany sadly behind the times. Munich, Dresden, and Frankfurt were handsome cities in their different ways, but there was little life in them. Some towns, indeed, were still surrounded by old fortress walls, and moats filled with stagnant water. But almost everywhere streets were badly paved and lighted, the majority of the houses, built in previous centuries, execrably ventilated, and of modern sanitary arrangements there were practically none. Indeed, the conditions of life were almost as primitive as, and in some ways inferior to, those which prevailed three hundred years ago.

To-day the traveller who revisits Germany after an absence of even twenty years might have some difficulty in finding his way about in many of the larger cities of the empire, so great has been the outward change wrought in so short a period. And this change is only an indication of even more significant developments beneath the surface.

The growth of Berlin since the sixties has been remarkable indeed, even when compared with that of other German towns, thirty of which now number over one hundred thousand inhabitants each, against eight with that population in 1870, whereas France can now only boast of twelve towns so thickly populated. Berlin with its suburbs has now close upon two millions and a quarter inhabitants, and, unless appearances very much belie their promise, is destined in the future to compete with Paris for the position of the largest city (it is already the best governed) upon the continent of Europe.

Berlin is essentially a modern city—modern in the practical American up-to-date sense of the term, but modern also in a sense which its enemies in other days loved to dwell upon as an evidence of its lack of distinction. For, compared with other great capitals of empire, Berlin is really a creation of yesterday, St. Petersburg alone being of more recent origin.

The traveller from the West will find something peculiarly striking in the first impressions received on his arrival at the Prussian capital. The train—punctual to a minute—steams into the spacious terminus, where scarcely a soul is to be seen except a few blue-frocked railway porters. There are no advertisements of any kind on wall, ceiling, platform, or footway to remind the traveller of the dreary commercial character of modern life. The nickel-pointed helmet of the policeman emphasizes the military, the drilled bureaucratic character of the nation, and of the capital in particular. There is no excitement, no haste, and no rush. Everybody is on the alert, for they are modern Prussians all; everything—control of tickets, exodus of passengers, claiming of luggage, engaging of vehicles by means of a metal disk which is handed to the traveller in strict rotation from a wire file by a uniformed official as he passes out of the station,—all is done by rote and rule with the utmost celerity consistent with order—that is to say, in about half the time taken over the same job elsewhere in Europe.

BURLINGAME
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The principal streets present a bewildering scene of life and activity, such as is only to be paralleled upon the Continent by one or two cross-points in Paris. The traffic is watched—it can scarcely be said to be regulated—by mounted policemen stationed at different intervals. But there are rarely any blocks or stoppages, for the streets are uniformly broad, and everything moves smoothly—like the well-greased wheels of the numberless tramcars driven by electricity or steam, some few being still drawn by horses, or the smart, clean-looking "Droschken,"* nearly all provided with the new fare-marking taxameter.

At the street corners where the traffic is thickest, ambulance lodges are fitted up to treat any case of street accident on the spot. A red cross painted on a white ground, prominently conspicuous by day and night, is affixed on a level with the street lamp, and marks the so-called "sanitary station."

An arrow is painted next to the number of every house, so that the stranger can see at a glance in what direction the numbers follow each other: no small convenience in a town many houses of which have a frontage of sixty to over one hundred feet! Everything the eye can see tends to convey an overwhelming impression of order, high-strung activity, and, above all, of cleanliness. Nor is this impression unwarranted; for if anywhere in the world, it is here in Berlin that relentless, never-ceasing, systematic war is being carried on by day and by night against dirt, adulteration, and every other form of human negligence and dishonest manipulation.

That the postal service of Berlin has long been the model (as yet unattainable) for the rest of Europe is well known. But it is not equally matter of common knowledge that the excellence of the Berlin postal arrangements of yesterday no longer satisfies the postal authorities of to-day. The latest innovation has been a still more frequent clearing of the letter-boxes and a more rapid delivery than ever. The letter-boxes in the principal thoroughfares are now cleared every fifteen minutes during the busy hours of the day. The rapidity of delivery of letters recently even resulted in the saving of a human life. A girl determined to commit suicide, wrote to her parents of her intention and posted the letter, which was delivered within an hour of being posted. This enabled the father to hurry off in a cab to the spot in the Thiergarten which his daughter had mentioned as that where her body would be found, to catch her alive, box her ears, and take her home.

The metamorphosis which Berlin has undergone in the matter of buildings even within the last twenty years is too generally known to call for detailed comment. Such change does much to justify the assertion that the city and its splendid suburb of Charlottenburg are fast becoming a nucleus of palaces. Able architects and sculptors—and among them a few of genius—have adapted their ideas promiscuously from the masterpieces of all countries and all ages, lavish expenditure of labor and capital has gone hand in hand with adherence to the excellent sanitary principles which Prussian municipal government—paternal in the best sense of the word—insists upon in the construction of all buildings alike, be they private houses, mansions, military barracks, or palaces. The palatial buildings of Berlin are not the natural product of this young, rough-shod, Northern civilization. That this is so is clear from the innumerable styles of architecture which meet the eye, rising from the monotonous barrack structure to and including Grecian, Gothic, Romanesque, Old German, Renaissance, Rococo, Modern Italian, Modern German, and what not, standing promiscuously side by side, sometimes in grotesque propinquity to each other.

The bona fide working classes of Berlin —those masses who toil with shovel and spade, hammer and smelting-pot—live to-day under better conditions than were enjoyed by the middle classes a hundred years ago, while the condition of the latter classes has risen in proportion. And what is more remarkable still is that this change in the status of the working class has brought with it a capacity to appreciate and enjoy the benefit of their improved conditions. The fact is fully emphasized by the outward appearance of the

* "Droschke" is the generic term used for every kind of carriage on hire—including the aristocratic brougham, the elegant open victoria, and the ponderous Landauer.

average crowd in the streets of Berlin. There is a general air of cleanliness, of well-to-do tidiness, an independent bearing which is only to be found side by side with material prosperity and healthy social conditions.

One might even describe the Berliner as awkward-looking, were it not that military training and his naturally quick intelligence would belie the term. The recruits taken from the capital furnish some of the stoutest men in the Guard regiments,—the men of the Elisabeth Guard Regiment, for instance, which is largely drawn from the capital, are among the smartest and most alert in the whole Prussian army. Once put the Berliner in the blue tunic, and there is nothing awkward about him. He seems to be fitted by nature to look his best in uniform. But as a civilian neither he nor his consort is a graceful or a particularly attractive person.

Berlin has become the largest industrial city of the German Empire. Many of the leading industrial concerns are in every way model establishments, the likes of which are not to be found throughout Europe, notably such as are devoted to the production of machinery, electric plants, and fire-arms.

This hard-working race is like some powerful steam-engine—a huge consumer of fuel; for the amount of solid food the average Berliner will get through, if he has a chance, might well frighten a Parisian or a New-Yorker. And as for liquid matter, we glean from statistics that the consumption of beer alone in Berlin for the year 1897 reached the enormous figure of 3,574,501 hectolitres, or the astonishing average of 206 litres per head of the population. And these figures take no account of the consumption of wine, of which an enormous quantity is drunk.

Physical strength is most strikingly dominant in the portraits of noteworthy personages in different walks of life—as seen in the shop windows of the capital, or as met in society. Whether they are soldiers or statesmen, politicians, professors, or scientists, well-known manufacturers or financial magnates, they generally impress the stranger by their stalwart proportions and powerful cast of features. The exceptions, such as the refined, almost feminine face of Professor Mommsen, the slim Celtic figure, the fervid, fanatic countenance of Bebel, the Social Democrat leader, the distinguished features of Virchow, and a few other eminent personages, mostly of Huguenot or high-bred German descent, only serve to throw into relief the huge-limbed, *tête carrée* type of the prominent personalities to be met with in Berlin: men of strong brain in broad casement, foremost in this modern community.

In intellectual matters the Berliners are as much addicted to a cosmopolitan appreciation as ever. The large proportion of foreign plays performed, especially those of Shakspere, of contemporary French and Scandinavian authors —particularly Ibsen—is a standing proof of this. Nowhere in Europe are foreigners of distinction in art, science, or literature received with greater cordiality by court, society, and middle classes than in the Prussian capital. But even this cordiality is no longer quite so promiscuous as of old. The intellectual classes take no share in the lionizing of Illustrious Nobodies—they are becoming as critical as their peers in other great capitals, and are getting rather tired of the distinguished stranger who has not taken the trouble to learn the language of the country he visits.

Changes so far-reaching as those which have taken place in the material conditions of life in the capital could not fail to have their effect on the habits and customs of a large section—though fortunately not upon the whole population. Luxury accompanied by a coarse instinct of material enjoyment takes the place of Spartan frugality, and with this change a lowering of the simple but rigid standards of conduct has undoubtedly set in here and there.

The subaltern of an old aristocratic family who would deny himself the luxury of a cup of coffee after dinner in order to save enough to buy a pair of gloves is a thing of the past. The gray-bearded officer who religiously used to put aside eighteen pfennigs (two pence) a day during a lifetime towards a marriage portion for his daughter,—he too is eliminated. Such types are dying out, and are being replaced by men born and bred in a more luxurious age. "Sports," and the pluck—the so-called *Forschheit*

—of the sportsman, ever ready to risk his cheap, uninteresting neck on an expensive bit of horseflesh, such are the types which call forth emulation. The officer with money who can afford to keep horses is getting distinctly popular in Berlin, as he has long been elsewhere. But luxury in the army is, after all, as yet only a small affair, and interesting merely from the fact of its being symptomatic in a quarter where Spartan virtues were once paramount. It is naturally among the fashionable wealthy classes, however, that the change is most striking.

The season in Berlin is the winter; and more particularly since the accession of the present Emperor there has been an increased tendency towards that centralization in the capital which has long been so striking a feature of English and French social life. Fortunately, however, it does not yet prevail to the same extent as in London and Paris. The minor German capitals of Dresden, Munich, Stuttgart, and Carlsruhe, also such towns as Hamburg, Frankfurt, and Leipzig, hold their own as centres of social attraction during their respective seasons. Nevertheless, crowds of wealth and fashion from every part of the empire pitch their tents for a few weeks every winter in Berlin. The stranger within the gates, who has hitherto only heard of German thrift and poverty, of a capital groaning under the iron heel of military despotism, would be not a little surprised if he could see something of the social excitement that sweeps through the fashionable quarters of the city. Dinner parties, routs, balls, and receptions are the order of the day. Formerly even in high circles a cup of tea with rum—real, genuine Jamaica rum, purchased from the "delicacy shop" round the corner—cakes from the nearest confectioner, and a few sandwiches with *Tischwein,* were all the fare provided for "Excellencies and Princes." Now where wealth presides rush rapid rivers of champagne, followed later on in the evening by cataracts of brown sparkling Munich beer. The solids consist of acres of lobster salad, any number of prime English native oysters, any amount of Russian caviare, pâté de foie gras, shoals of salmon of the Rhine, and whole herds of wild boar, red, fallow, and roe deer. All peacefully sink out of sight, and with more or less difficulty amalgamate under the digestive influence of "la bombe glacée." The function usually ends in a cloud of smoke emanating from immense cigars of the most expensive brands, and a yet further deluge of Munich beer: truly a Gargantuan fare, reminding us of our own Elizabethan records—fitted only for a race of giants.

Royalty and diplomacy of course do not pander to such mediæval revivals. "Un dîner diplomate" is still the term for a refined meal, from which the guest with a Berlin appetite is supposed to rise hungry.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary increase in the wealth of the city, the number of people whose riches would accord with English and American ideas of great wealth is still exceedingly small. Statistics from the Department of Taxes in the Berlin municipality show that of 530,000 persons paying taxes in Berlin over 295,000 only possess an income between £50 and £150 per annum. Only 43,000 pay on incomes of over £150. Twelve persons have an income over £50,000, and one person has £100,000. There are only 759 persons who pay property tax on property valued at between £50,000 and £100,000; 337 pay taxes on property over this amount. The richest man in Berlin assesses his property at £1,450,000.

The peculiar features of the wealth and prosperity of Berlin lie in the broad subdivision of small incomes, upon which people manage to live respectably, in the comparative simplicity of life, the cheapness of amusements and education, and, above all, in the remarkable absence of the "submerged element." The small amount of human waste with which this living factory gets through its work is its most remarkable characteristic.

The Thiergarten, and particularly Charlottenburg—the West End suburb of Berlin—is one mass of stately mansions, divided into flats, but the people inhabiting them live at a much more moderate rate than we should think compatible with such luxurious dwellings. In proportion to their income the inhabitants of Berlin probably spend more money on entertaining their friends than the inhabitants of any great capital in Europe, —the meanest of which in this respect is undoubtedly Paris.

When Two Have Lived

BY HELEN HAY

HOW we would live! We'd drink the years like wine,
With all to-morrows hid behind the veil
That is your hair: between two lilies pale,
Your slender hands, my heart should lie and shine
A crimson rose. We'd catch the wind and twine
The evening stars a chaplet musical
To crown our folly; lure the nightingale
To sing the bliss your lips should teach to mine.

And if the sage who cried that life is vain
Should frown upon the flower of all our days,
And chide the sun that knows no tears of rain,
He should not tease our heart with cynic eye.
The soul's vast altar stands beyond his gaze:
When two have lived, then shall they fear to die?

Druce-Fearing

BY MARIE VAN VORST

STORMFIELD had made an Italian tour with them. Mr. Druce-Fearing welcomed him as a godsend qualified to do the damp galleries in his stead, and with Mrs. Druce-Fearing to drive in the disreputable carriages to puny suburbs. The younger man was at first an agreeable, then an indispensable, addition, and to the butterfly woman of the world refreshingly alive with interests, and unique because of beliefs from whose wings the bloom had not been brushed. Mrs. Druce-Fearing took him enthusiastically into her circle of friends.

Stormfield was candid, buoyant, chivalrous. She thought him vastly different from the men and women of her set, so different from herself that it saddened her, so different from Druce-Fearing that she made the comparison with terror. By choice and circumstance they were constantly thrown together, until desultory tête-à-tête became rendezvous eagerly looked for. He "told her everything," he said; at all events he told her much, and with a seriousness that in any one else would have bored her to extinction. His frank, expressive announcements she accepted at first tentatively — extending them the hearing of fine scepticism, receiving them as she did all things that wore a garment other than the ordinary costume of her convention. She began by disbelieving him on principle.

He cared for and knew not a little about the things to which her set were extremely cold. He was amateur and connoisseur where she was ignorant. Before objects past which she swept with sublime indifference he paused and discriminated; finally, to galleries through which, from a "sense of doing them," she had taken her perfect toilets and her bright, remarked beauty, she returned with a sudden wakened interest, "followed him like a child!" (she laughed), and to such intelligent purpose that it was shortly a mutual progress.

The epicurean existence of Mr. Druce-Fearing was not disturbed by this friendship; indeed, he was rarely disturbed. He commented occasionally on his wife's

toilets, with taste discriminating and good. He gave forth, "What the deuce do you find in this sight-seeing? You will do yourself up. Remember the dressmakers and the rushing about in Paris," and was always expansively valetudinarian on possible occasions. Aside from like high-minded discourse, he was silent. Neither his wife nor Stormfield had any care to follow his meditations.

And these two drifted, until, blindfolded, they found themselves on a ship at full speed, and when their bandages were whipped from their eyes, they rocked at anchor in a port by their best selves unsought—the land of Desire, an enemy's country, a place of undoubted charm. To swiftly leave, and to leave alone, before even the borders were passed, Mrs. Druce-Fearing decided: and therefore distanced Florence one April morning. Her husband sat opposite her in his corner of the compartment, glistening with good-humor at the near prospect of Paris, and paying perfect tribute to his valet. She looked at her dressing-bags and rugs in the racks above her head. The affair wore a *triste* humor, she thought; she was clearly *running away,* and from one too insignificant to waken even a lingering suspicion on the part of her husband.

Stormfield in his mail that day (instead of a rendezvous) found a despatch: "Unexpectedly called home. — Eleanor Druce-Fearing." He read the page from official print to signature. He had not yet risen, and lay with his hands behind his head, his tossed mail on the breakfast-tray, the despatch unfurled on the coverlid, staring into the near past of absorbing emotion, and then into the dry, unadjustable future. He was bitter, sceptical, accusing, lenient, by turns. He thought hard into an hour; then a move on his part rustled the thin paper of the telegram, and it spoke again to him, reiterating its cold fact. He sprang up angrily. One thing was beyond dispute—Florence, hitherto a garden of the world, fulsomely flattered by him, had become unendurable. He rang for time-tables, and that night was *en route* for Paris. Once arrived, he found that his friends had anticipated his arrival by twelve hours; and they had gone on to Havre, from thence to take ship for New York—suddenly!

Six months later Stormfield stumbled upon the Druce-Fearings, as one sometimes comes unexpectedly upon the object of long desire when keen wish is dulled, if the thing itself has not already been replaced. He looked up from a note he was scribbling at a table in the writing-room of the Astoria. He caught his breath at the fresh exquisiteness of the woman who was coming toward him with extended hand. Then he was speaking to her and answering the repeated "Oh, how d'e do? really! where did you drop from?" of Druce-Fearing, whose wandering glances scarcely sought Stormfield before they were afield again.

All the armies (of which until then Stormfield believed himself conqueror) rose as though upon a morning field to thrilling reveille; a tramping, flashing, scintillating Thousand strong; and every force that was not of her flag's loyalty disappeared as frost in the morning sun. His quick look took in with sweeping freedom her beauty, approved of her from russet boot to the violets in her capote; under her dotted veil the color flew over her face and away again, leaving her paler than even it was her wont to be; and as she laughed and talked with him, her voice, delicious in little catches of pain and pleasure, told him (vibrating through the veil of conventional remark) what he had never let himself dream to be true before. He followed by her side to the café, where the three lunched together; her mood was ridiculously gay, that of Druce-Fearing serious and discursive of crabs and *chablis.* Now and again, by recalling with them, Druce-Fearing lurched against a delicate and sensitive souvenir which the others scarcely dared to brush with their happy *"Oh, do you remember?"* Nodding his heavy head toward one and the other, he recounted an anecdote of bad food at Rome, or a successful tidbit his Machiavellian gourmetism had procured for them all at Naples. Thus was he with them carried back, squinting up his eyes with the recollection of succulent young crabs done in sherry. As for the *Two,* neither of them had eaten the luncheon whose *bons mets* were made more delicious to Druce-Fearing by the sauce of his sentimental journey among the dishes of the past!

"We have left Newport," he said, "for the Moors—God knows why."

"I told you," his wife returned, "because I grew of a sudden nauseated with the things every one said about every one I cared most for. I heard them Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. . . . I could not risk Thursday."

"Why?" asked Stormfield.

"Because I was afraid I might be saying worse myself about my best friend."

"She knew her limits!" said her husband.

"And yet," said Stormfield, "you've endured it without flinching for—how long?"

"Six years, and the stone is worn! I am in too dangerously perfect moral health. I need a change of air."

"But what do you find at the Moors?"

"*Ennui;* it is a cure for the most exaggerated case of goodness."

"Oh, we'll go back later to Newport," nodded Druce-Fearing. He rose to go to the telephone, whose cabin he haunted. The insane over-abuse of this instrument had come at a psychical moment of deliverance for Druce-Fearing. It saved him from boring himself to death.

Mrs. Druce-Fearing and Stormfield were alone. In the hidden balcony the musicians were playing a café-concert favorite. Oddly enough, it had been Continentally popular as well, and in going its rounds it had met Stormfield and Mrs. Druce-Fearing on their Italian ways.

"Do you remember?" She leaned a little across the round table. As he responded to her he wondered what she had wished and intended this interval of separation to be for him; then what it had been for her. Between them no word other than friendship had ever passed; not until this day, when in her, through her, something infinitely subtle and terribly real spoke,—had he dared to think of any feelings save his own. As he looked at her he decided that he must have made a very severe struggle, since he had not done something desperate for love of her. He felt aggrieved that his life was not further despoiled of peace. He found her decidedly changed, thinner, more delicately lovely, and grew so tenderly sure of her that if there had been any possibility of such a thing he would have taken her hands then and kissed them. Her veil, which she had taken off, lay with her folded gloves beside her plate. She took from the dotted tulle two little diamond pins and played with them as she talked, the light flashing in their prisms. In the bodice of her dress, made of thin mastic batiste, and fitting her figure somewhat closely, were a few sprays of lilies-of-the-valley, and in the warmth of the room their frail odor was perceptible as she leaned toward him. They were his favorite flower. In Italy he had sent them to her *en masse.* They spoke now touchingly; indeed, they were words filling the months that had passed with a loyalty to him.

Without broaching a personality that the divers lunchers or Druce-Fearing himself could not have heard, they reviewed in warm hurried words, his fast on hers, hers anticipating his in laughing nervous quickness, the voyage in Italy; their eyes bent over the pictures, their hands touching as they turned the pages. Coffee and cognac finished, he determined that she should not vanish from his life again as she had done at Florence; he *must* see her again; he would look out for it. Behind the commonplace replies he made to her quick questions were live strong words that beat boldly for utterance. He scarcely looked at her. He knew that he had only to raise his eyes to hers to thus read and to thus speak. He refrained. Druce-Fearing was on his patent-leather tiptoes *de retour.* Now he brought his corpulence and swagger up to the small table in the corner, and looked at the quiet Stormfield, who of all his wife's admirers typified to his thinking *l'ennui impérial,* and of whom he was the least aware. He tolerated the man's advent into their lives again with lukewarm disregard.

"May I come to see you this evening?" Stormfield asked. Before she could reply a group of people came over from a near table and joined them, the women showing under cover that they perfectly understood the situation before them, and would make the most of what they inferred at the first opportunity. By Mrs. Druce-Fearing's place lay the few sprays of lilies-of-the-valley. Stormfield wanted them, but he could not have taken them without being observed.

Mrs. Druce-Fearing took a hansom and

told the man to drive her to the Park. Mrs. Druce-Fearing was perfect specimen of rare hybrid. The few traditions of her class are forgotten; five generations back her ancestors may have been noble in old régimes, but her near progenitors were millionaire trade-monopolizers of products with vulgar names. In accordance with her creed, the orthodox creed of her fellows, she went from one excitement to another, to functions successful in the ratio in which they escaped being tiresome, always better than the intervals, for the spectre to be avoided is the moment when nothing happens; for at unmasking leisure is an enemy; novelty is at a ruinous premium, and amusement a hypodermic to be taken in large doses, ever increased. Thus values become confused and lines indistinct, and if from time to time, in the mad course of the race, falls a pause too fatally long, then the rushed, feverish senses make the crisis their own.

The trust her husband implied in her, or the indifference he displayed, left her singularly free. She had been loved and sought, but never stirred, until at last, to her trouble, she found herself to be far from the coldness the world called her. With a sudden knowledge of good and evil, she saw she was strong for the last, and her bias gave it the name of the first. She said to herself that this interest, the well-known secret companion of months, dreaded and adored, was not of the quality of which amusement is made, but, born in a soil virgin for deep feeling, it was the best of which her nature was capable: she loved Stormfield.

At last, when she might touch (not the dizzy point of pleasure ever sought for with wearying inventions) happiness —happiness, sincere and real—should her reach at this critical point be timid?

Two hours later she came into their private parlor at the Astoria. Her husband heard her rustling entrance and turned slowly; between his fingers was a slender glass upon which his eyes were fixed. "It's the *Tschic*. Don't you remember, I tried to get them to mix it at the Casino, but they hadn't the materials. Fancy! However, I found the *Broschf* finally (went through twenty wine-lists first)." Around the fine flakes of ice in the glass the bright liquid rose in an infinitude of bubbles. Mrs. Druce-Fearing took the glass her husband offered her and lifted it to her lips. "Delicious! absolutely. Can you make your second like it?" He was at the task already, dropping first the bitters on the icy mass with fine precision, then filling up slowly with champagne-cup, his plump hands showing to great advantage. The waiter at a distance seriously watched, and Mrs. Druce-Fearing, from the fauteuil into which she had sunk, her hand and arm extended on the brocade of the chair, looked from under her half-closed lids at the companion of her life. Of late there had been a certain amount of excitement when she was with him because of the questions her irritation put: When will he go? How can I go? What can I say to disguise my disgust?

Her husband drank his concoction with approval.

"I've ordered a case of *Broschf* sent to Newport." (He found a chair, seated himself, and lit his cigar.) "I will show Jobson how to mix it, if he is not too much of a —— fool to mark the precise quantities. There's an art in it," he said, waving his hand. "Oh! I met the Harry Lauriers. We took a box for to-night at ——. Gracie sings," he went on.

"How *can* you in this heat?"

"Won't you go?"

"With the Lauriers! After turning our backs on them and their set to breathe a little fresh air?" she shrugged. "Then sit knee to knee with them in a stifling theatre in front of Gracie? Well, it doesn't awfully tempt me!" She laughed, unfastened her veil, unpinned her capote, settled the disarrangement of her coiffure, pressing her finger-tips at the last over her forehead and holding her temples tightly for an instant.

Druce-Fearing took his cigar from between his lips and stared at her with new bewilderment in his face. He seemed to be trying to recall something that successfully evaded his hebetated effort. "Come," he said. "You sound like something I have heard before. It's—no!—oh, it must be a *minister*. What's the matter that you don't like us?"

She dropped her hands into her lap. "Nothing: but I meant to say I've a frightful headache."

"*This*," he said, with approving

energy, pointing toward the empty glasses on the tray, "will set you up. It's extraordinary." He looked at her more seeingly than usual. "What infernal heat! It's faded you all out." They had scarcely sat so long together as these ten minutes in weeks, and she was restless. Here her maid broke the strain by coming in with a note for Mrs. Druce-Fearing.

"An answer?" (Druce-Fearing rose.) "Going to call Laurier up on the telephone. He'll like to ask some one else perhaps in your place. Where's Stormfield staying?" he innocently asked. The unopened note, for whose response the messenger waited, had summoned all the red into her cheeks; every banner waved, and there was none other to unfurl at the name "Stormfield."

"I have no idea" (Druce-Fearing was at the door); "but this is a note from him." She took it from its envelope. "He's stopping here."

"Then I'll get hold of him for to-night."

She regretted that she had not frankly read the few lines saying that Stormfield was coming in the evening to see her if she would be at home. She half rose to call her husband back, but that would be "*queer.*" The tragedy her feelings made of this situation had already started the deception beyond recall.

Mr. Druce-Fearing went to the play. The Lauriers, already installed, were apostrophizing the heat, and wondering why they had come.

"Less than what we would have done if we hadn't," shrugged Mrs. Laurier. She made a place for Druce-Fearing.

Mrs. Laurier was tenderly young. She made the most of this fleeting palliation, and the curtain of her youth's excuse, held by her hands at one end and by the men who appreciated her at the other, was drawn leniently over a multitude of sins.

"My husband says this is the worst thing in New York, and we have a wager that I can't keep my back turned from start to finish."

Druce-Fearing lifted his eyes to the pretty, inconsequent face. "Oh," he said, "it's *that* kind, is it? I didn't know."

"On the contrary," she replied, "it is supposed to be dull to distraction, the play, only this one lifting of the gloom; and I am going to deny myself its brilliancy for the sake of—"

"For the sake of what?" asked Mr. Druce-Fearing.

"Oh, a string of pearls that I saw to-day."

"Oh, I say!" returned her husband; "you would have bought them yourself if you had lost."

"Well, then, for the sake of proving that I am less inquisitive than you think."

"Inquisitive?"

"Not so depraved as you wager."

"*Je me paye la morale de ma femme.*" Laurier, a slim elegant, fine-featured, and of pleasant distinction, turned his glass full on the stage and his attention from the two.

"So you won't mind if I talk to you, then?" asked Mrs. Laurier. Druce-Fearing's expression intimated that he minded nothing he was not asked to do himself. He therefore lent her that half-attention which is a great encourager of confidences and indiscretions; at the imprudent moment the speaker is led on by a belief that only half is heard or understood, and soothes the conscience with the hope that a conclusion drawn will be afterward doubted, or will pass for original.

And Druce-Fearing exclaimed at, greeted with surprise and deprecation, the intimate scandals of their mutual friends. Once, as Mrs. Laurier leaned back and paused, waiting for his mental *dégustation* of the last *suave méchanceté,* her husband said to her, over the back of her chair:

"I withdraw my wager. Turn around, Maud, and look at the stage if you like; it's vulgar, but it's less demoralizing."

"Indeed!" she said. "You sha'n't tempt me from my pearls. Who is singing?"

"Gracie, of course. She's perfect."

"Oh, I can lose her," shrugged his wife. "Her voice is atrocious. *Why,*" she said quickly to the third, "didn't you make Mrs. Druce-Fearing and Mr. Stormfield come too?" There was a ring in the coupling of these names that caused Druce-Fearing to look up at her out of his dulness. He knew what all the world thought and did not hesitate to say of this unscrupulous and very pretty woman. He had heard her name on

his wife's lips coupled with disgust, and he resented with an anger newly stirred the tone in which she asked this perfectly proper question.

"Why both?" he hurried, in spite of himself.

There are huge bowlders deeply set and fixed with the probability of never changing their solid, inert state; but once stirred from their base, they roll fast.

"Oh, manners simply!" she replied. "I thought since they were to be together it would be rude to speak otherwise."

"To be together?" This was not aloud, but she nodded to his thought. "I met Mr. Stormfield coming out just after luncheon. He told me he was passing the evening with Mrs. Druce-Fearing; but," she clinched, "I am not enlightening? This is not a real mystery?"

"Oh no!" he said. "Oh no! And," he went on, "you don't question the sanity of sitting in a cool parlor over iced drinks at this moment, do you?"

"With me or you or Mrs. Druce-Fearing or Mr. Stormfield." She drew her keen eyes small and laughed delicately and comprehendingly. *"He did not know,"* she mentally flashed. "He did *not* know." Druce-Fearing was perspiring amazingly. He wiped his face and touched his melancholy collar ruefully.

"Beastly hot," he said, and shook himself like a great dog.

"I say," leaned Mr. Laurier toward them, "in that box are the Brightroads, far back. It is his third and her second honey-moon, and they're trying to forget the others."

"And the *Morning* ——," breathed his wife, "offered me $500 for items about the divorce." Druce-Fearing had heard nothing to be conscious of its import since this unpleasant whirl of superconsciousness had swept over him. The light, insinuating lever Suspicion had stirred the rock. *Suspicion?* Truth he called it. Fool! fool! he was saying to his soul. In the rapid hurry of past events before his mind's eye he lost the sense of his present surroundings, and page after page of hitherto foreign language was laid before him in clear translation. He rose.

"Oh, I say!" Laurier looked up at him.

Druce-Fearing smiled with a sort of benignity at Mrs. Laurier. "Yes"—he extended his hand; "you see I promised to go back early. The heat has knocked us all up, and we are going to have a little light supper—Stormfield, my wife, and myself. Won't you join us?"

"Oh, but that is at midnight! What's your haste now? You might as well not have come."

"On the contrary," breathed Druce-Fearing; "oh no!" He was looking at Laurier now. "She's so clever, isn't she? And then I've helped her win her pearls."

"Of course you have! Thank you so much. I will send you one for a scarf-pin." She held out her hand.

Into the private parlor of the Druce-Fearings Stormfield came as early after his coffee and cigarette as he could. Mrs. Druce-Fearing's maid told him her mistress would be in directly. The windows of the room were all open, and into the quiet came the noise of the street below—the rattle of rubber-tireless cabs, the softer roll of hansoms, and the clicking of horses' feet. The evening was intensely hot, and at eight o'clock still very light. There was no other illumination than that which came from the half-daylight without through the curtains, left wide to admit all available air. Stormfield looked about the room, whose distinction was that above all others he wished to be in this place. It seemed a singularly perfect one to him, in spite of conventional decoration, and the fact that it was fitted and framed for the mass; to him it was set apart and out of the world's way. On the table was a great mass of lilies-of-the-valley in a jar. He had sent them a few hours before. Pen and ink and paper were also scattered on the table, and an open book lay face down, with a paper-cutter on the cover. He took up the volume and examined it, and saw the markings of heavy pencil-lines here and there. Since he had come face to face with Mrs. Druce-Fearing that morning, the distinct shock that ran through him was pleasure alone; enthusiastic enjoyment of a beautiful woman to him warmly not indifferent. Pain was no longer part of his sensations. From this he argued well for his future. His fighting during the past three months had been for positions not

to be again endangered. He could contemplate his future without the irritation with which long ago he contemplated all things that did not include his thought of Mrs. Druce-Fearing. In truth, he was very much absorbed in his future. He had received the appointment which was to take him to Washington, an office tried for by his own good efforts and his friends' better ones, and now into these well-ordered events, and across his unimpeachable *morale,* came the disturbance of his interest in Mrs. Druce-Fearing. Holding the yellow book in his hand, he walked toward the window and the little stirring breeze. The door of the next room clicked, and Mrs. Druce-Fearing came in. He took in at a glance the simplicity of her dark street attire, and with an amazed appreciation her absolute loveliness. She came across the room, which he too started to traverse, and held out her hand.

"How lovely you are!" His thought left his lips almost before it was formed; but he had spoken well. She grew red, and laughed with pleasure.

"Do you think so? I am glad. Let us sit here where there is a little air. There is not much anywhere. Isn't it frightfully hot? Oh, that's my book. You have been looking at it?"

"Yes. Were you reading?"

"All day, when I was not writing and thinking, and thinking and writing."

"And driving—?"

"Oh, did you see me?"

"Yes; you flashed past in a hansom."

"Where were you?"

"In the University Club."

"It was a bad quarter of an hour. I am sorry you saw me. But did you really observe? How did I look? I am curious—"

She leaned toward him, her eyes on his. Her tones were full of emotion, and even in these commonplaces her words were short and quick, held in as though she feared to let her voice go.

"You looked," he meditated, "as though you had made a great renunciation."

"No!" she broke in; "oh no; you are quite wrong."

"What was it, then?"

"A great resolve."

"Well," he amended, "aren't they sometimes as serious as renunciations? It takes one to make the other, doesn't it?"

"Don't!" she waved; "speak about the other! I detest the word; and yet possibly you are right; possibly there was a renunciation; but I didn't know its nearness. It's a dwarf."

"You are," he said, noting with dangerous joy every wave of her beauty, and growing more and more conscious of her —"you are talking abstractions."

"Shall I make them real?"

"If you will," he breathed. Then he put out one hand over hers strongly. Fear, with its old attendant sickness, seized him. A resolve? She had taken one before when it had meant a battle, a hot fight alone. She had determined not to see him again. Oh, he understood her well. This was the reason of abandon. . . . If there was to be sacrifice, *he* should make it this time, not she. He would not thus be waved into inconsequence.

"Wait," . . . he said, deeply; . . . "I love you."

She bowed her head a little, a very little. "Yes, yes; I know it." She lingered over her acceptance; but for him it was as though from a tensely smouldering heap he had torn away obstructions, and the light flame, springing up airward, unburdened the fire's core of the white heat. With the words on his lips and his veins aflame, he grew cold about his heart. Over his hand she let both hers close, and without restraint set free the intense vibrant timbre of her voice, that had always such potency to charm him.

"I know it," she said; "I believe it. Perhaps it is because I love you so much that I believe more than you can ever feel."

"No," he said, seriously; "that you could not do."

"But you have considered me too greatly all along. You have had yourself too well in hand. I have wondered at you, even doubted you. Oh, I know," she nodded; "it was right, of course; it was moral. Now for my resolve!"

Her head was slightly thrown back, and in the softened light of the room the contour of her face and form was delicately outlined. Around her neck she wore

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a collar of old lace, crossed by ends of mellow white crêpe de Chine. The creamy stuff, as it fell on her breast in clinging lines, rose quickly with her rapid breathing; she spoke fast, and was so near to him that every exquisite detail—eyes, lips, her perfect teeth, the round of her cheek, the shadow of her hair—was stimulus for his awakened desire. He held closer the hands over his with a low exclamation, and was about to take her in his arms.

"Oh, wait!" She released a hand and put it on his chest and held him away. "Wait!"

"*Wait!*" (He rushed, now well on in the hot chase.) "Wait! For what? Haven't we waited too long? Isn't it my right?"

"No." She gained calm as he let himself go. "No. *You must hear my resolve.*"

"Never. It is just what I will not hear. I have too good an idea of what it may be." She shook her head.

"I doubt it." Again he tried to embrace her, and to withdraw her forbidding hand before she could repel him, but vainly, and she continued: "You must listen to me—please! A right? That's the point. You have no right, nor have I. All the right there is, is with my husband." (Stormfield swore under his breath.) "That is the way the world looks at it, and will hold it for us all three." Here she turned her eyes away from him for a moment with a quick glance around the room, as though to collect all her thoughts and to gain a little time.

"*You do love me?*" She looked at him fully, the veil of reserve cast away from the gray frankness of her eyes.

"Yes!" he hurried — "yes, beyond words; and you are maddening! What do you wish me to do or to say?"

"Listen." (She returned to her argument.) "I do not hold it so; I do not hold it so. Over me you are the one person in the world who has the *right,* or at least you should have, because I love you and you love me."

Here the door of the room beyond snapped and swung gently open. Stormfield started to his feet.

"It is nothing but the draught," she said, quietly. "My maid is away, and Mr. Druce-Fearing is at the play. He will not be back before midnight." This assurance took the danger from the shades of the next room.

"But shall I not shut the door?"

"No, please; it's cooler that way; but stand where you are; it's far easier to talk when you are not so near." He made an impatient gesture.

"As always, you are strange beyond parallel. When I feel you to be most approachable, you are as far from me as the pole. Leave," he said, passionately, "reserve and theories and cold abstractions; we are together; what is there else to matter? Let me speak, Eleanor." Still she held him back.

"That," she said, "*is* all apparently for many. I wonder at myself. I *must* be different, and why, God knows! I have not had many lessons to make me different, but I seem to be in so far as this—" Here she rose too. "I have only let myself tell you that I love you, and hear you, because . . . . I am ready."

"*Ready!*" he echoed.

"Ready to make for us all three the only right we can ever have; to go away with you now, at this moment of the confession—to-night—to leave New York—to leave America with you forever. *I am ready.*" She rose, extended her hands. Then she waited.

Stormfield received the shock and stared, dazed. He found he was taking in her meaning slowly. Then he repeated her words, "*leave America forever,*" for they were to him the pith of all. He saw in a miraculous completeness his life and future dashed from a careful pattern into a hopeless jumble, before which he stood as a child over its shattered block form. His position, his well-ordered existence, kept free from entanglements thus far, his appointment, his people, his friends, the world. Then he grasped the horror of the fatal length of his silence, and a rancor, a fury at himself, took possession of him. With both hands he tried to lift a soul from under the confused heap of weights labelled (be it) with good names — *Honor, Convention, Right, Expedient*—and he strove to get the *Spirit Courageous* up on its feet. Then he released the struggle, and broke forth to the woman, who seemed blotted into the shadows of the room.



"I KNOW IT," SHE SAID

He reiterated and superlatived his love. He gave full sweep to his long-controlled passion. He assured her, reassured her, and gained a belief and courage as he shook with his own words.

"You are wrong," he affirmed. "What you propose is a sentimental impossibility out of all keeping with expedient." (It was a good word; he used it again.) "*Expedient.* It is for your sake I am speaking. You blight your name hopelessly, and your husband's." Her hands were over her face; at this she removed them.

"Ah! you think of him?"

"Yes," he swelled. "Why not?"

"You mean that it's all right to rob him of his honor, so long as you can deceive him as well? Don't you *see* the position you give me? Don't you *see* what you want me to do? Loving you as I do, my very presence is an unfaithfulness to my husband. I thought that away from all associations we could with one another somewhere justify a new existence, . . but you are sticking in the old evils, . . you would make me your mistress in my husband's house. Oh, I don't know how God would look at *my* blundering plan, but I have no doubts about yours! It's horrible! It's too horrible!"

"Oh, you are harsh," he cried. She was still near to him in the darkness, but she had drifted a universe away. He was furiously conscious of it, and determined to bridge it.

He stepped forward and with a swift motion took her hands, drawing her close to him, so close that he felt her panting breath against his cheek. His eyes, searching for her, clearly saw her face white as death, and he thought there were tears on it.

"Darling! darling!" he exclaimed, "*be reasonable.*" She gave a cry and snatched herself from him.

"*Go!*" she said, shakingly. "*Go! go!*"

There was a certain stir at the door of the other room, and Druce-Fearing, coming in, turned up the light by the electric button as he passed.

"No," he said; "don't go yet. Not before I have seen you in the light. You cut a poor figure in the dark, God knows; but perhaps you are one of the kind that lights up well."

He, at all events, did not light up well. His face was uglier than ever, mottled red and white. In the ghastly lividness his two eyes glowed out like a panther's.

Druce-Fearing walked directly across the room to his wife. He approached her with an air of appropriation. He put his arm about her strongly.

"How long have we been honored with your company?" hissed Stormfield between his teeth.

"We!—my God!—we!" laughed the other. "Long enough to hear what I had planned to hear, what it was arranged that I should."

"*Arranged!*" stared Stormfield.

"Yes!" nodded the other. "I may as well tell you, now that you have showed your bluff hand to the board, that this was a little game,—I don't extol it, mind,—a little scheme."

"A scheme?" Stormfield looked from the woman's face to the man's. A strong respect for him crept within him.

"To show you up to yourself, to prove you. I don't suppose you have displayed worse than any one of the lot of you would have done." (The stone was rolling — nay, dancing — down the steep.) "It seemed a pity for your own sake that you should be cutting out your life with the false notion that you have loved my wife. It prevents an honorable marriage too, you see, to dangle after a married woman; and we thought that we'd prove you to yourself."

Stormfield laughed unpleasantly. "Oh no!" he said; "you don't expect me to believe this. No man would descend to play a game like *this.*"

"Is it so much fouler than yours?"

(This Stormfield waived). "And no woman—" he continued.

"A-h! a-h!" chattered Druce-Fearing.

But Stormfield was looking at her intently as she stood there; over her eyes her long-lashed lids fell almost down, and she was smiling slowly and strangely. She said nothing, and to her smile and silence he attached what response he might. On the table near the yellow book and the flowers was his hat, which he took up, and shook himself in his horrid dream. "A dangerous play; allow me," he bowed. "What if I had accepted?"

"That," said Druce-Fearing, "was betting on a certainty. You would *not.*



"IS IT SO MUCH FOULER THAN YOURS?"

you could not, in case of which possibility you would not have been here."

"Oh! I understand," said Stormfield. He turned on his heel, and was going quickly without leave; but Druce-Fearing with a stride was before him, a bulky figure barring the way. Stormfield mightily kept from hurling himself on him. The thought of the woman, standing still and straight in the back of the room, restrained him.

"A little game between you and me," said the husband between his teeth. He looked the tall young man up and down, from his sleek boots to the top of his fair head. He, too, held his crushing blow back. The hurrying rock might well have rolled triumphantly over this obstacle. He breathed hard, and his plump hands were both fists. "You understand —man—*between us*. One word and—"

Stormfield lifted the hand that held his hat in polite deprecation. "Oh, don't threaten, I beg," he smiled; "it is between us, quite between us. Will you let me pass?" Druce-Fearing stepped aside, and Stormfield opened the door, and shut it quietly on his quick retreat.



Illustration for "A Friend of his Youth"

"I HAVE COME TO MAKE AN APOLOGY," SHE BEGAN

A Friend of his Youth

BY GELETT BURGESS

AS she came up the steps she saw, with almost a shock, that the crape had been removed from the door; the last three days had bridged a gulf so deep that she had lost all count of time, and the interval had seemed endless. It was over now, and the new life had begun, if indeed it could be called life without him; and things would go on again somehow.

As soon as she was able to be alone she went up stairs, turned into his study, and sat down. Nothing was changed; nothing ever could be changed, perhaps, for her. She would always see the room as he had left it; she would always see him at work in the corner, with the light shining on his hands—the hands that were never idle.

It seemed very cold to her, though the sunshine came through a gap between the curtains and whitened the papers on the desk. She rang for a fire to be laid, and then went over to his leather chair. She tried at first to sit upon the arm, in the old way, but it rocked unsteadily and she could not manage it. Then she slid into the seat with a moan, and rested her cheek on her hand.

At her side on the desk was a tray filled with the pencils he had last used. She picked up a handful of them, sorting them affectionately. A few of the points were broken or dulled, and she found a pocket-knife to sharpen them, pressing her lips together tightly as she whittled at the lead. While she was so employed a servant knocked. She started, put down the pencils guiltily, and called him in.

The man entered, and after handing his mistress a number of letters, busied himself about the grate. She looked at the addresses listlessly, and then tore open the envelopes, one after another. There were resolutions from two of his clubs and a few long-named societies, formally written in terms of sympathy; there were clippings from the journals — eulogies she dared not read, to be put aside for a calmer period—and a few belated letters of condolence from persons of note, testifying not only their admiration for the artist who had passed away, but their love for the man that they had known. She kept one letter, however, without breaking the seal, hesitated several moments, analyzing the writing, and then placed it in a drawer of the desk.

She looked up to the man who had finished at the fireplace and was about to leave. "How long have you been with Mr. Clinton, Richards?" she asked.

"Four years, ma'am," he answered.

"That was soon after he first came into town, wasn't it?"

"It was the same year, ma'am; yes, ma'am."

"You never knew him before that? You never heard of him before he employed you, did you, Richards?"

"Only through Miss Winchester, ma'am; it was her got me the place, ma'am."

"Miss Winchester—oh yes, of course!" and Mrs. Clinton was silent a moment. "Miss Winchester was always very good to you, wasn't she, Richards?" And then, before he could reply, she added, "Have you seen her often, since then?"

The man looked at her a little dubiously. "Sometimes, when she came to town, ma'am. You know she was an old friend of Mr. Clinton's, and she used to come to luncheon at his rooms, once in a while, and clear up his things for him, and like that." He spoke hesitatingly, as if he felt the antagonism of her suspicions and was on the defence. "Of course," he added, "Miss Winchester has been abroad ever since you and Mr. Clinton were married, and before that; so I haven't seen her for a long time. At least, not till today; she came quite early, and brought a basket of loose violets." His voice had sunk almost to a whisper.

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This was the answer to a question Mrs. Clinton had not dared ask. "Yes, yes, of course they were from her," she murmured to herself. "That's all, Richards."

When he had left, she opened the desk drawer, took out the letter she had put away, and read it slowly. "If I had been sure you wanted to see me," it went, "you must know that I would have gone to you long before this. I confess that the delays of the last two months have been intentional on my part, but my failure to respond definitely to your and Herbert's invitations has been only because I did not wish to intrude, or to make you in the least degree uncomfortable. You know in just what way and to what degree Herbert and I were friends, but you must, please, be sure that I understand your feelings, magnanimous as you have shown yourself to be, and that I realize that we have little, save him, in common. But now, if I can help you, or if, for any reason, you want me, I beg you to let me know."

It was signed "Helen Winchester." There were no preliminary phrases of sympathy to impair the directness of the message, which was written in large, round, clear characters, generously spaced, in firm straight lines across the page.

Mrs. Clinton sat for a long time watching the fire that now flamed heartlessly, all but extinguished by the sunshine that had invaded the room. It had been Herbert Clinton's dearest wish that the two women whom he loved best should be friends, but to the wife, who had dreaded the meeting so long, who had expected it so often, keyed up to a courage that had so kindly been called magnanimity, the thought of seeing this friend of his youth was bitter-sweet. She did not like Helen Winchester, though she had never seen her; and she feared she never could like her, try as she might, for Herbert's sake, and much as she knew of the worth of her friendship. They were not of the same sort; they had been responsive to different sides of his character. Yet, sooner or later, they must come together for conflict or alliance; the memory of his wish demanded some attempt, at least, of fulfilment. The man they had both loved was dead, but even this might not end the jealousy against which the young wife had so desperately fought; it might, indeed, make that feeling stronger, for she had now only the past, which she must share with her who had been an older, perhaps a better friend to him. Her nerves were overwrought by the first struggle with her grief, and if Helen Winchester were to claim too much of that sorrow, Mrs. Clinton felt that she would not be able to bear it.

But as the days of wretchedness went by they brought a mastering desire for the companionship of some one who could understand her loss, till stronger than her jealousy grew the hunger for something more of him, some reminiscence she had not worn smooth with the chafing of her emotion. She could at last wait no longer to see Herbert's old-time friend and come face to face with his past, and that part of him she had known so little.

A week after her husband's death Mrs. Clinton entered her carriage and directed the coachman to Miss Winchester's address. Helen came down to her with both arms outstretched and a kiss ready to be accepted or refused. She drew up a chair and sat, still holding her caller's hand, waiting for the first word. Her eyes showed no trace of tears, they were steady and direct under the level line of her brows; even her mouth, firmly and sensitively drawn, was in repose. Her face was earnest and sincere, suggesting a spiritual rather than a mental schooling, positive in all its lines—the lines of caste. It was Mrs. Clinton who broke the silence, and her words came simply, as if there was no other way, responding to the demand for candor Helen's look laid on her. They were not the words she had chosen, the tentative inquiries she had expected to make, with such pain, but involuntarily her heart spoke, no longer fearing the hints of her prejudice.

"I have come, first, to make an apology," she began; "to ask pardon of Herbert's dearest friend; to acknowledge my own smallness. You have been too wise not to understand, perhaps even to pity, my weakness, but I can see now, it seems to me, for the first time, how much it must have hurt you. But I hope, too, you are woman enough not to accuse me of an ordinary conventional jealousy; and if you have known—and perhaps loved—the man I have known and loved, it is only

because you have had so much, and I, somehow, so little, that I have not dared to meet you."

Miss Winchester had withdrawn a little at first, fearing her demonstrations had been too affectionate, but now she put her hand quickly on Mrs. Clinton's arm. "I know, I know all that," she said. "I know what you mean: but you have had the best—all that I never had!"

"In a way, yes, I have loved him, and I think, yes, I know he loved me. I have been his wife two years. I have shared his success, his fame, his fortune, his hopes, everything except his past. Every hour since I first knew him has brought to me, freshly, the joy and pride of his companionship, of being able to share it all with him. I think sometimes I have been too proud of him—too glad to be seen with him, too happy in the knowledge of the honor and esteem in which he was held. I have had two years of wonderful happiness, with him every day and every night; indeed, I have had more than my share. It seems wicked not to be satisfied. It is enough for a lifetime. I wonder if I deserved it all! What have I given him, Helen?"—she spoke the name timidly, for the first time. "How have I helped him? There is nothing I would not have done for him, but it was all done before I ever came into his life. I was too late! He had succeeded without any help of mine, and the loving services that I could have given, that I always longed to give, were no longer necessary. What I could do I did, almost against his will, but they were such pitifully little things, and my love was so big! I wished he were poor again, so I might show him how I cared. I was almost ashamed of the great house, and the servants, and the gowns he liked me to wear. He thought I cared for them, Helen—he really did! It was terrible to have to be so ornamental, but I knew it pleased him to have me well dressed. It was one of the few things I could do. The very first time I went to his rooms I was disappointed to find he was so comfortably provided for. I expected to find him in some funny little garret, but there he was fitted out with everything he wanted, down to a silver paper-cutter!"

Miss Winchester smiled. "He had that paper-cutter in the old days too, my dear; he has had it ever since I have known him—almost. But I know what you mean. It did seem strange to see him after his sudden success. He enjoyed the little material evidences of it all so keenly; and yet at heart he did not care for the reward; it was the work he enjoyed. His success never spoiled him; he was always the same Herbert!"

"But you had so much, too, Helen, so much that was better and finer than what I shared. You had the comradeship of his poverty; you knew him all through that long hard fight upward, when he was unknown and wretched and ill. Oh, I have thought about it so often, and I have envied you more for the friendship you had then, than you can ever have envied me for the love I have had since! You were there, ready and willing, when he most needed a friend: but the man he was then, the man you knew and served, I never, never can know! I know he was a young, active, adorable boy all through it, as he was to the end, and you had him all to yourself. What was he like, Helen?"

The other woman's hand tightened its grasp. Her eyes were still serene, without menace of tears. She had won the battle of her emotions long since, at what cost, by what stubborn resistance and determined effort, no one would ever know, now, but her calmness was impregnable.

"What I saw in him, chiefly, in those days, was the promise of what was to come, the promise of the complete manhood you knew, far better than I. I understood his moods and his desires, his faults and his weaknesses, as well as I knew my own, but through them all, underneath them all, I saw him growing day by day nearer to my ideal of him—what I felt was best in him. But the man he was to be, the man I tried to help him to be, the man I loved as his mother loved him, him I never knew, except in promise; he was to be yours—he was made for you, born for you. I had the privilege of helping him a little, but he helped me far, far more than I ever could him, and I know you will not grudge me that!"

"Do you know what was the only way I was ever really able to help him, materially?" Mrs. Clinton said, a little bitterly. "He used to love to have me play Chopin to him in the evenings when he

was tired, but I think he considered my pencil-sharpening a greater accomplishment. It was the one thing he used to compliment me on: it always surprised him. It was the only one of the hundreds of little things a woman longs to do for the man she loves that could not be done better by some one else!"

"You must not say such things! You must not do him such an injustice. He was not the man to marry a doll-wife; I know him too well for that. Do you suppose I could be with him so long without knowing his ideals too? without knowing what his wife should be like, to help him and to satisfy him best? He was looking for you until he found you, and you filled the place in his heart that was always vacant before. I did only what any girl would have been glad to do for such a friend."

"Oh, it's just that!" cried Mrs. Clinton. "It's the little common every-day things I could not bear to think of any one else's having done for him! We were so busy and so gay that sometimes I felt it less, though I knew it was there aching in my heart; but now he is gone, I have so few actual definite personal duties to remember! I want to know all about the things you did for him, Helen, so that I may have some new way to think of him besides the way I know now. I want to know everything—all about the clothes he wore then, and what his neck-ties were like, and if his cuffs were always clean—oh, don't tell me they were!—and who darned his stockings; did you? *Did* you?" she sobbed.

Miss Winchester averted her glance, for the first time, waited a moment, and then, choking down something in her throat, said: "Yes, sometimes. When he was travelling he used to post them to me, so that I could mend them and return them to him. I made him promise to do it. Sometimes it took a week before he got them back again, because he moved about so. I loved to do it for him. It made him seem nearer."

"Of course he didn't wear silk stockings then, did he?" Mrs. Clinton said, timidly, with something between a sob and a laugh of anxious interest.

Miss Winchester smiled. "He didn't wear silk stockings. They were cheap black ones that crocked awfully."

"I want to know how he looked, too!—yes, I have all his old photographs, even that funny tintype of you and Herbert, the one where you moved twice—but it isn't that; it's the way he *really* looked—how often he shaved, and whether his hair was rumpled or smooth, usually, and the way he said things. It must have been in the same way, the same dear blessed way! I want to know the jokes he made, and his favorite expressions and quotations. Did he ever call you a Chinaman, when he was a little vexed? I used to do all sorts of things to get him to call me a Chinaman, but he hardly ever would, because he thought everything I did was perfect; and I didn't dare tell him to say it, for that would have spoilt it all!"

"No, he never called me a Chinaman," Helen replied. "That was only for you, I am sure. But he used to swear at me, sometimes, and I used to love it. I mean he used to swear to me, not at me; he used to say, 'Damn you, darling!' in the most absurd way."

"Oh, did he do that even then?" Mrs. Clinton exclaimed, with a nervous laugh and a touch of envy in her voice.

"He has told me about how often he used to come to your house for his meals, when he was poor and hated to eat alone in cheap restaurants. Didn't you just long to have him come every night?"

"I never let them lock the front door, then, so that he could walk right into the dining-room, without ringing. Of course we were delighted to have him come. He always used to say, 'Well, how is mamma's little sunshine to-day?' And I always had to fold his napkin for him; he hated to do it. He used to say the only thing he liked about restaurants was that he didn't have to do that."

"You used to go to his room, too, and clean it up for him, every week, didn't you? And you used to cook French pancakes for him on his kerosene-stove. Oh, oh, Helen, where was that? Where did he live then? To think I don't even know where he lived in those days!"

Miss Winchester gave her the name and number of the street, with many other details of the quiet suburban life the two, as girl and boy, had shared together. To all this the wife listened with affecting interest, greedy for every scrap

of information that might reveal a new phase in the character and habits of the man she loved. By degrees her calmness came back, soothed by the peace and steadfast courage of Helen's manner, and she listened to Herbert's friend as she might have listened to Herbert's mother. When it was time to go, she said:

"There are still so many things, it will take a long time to tell them all. But there is time enough, isn't there? There is my whole lifetime! You must come and see me often, Helen; no, you must come and stay with me!"

Mrs. Clinton entered her carriage and gave the driver the address of a house in one of the unfashionable suburbs of the town. As she leaned back in the cushions of her brougham the image of Helen Winchester still remained with her, restrained, self-possessed, equal to any emergency, strengthened by some philosophy that was not for the young wife to comprehend. What this attitude meant, what impulses had been fought and subdued, she could not guess. To have known such a man as Herbert Clinton, in the first enthusiasm of his youth, to have watched the dawn of his success, to have stood with him, side by side, before ever the world knew him, and, above all, to have had the chance to serve him in the ways Helen had confessed—actions trivial, but capable of being beautified by so much sentiment—how could any woman have failed to care for him more and more tenderly, and how could he but have been affected by the fineness, the firmness, and loyalty of such a spirit as Helen's. The uneasiness in Mrs. Clinton's heart, allayed momentarily by the sight of Helen's face, troubled her again with a new suspicion. She felt herself somehow inferior in power and simplicity, and she could not help wondering what had been between these two. She had never dared ask her husband, specifically; she had never let him speak of Helen Winchester any more than was possible. But, though before she had never been jealous of anything but his friendship, it seemed to her, now, that there must have been some sort of an understanding, and in that, whatever it was, she could have no part. She had come in at the second act of the play, and she could not understand.

The carriage drew up at last before a three-story house in one of the meaner streets of the suburb, and Mrs. Clinton, alighting, rapped at the door. It was opened by an old woman whose arms were lathered with suds. She eyed her caller, and the carriage at the door, with frank curiosity.

"I would like to know if the little room you have on the third floor in the rear is vacant. If it is, I should like very much to see it."

"Well, mum," replied the landlady, wiping her arms on her apron, "it is, and it isn't. There's a lodger what ought to be moved out by this time last Tuesday, but his things is there yet, and the room's well cluttered up with the rubbish he left behind. Was you thinking of taking the room for yourself, mum—or more likely it's for a friend?"

"I wanted merely to see the room for a few moments, that is all. Miss Winchester said that you probably would have no objections," said Mrs. Clinton, opening her purse.

"No, thank ye, mum; keep your money in your pocket; Miss Winchester's name is enough for me, and any friend of hers is as welcome as the day, for the sake of old times, even if she hadn't stood by me more than once since then, when I needed it bad. Come up this way, mum. Mind the bucket on the landing!"

They passed up two narrow flights of stairs, and, at the top, under a roof skylight, the landlady threw open a door, saying: "Here's the room, and it's a pig-sty it is, for I haven't had a chance to clean it for the young man's truck. But I can't see, for the life o' me, what you want to see the place for!"

"Miss Winchester has told me that Mr. Clinton used to live here." Mrs. Clinton spoke with an effort after a first swift glance into the dingy little room.

"He did that, mum, as Miss Winchester has good rights to know, for many's the time she's been up here, scrubbing out the place, and calling over the banisters down stairs for hot water, and the two of them laughing like kiddies with their pranks. Not that I couldn't have kep' it clean enough myself, mind you, but Miss Winchester, she would do it, and insist on helping with the windows and all. Them very curtains that's there now, she made 'em, and they're like to last a good five

years more. That was in the old days, though, you understand, mum; they say Master Clinton has made a big name for himself since then, and has got rich. I never seen him since he left, five years ago. Be you a friend of his, mum, if I may ask?"

"Mr. Clinton died last week," the other said, simply. She had gone to the dirty little window, and was looking out over the roofs.

"Oh, but it's sorry I am to hear it!" said the old woman. "He was a fine lad, and he had a big heart in him; I was sorry enough when he left here. He was full of his tricks, though, and he used to plague the very life out o' me with his nonsense, sayin' I was good-lookin', an' me a widow woman with six children! 'It's a dead good-looker ye are, Mrs. Murphy!' says he, many's the time, till I had to take the broom to him! He never give me a warm word, though; he was always ready with his rent, too, though I found out since that he had to hang up his fiddle more than the once at the pawn-shop to pay me of a Saturday. I wonder, now, who he's left his money to? Miss Winchester, perhaps. She was a good friend to him; no lad ever had better; though it's few friends he had in those days, by the same token. I've wondered he didn't marry Miss Winchester; and she did too, I've no doubt, for she thought the world of him, and she didn't take her eyes off of him except to lay 'em on something of his that needed to be done by a woman's hand. But it's the way of a man never to know who loves him most till it's too late. Maybe he'll have been married long before this, d'ye know? He was fond o' children, and he was always good to my Teddy when I couldn't manage the boy myself. Them kind generally marries."

A clamor from below arose before the other could reply, and Mrs. Murphy left her caller in the room and clattered down stairs to answer the summons. Mrs. Clinton took a seat upon one of the trunks, removed her veil to dry her eyes, and looked around the little chamber. . . .

It was some time afterward that she closed the door gently, brushed the dust from her gloves, soiled with the grime of the furnishings, and went down into the lower hall. She was met by the landlady, who insisted on her caller's having "a bite and a sup" with her before leaving, in the dark and crowded apartment she called her sitting-room. There was enough in Mrs. Clinton's manner to forbid questioning, even if Mrs. Murphy had not been quick to see traces of tears in the young woman's face. Whatever were her conclusions, however, she kept them to herself, and the evidences of Mrs. Clinton's emotion made her the more prodigal in her offers of refreshment. When the tea had been drunk she apologized for a brief absence, and after several minutes reappeared, carrying a package clumsily enveloped in old newspapers.

"It's a curious thing, now, that you should be coming to see the room to-day," she said, as she opened the wrappings. "This here box belonged to Mr. Clinton; I seen him a-making of it hisself, long ago—six years, it must be. He kep' it down in the cellar along with some of his traps, on account of his room being so small, and he must of clean forgot it when he went away. It got shoved in back somewhere out of sight, and I never laid eyes on it till last spring, when they tore up the water-pipes in the kitchen. What with Miss Winchester's being away, and me not knowing nothing about Mr. Clinton's whereabouts, I never knew what to do with it, and I kep' it ever since, thinking to hear some time from him or her."

She showed a small trunk, covered with calf-skin of brindled red and white hair, bound with copper, and studded with brass nails, the work of a patient amateur. It was fastened with the sort of padlock usually seen on dog-collars, and upon the top of the cover were the letters "H. C."

"I don't suppose there's nothing in it worth saving, or else he would have remembered it," said Mrs. Murphy; "but you'll take notice it is still locked, and it 'ain't never been opened. So if you'll take it to Miss Winchester, or whoever 'll be having the rights to it, 'twill be doing me a great favor, mum."

Mrs. Clinton took the box in her arms lovingly, as a mother might hold a child. It was a precious legacy of her husband's youth, strangely found, and packed with many affecting possibilities. A word from her, as she left, brought the tears to Mrs. Murphy's eyes.

"Oh, mum, I knew you'd be the wife when ye came down the stairs and I saw the dust on your face! 'She's had her lips to the winder-pane, the pore lady,' I says to myself, 'and she's one that has loved the boy, an' had the rights to.' But it wasn't for the likes o' me to speak until ye said the word, but now I tell ye ye've lost one o' the finest lads that was ever raised without a mother, an' a gentleman down to the heels of him, as I know well!"

There was a locksmith's shop on the corner of the street, and here Mrs. Clinton walked immediately after and had the hasp of the box filed free of the staple. This done, she re-entered her brougham, and ordered her man to drive home.

As the carriage sped through the suburbs into town she laid the little trunk upon her knees and excitedly lifted the lid. She could hope, now, to have from him some secrets never before shared; she might imagine herself, too, a friend of his youth, and rejoice in the intimacy of the spirited boy she had never seen. And there might perhaps be some clew. Surely she had a right to know—he had never kept anything from her.

There was a miscellaneous assortment of papers, notes, and trinkets, a collection that undoubtedly dated from Herbert's boyhood; the sort of treasures a young man would put away as priceless mementos and soon forget, absorbed in newer, stronger sensations. She handled them delicately, with many pauses to catch her breath as the keepsakes recalled his familiar stories. She came at last to a small packet of letters, tied with a red silk cord. These had been taken from their envelopes, and the outer sheet showed a line of firm round handwriting, so legible that, without meaning to read, a phrase caught her eye. *"She will give you what I cannot give,"* it said.

She untied the knot hurriedly, as if afraid, though still in her carriage, of being watched. The writing covered but two pages, and there was neither date nor signature; there was only a little hieroglyph at the end, but this she recognized, as well as the appearance of the script. The note ran as follows:

"When you asked me the question, this afternoon, I put off your answer till I could write more calmly, for I had not the courage to tell you what now I must say. I had not only you to refuse, but my own heart as well. I love you too much to marry you! That I have loved you from the beginning, and shall to the end, you would have seen long before now, if you had not been, man-like, so blind, and so interested in trying to make yourself fall in love with me. But you have seen me in every mood; we have worked and played together, and you have not yet really cared for me in that only way, the way that lasts. I could never satisfy you and give you peace. Don't deny this, Herbert, for I know it is true. We have had a blessed friendship, and that, please God, may always continue, for we must both forget this chapter. Some day a woman will come into your life who will move you and kindle you, and make you understand all that I understand now. She will give you what I cannot give, she will give you *the power to love,* a far, far greater gift than mine of loving. It is so much greater to love than to be loved! If I cannot have both, then at least I can have the greater part, so I give you my companionship still with a glad heart. When she comes, let me, if I may, be the first to welcome her; till then forget my confession. Do not let me regret having been too honest."

Mrs. Clinton folded the letter and put it back into the packet, slowly, very slowly, tying the red silk cord. Then she closed the trunk, and rapped upon the front window of her carriage.

"Drive back to Miss Winchester's house!" she said to the coachman.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ONE morning, not long ago, as the light streamed in at the windows of the editor's den, taking a soft, stained-glass tone from its passage through the smoke and steam of the elevated trains, the Easy Chair had one of those Memnonian moments which experience is beginning to teach the editor to expect of it, from time to time. Of course when it actually spoke he knew that it was the tradition of the Easy Chair finding words, and he tried to answer in the reverence which he always tries to feel for a tradition: he is beginning to be a tradition himself.

I

"Have you ever," the Easy Chair asked, "had your doubts whether a book was especially worth reading because its sale had reached a hundred thousand, or two, or even five hundred thousand?"

The editor looked warily about the den, and seeing that he was quite alone with the Easy Chair, he confessed, "Yes; I have already expressed grave doubts of that sort, but nobody else seems to have them, and as I do not like to be odd, I do not keep insisting upon mine."

"I am not sure you are right," said the Easy Chair. "Perhaps other people have them, and if you insisted upon them, you would not find yourself so odd, after all. Is the fact that a book has not sold half a million copies proof that it is poor literature?"

"I should be sorry to think so," said the editor. "I have written books, and I am afraid it would rule mine out, except in the very few cases where they have passed that figure."

"But would you like to have written the books that sell half a million? Candidly, now!"

"Candidly, then, I wouldn't. But I would rather write them than read them; I think it would be easier. A certain kind of man would write one of the recent enormous successes, because if he wished to write at all, he would have no choice but to write that kind of book. He would be made so, but no one could be imaginably made so that he must read such a book, in the sense that the author must write it."

"I don't know about that," said the Easy Chair, musingly. "The fact that there are two or three or ten or twenty men who must write trashy books possibly implies the fact that there are two or three or twenty millions who must read them. Have you any philosophy as to the vast popularity of the books that have been lately filling the world with the noise of their publicity? It used to be called advertising, but I rather like the Gallic neatness of the new word."

"No, unless it is the publicity that does it. Only, the publicity seems not to come first, always."

"It can't be the publicity that does it, then, though the publicity helps. The thing seems largely meteorological. It is scarcely more an affair of volition than the weather. A certain atmospheric pressure in the material world causes it to rain water, and a certain atmospheric pressure in the literary world causes it to rain rubbish. We suppose that in both cases the rain comes from the clouds, from above, but in both cases it comes primarily from the ground, from below. What you want to do in order to account for the literary rubbish which now prevails is not to analyze the authors, who are the mere modes of its discharge, but to ascertain the condition of their readers, from whom they received it as an imperceptible exhalation, and who receive it back from the authors in an appreciable form."

"Oh, it's all very well to say that," the editor protested. "But the causes are so recondite that no inquiry can reach them, and one conjecture would be as good as another. The phenomenon is not only extraordinary in quality, but in quantity. The rubbish is not only rubbish, but it is rubbish in vaster amount than ever before. It is as if the rainfall should have been all at once increased tenfold over the whole territory of the United States. The rubbish-fall in the

last year of the nineteenth century was greater than ever was known in the history of literature before. How do you account for that?"

"By a very simple and very obvious fact. An immeasurably greater area of humanity has been brought under cultivation or reclaimed from absolute illiteracy than ever before. In the material world the analogous sort of thing, the tilling of waste land, increases the rainfall, and in the mental world the upturning of waste mind increases the rubbish-fall, because in both cases the clouds receive a greater exhalation from the space below, and give it back proportionately."

"You mean, in other terms," said the editor, "that the number of readers has enlarged the number of writers, and the writers are trashy because the readers are."

"Oh, you mustn't press the inference too far. Logic can always turn upon us and make us its prey, if we do that. You will be saying next that popular education is a mistake, and that people should not be taught to read and write because they read and write rubbish."

"Oh, no. I should not go so far as that. But I might say they had better not be taught to write."

"And I," said the Easy Chair, putting on its traditional air of optimism, "contend that they can safely be taught to do both. You must not regard the present state as final. It is not a state at all, in fact; it is a stage, and an advance, taking in the whole body of readers, upon any former stage. We must not think the lovers of a half-million-copy novel are recreant lovers of Hawthorne, or George Eliot, or Mr. Thomas Hardy. The most part of them never heard of those authors. To leave the meteorological figure we have been working, up to this point, and try something arboricultural, we may liken our immeasurable mental level to the prairie country, which, when men begin to plant it with trees, they first plant with the coarse, rank cottonwood. After a generation or two of cottonwood, they can grow oaks and elms and maples on the prairie, but not at first. You may be sure that the plains in which the literary cottonwoods now flourish have never grown oaks or elms or maples. Up to the time the readers of the recent successes began to read them they had read dime novels and story papers, or they went to the theatres. But the exhalation and precipitation of rubbish cannot go on forever—"

"I don't see why it shouldn't," the editor broke in. "Let's hear by what new metaphor you escape the logic of your postulate."

"I have none that fits," the Easy Chair frankly owned. "But all the same I feel sure of my position. The forces in the mental world are not governed by the same laws as those of the material world. In the material world it must keep on raining water, but it need not rain rubbish always in the mental world. Imperceptibly the conditions will vary, and in the process of time the inspirations will be changed, and the expirations with them. On any vastly extended scale you can't expect taste for the best things; but many people of bad taste would willingly have good taste if they could. No, no," the Easy Chair continued, "we must never despair of the republic, in anything. We seem of late to have applied the principle of universal suffrage to the criticism of literature in an odd way, and to have decided that the book was best which got the most votes. But should you say the one which got the fewest was the best? Do you think that any half-dozen failures of the past year are as good as any half-dozen successes?"

"I am not sure," said the editor. "But I will own that not all the failures are good, if you will own that nearly all the successes are bad."

"How can I help doing that?" the Easy Chair responded, and at this point it manifested by unmistakable signs such a disposition to take the word altogether that the editor willingly yielded it.

II

"The question whether the actual prodigy is also a portent is something one may much more profitably ask one's self than those we have been putting to each other. Does publicity constitute a sort of newer criticism, and are we to form our opinions of a book from the proclamations of the advertiser, instead of the reasons of the reviewers? Is the

critic, as we have hitherto had him, to pass, and is the advertiser to come and to stay? The critic as we have had him has not altogether contented us. I think I can recall some hard things you said of him yourself when you inhabited The Study. Do you say now that he, the critic, would be preferable to the expert advertiser as an arbiter of taste?"

"Ah," the editor evaded, "I wish to make you observe that the advertiser rather than the critic has always been the arbiter of taste. The novels of Tourguénief, twenty years ago, were reviewed round the land as among the most important and most artistic ever written; but they sold a thousand or two apiece in spite of the consensus of the praiseful critics. At the same time, *That Husband of Mine* and *Helen's Babies* swept the country after the advertiser began to say they were doing so."

"I am not sure just how much such a fact proves," the Easy Chair resumed. "But if the great commercial successes in fiction are owing to our lack of a principled and instructed criticism, I am quite willing that the critics should go, and not continue to influence the fate of books. The reading public can quite as safely turn to the last announcements of the publishers, and if *The Flaming Sword* has sold five hundred thousand, and *Gouts of Blood* has sold only four hundred and ninety-nine thousand, then go and buy *The Flaming Sword.*

"In a certain measure, the success of a book itself is a favorable criticism The fact that it has caught the attention of a large number of people is certainly not against it in the minds of either authors or publishers. The publishers, indeed, accept the fact with genial faith as a positive proof of merit, and the authors are probably waiting each one to write a book whose success shall bring the truth home to him. The author whose books have never sold more than a poor thousand or fifteen hundred would not think the worse of himself if one of his books should suddenly sell fifteen hundred thousand. But nothing in all this should disable us from asking whether, say, the merit of a book increases in the ratio of its sale.

"Certainly the fate of the enormous successes, or the most of them, in the past, is not such as to convince us that they were always of lasting worth. Who reads Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* now? Once it was on the marble-topped centre-table, beside the family Bible, in every Anglo-Saxon home. Has any reader of this generation heard of *The Lamplighter?* That novel sold, a brief half-century ago, as many copies as *Gouts of Blood,* if not so many as *The Flaming Sword.* It will be within the memory of middle-aged men, not to say women, that the story known, or once known, as *Called Back* ran well into a million copies; but is *Called Back* a favorite with the ingenuous youth now gorging themselves with the feast of gory collops spread for them by the neo-romanticists? The list could be extended, and brought down to that yesterday when the name of *Trilby* was on every tongue; but the few instances I have given will suffice to form the excuse of any one who hesitates a doubt of the literary quality of *The Flaming Sword* or *Gouts of Blood,* in spite of their immense acceptance with the reading, or the buying, public. If these overwhelming romances are of lasting worth, the doubter may get them hereafter; and if they are not, but should happen to be wholly forgotten in six months, he will have saved his money.

"What, then, if not their merit, is the cause of their illimitable popularity? That brings us directly back to the expert advertiser, and to the modern mystery of publicity. It is apparently to the advertiser's instinct, to his prophetic soul, that the great successes are mostly owing. But just at what moment does his instinct, his prophetic soul, become operative? What intimation from the unknown enables him to declare *The Flaming Sword* the book of the season, and swiftly upon this proclaim that it has gone to ten thousand, to twenty, to a hundred thousand, to half a million? It has not reached any of these figures without his skill, but how does he know that his skill can be hopefully brought to bear upon *The Flaming Sword?* It is one of a hundred novels no worse if no better. He has the air of knowing, but perhaps he could not tell if he would. In fact that question as to what makes a book succeed can probably never be solved. A veteran publisher who used to

seek my conversation, a good many years ago, before publicity became prophecy, was always puzzled to know why a book when it had sold ten thousand copies should stop selling. Had it reached in that number just the number of people who wished to read it? With the momentum it had got by such a start, why should not it keep going? What laws or chances arrested it? He gave the conundrum up in the fact of asking it; but perhaps the modern advertiser could answer it.

"In this case the only difficulty would be to get at the advertiser. He is probably not one with the publisher, but is a prophet in the publisher's pay, and is very likely a young and hustling seer who could be hired away from his employer by some one bidding more for the use of his gift. Possibly, of course, he has a conscience, and might refuse to prophesy promiscuously. When we see the extraordinary effect of his vaticinations concerning 'the great novel of the year,' or 'the book of the season,' or 'the new success in fiction,' we can hardly help believing that he can foresway as well as foretell literary events, and that by appealing to his conscience the children of light could enlist his interest as successfully as the children of darkness, who seem to have written most of the prodigious triumphs in the book world of late. Is not there a gleam of hope in that direction?"

III

The editor allowed that there might be. He said that out of those triumphs he could think of one that was not half bad, and of another that was three-quarters good; and if these were the effect of a quickened conscience in the advertiser, the future was not so black as it painted itself. The first thing would be to find out whether the advertiser was one or many, or had that remarkable unity of style which distinguishes his inspirations by virtue of incorporation as a trust. When the fact was ascertained, we should know how to approach him with some good book, which we could make a test case. "For instance," said the editor, "I should like to try him with a recent Filipino novel, which the American publishers have called *An Eagle Flight*, in its version from the Spanish. It was written by that beautiful soul José Rizal, whom the Spanish despatched to his last account in pure despair of finding any charge against him, a few years before we bought a controlling interest in their crimes against his country. It would have been interesting to know what we would have done with such a political prisoner, if they had handed him over to us, and whether, perplexed by the problem of a man who could be accused of nothing, but whose whole generous life accused the alien oppression, we should simply have shot him, as the Spaniards did. But he is gone, and his book remains, and though we might have a copy of it publicly burnt, that would probably not put an end to it. In fact that might inspire the advertiser to take hold of it, with the hope of getting it forbidden in the mails. I should like to suggest some such measure to him, though I am afraid he might be disappointed when he came to look at the book and found it merely an exquisite work of art, with no imaginable leze-America in it.

"I don't know whether it ought to be astonishing or not that a little saffron man, somewhere in that unhappy archipelago, should have been born with a gift so far beyond that of any or all the authors of our roaring literary successes; but those things are strangely ordered by Providence, and no one who reads this pathetic novel can deny its immeasurable superiority. The author learned his trade apparently from the modern Spanish novelists, who are very admirable teachers of simplicity and directness, with a Latin grace of their own. But he has gone beyond them in a certain sparing touch, with which he presents situation and character by mere statement of fact, without explanation or comment. He has to tell the story of a young Filipino (much like himself), well born, nurtured in luxury, and sent out to Spain to be educated, who returns to the Philippines to find his father dead and his memory dishonored by the monks whom the son supposed his friends. The son inherits their enmity; they break off his marriage with the girl to whom he has been betrothed from childhood, involve him in a pretended conspiracy, and

compass his ruin and death. A multitude of figures, men, women, and children, peasants, townsfolk, cleric and laic, of all the mixtures of race, from the pure Spanish to the pure Filipino, pour through a succession of scenes without confusion or huddling. The many different types and characters are rendered with unerring delicacy and distinctness, and the effect of all those strange conditions is given so fully by the spare means that while you read you are yourself of them, and feel their hopeless weight and immeasurable pathos, with something of the sad patience which pervades all. There are touches of comedy throughout; Rizal is a humorist as well as a poet; he has a tragedy in hand, but life has taught him that not all, or even most, spectators of tragedy are of serious make or behavior. His story has the reliefs without which a world where death is would not be habitable; but even in the extreme of apparent caricature you feel the self-control of the artistic spirit which will not wreak itself either in tears or laughter. It is a great novel, of which the most poignant effect is in a sense of its unimpeachable veracity."

IV

The editor ceased, and the Easy Chair for a time was silent. Then it asked, "And is this the sort of book you thought of commending to the ministrations of the advertiser in the hope that he could make it sell half a million copies?"

"Why not? If the advertiser should apply both skill and conscience to the task, why should not he succeed with a beautiful work of art like that, amusing, exciting, touching, heart-breaking, human—a love-story and a life-story?"

"I see," said the Easy Chair, "you are making your old mistake of those times in the Study when you used to argue that because a thing was good it ought to be liked. But a good thing can be liked only by those who are good enough to like it. The books that sweep the country must be of the cheapness of the average person. That book which you mentioned just now as not half bad, and that other book which was three-quarters good, succeeded each by the combination of its qualities with the defects of the great popular successes which had no qualities. Those two books had a strain of silliness or a strain of sentimentality which had the same force as the glorification of the bad passions to take people out of themselves. That is what people want, and is it any wonder, considering what people mostly are?"

"Oh, come!" cried the editor. "If you are anything at all you are a tradition of faith in human perfectibility; and you must not go saying things like that, and insinuating the most cynical despair of it."

"Ah, there I should wish to distinguish," said the Easy Chair. "I am a tradition of the ethical, not the æsthetical, perfectibility of humanity. Heaven is probably full of kind souls of no taste whatever, who would not know a good novel from a bad one. No, no! You must not confound the two sorts of excellence. The advertiser couldn't hopefully take hold of your Filipino novel; but I don't lose my hopes of him on that account. I believe that he is morally perfectible too. Come! If we cannot have critical taste any longer to guide us in the choice of books, why should not we have commercial honor? Why shouldn't the literary advertiser rise to the level of the dry-goods advertiser, and a publishing-house announce its wares qualitatively; and than quantitatively, with the frankness of a department store, owning one of less value than another?"

"Because books have always been sold quantitatively and not qualitatively; and if the publishing-house discriminated in value it would have to discriminate in price, as the department store does."

"Well?"

"Well, that is impossible. Commercial honor can do a good deal, but it cannot do that."

"Then," said the Easy Chair, "we must hope that we are not in as bad a way as we seem. We probably are not. Good books are still read; names worth having are still made. Let us never despair of the Republic of Letters."

Editor's Study.

I

IN the early seventies, Richard Hengist Horne, the well-known author of "Orion" ("the penny epic"), contributed a story to this Magazine, entitled "Aemilia Durano." A few days after its appearance in print the editor was visited in his office by an elderly gentleman, who in violent terms called him to account for its publication. Smart and agile, the ruddy-faced old man handled his gold-headed cane in a nervous manner, which seemed to threaten instant punishment. The story — a masterpiece in its way—was a fine portraiture of a jealous and ingeniously cruel Italian nobleman, and it was the description of his brutality to his wife that had aroused the ire of this strange visitor. The admission of such a horror to the pages of the Magazine seemed to him an insult to every reader. The editor was truly penitent, impressed by what seemed a so righteous indignation, and made promises of better behavior in the future. He had the courage of his original conviction in behalf of the really remarkable piece of art which he had exposed for public admiration; and those readers who judged the story as a work of literary art doubtless appreciated it. But why should an editor offend those other readers whose sensibility had not been firmly established on an æsthetic basis?

Yes, the editor made promises, but how far could he keep them? That was a long time ago, and though he can never quite forget the flashing blue eyes of his angry visitor, many things have come to pass since then in the minds and sensibilities of writers and of readers. Even then a great change had been wrought in the American feeling towards fiction and the drama by the effect upon it of a long and terrible civil war. It seems strange that while the amenities of our civilization grew out of warfare, war itself should be so brutalizing, like an intoxicant at once stimulating and blunting sensibility.

A chasm—which we cannot repass—divides the American life of the last four decades from all that it had been before. This great change is reflected in our literature. Who would venture to say that, either in our life or our literature, that change has, on the whole, been for the worse?

Our Mexican war, before the period under consideration, had, simply as a war, been a gentle stimulus to national vitality and consciousness; as a counter-irritant it had aroused New England, quickened Whittier, given Lowell the incentive to his first series of Biglow Papers, and begotten the impulse which resolved the nebulous genius of Boston and its neighborhood into a brilliant and ever-memorable literary constellation; and through its results—the acquisition of California and the rapid development of our Pacific frontier—laid the basis for national success in the war that was to come between free and slave labor.

This later war was merely an incident in the evolution of American political economy. Like all wars, it was bad business; the three billions we shall, in 1902, have expended for civil war pensions would in 1860 have been sufficient for the purchase of all the slaves in the South. War, in any case, is an evil, but, in our still crude civilization, as necessary an evil as are the diseases incident to childhood. We are so constituted, individually and collectively, that the very procession of our life is through reactions. There is the possibility of excessive mastication, whereby, though the teeth might be strengthened, the stomach would be weakened. There may come to be a so complete system of sanitation that children's diseases shall be impossible, but what would be the effect upon the race? Possibly, physiological astonishment and atrophy. And what Atropos would confront a consummate civilization that had won universal peace and comfortableness!

Certainly in all progress—which itself implies imperfectness—while there is the increment of good, there is also an increment of evil, an accumulation of peril.

BURLINGAME
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Reactions grow in complexity; and as we must live through them we must also live up to them, and this is our development, our culture."

The spiritual growth of the American people has more than kept pace with its material progress during the last forty years. Our loves and our sympathies have deepened and expanded. And to a corresponding degree our literature has grown in all its values and meanings.

But in our journalism and in every form of literary expression there have been more frequent and more malodorous whiffs from Tartarus than ever before—so that, though the irate visitor with the minatory cane, nor his like, has ever again invaded the editor's office, he has often been present to the editor's vision. We don't think he would have complained of *Trilby* (though some protests against that reached us through the mail), for that was a story so humanly real as to quite disarm criticism. It belonged to that unmoral region which art has always claimed for its own. It was, on the whole, very pleasant company that Du Maurier introduced to his readers. And it is just here that the occasion for remonstrance on the part of readers is often a proper one—in that they are compelled, in a certain kind of stories, if they read them, to submit to contact with vileness or vulgarity.

The editor of a respectable magazine is not likely to admit to its pages any fiction that would offend moral or religious sensibility; but he should also respect the rule that "evil communications corrupt good manners." Where is the line to be drawn in the matter of profanity or vulgarity? Profane exclamations, uncouth characters, and repellent situations cannot be arbitrarily excluded altogether; but they should not only be incident to a noble purpose fully justifying their use, but necessary incidents. Owen Wister, in his Western stories, instinctively followed this rule: and in the case of no American writer of the kind of fiction that may properly be called literature does the editor ever need to be on guard.

The editor, in looking over a recent number of this Magazine, was unpleasantly surprised to find that it contained three short stories, in each of which were three tragic deaths. The mortal issue was, in each case, natural and dramatically inevitable; and the tragedies were quick. The effect of the stories was not in any way depressing. A much longer list of mortalities is implied in "The Chohan Bride: a Romance of Ind," contributed to the present number by a high-caste Hindu. Probably the distribution of so much mortality through three stories, in a single number, gave occasion for the editor's unpleasant reflection,—as if he were making a chamber of horrors in the House of Imagination.

Evil belongs to any world we know, and cannot be excluded from fiction. It never was excluded from even the least vital fiction — even that of the early fifties, in which the hissing of serpents was as audible as the cooing of doves. Pathos is an essential element in all art, and tragedy is as old as story-writing itself — the *aura* thereof being the very breath of every great drama since Eden. The dramatic motive must relentlessly dominate; all we demand of it is that it should be itself noble, and that the action, however tragic or terrible, should quicken and lift. Even melancholy must not be static, but dynamic and mercurial — truly of the spirit. We have a predilection for stories that end happily, though we confess that if this were always the case, we should be content with few. The story altogether happy, where love always runs smooth, or where—whatever the passion—there is no obstacle, no foreboding doom or besetting peril, could never be deep or great; and some stories, ending happily, would betray an unhappy art. But there is no excuse for a story whose main effect is grave depression.

No great novelist ever so perplexed our editorial conscience as Thomas Hardy, who in his generation stands nearest to Shakspere and most intimate to the masters of Greek tragedy. No problem of this difficult nature was presented by his early novels, and with his latest there was no question affecting their issue as books by any reputable publisher, but only one as to the propriety of their serial publication in a magazine freely admitted to every home.

Zola had set the pace for all those

writers who wished to put upon their fiction "the mark of the beast"—a mark, by-the-way, not always open to despite or denunciation. His works were masterpieces of art—that is, as real presentations of life in the field chosen by the author—a field which could have no proper representation save in a wisely secluded pathological library.

But just as Zola was repenting of this kind of work and beginning to write another sort of novel, of which we have the best examples in *Lourdes* and *Rome*, and in his still later and ultimately repentant *Labor*, Thomas Hardy seems to have caught a note from the French author, and to have asked himself why novelists outside of France should not also include in their study of mankind the animal man. The result was first *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and then *Jude the Obscure*. The author's purpose was sincere and honest as well as wholly legitimate, and these two novels were in many ways his greatest. They had no more likeness to a work like Zola's *Germinal* than a noble English landscape has to a Chicago stockyard. They worthily belong to English literature.

Yet there were passages in *Jude the Obscure* as published in book form against the publication of which in the Magazine the editor protested, and which Mr. Hardy obligingly and without taking offence recast or omitted for serial use, though in doing this he submitted to deterioration of his art. One cannot fairly say, "so much the worse for the readers of the Magazine." The story came to these readers piecemeal, each part denied the full perspective necessary for artistic judgment; it came to them not by their own choice, and any offence to their sensibility—even if justifiable on artistic grounds—through the too emphatic intrusion, from their own point of view, of a repellent incident or situation could not be condoned.

II

We have now to reckon, not editorially, but on general principles, with an Italian writer, who is in some respects, at least in a few of her novels, a disciple, though hardly a follower, of Zola. This is Matilde Serao, some of whose novels are about to be published in this country, and about whose writings Henry James has just contributed an interesting paper to the *North American Review*.

The publication of these novels needs no justification outside of themselves, for they have been judiciously selected, and are of such literary, or perhaps we should say picturesque, excellence as to command attention. The writer's early work arrested Henry James's attention nearly a score of years ago, and he has recently given to that old acquaintance "a happy extension." He speaks of her work as "strikingly romantic," and as interesting, largely, because the writer "is, in the light of her free, her extraordinary Neapolitan temperament, a vivid painter, and a rich register of sensations and impressions. . . . A Neapolitan by birth and a journalist by circumstance, by marriage and in some degree doubtless also by inclination, she strikes for us, from the first, the note of facility and spontaneity, and the note of initiation and practice. Concerned, through her husband, in the conduct of a Neapolitan morning paper, of a large circulation and a radical color, she has, as I infer, produced her novels and tales mainly in such snatches of time and of inspiration as have been left her by urgent day-to-day journalism. They distinctly betray, throughout, the conditions of their birth—so little are they, to the literary sense, children of maturity and leisure. . . . Loud, loquacious, abundant, natural, happy, with luxurious insistences on the handsome, the costly, and the fleshly, the fine persons and fine clothes of her characters, their satin and velvet, their bracelets, rings, white waistcoats, general appointments, and bedroom furniture, with almost as many repetitions and as free a tongue, in short, as Juliet's nurse, she reflects at every turn the wonderful mixture that surrounds her—the beauty, the misery, the history, the light and noise and dust, the prolonged paganism and the renewed reactions, the great style of the distant and the past, and the generally compromised state of the immediate and the near." Of the "so powerful" *Paese di Cuccagna* (which in an English version is the first of Madame Serao's novels to be published in America, and which he considers the strongest example of her

great talent), Mr. James says: "There is, for good luck, in this large, miscellaneous picture of Neapolitan life, no *passione* save that of the observer curiously and pityingly intent upon it, that of the artist resolute at any cost to embrace and reproduce it. Admirably, easily, convincingly objective, the thing is a sustained panorama, a chronicle of manners, finding its unity in one recurrent note, that of the consuming lottery-hunger which constitutes the joy, the curse, the obsession, and the ruin, according to Matilde Serao, of her fellow-citizens."

Mr. James notes the distinct demarcation between two classes of this author's novels: the one represented by *Paese di Cuccagna*, and the other—the novels of "passion"—by *Fantasia*. And it is in what he has to say of this latter class that he is most interesting. His comment is a natural conclusion to our consideration of fiction (and what in modern fiction raises the question of propriety) in the earlier part of this "Study."

Thus far, as we have indicated, where a question has arisen concerning American or English fiction it has been one of delicacy rather than of sexual morality; and it is always to be remembered that thus far, also, we have had a great body of fiction, of the highest literary excellence as well as imaginative value, open to no question whatsoever.

In French, Russian, and Italian novels the case is far different. Here it is claimed that whatever belongs to life is proper to fiction, and that there is no limit to the freedom of the novelist's realm either in subject or manner, so long as he tells the intimate truth. Not only is the rigor of "convention" wholly relaxed, but the natural instinct of reticence is violated.

Henry James intimates that among the "emancipations" of English and American women will be greater freedom from convention on their part in novel-writing. His comment on the "novel of passion" is a timely note of warning that should be heeded, and takes the form of a criticism that is worthy of thoughtful consideration.

"The effect," he says, "of the commission to give *passione* its whole place is that, by the operation of a singular law, no place, speedily, appears to be left for anything else; and the effect of that, in turn, is greatly to modify, first, the truth of things, and second, with small delay, what may be left them of their beauty. We find ourselves wondering after a little whether there may not really be more truth in the world misrepresented according to our own familiar fashion. . . . It is not only that, if Venus herself is notoriously beautiful, her altar, as it happens, is by no means always proportionately august; it is that we draw, in the long-run, small comfort from the virtual suppression by any painter, of whatever skill, of every relation in life but that over which Venus presides. . . . The common humanities and sociabilities are wholly absent from the picture.

"The effect of this is extraordinarily to falsify the total show, and to present the particular affair — the intimacy in hand for the moment, though the moment be but brief—as taking place in a strange, false perspective, a denuded desert which experience surely fails ever to give us the like of, and the action of which on the faculty of observation in the painter is anything but favorable. . . . Who are these people, we presently ask ourselves, who love indeed with fury—though for the most part with astonishing brevity—but who are so without any suggested situation in life that they can only strike us as loving for, and more especially through and in, nothing? We know them by nothing but their convulsions and spasms, and we feel once again that it is not the passion of hero and heroine that gives, that can ever give, the heroine and the hero interest, but it is they themselves, with the ground they stand on and the air they breathe, who give interest to their passion.

"Does not the dim religious light with which we surround its shrine do more, on the whole, for the poetry of *passione* than the flood of flaring gas with which it is drenched? . . . It is at the category of the familiar that vulgarity begins. There may be a cool virtue, therefore, even for 'art,' and an appreciable distinction, even for truth, in reticence and gaps, in the inspired, inconsistent, indefensible superficial."

EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Emancipation of Mr. Squibbs

BY RAY McINTYRE KING

MR. SQUIBBS tasted his egg and pushed it aside abstractedly. He tried a sip of coffee, set down the cup with his usual careful noiselessness, and fell to gazing hard at the exact geometrical centre of his unused plate. Mr. Squibbs was perturbed. Twelve-year-old Harold suspected it. Mrs. Squibbs behind the coffee-urn was certain of it. She had consulted the calendar before breakfast. Mrs. Squibbs drew her pretty mouth into a hard, firm line, and adjusted her eye-glasses carefully. It was a quarterly shock. Mr. Squibbs was about to announce that he should attend his lodge that evening.

At the hymeneal altar (approximately and metaphorically speaking), Mrs. Squibbs had stipulated that this announcement should not be made more than four times a year, and, preferably, not at all. She had made the concession only with the hope that Mr. Squibbs would gradually grow away from his likings for what she conceived to be the debaucheries of the lodge-room. It was a harmless, inconspicuous order which Mr. Squibbs attended quarterly, but it afforded him a deal of innocent pleasure.

Mr. Squibbs unrolled his napkin, and tried rolling it in the opposite way, gave it up, and added to his crimes against the fresh linen by crumpling it into a ball in one large fat hand. Harold's eyes goggled as his father dropped the limp linen beside his plate; but no rebuke came from the stern mentor behind the coffee-urn. Mr. Squibbs's round, ruddy face was a shade paler than usual, and the corners of his mouth drooped. His double chin quivered.

"My dear," he began, in his smallest voice—"my dear, I—I think I may go to lodge to-night."

"You are excused, my son," Mrs. Squibbs said in a low tone to Harold.

Meanwhile, Squibbs perspired and glanced furtively at his trim young wife, and thought that she had never before looked so firm and formidable. Such a charming, such an estimable woman was Mrs. Squibbs!

"My dear Maria," began Mr. Squibbs, pleadingly.

"My dear Mr. Squibbs," said his wife, solemnly, "this painful subject has come again to disturb our happiness. I need not reiterate my objections to secret societies. But I trust you will remember when I am dead and gone that your wife never left you alone at home while she participated in midnight orgies."

"But, Maria," protested Mr. Squibbs, "there is nothing bad about our lodge. Your minister, and all the deacons and elders—that are decent enough—belong."

"And you will remember when it is too late," continued Maria, ignoring the interruption, "that I never had any secrets from you. You need not think, however, that I care anything about your lodge secrets. But I am opposed to the principle of the thing. A man should have no secrets from his wife. My dear lamented father was bitterly opposed to secret orders."

"Yes, Maria," said Mr. Squibbs, humbly.

When, in the quarterly struggle, Mrs. Squibbs reached the mention of her dear lamented father, Mr. Squibbs would begin to breath more naturally. That allusion always refreshed him, for he had long known, though he had never dared to inform his wife, that the dear lamented's hatred of secret orders dated from a time when he had sought admission to one and been blackballed.

"To-night, then," said Maria, bitterly, "your wife and child will sit at home alone while you attend that—that orgy! Very well, sir." Mrs. Squibbs arose with dignity and swept out of the room.

Mathematically considered, Mr. Squibbs had, in a general way, the proportions of a sphere. To the casual observer, it appeared that his horizontal dimensions almost equalled his vertical height. What with the weight on his mind and the weight on his feet, Mr. Squibbs made his way very slowly to his place of business that morning. It was no light thing to fly quarterly in the face of Maria, but the lodge was his last remnant of masculine liberty, and Mr. Squibbs could not bring himself to give it up.

Mr. Squibbs went to lodge that night and enjoyed the evening so much that for the time he forgot his wife's opposition to secret societies. But Maria did not forget. During the following week the domestic atmosphere was surcharged with electricity, and every trifling annoyance served as a conductor to discharge Maria's irritability. Mr. Squibbs's mere presence in the house induced all kinds of shocks and flashes. Mr. Squibbs's face began to look wan and worried. On Saturday of that week, Mr. Squibbs

came home to luncheon carrying a substantial bundle. He was nervous and visibly flurried. He called Maria into the sitting-room and unrolled before her delighted eyes a piece of heavy, handsome black silk. The munificence of thi peace-offering quite overcame Maria with emotion. She kissed him and called him a dear angel. Be it said to Maria's credit that she was heartily ashamed of herself, and hoped Mr. Squibbs would forgive and forget that week of domestic horrors; but her pride would not permit her to ask forgiveness.

Maria was rosy and radiant with happiness. Mr. Squibbs was rosy with heat, satisfaction, and an uneasy conscience. As to the last, the reason whereof shall appear.

That afternoon Maria had a delightful time. Her dearest friend, Mrs. Simmons, came in, and Maria showed her the new dress, while she enlarged on Mr. Squibbs's liberality and thoughtfulness. In public, Maria always sang her husband's praises. Among her women friends, Mr. Squibbs had the reputation of being a paragon of a husband, gentle, submissive, liberal, worshipful.

"Oh, what a lovely silk!" cried the bosom friend in a voice tinctured with envy. "Maria, how do you manage that man? Such a way you have of winding him around your little finger!"

"Well," said Maria, patting the roll of silk fondly, "it all depends on how you treat a man. Mr. Squibbs has always respected my wishes. We are perfectly harmonious. We never have any differences of opinion worth mentioning."

"Mr. Squibbs is an unusual man," said Mrs. Simmons, sweetly. "Now, I just venture he never does anything without first consulting you."

"Never," answered Maria.

That evening, when Mr. Squibbs puffed into the home port he found an unusually good dinner awaiting him. Maria's attentions quite overwhelmed him with remorse. He contemplated practising a deception on that loving, faithful wife, yet, he told himself, she had forced him to it. Maria, as she helped her husband to the last of the dainties, saw no trace of mental unrest in that round, beaming countenance, or in the wide, childlike eyes.

"This is Saturday night, isn't it?" she asked, amiably. "Too bad you have to stay late at the store this evening.'

"Yes," said Mr. Squibbs, choking over his pudding. What if, in the exuberance of her goodness, Maria should decide to spend the evening at the store to keep him company?

"I think I'll just run over and show Mrs. Pratt my beautiful present," continued Maria.

Another danger avoided, thanks to that present! How it had smoothed his path!

"Don't sit up for me, Maria," said Mr. Squibbs, as he kissed his family good-by. "Your health is too precious for you to lose your beauty sleep, eh, girlie?" He pinched her cheek in elephantine playfulness.

Maria came home from displaying her present in a glow of wifely devotion. It was not her custom to sit up on Saturday night till her husband's return, but she was inspired to make this occasion commemorative. She would arrange some unusual surprise for Mr. Squibbs. So she set to work on preparations for a midnight luncheon that would eloquently testify her affection.

Watsonville kept early hours, and Mr. Squibbs was never later than eleven o'clock. At half past ten Maria sat down to wait for him. She beguiled the time by reading the evening paper. By an unlucky conjunction of fatalities the paper reported some half-dozen citizens as having been waylaid, sandbagged, and robbed while returning late from business. Maria's imagination instantly pictured Mr. Squibbs lying bleeding and unconscious in the gutter around the corner. She listened breathlessly for the sound of his footsteps. He certainly ought to be coming by this time. Eleven o'clock. Quarter past. Still no beloved husband and father.

Perhaps Mr. Squibbs had been foully murdered. Maria knew that these fears were foolish, and she turned resolutely to another paper. On the first page she read an account of a storekeeper having been clubbed in his store late at night, his money-drawer rifled, and the wounded man locked in.

This decided Maria. She was not the indifferent wife who could bide at home while her husband met some dreadful fate abroad. No, indeed!

She waited till the half-hour struck, and then aroused Harold and bade him dress and accompany her to the store. She was on the verge of tears, but after fortifying her courage by slipping a small house-pistol into her pocket, she started resolutely out.

As they turned into the main business street Maria saw a dark object huddled in a corner. She started back with a convulsive groan. She had been scanning the corners and gutters seeking what she feared to find—the mutilated corse of Squibbs. Perhaps he still breathed! She bent over the object, clutched at it, and started back with a wild hysterical laugh. The dark object heaved itself up, and with a resonant "bar-r!" a stray yearling calf clattered around the corner. It was not Mr. Squibbs.

Maria pursued her way down the long street. The stores were black and deserted. At the foot of a stairway a dim light was burning in a transparent box, announcing a meeting of some one of the dozen secret societies which Watsonville "harbored." Maria always said "harbored."

Next door a restaurant was lighted and alive. Waiters were rushing to and fro arranging tables. Maria wondered at this late activity, but went on down the deserted street to Mr. Squibbs's place of business. Her heart beat high with hope as she neared the door, for the curtains were not drawn, and one lamp still burned on the counter. She tried the door. It was locked. She looked in. No sign of Mr. Squibbs between the counters loaded with hardware.



ON THE TRAIL OF SQUIBBS

Something extraordinary must have happened to cause Mr. Squibbs, the most methodical and economical of men, to leave his store with a light burning and the curtains up. Now that she looked closer, Maria was certain that she detected evidences of a fierce struggle. No doubt Mr. Squibbs was lying bruised and battered back in that little grove of stoves in the rear.

"Mr. Squibbs!" she called frantically through the key-hole as she rattled the door. Then she sat down on the step and cried, while Harold blubbered sympathetically.

But Maria was not the woman long to remain inactive. If Mr. Squibbs were lying unconscious back there in the store he must be rescued at once. If there were only some one to aid her! Ah, there was Mr. Simmons, the inveterate attendant at every lodge meeting. Of course he would be upstairs in that lodge-room. She would call out Mr. Simmons and beg him to ferret out the missing Squibbs.

She dragged Harold up the lodge stairs and into a waiting-room whose door yielded to her touch. She pushed bravely through a labyrinth of corridors and anterooms. Presently she came to a locked door. She knocked timidly and a little slide in an upper panel flew back, and an eye was applied to the opening.

"Please, sir," she whispered to the eye, "will you send out Mr. Simmons, if he is present. It is very urgent."

The eye vanished and the aperture was closed. After a long wait Mr. Simmons appeared before the trembling woman. He was arrayed in a fantastic garb that might have been his wife's wrapper—or anything else. Not till afterward did she think it rather a ridiculous dress for a respectable citizen—an alderman, in fact. At the moment, Mr. Simmons in flowing robes and pasteboard head-dress was just one of the many unrealities of that night of horrors. Nothing seemed worth wondering at with Mr. Squibbs in mysterious abeyance.

"Oh, do you know where Mr. Squibbs is?" began Maria. Then she broke down, crying. Mr. Simmons looked very uncomfortable. No doubt he was much mortified at being caught in his grotesque costume.

"Perhaps he has gone home another way and you missed him," suggested Simmons.

"Oh no! Please help me find him. He may be dying now. Come, come!" pleaded the little woman.

"They—I—you– he—it—" Mr. Simmons would no doubt have stuttered through the whole list of personal pronouns, only he could not think of another word.

"What is it? Tell me the worst! Is he dead?" cried Mrs. Squibbs in anguish.

"Well, it's this way," blurted out Simmons, shamefacedly. "Squibbs is all right. We are initiating him in here. It's a big affair. Lots of prominent members present. Squibbs is very popular, you know. He is an ornament to any order."

"Oh!" gasped Maria.

"Yes," continued Simmons, diplomatically, "I suppose he forgot to tell you that this was the night."

"No, no; it was all my fault," said Maria, quickly. "He did mention lodge last week, but I had forgotten all about it. If I had only thought, I should not have worried."

Maria was a devout church-woman, but she was human. Fear of ridicule makes prevaricators of the best of us. A wave of humiliation went over her as she realized that unwittingly she had revealed the family secrets to Sarah Simmons's husband. How Sarah would titter about Maria Squibbs running around over town at midnight hunting the Model Husband out of a lodge-room! The Paragon, the Ideal, the True, who never breathed without first consulting his beloved wife! And the whole town would know that the Sum Total of Husbandly Virtues had sneaked off and joined another lodge without telling his wife!

"If Mr. Squibbs had only told me a little more definitely," said Maria.

"Of course he should have told you," acquiesced Simmons, heartily. "Then you would not have worried. I'll just go in and tell him to come out."

"No, no; not for the world," protested Maria. "I'll just go back home. Don't tell him that I was worried. Don't even mention to any one that I have been here. It would spoil Mr. Squibbs's evening."

"I shall not mention this to a soul, not even to Sarah," promised Simmons. "The secrets of the lodge-room never pass our lips."

"Thank you," said Maria, gratefully, for the first time realizing the beauty of keeping some things from inquisitive wives. "Come, Harold, we'll go."

"I am glad Squibbs is not to be disturbed," said Simmons, "for we have a big banquet in his honor when we finish the initiation."

"How nice!" murmured Maria. "Now please, *please* do not spoil his pleasure by telling him of my distress."

"I'll not tell a soul that you have been here—not a soul," reiterated the ever-faithful friend.

"They might think," said Mrs. Squibbs, "that I objected to secret societies, or was silly about Mr. Squibbs joining this one. But to speak frankly, I do not know an order I would rather have him join." And to herself she added, "I wonder what order it is?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Simmons, gathering up his trailing, gorgeous wrapper and turning toward the lodge-room.

It was the next morning at breakfast. Maria was all smiles and amiability. Her Squibbs was restored. She had never realized what he was to her before. She had learned a lesson in that hard educational establishment conducted by old Experience. As she poured out his coffee she said,

"Isn't there a woman's annex to your lodge?"

Mr. Squibbs sat as one of stone. Guilt, black, hopeless guilt, filled him within, and hung about him like a mantle. He had not got in till three o'clock. Oh, the agony of the last hours of those lodge proceedings and that awful banquet!

"Because," continued Maria, "if there is, I believe I'll join. Maybe my prejudice against secret societies has been somewhat unreasonable. And I have been thinking," went on that angel wife, "that you do not take recreation enough. You really ought to attend your lodge oftener, or you might join another order if you cared to."

"Yes, Maria," assented Mr. Squibbs, with a mighty effort, "you are quite right. You are always right."

Mr. Squibbs was emancipated.

Very Curious

BY ALICE REID

A ROBIN came tilting over the lawn—
(*Curious! curious! curious!*)
He glanced all about with his bright little eyes,
And he hauled up a worm of a very great size,
And he gobbled him down with an air of surprise—
Such a very ridiculous air of surprise!
(*Curious! curious! curious!*)

And I said to him: "Birdie, reflect—is it wise,
In a manner so frantic and furious,
To gobble down worms of such terrible size?
Don't you think it is very injurious?"
But all he would say as he hurried away
Was: "*Curious! curious! curious!*
What curiosity! What-what!
Curious—curious creature!"

THE IMAGINARY JENKS

HAVING nothing else to do, and being possessed of a rich store of animal spirits, old Major Plumley gave up most of his time to practical joking. It must be said for the Major, however, that, pernicious as the practical-joker brood usually is, his jokes were always harmless. Indeed, it was often impossible for the observer to see how the Major could hope at the best to reap a harvest of enjoyment in any way commensurate with the labor of the sowing; but he seemed satisfied.

For instance, he once conceived the notion of imposing an imaginary friend upon an excitable fellow-citizen named Snyder. Snyder was certainly fertile ground; he ran a barber-shop and cigar-store, and more resolutely than anybody else in Hawleyburg lived up to the motto, We strive to please. Snyder made it his business to know everybody, and everybody's friend and relative, and the stranger within everybody's gate; and his constant endeavor was to be on good terms with the human family in general.

So there comes into the shop of Snyder the Major, who says:

"Hello, Snyder! Has my friend Jenks been in?"

"Shinks, Shinks," says Snyder; "I don't t'ink I know dot Shinks."

"What, don't know my friend Jenks? Come, now, Snyder, you've been using some of your own hair-tonic, and it's affected your brain. Jenks is the best friend I've got, and he's been in here with me lots of times."

"Mebby as I do know him," says Snyder, leaving a half-shaved customer and coming forward, "but I can't shust blace him. Shinks, Shinks!—what he look like?"

"Tall man with side whiskers. Come, come, quit your joking, Snyder; I'm in a hurry."

"Shoking! I'm not shoking, Major. I must know him, but I tells you I can't blace him. Does he live here?"

"No; lives at Watertown. But he comes over here to see me often. Going to meet me here to-day. He'll be in soon—tell him I'll be back in 'bout an hour, and you just give him a cigar for me." And the Major departed to attend to other equally important matters while Snyder went reluctantly back, shaking his head and saying: "Shinks, Shinks—I can't blace him!"

From that day forth it became a regular thing for the Major to drop in and inquire after his supposititious friend Jenks, or at least make some reference to him. He offered various ingenious explanations of why Jenks failed to appear each time, but with undaunted patience continued to call at Snyder's with the alleged expectation of meeting him. On several occasions, being in Watertown, he sent letters or telegrams to himself in care of Snyder, signing the name of Jenks. Later he would call, open the message, and casually show it to Snyder with a further rebuke of his (Snyder's) dulness in not recalling him. Poor Snyder was soon in a half-distracted state on the Jenks subject. He spent hours at the window watching for the appearance of Jenks. If a tall man with side-whiskers came along Snyder would rush out and ask him if his name was Jenks. It never was, and Snyder would return disconsolate. He always had one or two letters and oral messages from the Major for the illusive Jenks, and these served to keep him up to the boiling-point.

The first day of April was selected by the Major as the fitting occasion to enlighten the excited Snyder on the subject of Jenks. He determined to take along a few friends who had for some time been enjoying the joke, and after once more working poor Snyder up, to explain the hoax, to the permanent enrichment of the stock of Hawley-



THE FEELING CRITIC

"NOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THIS PICTURE IS THE SUBTLE WAY IN WHICH THE ARTIST HAS PRODUCED THE EFFECT OF FALLING RAIN. ONE CAN ALMOST FEEL THE DRIP FROM THE EAVES!"

burg humor. Accordingly, on the morning of the 1st there enters the Major, wearing an anxious face, into the shop of Snyder, followed by the faithful band of delicate humorists. But before he can speak Snyder steps around a recumbent customer and says:

"Good-morning, Major! Say, your friend Shinks vas shust in!"

"What!" gasps the Major.

"Yes; 'bout ten minutes ago. Said he vas sorry he misses you so many times. Said he vas hurrying to catch a train and had lost his pocket-book, and borrowed $10 offen me—said his old friend Major Plumley would gif it to me for him first time you vas in."

The Major stood blank and helpless. He looked around for sympathy from the assembled humorists, but found them against him. He produced the $10 and departed. It was no comfort to him later on to find that Jenks's visit had been as much a figment of Snyder's imagination as his whole being had been of his own. HARRY V. MARR.

THE PASSING OF O BAKA

FROM THE JAPANESE

EVERYBODY in Kosatsu called him O Baka. That is to say the "Honorable Great Fool," and thus was his real name forgot. All with whom he tried to live became worn out with his blunders, and sent him away.

At last E-mura, the old priest at Manroda, or Hall of Ten Thousand Lamps, took O Baka to help him keep the lamps lighted, which, as every one knows, must never go out. But even E-mura gave O Baka many a box on the ear for filling the lamps with water instead of rape oil.

The old priest was greatly beloved in Kosatsu. O Taka san, the rich widow, sent many an embroidered vestment to the temple, and dish of *nuta* from her kitchen: the rice-grinder many a *cho* of rice; and the farmers were quick to help cut the millet in the temple fields.

One day E-mura, going to visit the priests at Kotsuda, or Hall of Bones, said to O Baka:

"Hearken to my words, O Baka. If anybody comes to borrow while I am gone, you, being O Baka, must not lend, for you will not remember to whom you have lent, and we shall never recover our things."

After E-mura had gone O Taka san came as usual to the temple to pray, and as she prayed a great storm arose. So having no umbrella, and her best kimono on, O Taka san went into the priest's house to ask the loan of his umbrella. O Baka rubbed his ear and thought a moment.

"No, O Taka san, I cannot lend you E-mura's umbrella. Before he went away he told me if you asked for his umbrella I should refuse, for we would never get it back."

Then O Taka san went away in great anger, saying never again would she set needle in silk for E-mura. He was an ungrateful man; she would not call him a priest. She had a new recipe for *tori*, and he should never so much as taste it.

When E-mura came back O Baka told him with pride of what he had done.

"O Baka, rightly named," exclaimed the priest. "You did right not to lend the umbrella, but you should have used more tact. Why did you not say that I was out in a great storm, and turning a corner, a gust of wind took my umbrella and left its ribs all bare. Then you would not have angered O Taka san, nor disobeyed me."

In process of time E-mura went away on another visit. Before he left he gave O Baka his usual instructions, and particularly admonished him about lending.

After the priest had gone, Kanoaka, the farmer, the same who had that year laid in E-mura's millet, came in great haste. His pony was lame, and he wanted the use of the priest's pony to finish hauling his wood.

"I can't let you have it, Kanoaka san," said O Baka. "E-mura told me to say to you if you came to borrow his pony that he had the pony out one day in a great storm, and turning a corner, a gust of wind took the pony and laid all its ribs bare."

"What rubbish!" cried Kanoaka. "Tell your master that Kanoaka thinks he sees himself getting in his millet next harvest!"

When E-mura came home O Baka said, "I have done well," and related how he had refused the pony to Kanoaka san.

"You are a Great Fool truly, O Baka. You did right to refuse to lend the pony, but why anger Kanoaka san? Could you not have told him that the pony had hurt his foot, and I had turned him out to grass, where he had grown so wild that we could not catch him? Then Kanoaka san would have gone away satisfied. You must always satisfy people as well as refuse them; then there will not be anger in the world."

O Baka listened, and said that the next time he surely would say the proper thing.

In the fulness of time E-mura was invited to the Golden Pavilion. He was scarcely gone when Jujiya, the dyer, came for E-mura to see his mother-in-law, who was ill, and, he feared, about to die.

"Alas! E-mura cannot come, Jujiya san. Having a stone in his foot, he is turned out to grass, where he has grown so wild that we cannot catch him."

"O Baka, Great Fool, who told you to say such nonsense to me?"

"Surely it was E-mura himself who told me to say this thing, Jujiya san."

Then Jujiya san flung himself out of the house, and told the villagers how E-mura was insultingly evading his priestly duties.

When E-mura came back he found his temple without a worshipper, and not a penny on the floor. When O Baka had related what had happened, E-mura threw up his hands, and said: "Now I know why all the people were going over to E-shin's temple, as I came along. O Baka, I give you up. Faithfully have I tried to make of you a capable servant. It's of no use. I'll send you to my brethren at the Kinjoren monastery. The only thing you are fit to be is a priest."

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.





THE UNFORTUNATE MUTTON

Oh, Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And when the summer came its fleece
Would melt and downward flow.

Till on one sultry August day
This lamb so pure and white,
Alas, was melted quite away,
And wholly lost to sight!

THE FORTUNATE MAID

Miss Emma Grant, an immigrant,
Came o'er the rolling sea;
Miss Emma Grant, an immigrant,
A sweet as sweet can be.

But Emma Grant, the immigrant,
No more will emigrate;—
She married Roger Oliphant
And rides about in state.





ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

When naughty little Johnny Green
Put Pussy in the well,
How feared that feeble little cat?
Can anybody tell?

Oh, she was rescued from her plight,
And ever after that
We said of her (quite plausibly)
A perfectly well cat!

THE INCENDIARY MASTER TOM

Tom Tinder couldn't find his hat,
Which quickly roused his ire.
His eyes so blazed with anger that
It set the house on fire!

The laggard firemen came en masse,
But marched straight back to town.
The house, it had burned up, alas,
And also had burned down!



PROVERBIAL EXCEPTIONS

WHEN FOUR EYES DIDN'T SEE MORE THAN TWO

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

SHE was a dear old lady, in whom all her friends felt a separate sense of possession, and whose capacity for committing gentle blunders made her just a little bit dearer still. Among her acquaintances of long standing, though much younger than herself, was a Mrs. Tarpley, who, left a most beautiful and interesting widow before she was twenty, remained for fifteen years a pattern of fidelity, and then stepped from the high pedestal on which a generation of young ladies and not a few married ones had placed her, to preside over the home of Judge James Malden Cooke, and to be a gracious stepmother to his only daughter. It was Mrs. Cooke's card which the servant had just brought up to the dear old lady.

"Now, mother," Isabel and Kate entreated, after they had added a few swift touches to her dress and hair,—"now, mother, *don't* forget and call her Mrs. Tarpley."

"I won't, I really won't," their mother said, as she went out the door: and all the way down the stairs she kept saying to herself, "Mrs. Cooke—Cooke—Cooke—Mrs. *Cooke*."

Presently the parlor door opened; there was a sound of affectionate farewells, a roll of carriage wheels, and the gentle hostess was heard making her way back to the second floor. Isabel met her at the top of the steps. There was a subdued despondency on the mother's face.

"Mother, you didn't—"

"No, Isabel," she replied, emphatically, "I called her Mrs. Cooke all the time."

"Well, what is it then?"

Her mother sank into her rocking-chair. "Nothing, Isabel, nothing at all," she answered meekly, "except that when I went in I said, 'I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Cooke. How is Mr. Tarpley?'"

MARY APPLEWHITE BACON.

NOT MEANT SERIOUSLY

A LITTLE girl of my acquaintance some eight or nine years old had to undergo a very hard school examination, for which she feared that she was not prepared, and being a child of much faith, began to pray that she would be taken with diphtheria (mild cases of which were prevalent in the neighborhood) before that day, so that she might avoid the ordeal.

The night before, she woke up toward morning to find her throat very sore, and becoming alarmed, turned over suddenly, which awakened her older sister just in time for the latter to hear her say in a most beseeching tone, "Oh, Lord, *can't you take a joke?*"

H. S. F.

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QUEEN VICTORIA. A PORTRAIT. BY BENJAMIN-CONSTANT

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"My Portraits"

BY J. J. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT



SINCE I have been honored with a request for an article from my pen under the title "My Portraits," it would be false modesty as well as bad taste on my part if I did not promptly comply with the courteous suggestion.

Well, then, without further preamble, let us commence with the first and most important portrait — that of the late Queen of England, with especial regard to the explanation of its origin.

When Sir W. Ingram, proprietor-editor of *The Illustrated London News,* ordered this portrait of me, it was understood that the reproduction would be an etching, heliogravure, or chromo. At first I was quite disconcerted. I inquired if the Queen would be willing to pose, and was told that no definite promise could be made. "If not," said I to myself, "how shall I succeed?" However, when a thing must be done, it is done.

Recalling my visit to the House of Lords one beautiful day in autumn, when the yellowish rays of the westering sun shone through the glass windows, I seemed to see one of those interiors of a golden obscurity in which Rembrandt so loved to place his figures; and I beheld as in a vision . . . . the sovereign, seated on the throne of England, motionless, her gaze deep in retrospection, almost hieratic—the idol of her subjects. I saw this Queen, in gorgeous robes covered with jewels, and bathed in the rays of the setting sun from head to foot. With this sublime apparition in my mind, I wished to express, as it were, an entire reign. Such was the end which I determined to accomplish. Did I succeed? That is not for me to say.

I returned, then, to London for my preparatory work in sketches with sunshine effects, and the weather conditions were favorable too, although it was in March, towards the close of the wintry season.

I saw once more the throne in the same clare-obscure (light and shade), in the same golden vapor, so sumptuously poetic, which enraptured my vision on my original visit to the House of Lords.

The studies finished, I went back to Paris, realizing thoroughly what I had to do, but not knowing positively if I should succeed. I started my work then, having before me a small, very exact likeness of the Queen's face. This, be it understood, was not the copy in enamel of a nose, of a mouth, that I was going to execute, but the portrait of the Queen of England, the Empress of India, seated a little in the background, in a semi-obscurity traversed diagonally by two or three rays of the declining sun, like bars of gold, which attached themselves to the carved corners of the royal stall, or lighted up the red tapestry hangings. In short, I proposed to myself to express, so to speak, a synthesis of resemblance; a resemblance, moreover, rather moral than physical; almost a historical vision.

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At length, after protracted studies, full of moments of fear and hesitation, I beheld, emerging from the gloom, little by little, the luminous figure of the sovereign, serene and dignified, gazing into the future, as if oblivious of her surroundings, on the throne of state, victorious, as her name indicates.

And from this vision of contemporaneous history one must evolve a veritable poem of royalty, to be considered with emotions of admiration and respect. Have I succeeded in this? I repeat, it is not for me to say.

But I know that the subjects of the Queen, come to Paris for the Exposition, have returned to London impressed with this portrait, and some have told me my labors were not in vain.

Now, I long to see this portrait displayed in London, properly placed, in some large and handsome gallery; and nothing will interest me more than to note how the people of England, large and small, are impressed by this work, signed with a French name . . . and representing a Queen who, if nothing else, was ever the friend and ally of France.

Little things sometimes lead to important results, . . . so this portrait, perhaps, will have the honor of reviving many sympathies that have grown cold. Such, at least, is my sincere and profound wish. Providence will do the rest.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES (NOW QUEEN).

A subject almost formidable *(redoutable)!* Many painters, too, before me had essayed the task. The grace of the model, her air of supreme distinction, offer immense difficulties. What would be the result in my own case? I thought. I cannot say, but in London, very soon, opportunity will be afforded for the judgment of this portrait by the English



From a photograph by Braun, Clément, et Cie, Paris

PORTRAITS OF BENJAMIN-CONSTANT'S SONS, ANDRÉ AND EMMANUEL



From a photograph by Braun, Clement, et Cie, Paris

PORTRAIT OF MADAME ÉMILE FOURTON
(Universal Exposition)

people—a people, I dare affirm, who would be little disposed to regard even the counterfeit presentment with less admiration than the actual person of their beloved Princess.

"MY TWO SONS."

It is now one year since I produced this work, submitted to the public at the Paris Exposition. That it has achieved a great success I have reason to believe, while appreciating that all the honor is due to my two sons Emmanuel and André.

The world knows, perhaps, that of these two youths only one remains, my son André, the younger, seen at the left in the painting. The one at the right, my son Emmanuel, with the stronger face, and chin resting on his hand—that one is no more. At twenty-three years of age, handsome, of fine intelligence and lofty spirit, he was taken from us; . . but my art has fixed his likeness for all time by the side of his brother; and notwithstanding the void that he has left, his place, at least in my work, is not vacant, and the title of the portrait remains "My Two Sons."

Yes! my beloved child, notwithstanding thy departure from this life in the fulness of youth, the spring-time scarcely commenced, I have established thee for eternity in this painting, by the side of thy surviving brother. To impart the semblance of life, that is everything! Of what value to me is all the skill with the brush, if my son Emmanuel does not present to me on the canvas the illusion of life, of his own life?

Painting in the domain of art is nothing more than the means to represent the life of an individual, to reveal the soul in an expression, to suggest the

spoken words in the parted lips. I recall now that, after having completed the portrait of my cherished son Emmanuel, I was seized with a certain vague presentiment, a mist of mourning clouded my eyes, ... it seemed to me that his expression was full of sorrow, as if he wished to utter a farewell to life. I became overwhelmed with grief, . . and the same tears that fall now as I write these lines were present then.

And the countenance of my son Emmanuel, of my adored child, remains pensive and tinged with melancholy in my picture. It could not be otherwise.

All the instantaneous effects of photography can never give that indefinable spirituality, that revelation of one soul through another, which the art of the portrait-painter makes possible. And this is why in my misfortune I am consoled, in that I sought to transfer to canvas the living features of my son Emmanuel, and because I finally fixed them for aye, with all of a father's love, with all of an artist's soul.

MADAME EMILE FOURTON.

Here I have wished to paint a beauty of the North, with dazzling flesh tints, with mouth and eyes sweet and candid, in an arrangement of rich, antique draperies.

Madame Émile Fourton, Swedish by birth and *grande dame* in all the decorative sense of the word, demanded amplitude of treatment; and therefore, although enclosed in an oval frame, I have endeavored to give the pose a certain grand air and tournure, by painting the figure, so far as possible, with broad execution and in elevated style, to fairly reflect on the canvas the majestic beauty of Madame Émile Fourton.

MADAME VON DERWIES.

A Russian lady of supreme elegance is seen leaning against a pillar of a balustrade, the color scheme otherwise being a harmony of orange tints.

In the midst of this warm and yellowish pallor of autumn appears a face, white and red, with two sparkling, piercing eyes. This is what I have endeavored to render on a background of landscape and architecture, which forms the decorative complement of this portrait.

MADAME LANGIER.

Niece of the great astronomer François Arago, and daughter of Ernest Langier, member of the Academy of Sciences, Madame Langier was a woman of the finest intelligence.

Her uncle, François Arago, regretted always that she was not a man, in order that she might continue the erudite labors of his wonderful brain. She did, in fact, act as secretary to the astronomer for many years: a woman could hardly have been more highly honored.

Nothing was more interesting than to hear her relate the notable events of 1830 and 1848. It was indeed history by word of mouth. Thus, she would recall, thanks to her prodigious memory, the facts in the lives, and the intimate traits, of the great men of the past, such as Balzac, Lamartine, and Guizot, and many other illustrious citizens who were drawn into the vortex of exciting events, or were themselves leaders in the same. All these scenes of other days were revived with a sympathetic warmth of description that one could never forget. Such is the remarkable woman whom I have endeavored to fix on the canvas.

Let us now consider some of my earlier portraits, not included amongst those shown at the Paris Exposition, and which I recall especially as having preserved the personal traits of certain individuals either celebrated or at least interesting.

About 1890, while in New York, I painted the portrait of Jay Gould, the famous millionaire, who had ordered it as a gift for his son George.

During the execution of this work he never displayed the least curiosity in regard to it. When the portrait was completed, I showed it to him, and he gave it about two minutes of his attention. It was, however, worth more than that. In fact, it is a work which I shall always rank among my best.

While Jay Gould posed in silence, his eyes fixed on a paste button as the centre of his attention, I could feel the entire abstraction of vision in his sombre, preoccupied mask, whose lines and features betrayed the burden of the man's colossal fortune.

He had a pale yellowish complexion,



From a photograph by Braun, Clement, et Cie, Paris

PORTRAIT OF MADAME VON DERWIES
(Universal Exposition)

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dark eyes, and a high, square forehead, and beneath the beard one perceived a firm mouth with a jaw of iron. Over all this hovered that haunting expression of sorrow. The poor who envy the rich, powerful hands, aided by his no less powerful brain, had no effect on the lofty visage. The expression, though full of energy, was not without sweetness. Behind this rugged exterior there were



From a photograph by Braun, Clément et Cie., Paris

PORTRAIT OF MR. FREDERICK AYER, OF BOSTON

with this image before them, might bear more easily the weight of their poverty. Wealth, here below, is not always synonymous with happiness.

ANTHONY DREXEL.

Here again is a financier; but the millions which he amassed during life by his a sympathy for, and a spirit of rare liberality towards, the useful arts.

Mr. Drexel was one of those citizens of North America possessed with the fever for philanthropy. At the entrance to Philadelphia one beholds the impressive "Drexel Institute," where the young of every nation may come to learn the art of



PORTRAIT OF MADAME LONDE.
(Universal Exposition)

skilled labor, with the essential tools for all the different trades.

The honor was mine, then, of painting the portrait of this man of enormous means, and I cannot recall his individuality without a sentiment of emotion.

MR. FREDERICK AYER.

I have represented Mr. Ayer, seated, enveloped in a fur pelisse of imperial sable, the head arising, luminous, from a background of stamped Venetian leather of the fifteenth century. One notes in detail the handsome head of an elderly man, with a heavy silver-white beard, complexion rosy and fresh, and with two little piercing eyes bright as pistol barrels, but pistols charged only with good things, and expressive of lively intelligence. I consider this one of my best portraits, that I would like well to have seen at the Paris Exposition, but Mrs. Ayer and her children wished no more to be separated from the portrait than from the original.

Note the keen, alert expression of the eyes in the portrait of M. de Blowitz. Behind them lies a brain that knows how to see and how to relate the history of his time; discovering always the unique word, the point of focus, as it were, in order to epitomize current public opinion—oftentimes, indeed, for the benefit of statesmen, who gladly permit themselves to be thus informed.

I have attempted to fix on the canvas the just and faithful image of this remarkable personality, suggesting his physical and moral originality—depicting, in short, a good-natured sceptic.

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From a photograph by Braun, Clement, et Cie. Paris

PORTRAIT OF M. DE BLOWITZ

(Paris correspondent of the London *Times*)

Of the portrait of M. de Blowitz I dare to say this: it is one of the best my art has produced.

And now, to bring this article to a conclusion, and in order to avoid repeating myself, I shall cite two portraits of recent date: that of the Grand-Duchess Serge, sister of the Empress of Russia, and granddaughter of the late Queen Victoria; and that of the Duchess of Marlborough, daughter of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt.

Nothing could have been more interesting than the delineation of the features of the Grand-Duchess Serge, with her beautiful figure, of almost regal charm. Possessing a brilliant complexion, chestnut-brown hair with a suggestion of gold, eyes so expressive of a fine intelligence, of benevolence, of a warm heart—truly so noble a model should insure success, and I trust that I have not failed.

In the other we see before us a living flower, a young Duchess with dark eyes half concealed, and her lips parted in a smile of sweet gravity, with an expression of marked simplicity and goodness. To all this must be added an elegance of carriage of an indefinable charm. I have wished to represent the Duchess as strolling amongst her flowers in the soft light of the closing day, carefully avoiding the least rigidity of pose, or anything which would tend to check the free expression of life and movement.

I have said my say. It only remains for me to tender an apology for having talked so long about myself.

It is not the writer that should be blamed, but *Harper's Magazine!*



"I HAVE TO SPEND ALL MY TIME IN THE GARDEN"

utterly wretched? Why will you not take your "Springtime Cometh" back to the city and finish it there? Since you can never forget me, do urge your memory a little further so you can remember the forest shadows too.

Even if I did love ever so well, I am only a school-girl, and it is, oh! so silly of you to talk as you do, and it makes me very, very miserable. I have begged you not to write any more, but you will keep on, so I have to spend all my time in the garden so I can get your letters, because if I were not there when they came over the wall somebody else would be sure to find them, and then what would happen to me? It is so mean of you to put me in such a terrible position.

I have thought and thought until my poor little brain is going around and around, but I can't think of any more ways to beg. Will nothing I can say, monsieur, move you? Have you no pity? Please, please stop it, monsieur.

You must not tell me I am cruel. It is you who are cruel to torture me so.

When I think of you as a country gentleman, I laugh. You would die, monsieur! You, a Parisian, Academician, wanderer, great artist, savant, belong to a far larger and grander world than I shall ever know. We are each born to our own rut — don't you think, monsieur?—which it is foolish to try to leave. Is that not so? Oh! I wish I could make you see it as I do. I know very little of the world, but if I allowed you to make that great sacrifice for me, the day would come when you would hate me: when you would look upon me as a load about your neck and would turn from me, and what could I do without you? You tell me my fears are foolish, but it is because you are blind that you do not see how wise they are.

And if I went with you into your world I would be only a little country bumpkin. Here in the convent I learn geometry and astronomy, and how to curtsy as would the poor queen, Marie Antoinette, but the fine ladies you know do not talk mathematics nor curtsy, do they? They converse of the drama, their beautiful costumes, the newest books and pictures, the foreign lands, and things of that kind, and what could I do but fold my hands, oh! so sedately, and murmur, "Ah! oui, madame," and "Ah! non, mademoiselle," to suit the occasion? And you would despise me so, and to be despised by you would break my heart.

No, monsieur, it cannot be; but it is very, very sweet to know you would do so much for a little country girl, and she thanks you—ah! from the bottom of her heart she thanks you, and wishes you well.

ELISE.

Letter the Sixth

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your argument is very unconvincing. I have been trying very hard to puzzle it out, but if people all thought it was right to do as their hearts prompted, how could anything be wrong? I know that is not very clear, but what I mean is if it is wrong for you to write to me anyhow, how does your being in love with me (you aren't really, monsieur) make it different?

Anyway, I am not so very certain I want to be good, because it has become so very, very sweet to be naughty. Isn't it ever so much nicer to be just good friends? Why would you not agree before? You have made me, oh! so exquisitely happy that I am quite repaid for all I suffered. I have even stopped hating the damp old walls. How can I hate them when they have been so good to me? And I was just as sweet as I could be to Sœur Marie this morning. You ought to have seen her face. She was so surprised you just would have laughed. What do you think she said? You never could guess, so I suppose I will have to tell you. She looked me over from head to foot slowly and carefully several times, and then she said:

"Child, are you ill?" and I had to drop my eyes demurely and shake my head, because if I had tried to speak or even looked at her I should have laughed right out. Oh! I am just frothing over I am so happy. We should be really good to Sœur Marie, because she is so nice to us. I am afraid we do not understand her. Perhaps there was some great sorrow in her life to make her so sad, but I do not think that can be it either, because she is so very pretty.

What do you think has happened? It was dreadful. One of the girls saw me pick up your last letter, and she has teased me nearly to death about you. I

fibbed awfully at first, but I finally had to admit, and then I made her take a horrible oath not to tell. But the worst of it is she will not believe we are only friends, and says we are — are — oh! I can't write that.

Please tell me all about yourself, what you think and dream and do, and be sure to let me know how you are getting along with "Spring Cometh," and when it is to go to the Salon. Will it not be splendid to know a medallist? I shall be too happy to even write to you then.

Your little friend,

ELISE.

Letter the Seventh

MY DEAR GASTON,—Honestly, you almost frighten me, you are so very, very far my superior. I hardly know whether to look up to you as one would to a deity, or to fear you as one does a master, and to think I was pouring out my sympathy upon what I supposed was a struggling artist: wishing him success for his sake: praying for public recognition of his genius when he had already captured the medal of the last Salon. And—oh!—it deserved it. I remember how I longed to see the original after looking at the copy in the *Figaro*. "The Pursuit of Happiness," it was called, was it not? and represented hundreds of men and women fighting and tumbling over each other to clutch the skirts of the evil-looking woman who floated before—ever just before! Oh! it was grand, monsieur! Sublime! Noble! When I looked upon the eager, frantic, upturned faces in the woman's wake I felt a great pity for them and their class, for they all appeared to be of the aristocracy, and I knew the story your brush told was true.

They, Parisiennes, had to battle and fight, to pursue (as you said) that happiness which comes to every one of our simple, untutored country folk as a birthright, almost. That is the reward your dear Paris bestows upon her devotees. Is it not a strange world, Gaston?

And as I looked at the picture, I remember, I fell to wondering about the great painter whose work it was. Time after time I pictured him to myself, and as many times put it away from me because I could not decide. Oh! he was every sort of man in looks—tall, short, thin, stout, everything; but in character he was only one thing—good, noble, true, and, Gaston, now that I know him I haven't changed my mind a bit.

Yesterday I was writing my graduating thesis, and spoiled a whole page all on your account. I was working away and thinking of everything but what I should, and then I looked down, and instead of a discussion of the "Effects of Music upon the Soul," there was—oh! Gaston, I just sha'n't tell you what was there. E.

Letter the Eighth

MY DEAR GASTON,—Oh! dear, we were getting along so beautifully, and you have spoiled it all by calling me "darling," and I thought we had both decided it was much nicer to be just friends. If you are going to do such things after what you have promised, I shall stop writing, because you must not—you have no right to.

Of course so eminent and respectable an artist could come and paint a section of the garden and cloister, but I don't believe that is all he wants—is it? So I am going to whisper to him not to come, because he would be—I mean, might be—disappointed. How very, very foolish you are, Gaston!

Now there is something I want to ask you, and please tell me the truth. There is a girl here whose family lives in Paris, on the Avenue D'Antin, and she and I were talking about you and of other artists, because, Gaston, I just had to talk a little or I would have screamed; and she told me all the poor art students lived in a part of the city called the Quartier Latin, where they wore their hair long over their shoulders, and starved, and did all sorts of disgraceful things. She knew a great deal about it. She said they give a ball every year called the Bal Bullier, where all the students and the most beautiful ladies of Paris gathered, and the things they did were perfectly awful, or at least the things she *said* they did, until I stopped her because it was so shameful. Is that true, Gaston? and when you were a poor student did you live in the Quartier Latin and go to such places?

Is that what you meant by your picture? Did you mean that people became so degraded in that way as to lose sight of those simple pleasures which bring

happiness? Ah! Gaston, you could not have meant that, because you said the story your brush so pathetically told was part of your own life, and you had fought so hard for happiness until I, "like a good angel," brought you "the beaker to sip." Are those creatures who paint themselves and *sell* themselves the fine ladies with whom you associate? If they are, Gaston, then I am proud to be only a country girl: proud of the very ignorance I was ashamed of before: proud, if they are the roses, to be only a little wild flower.

This girl, Gaston, told me she had heard of you very often. She told me much I did not know of the world and you, and among other things of a woman called Leane d'Aulac. Ah! Gaston, Gaston, tell me that it is not true. I do not believe it, dear. I trust you so, yet the shadow of it shuts out all the sunshine from my heart and leaves it to wither and die. Yes, yes, I will meet you because I long to read the denial in your eyes and hear it from your lips. I do not believe it, Gaston, because I can believe nothing of you but what is noble and good. Ah! I did not mean to say half so much. I intended to write you as if nothing had happened and simply to ask if you knew her—but—why try to hide it, when all my heart cries out, Gaston, Gaston, I love you so! I have been deceiving you; I have loved you—oh! so much, Gaston, and it was for your sake I tried to hide it, dear, because I was not sure of you. Oh! how sure I was of myself my own soul told me. I have not had a thought but of you—every minute of every hour of every day I have been yours, Gaston. The days began with you, my dreams were of you, my tears blurred your letters, and then my kisses wiped them away, and I was happy, happy, so exquisitely happy, Gaston, in knowing you loved me, because I felt sure, dear, it was the love of a pure, good man, and now my heart is breaking.

And I had thought you so different from other men. That was why I loved you when I thought I could never love any one in that way—because I felt sure there was no woman in the whole world who could point to you, and, oh! how my heart aches to let me dream my dream, but— Ah! Gaston, how fleeting joy is! I was happy, happy — too happy, you see—and now it is over. No! No! I do not mean that. It cannot be over, I love you so. Oh! my darling, tell me, tell me you are all I thought you in the delicious moments so precious to us both. Tell me you love me, Gaston, as I do you —tell me over and over and over again. Kiss me in your dreams, and I will know and kiss you too, and love you, love you, love you, for every one, Gaston! How could I live without you, dear? If I only could tell you how I love you; if French only had words enough, but it hasn't, Gaston. Ah! save me, save our future, my beloved, by telling me it isn't true.

E.

Letter the Ninth

SWEETHEART,—A very humble little girl sits down to write to-day. She is ashamed —oh! ever so much ashamed of her contemptible doubts, and she is going to make amends by always, no matter what appearances say, believing in her knight hereafter. You will see, monsieur.

Do you know she was quite, quite certain of your answer before it came, because she really did trust you.

And now my sun is shining again, ever so brightly, and you and I are never going to say farewell, are we, dear?

I might have known that a man of your character could see in disgraceful affairs like that ball only shamelessness run riot. Indeed, I persist I did know it, but then it is very sweet to hear you *say* so, Gaston. I suppose I am a silly little goose, but I cried over your story of how you *did* spend the little time you could afford, because I could just see you, you poor famished boy, looking, oh! so longingly at the fine carriages, the wealth, and the —yes, the beauty that rolled past you. What a wonderful sight those boulevards must be, Gaston, in the evening, when every one—the rich, the gay, the poor, the godly, stream to and fro, some to see and some to be seen, but all on pleasure bent —a "pursuit" again, I suppose—and probably this Mademoiselle d'Aulac. Oh! I blush, dear, when I think of my petty accusation, and it was so noble of you to overlook it as you did.

You say you have seen her out driving. Please tell me what she is like. She must be a very famous woman to be so

infamous (is my aphorism correctly put?): to make men forget all their childhood's teaching and forsake the woman to whom God united them. Every one blames her, do they not, Gaston? And yet, dear, perhaps she is so little to blame. This Mademoiselle d'Aulac loved and trusted too, dreamt in the arms of her beloved, and awoke the wee bit too late, so now, Gaston, what can the poor creature do? What a seething, restless world hers must be — a world that never sleeps!

But in all that big city there must be some who are not Mademoiselle d'Aulacs, nor boulevardiers, nor art students (bad art students, Gaston) of the Quartier Latin, nor actresses, nor petits littérateurs, and where do they live? If they too wish to drive or walk, do they have to mingle with the miscellaneous, or is Paris all laid out into little sections, like booths at a fair, where all the birds of a feather may flock together?

And, Gaston, do you *really, truly* think I have talent? I was almost afraid when you told me you had seen my little sketches. How pitiable you must think them, yet, to please me (Gaston, honestly I am not a bit angelic. Please stop telling me I am), vow and declare they are the work of an undeveloped genius. Will you really teach me? Oh! will it not be splendid fun? and then, perhaps, some day, I shall have a picture in the Salon, in front of which every one will hold their breath and murmur—"C'est magnifique. Un grand chef-d'œuvre." Oh! how foolish I am! but then, you see, I am happy again.

If I am going to Paris I want to know all about it, so I will not disgrace you, so you are to tell me, please, what it is like, and all about the nice people: about the theatres and galleries and everything you can think of.

Now I must stop, because I must go to algebra. Isn't that mean? and, do you know, sweetheart, I have to be ever so careful, because I nearly said, day before yesterday, if $a2^2-2ab+\frac{3ac}{9}$ =the circumference, then $b2^2-c2^2$=Gaston's love for me, and that would have been dreadful.

There is a certain young lady who loves you very, *very* dearly, who sends you a million kisses, but I don't know who she is. Do you? ELISE.

Later the Tenth

GASTON DEAR,—Only a few days more now before I shall be enrolled as your pupil. How poetic you are! Really I begin to think you have mistaken your profession, because you have enveloped me in a perfectly dazzling maze of beautiful thoughtfulness. I read all your letters over last night, and I had no idea, Gaston, what an absolutely perfect little human I am. How blind Love is! but I must not dwell upon the subject, lest I find myself turned optician to spoil it all.

My poor thesis, Gaston, has suffered very much from neglect, and I am sure it needed a great deal of attention, because its author, dear, knows just about as much about "The Effect of Music upon the Soul" as you do of—of—of Mademoiselle d'Aulac, and we both know that is very, very little. I do not see why our dear parents have to be bored nearly to death because we are graduating—do you? But you have to come, and, oh! will you not be tired?

Please, please, sweetheart, hurry with "Spring Cometh." If you do not, Spring will be gone before it has finished coming, and I do so want to get to Paris and begin to work seriously. Oh! I promise you sha'n't find your pupil dilettante, Gaston—she is going to work, and work hard, and work so as to be worthy of her instructor, but she is afraid he will be ever so much disappointed. She has just finished a girl's head that looked beautiful until she held it before the mirror, and then it was, oh! *such* a fright!

Ah! how happy I am—how happy, happy, *happy,* love! I do wish I could tell you. This severe old place has become a perfect fairy palace, peopled with thousands of images of you: every flower in the garden has become a dear good friend to smile upon me and whisper to me of that most fortunate of days; and I have grown to be quite a superior person, Gaston, to those around me. You see, they do not know what we know—just you and I—do they, dear? I think the good God must have brought you to me, Gaston—do you not? When we are in Paris, and you are not too busy, you can drop around to my poor little atelier and I will make you a cup of tea, while you pick

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my mean sketches all to bits, if you wish, without a word of reproach. Is that not a privilege, monsieur? And then, when I too have become great, I shall stand up for my own ideas and say:

"You are wrong, monsieur. The shadow is as it should be."

Will that not be fine?

Are you and I really going on picnics to Versailles and Fontainebleau and take the little boats on the river? I think it will be heaven, dear, and not earth to me. Please tell me more about the Louvre, and the Bois de Boulogne, and Notre Dame. Truly I am not a bit of a country girl now, you know, but still it must be glorious to go into the Bois, when one is tired, and breathe the sweet pure air, just as one does here. What a queer combination of city and country that must be, Gaston, with the birds and bugs just as free as they are here, in Auvergne; and then the magnificent dresses, that cost nearly as much as a small farm! Oh! I am afraid you will blush for me very often, sweetheart—I have so very few clothes. It seems so odd to me, Gaston, that ladies should go to those little refreshment-places and drink champagne with their escorts. Things must be very different in Paris. Do the really *nice* people do that?

Your loving little
ELISE.

Letter the Eleventh

DARLING.—To-night the great occasion is to be. Just think, Gaston, after four years' immersion in this horrible tomb, I am to be free—to-morrow I shall begin to live in the world; but, oh! I am nearly frightened to death. Imagine having to stand before all those people, especially you, and talk about so harrowing a thing as soul. Actually I am already trembling.

Gaston dear, I do not understand your last letter at all. You say I shall have all the beautiful dresses I take it into my little head to desire, and that my atelier, instead of being "poor," shall be a dream of a place. I am sure it is very sweet of you to say that, but you do not tell me what fairy godmother is to wield the mystic wand. Am I to be a twentieth-century Cinderella, love? Gracious! I hardly know how I am to go at all, we are so poor. Do you know, a funny thought has just struck me. Really, Gaston, we are two great big geese. We have been putting our two heads together and planning a lovely little journey through Paradise without ever thinking of the real difficulty. What will papa say to his little Elise going to wicked Paris? Oh! dear, suppose we cannot persuade him? That would be dreadful, but I just shall not suppose any such thing. He simply *must* consent. I will put my arms around his neck and tell him his little girl is going to become a great artist; that the world is crying for her, and it is his duty. You will see.

I have been sad all day, Gaston dear, on account of Sœur Marie. This morning I was walking in the garden when I thought I heard somebody sobbing, and I found I was right—it was Sœur Marie, with her face in her hands, crying as though her heart was breaking. I felt so sorry for her, dear, I just slipped my arms around her neck and kissed her, and what do you think she said?—it was so queer. She looked at me with all her soul in the big eyes.

"Dear little Elise," she murmured, still half crying, "dear little girl, you and I have not agreed very well, have we? I am sorry, child, but—" and then she had to stop.

"Oh! non, non, ma Sœur!" I told her; "you must not say that. I have been ever so hateful, but I did not mean to be."

She put her small white hand upon my hair.

"Perhaps we both have been at fault," she replied, and then fell to looking at me—oh! so sweetly.

"Elise dear," she continued, "I have lived longer than you, so perhaps I am wiser. Some day, child, you will feel your whole heart and soul go out to a man: you will think life would be a barren waste without him: he will tell you he loves you, and they will be the sweetest words you will ever hear." A sob choked her. "Elise, child, listen to me. I am giving you the fruits of a bitter experience—be sure, dear, oh! child, be very sure, he is telling you the truth," and then she left me.

Oh! Gaston, it seemed almost a prophecy. Darling, you do love me, do you not? You will let me be happy with

you, won't you, dear? Ah! Gaston, if I should lose you now, if all this should prove but a dream— I must stop now, love. I do not feel well to-day.

ELISE.

Letter the Twelfth

SWEETHEART.—Isn't it strange, Gaston, now that I am truly free and have been released from those stone walls, that I am not nearly so happy as I thought I would be? But that is the way of everything. We revel in anticipation and repent in reality. I am afraid I felt more like crying than shouting when I found I really had to say good-by to them all, especially Jeannette. She and I were always quarrelling, and neither one of us ever realized the true affection we felt for one another until it came to parting.

What makes you beg me so to *tell* you I love you, when you know I do with all my heart and soul, and when my eyes, my lips, my arms, are continually speaking for me, even when I sometimes wish they would not? I could just sit with you on the banks of that little river forever and forever. I could, oh! Gaston, I could lose everything else in the world if I only had you. When I am away from you, sweetheart, I am completely miserable; nothing gives me joy unless you share in it, and when you are with me everything does. And it is so horrible to think it all *must* end some day. "Car il n'est si beau jour qui n'amène sa nuit," and when I reflect how true that is, love, it almost spoils my dream. No matter how bright the sky, how warm the sun, nor how green the trees, it can last only so long under God's decree, and then comes the pall of night as terribly black as the day was bright. Its embrace as chilly as the sun's was warm. But we will make our day of summer's length—will we not, dear?—and its night shall not enshroud us till your hair and mine have received the silver benediction of age, and your kisses are robbed of their warmth by the one Destiny I could bear. Ah! the angels are no happier than I, love, for I have all He can bestow.

How noble and true and good and great you are, my love, and how happy you have made me! I feel a vast all-pervading contentment, Gaston, as if the whole wide world was at peace. You know how the little river lazily ripples to the great sea in the warm days of July; how the birds are content to bury themselves in the green trees, and the cattle in the pasture lay panting under the rays of the sun, and all is heavenly quiet! Well, dear, so I feel—just possessed of a blissful, delicious spirit of utterly happy rest. And you know, too, how it is when the angry wind thrashes the forest into fury and lashes the stream to a maelstrom: when the poor frightened birds twitter in terror and hurry this way and that to find refuge, and the cattle stand huddled and quivering. That was the way I felt—all deranged—when I heard of Leane d'Aulac. Ah! Gaston, that is mean of me—I do not mean it, sweetheart, truly I do not.

Let we ask you—you have told me so often I am "heavenly beautiful" that I am even beginning to think I must be passing fair. Suppose, Gaston, this minute you and I were to enter a ball-room—a Paris ball-room—would the people there say, "She is pretty," or would they shrug their shoulders and whisper to each other, "How could he?" Oh! I wish I could see your face as you read this, because I do *so* want to know. We have a picture called "A Lady of the First Empire," and she and I have held many conversations about it. She would be very, very handsome but for one thing—the expression. Gaston, she does look at me so haughtily, just as if there was a fence between us, as there is at a circus, and she were the inspector and I the inspected. Are they all like that? Do they have that tired, desperate, bold look about the eyes, and that turning up of the nose and drooping down of the mouth?

I just ask you because if she is a lady, then I can't be, Gaston, that is all (not quite all, Gaston).

I am more and more frightened about papa, too. When I came in to dinner after being with you, he looked at me very steadily. I was getting ready to tell him all about it, but he looked so very determined I changed my mind.

"Elise, child," he said, when I was about ready to faint under his gaze, "what has kept thee? Thou art late to thy dinner."

"I am sorry, father," I replied, very, *very* demurely; "I was sitting by the

river, and did not know it was so late," and then he cleared his throat. Oh! Gaston, if you knew papa you would know what a bad omen that is.

"Wert thee alone, Elise?"

Sweetheart, I actually could not tell him the truth, he looked so fearfully determined, so I said I—I was. It is the first time I have ever, ever perjured myself to him; but it meant, oh! so much to both of us—you and me, dear—and I love you so, more than I do him, I think. He did not speak again during the whole meal, and when it was finished he went immediately up stairs. Oh! I cannot understand his being so angry, at all. I am sure we have done nothing to provoke him, have we? and I *must,* oh! I must go with you to Paris.

Till to-morrow afternoon, my beloved, adieu. ELISE.

Letter the Thirteenth

MY LOVE,—Ah! my beloved, what can I do? What will become of me, Gaston? I am locked in my room: I can see no one: Annette, the maid-servant, brings me my meals, and 'tis her I have bribed to deliver this, and who will fetch me your reply. Ah! mon Dieu, I am suffering so, am so miserably wretched. Help me, Gaston, I beseech thee, help me, for our love's sake? My brain is on fire; I am choking, I—but there! I must compose myself, so I may tell you.

Part you now know, from father, but not all. Last night, after I had posted my letter to you, there came a knock upon my door, and before I could answer, in walked papa. He shut the door behind him and motioned to a chair.

"Sit thee down," he said, more severely than I have ever known him to speak. "I wish to talk to thee."

I took the seat he pointed out, and wonderingly waited for him to begin.

"Elise, child," he continued, after a long pause, "why didst thou tell father an untruth to-day?"

I was so abashed I could at first say nothing, and when I stammeringly began he cut me short with a wave of the hand.

"Tut! tut! thou need not make a bad matter worse. I have come not to question, but to advise thee for thy own good. Thou hast met an artist who is sojourning here; thou hast exchanged letters with him. Tut! tut! child, I know. Thy messenger became too wealthy for her years and so prattled. I do not know what thy feeling is toward this Monsieur du Mesil, but in view of thy tender age it is doubtless of more credit to thy heart than thy reason. Be that as it may, his name is not one I desire linked with mine: it is a byword of the Boulevard Montmartre: it—"

Though, Gaston, I had sat dumfounded until then, I did so no longer. I cruelly doubted you once and unjustly: I shall do so no more.

"'Tis false!" I cried; "'tis false! Du Mesil is a name that emblazons the grandest galleries of France, and lingers on the tongues of the most cultured—"

"I did not believe thou thought otherwise, and 'tis for that I tell thee, but 'tis no matter worthy of argument. I shall insist that my daughter see no more of him."

"But that is impossible, father," I burst out; "we love each other. We are to go to Paris, where I am to study art: I am to be his wife."

Oh! Gaston, if you had seen him then. He stood before me, white and trembling with passion: his mouth opened and shut —but no word came. It was terrible—oh! terrible.

"Listen to what I have to say. 'Twill be brief enough. Thou shalt not go to Paris: thou shalt stay in Auvergne with me and thy mother: thou shalt not marry, lest it be a man of honor; and thou shalt not study art, lest it be art of maidenly demeanor. M. du Mesil shall settle this matter with me;" and then he left me, locking the door behind him, and I am a prisoner.

Then for two hours I was nearly frenzied. He was so terribly angry I feared for you—I knew not what he would do. Ah! Gaston, then—then I truly learned how precious you are to me: how necessary you are to my happiness—nay, to my very life. God forgive me that I thought almost solely of you, for he is my father, but I was not then conscious of it—I saw only you. Then, when I despaired of my reason, I heard his step upon the stair. Creaking it ascended: nearer to my door it came—nearer and stopped.

"I have seen du Mesil," he said,

through the key-hole; "he leaves for the city to-morrow night."

"It is not true," I replied; but he made no answer, and went away. Gaston, is it true? What do you mean by leaving me the very moment I need you most? Is this your love for me—the passionate, soul-possessing devotion you swore? Is this the protection you were ever to grant me? I cannot believe you are really going. It is so unlike you; but if you are, oh! take me with you. I implore you—on my knees I beseech you—take me.

Gaston, if you go out of my life like that, it will be but an empty shell. I shall not care to live for what would be left for me when you are gone. Gaston, you taught me to love you, and I have given you my heart, my very soul. I cannot live without you. I will not. Gaston, I would ask so little—only a kiss occasionally: a tender word: a loving pressure of your hand, and for that I would be your slave. Ah! my love, you are not going without me—you cannot be so cruel. Ah! Dieu! I love you, love you, love you so. Do not do this thing, I implore you. Take me to the Quartier Latin, to the end of the world, but take me—oh! for the love of Heaven, take me. ELISE.

Letter the Fourteenth

MY DEAR GASTON,—And were you really such a goose as to believe I was afraid of your going off and leaving me behind? Indeed, I had no such idea; and if I had, do you suppose I would have gone down on my knees to beg? Ah! Gaston dear, you may be a very great painter, but you have much to learn about women.

It was very sweet and thoughtful of you to stop in the middle of your work and rush back to the city so the atelier might be ready for my coming, but, sweetheart, do not spend too much time upon it, because I am not at all sure I shall go to Paris. Indeed, I rather think I shall not. You see, it is so noisy and dirty there. I really believe I prefer Auvergne.

Gaston, you had best not go to too much trouble about the atelier. Father, you see, does so disapprove, and he has been so good to me; and then, mother—I do not know what she would ever do if I were not here to help.

Good-by. I wish you the very greatest success and happiness, and, 'way back here in Auvergne a little girl will pray for you because you were good to her once. Yours truly,

ELISE.

Letter the Fifteenth

GASTON,—Have you forgotten so soon? Do you not want me to come, sweetheart? Ah! why did you tell me you loved me, if you did not mean it?

What do you mean, Gaston, by telling me to stay here if I so desire, when you know I am grieving to be with you?

I cannot stay here. My heart is breaking. Everywhere I go I am reminded of you: at every turn something whispers your name. Why will you not let me be happy, Gaston, when it is so easy? Ah! my beloved, let me flee to your arms—it is all I ask. Gaston dear, we never know when we shall be taken from each other, so why be unhappy now?

Are you offended at my last letter? Darling, could you not see through so pitiable a subterfuge? Ah! if you only knew how hard it was to write so when everything in me cried out—"I love you, love you, love you." Oh! I am so sorry, dear. I will not do so any more—truly, truly I will not. Surely you are not to punish me so cruelly for so small a thing? You must not, Gaston.

What can I do without you, love? What will there be left in my life?

Why did you not take me with you? I would not have minded about the atelier. I could have gone anywhere until it was finished.

Why will you do this thing? You tell me I am pretty—is a kind word, a strong caress, too great a gift for beauty? Oh! take me, Gaston—let me slave for you and be near you.

If you do not I do not know what I shall do. I know only one thing—"I love you," because you taught me to. I did not love you at first: I cannot tell when I began, but I love you so now that there is nothing else in the world for me but you—that or death.

Oh! Gaston, do not think that is a threat, love. It is simply the *dernier ressort:* the one sweet ease I could find.

Gaston! Gaston, my darling! oh! tell me I may come. E.

Letter the Sixteenth

(Telegram to M. du Mesil, 9 Rue Lincoln, Paris.)

Meet me at the Gare St. Lazarre. Arrive 3.42 P.M. ELISE.

Letter the Seventeenth

SWEETHEART,—Oh! dear, I am just like the poor little moth and the bewildering flame. In a terribly dreadful flutter. It was bad enough, Gaston, when you brought in that girl in the beautiful cap and apron and told her I was her mistress. I was nearly frightened to death then, but when she tripped up to me after you had gone and lisped so prettily, "Pardon, but does madame desire me to dress the hair now, or will she command me later?" I am very much afraid I came very, very near fainting. I told her I would have it dressed then, in the very best fashion I could, and tried ever so hard to look like the lady in the picture, until I caught my reflection in the glass and caught Céleste smiling, and then I stopped.

I thought at first I never could be satisfied to have her stay. Indeed, I thought once of just telling her to go, but I was afraid she might ask for wages, or worse still, refuse to go, and I didn't dare. She seemed so refined and sweet, darling, I did not know whether to be just charming or very dignified—really I didn't know what to do, so I dropped into a big soft chair by the window with the most tired air you ever saw, and called her. She did not hear me the first time, so I said, very haughtily, "Céleste!"

"Oui, madame?" she murmured, coming to me. Gaston, I was going to tell her I should not need her any more that afternoon, to get rid of her, but she looked so ladylike, and her eyes did dance so, I changed my mind and said:

"Céleste, I suppose you know I have never had a maid before, and I just haven't an idea what I should do, so I want you to tell me;" and she did, very prettily. But, sweetheart, if she is to do all those things, what am I to do? Then suddenly her manner changed, and she looked at me as if I was a thing to be pitied. I did not like that.

"Madame has known monsieur long, perhaps?"

I did not like that either, so I drew myself up and replied, "You may go, Céleste," so she shrugged her shoulders and went, and I was awfully glad, because I wanted to think, but my thoughts were not so very pleasant. So I looked out of the window for a while, but that made me homesick.

The world swinging past beneath my window—how cold and unsympathetic it is! As I watched it, dear, it occurred to me how terrible it must be for a woman forced to meet it alone and battle day by day, as so many women must. How different is this whirlpool from the simple, peaceful quiet at Auvergne! And father, Gaston, what does he think of me now? What does my mother think, and the good Sisters who taught me? Ah! Gaston, why could you not have married me there in the sweet little church on the hill? Gaston, are you sure you love me enough for that?

I am sitting here in a gown all made of silk and lace, surrounded like a princess with everything the fondest heart could supply, and yet I—I feel like an outcast. I do, Gaston, I do, and I cannot be happy so. I cannot help it. Oh! I know I should be ever so grateful, but I do not understand, and I am afraid—I do not know of what. ELISE.

Letter the Eighteenth

GASTON DEAR,—I do not blame you, Gaston. I deserved quite all you said—ingratitude is such a monstrous thing—and to have patience with all my thousand and one tantrums would, I fear, be more than a virtue.

Yet, dear, though I know my moods are provoking, I beg you to be just a bit more generous: to have just a wee bit more of patience.

I do not understand. There is much I do not understand, but particularly is there you—who I thought was so well known to me. You have entirely changed—I do not exactly know how, but where you were reverent you now are flippant: where your love was sanctified, it now seems to blaspheme. You kiss me as often or more often, but they are not the same kisses: you tell me you love me, but your voice no longer rings true. Why is this, Gaston? I do not understand.

I am looking forward with the greatest

delight to our little trip to Fontainebleau to-morrow, but after that, sweetheart, I must go to work at the school in earnest. I am sure M. Declanesse is going to be ever so sweet and not too critical—not half so critical as I fear you will be; but I am going to try ever so hard, dear, so, by-and-by, you and I can paint a picture for the Salon together—you do the face and I put in the background, and then we will watch the people look at it. How shall we sign it, dear? "M. du Mesil et Cie," "M. et Madame du Mesil," or how? But I guess we had better paint it first, had we not? Good-by.

ELISE.

Letter the Nineteenth

SWEETHEART,—Oh! I felt so cheap at school to-day. You know the little sketch you made of the park at Fontainebleau—or rather the one I made and you touched up? Well, when M. Declanesse came around to my easel this morning I showed it to him, and what do you think he did? Smiled a little under his mustache, said, "Very creditable, mademoiselle, very. It has the true artistic sense," and then tore it up right before my eyes.

"Now, mademoiselle, draw it for me again."

Of course I could not do it half so well, and he took the pencil from me to put in a few courageous heavy shadows just as you had done, smiling all the while, then he looked at me.

"Perhaps that reminds you," he said. "Never allow that, mademoiselle. Rely upon yourself alone," and left me feeling like a perfect little wretch.

The girl who sits next to me is perfectly sweet. She is very brave. Her name is Lucille Kahler, and we became such good friends in two hours that I made her come home with me to lunch.

"Ah! it is heaven!" she exclaimed, as soon as she was inside, her eyes like two big moons.

"Is it not nice?" I said.

"Nice?" she replied, scornfully. "I have never seen such a place before. Your father must be very wealthy. Or is it your father who has done this?"

I shook my head.

"The man I am going to marry," I told her. She looked at me very quizzically.

"Ah!" she said, slowly. "May I come? When is it to be?"

"Soon—very soon, I hope," I replied.

"You hope? That, perhaps, is different."

"Different, Lucille?" I asked. "How different?"

That time she looked at me in utter amazement, and when she spoke there was a coldness in her voice.

"You are a fool, Elise! Come here," she said, standing before the cheval-glass. "You see you are pretty."

"So Gaston says," I murmured, laughing.

"He says right. You *are* pretty. See for yourself," and she smiled in a funny little way. "The bird is caged, Elise. Voilà tout."

I hate the way everybody here has of saying things all wrapped up like bundles from a store. What did she mean, dear? I suppose I am an awful little goose, but I have not the least idea. I told her I had not, but she only laughed.

Gaston, you would be ideal in love-making if you were not so terribly practical. Do you know how many times you told me you loved me at Fontainebleau? Only five—the idea! when we were in a perfectly exquisite little summer-house in a perfectly beautiful little garden. I really believe you were cap-a-pie for the waiter to announce that dinner was ready; and a Pierrot with a stomach just isn't a Pierrot at all.

But there! I am hateful, for I have done nothing but find fault with you all the time. You know I do not mean anything by it, don't you, love?

Lovingly, ELISE.

Letter the Twentieth

GASTON,—I know it is my turn to be angry now, but I am not one bit, for all just goes to show how much you do love me. Ah! dear, we women treasure every little sign: every glance: every wee word which supports that brittle edifice—a man's worship. But it *is* so foolish of you to be jealous of Lucille. Of course I shall not have her any more if you do not wish it, but she has so little, Gaston, and I so much. Why can I not give her a tiny bit of pleasure when it is so easy?

Every night, sweetheart, I thank God for all His infinite goodness in letting me

be with you; and when I think how many, many girls of my age are not with the men they love, I feel very sorry for them.

I do not think Versailles is as pretty as Fontainebleau, but I like it ever so much better, because you told me that you loved me much more often. I am very happy, sweetheart, when I am listening to that.

When I showed M. Declanesse my sketch of the fountain, I told him it was all my own. He looked at it with the same quiet smile. Isn't that a funny little smile of his?

"I know it is, ma petite," he said. "I should have known it had you not told me. The shadows are all wrong."

Wasn't that hateful of him? But, do you know, he has such an apologetic way of finding fault that it doesn't seem like fault-finding at all. The other one, M. Laurient, does it in such a pitying way one hates him. Ma foi! I wonder what his affinity is like? I do not believe he has any, Gaston—he is such an accident.

I am happy, love, *so* happy, and it has come to me of its own accord. I suppose I was miserable at first because all was strange and frightened me, but that has passed like a bad dream, and now I simply seem to be treading upon air, I am so, so happy. What a wonderful thing this love is that has drawn us to each other's arms and holds us with its warm embrace: makes of your absence a dreary desert and your presence a perfect Paradise! How good He is to us, dear—how very good!

Let us live for to-day, sweetheart; it is such a happy one. Good-by.

ELISE.

P. S.—Céleste says a lady called this afternoon, but would not leave her name. I cannot imagine who it was. She said she would return.

Letter the Twenty-first

GASTON,—The lady returned.

I can scarce bring myself to write you, yet I must say a few words. I am not angry, Gaston, only broken-hearted. I forgive you, because I love you far more than I love myself: your happiness is of far greater value to me than my life—so I forgive you.

If I do not write clearly you must pardon me, for I do not seem quite able to comprehend all that has happened in the past few hours. I am dazed, dear, and, oh! so, *so* disillusioned!

I know all—everything, and what Jeannette told me was true. It was true when you left for Auvergne: oh! Gaston, this moment it is true. I do not know where you are, and I shudder to think. It is not the deception which hurts so, Gaston. If this woman had come into your life after you had met me, it would not be so cruelly hard to bear. It is the bitter, terrible knowledge that you never loved me, that your embraces, your kisses, your tender words to me, have ever been in pawn: that you brought me here to turn my footsteps towards the sobbing, restless river,—and that you—you whom I loved so, worshipped so, would do so dastardly a thing. It is that which breaks my heart.

I shall not annoy you by telling you of my suffering. If you were so heartless as to plant my sorrow, it is unlikely you would water the blossoms.

For one thing I have to thank you—you have made a woman of a little country girl. I have no word of thanks for my luxurious surroundings—that is too much like the fattening of the sacrificial calf, don't you think?

I have loved you, Gaston, as God knows I hope no other woman ever will. I feel no shame in telling you I still love you—love you so well that for one impetuous moment I stretched my arms towards the abyss. Do not allow yourself to believe I shall plunge into its dizzy depth—it was a passing weakness, and, believe me, it has passed.

I am going home to humble myself at my father's feet: going home as pure as I left it, yet who will be so charitable as to have faith in that? I am going home a Magdalen to them, Gaston, a martyr to so grand a cause as manly vanity.

Do not attempt to stop me, for I shall be gone when this is received. To make sure of that, I shall mail it from the Gare St. Lazarre.

I have no word of reproach, dear. For the sake of the most precious moment of my life—the moment you said you loved me—I forgive you. You cannot expect me to forget.

ELISE.

P. S.—Need I tell you my visitor was—Leane d'Aulac?

The Right of Way*

PART V

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SEIGNEUR TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME

IT was St. Jean Baptiste's day, and all French Canada was *en fête*. Every seigneur, every curé, every doctor, every notary—the chief figures in a parish—and every *habitant* was bent for a happy holiday, dressed in his best clothes, moved in his best spirits, in the sweet warm summer weather. Everything was contributing to a joyous day in Chaudière.

Bells were ringing, flags were flying, every road and every lane was filled with *calèches* and wagons, and every dog that could draw a cart pulled big and little people, the old and the blind and the mendicant, the happy and the sour, to the village, where there were to be sports and speeches, races upon the river, and a review of the militia, arranged by the member of the Legislature for the Chaudière half of the county. French soldiers in English red coats and carrying British flags were straggling along the roads to join the battalion at the volunteers' camp three miles from the town, and singing,

"Brigadier, respondez Pandore—
Brigadier, vous avez raison."

It was not less incongruous and curious because one group presently broke out into "God save the Queen," and another into the "Marseillaise," and another still into "Malbrouck s'en va t'en guerre." At last songs and soldiers were absorbed in the battalion at the rendezvous, and the long dusty march to the village gave a disciplined note to the gayety of the militant *habitant*.

At high noon Chaudière was filled to overflowing. There were booths and tents everywhere — all sorts of cheap-jacks vaunted their wares, merry-go-rounds and swings and shooting-galleries filled the usual spaces in the perspective. The Curé, M. Rossignol the Seigneur, and the Notary stood on the church steps viewing the scene and awaiting the approach of the soldier-citizens. The Seigneur and the Curé had ceased listening to the babble of M. Dauphin, who seemed not to know that his audience closed its ears and found refuge in a "Well! well!" or "Think of that!" or an abstracted "You surprise me!"

The Notary talked on with eager gesture and wreathing smile, shaking back his oiled ringlets as though they were trespassing on his smooth, somewhat jaundiced cheeks, until it began to dawn upon him that there was no coin of real applause to be got at this mint. Fortune favored him at the critical moment, for Charley Steele walked slowly past them, looking neither to right nor to left, his eyes cast upon the ground, apparently oblivious to what was going on round him. Almost opposite the church door, however, Charley was suddenly stopped by Filion Lacasse the saddler, who ran out from a group before the tavern, and standing in front of him with outstretched hand, said, loudly:

"M'sieu', it's all right. What you said done it, sure! I'm a thousand dollars richer to-day. You may be an infidel, but you have a head, and you save me money, and you give away your own, and that's good enough for me,"—he wrung Charley's hand,—"and I don't care who knows it—*sacré!*"

Charley did not answer him, but calmly withdrew his hand, smiled, raised his hat at the lonely cheer Filion Lacasse raised, and passed on, hardly conscious

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of what had happened. Indeed he was quite indifferent to it, for he had a matter on his mind this day which absorbed him body and soul.

But the Notary was not indifferent. "Look there! What do you think of that?" he said, querulously.

"I am glad to see that Lacasse treats Monsieur well," said the Curé.

"What do you think of that, monsieur?" repeated the Notary excitedly to the Seigneur.

The Seigneur put his large gold-handled glass to his eye and looked interestedly after Charley for a moment, then answered, "Well, Dauphin, what?"

"He's been giving Filion Lacasse advice about the old legacy business, and Filion's taken it; and he's got a thousand dollars; and now there's all that fuss. And four months ago Filion wanted to tar and feather him for being just what he is to-day—an infidel—an infidel!"

He was going to say something else, but he did not like the look the Curé turned on him, and he broke off short.

"Do you regret that he gave Lacasse good advice?" asked the Curé.

"It's taking bread out of other men's mouths."

"It put bread into Filion's mouth. Did you ever give Lacasse advice? The truth now, Dauphin!" said the Seigneur, dryly.

"Yes, monsieur, and sound advice too, within the law—precedent and code and every legal fact behind."

The Seigneur was a man of laconic speech. "Tut, tut! Dauphin; precedent and code and legal fact are only good when there's brain behind 'em. The tailor yonder has brains."

"Ah! but what does he know about the law?" answered Dauphin, with acrimonious voice but insinuating manner, for he loved to stand well with the Seigneur.

"Enough for the saddler evidently," sharply rejoined the Seigneur.

Dauphin was fighting for his life, as it were. His back was to the wall. If this man was to be allowed to advise the *habitants* of Chaudière on their disputes and "going to law," where would his own prestige be? His vanity had been wounded very deeply.

"It's guess-work with him. Let him stick to his trade as I stick to mine. That sort of thing only does harm."

"He puts a thousand dollars into the saddler's pocket: that's a positive good. He may or may not take thereby ten dollars out of your pocket: that's a negative injury. In this case there was no injury, for you had already cost Lacasse—how much had you cost him, Dauphin?" continued the Seigneur, with a half-malicious smile. "I've been out of Chaudière for near a year; I don't know the record—how much, eh, Dauphin?"

The Notary was too offended to answer. He shook his ringlets back angrily, and a scarlet spot showed on each straw-colored cheek.

"Twenty dollars is what Lacasse paid our dear Dauphin," said the Curé, benignly, "and a very proper charge. Lacasse probably gave Monsieur there quite as much, and Monsieur will give it to the first poor man he meets, or send it to the first sick person of whom he hears."

"My own opinion is, he's playing some game here," said the Notary.

"We all play games," said the Seigneur. "His seems to give him hard work and little luxury. Will you bring him to see me at the Manor, my dear Curé?" he added.

"He will not go. I have asked him."

"Then I shall visit him at his tailor shop," said the Seigneur. "I need a new suit."

"But you always had your clothes made in Quebec, monsieur," said the Notary, still carping.

"We never had such a tailor," answered the Seigneur.

"We'll hear more of him before we're through with him," obstinately urged the Notary.

"It would give Dauphin the greatest pleasure if our tailor proved to be a murderer or a robber. I suppose you believe that he stole our little cross here," the Curé added, turning to the church door, where his eye lingered lovingly on the relic, hanging on a pillar just inside, whither he had had it removed.

"I'm not sure yet he hadn't something to do with it," was the stubborn response.

"If he did, may it bring him peace at last!" said the Curé, piously. "I have

set my heart on nailing him to our blessed faith as that cross is fixed to the pillar yonder—'I will fasten him like a nail in a sure place,' says the Book. And I take it hard that my friend Dauphin will not help me on the way. Suppose the man were evil, then the Church should try to snatch him like a brand from the burning. But suppose that in his past there was no wrong necessary to be hidden in the present—and this I believe with all my heart; suppose that he was wronged, not wronging, and here would hide his undeserved shame from the world: then how much more should the Church yearn over him, and, if he cannot see God in his darkness, strive to win him to the light. Why, man, have you no pride in Holy Church? I am ashamed of you, Dauphin, with your great intelligence, your wide reading. With our knowledge of the world we should be broader!"

The Seigneur's eyes were turned away, for there was in them at once humor and a suspicious moisture. Of all men in the world he most admired the Curé, for his utter truth and nobility; but he could not help smiling at his enthusiasm—his dear Curé turned evangelist like any "Methody"!—and at the appeal of the Notary on the ground of knowledge of the world. He was wise enough to count himself an old fogey, a provincial, and "a simon-pure *habitant*," but of the three he only had any knowledge of life. As men of the world the Curé and the Notary were sad failures, though they stood for much in Chaudière. Yet this detracted nothing from the fine gentlemanliness of the Curé or the somewhat dramatic courtesy of the Notary.

Amused and touched as the Seigneur had been at the Curé's words, he turned now and said, "Always on the weaker side, Curé—always hoping the best from the worst of us!"

"I am only following an example at my door—you taught us all charity and justice," answered M. Loisel, looking meaningly at the Seigneur. There was silence for a moment, for all three were thinking of the woman of the hut, at the gate of the Seigneur's Manor.

On this topic M. Dauphin was not voluble. His original kindness to the woman had given him many troubled hours at home, for Madame Dauphin had construed his human sympathy into the dark and carnal desires of the heart, and his truthful eloquence had made his case the worse. A miserable sentimentalist, the Notary was likely to be misunderstood forever, and one or two indiscretions of his extreme youth had been a weapon against him through the long years of a blameless married life.

He heaved a sigh of sympathy with the Curé now. "She has not come back yet?" he said to the Seigneur.

"No sign of her. She locked up and stepped out, so my housekeeper says, about the time—"

"The day of old Margot's funeral," interposed the Notary. "She'd had a letter that day, a letter she'd been waiting for, and away she went—alas! the fly-away—from bad to worse, I fear—ah me!"

The Seigneur turned sharply on him. "Who told you she had a letter that day, for which she had been waiting?" he said.

"Monsieur Evanturel."

The Seigneur's face became sterner still. "What business had he to *know* that she received a letter that day?"

"He is postmaster," innocently replied the Notary.

"He is the devil!" said the Seigneur, tartly. "I beg your pardon, Curé; but it is Evanturel's business not to know what letters go to and fro in that office. He should be blind and dumb, so far as we all are concerned."

"Remember that Evanturel is a cripple," the Curé answered, gently. "I am glad—very glad it was not Rosalie."

"Rosalie has more than usual sense for her sex," gruffly but kindly answered the Seigneur—a look of tenderness in his eyes. "I shall talk to her about her father; I can't trust myself to speak to the man."

"Rosalie is down there with Madame Dauphin," said the Notary, pointing. "Shall I call her?"

The Seigneur nodded. He was magistrate and magnate, and he was the guarantor of the post-office, and of Rosalie and her father. His eyes fixed in reverie on Rosalie; he and the Curé passively waited her approach. She came over, pale and a little anxious, but with a

straightforward, courageous look in her eyes. She had a vague sense of trouble, and she feared it might be the little cross, that haunting thing of all these months!

When she came near, the Curé greeted her courteously, and then taking the Notary by the arm, led him away.

The Seigneur and Rosalie being left alone, the girl said, "You wish to speak with me, monsieur?"

The Seigneur scrutinized her sharply. Though her color came and went, her look was direct and frank and fearless. She had had many dark hours since that fateful month of April. At night, trying to sleep, she had heard the ghostly footsteps in the church which had sent her flying homeward. Then there was the hood. She had waited on and on, fearing word would come that it had been found in the church-yard, and that she had been seen putting the cross back upon the church door. Yet as day after day passed she had come at length to realize that, whatever had happened to the hood, she was not suspected. Yet the whole train of circumstances had a supernatural air, for the Curé and Jo Portugais had not made public their experience on the eventful night; she had been educated in a land of legend and superstition, and a deep impression had been made upon her mind, giving to her other newly aroused emotions a touch of pathos, of imagination, which added character and strength to her face. The old Seigneur stroked his chin as he looked at her. He realized that a change had come upon her, that she had developed in some surprising way.

"What has happened—*who* has happened, Mademoiselle Rosalie?" he asked. He had suddenly made up his mind about that look in her face—he thought it the woman in her which answers to the call of man, not perhaps any particular man, but man the attractive influence, the complement.

Her eyes dropped, then raised frankly to his. "I don't know,"—adding, with a quick humor, for he had been very friendly with her, and joked with her in his dry way all her life, "Do you, monsieur?"

He pulled his nose with a quick gesture habitual to him, and answered, slowly and meaningly: "The government's a good husband and pays regular wages, mademoiselle. I'd stick to government!"

"I am not asking for a divorce, monsieur."

He pulled his nose again delightedly—so many people were pathetically in earnest in Chaudière—even the Curé's humor was too mediæval and obvious. He had never before thought Rosalie so separate from them all. He had a new interest in her all at once. His cheek flushed a little, his eye kindled, humor relaxed his lips.

"No other husband would intrude so little," he rejoined.

"True, there's little love lost between us, monsieur."

She felt exhilaration in talking with him, a kind of joy in measuring word against word; yet a year ago she would have done no more than smile respectfully and give a demure reply if the Seigneur had spoken to her like this. She had some time or other every day for months exchanged a few words—or imagined she exchanged them — with a man who worked on a tailor's bench.

Even these imaginary conversations with him had sharpened her intellect, and to these were added the real conversations, which, if not many, had a powerful influence upon her. It was the effect of all this that the Seigneur had first noted in her face—the mixed emotions and the delicate alertness of expression. As a man of the world, he was inclined to believe that only one kind of experience can bring such looks to a woman's face. He saw in her the awakening of the deeper interests of life, the tremulous apprehension of nascent emotions and passions which, at some time or other, give beauty and importance to the nature of every human being. It did not occur to him that the tailor—the mysterious figure in the parish—might be responsible for what he felt. He was observant, but not imaginative; he argued from

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"Nadeau's" real name was Portugais, by which he is known to his neighbors in the village. He assumed the alias "Nadeau," at the time of his trial for murder, in the opening scenes of "The Right of Way." In succeeding chapters he is known as Jo Portugais.

what he saw, not from preconceptions or hypotheses. And he was moved by what he saw, in a quiet, unexplainable manner.

"The government is the best sort of husband. From the other sort you would get more kisses and less ha'pence," he continued.

"That might be a satisfactory balance-sheet, monsieur."

"Take care, Mademoiselle Rosalie," he rejoined, half seriously, "that you don't miss the ha'pence before you get the kisses."

She turned pale in very fear. What was he going to say? Was the post-office to be taken from them? She came straight to the point:

"What have I done wrong, monsieur? I've never kept the mail-stage waiting; I've never left the mail-bag unlocked; I've never been late in opening the wicket; I've never been careless, and no one's ever complained of a lost letter."

The Seigneur saw her agitation, and was sorry for her. He came straight to the point as she had done:

"We will have you made postmistress—you alone, Rosalie Evanturel. I've made up my mind to that. But you'll promise not to get married—eh? Anyhow, there's no one in the parish for you to marry. You're too well-born and you've been too well educated for a *habitant's* wife—and the Curé or I can't marry you!"

He was not surprised to see her flush deeply, and it pleased him to see this much life rising to his own touch, this much revelation to give his mind a new interest. He had come to that age when the mind is surprised to find that the things that once charmed charm less, and the things once hated lose their repulsion. He saw the deep flush of embarrassment in her face, but he did not know that this was the first time that she had ever thought of marriage since—since it ceased to be a dream of girlhood, and by reason of thinking much on a man, at whose feet her nature lay, had become a possibility, which, however, she had never dared to define or anticipate. Here she was faced by it now in the broad open day: a plain, hard statement, unrelieved by anything save the humor of the shrewd, friendly eyes bent upon her in eager interrogation.

She did not answer him at once, and he continued presently, "Do you promise not to marry so useless a thing as man, and to remain true to the government?"

"If I wished to marry a man, I should not let the government stand in my way," she said, in brave confusion.

"But do you wish to marry any man?" he asked, abruptly, even petulantly.

"I have not asked myself that question, monsieur, and—and should you ask it, unless—" she said, and paused with as pretty and whimsical a glance of provoking merriment as could well be.

He burst out laughing at the sudden turn she had given her reply, and at the double suggestion. Then he suddenly changed. A curious expression came to his eyes. A smile, almost beautiful, came to his lips.

"'Pon my honor," he said, in a low tone, "you have me caught! And I beg to say—I beg to say," he added, with a curious flush suddenly mounting to his own face, a sudden inspiration in his look, "that if you do not think me too old and crabbed and ugly, and can endure me, I shall be profoundly happy if you will marry me, Rosalie!"

He stood upright, holding himself very hard, for this idea had shot into his mind all in an instant, though, unknown to himself, it had been growing for years, fostered and cherished by many a kind act to her father and by a simple gratitude on her part. Yet he had spoken without recognizing the absurdity of the proposal. He had never married, and he was utterly unprepared to make any sort of statement on such a theme; but now, having made it somehow, he would stand by it, in spite of any and all criticism and opposition. He had known Rosalie since her birth, her education was as good as a convent could secure, she was the granddaughter of a once notable seigneur, and here she was, as fine a type of health and beauty and character as man could wish—and he was only fifty! Life was getting lonelier for him every day, and, after all, why should he leave distant relations and the Church his worldly goods? All this flashed through his mind as he waited for her answer. Now it seemed to him that he had meant to say this thing

for many years. He had seen an awakening in her—he had suddenly been awakened himself.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" she said, in a bewildered way, "do not amuse yourself at my expense."

"Would it be that, then?" he said, with a smile, behind which there was determination and self-will. "I want you to marry me; I do with all my heart—and you shall have those ha'pence, and the kisses too, if so be you will take them—or not, as you will, Rosalie."

"Monsieur," she gasped, for something caught her in the throat, and the tears started to her eyes, "ask me to forget that you have ever said those words. Oh, monsieur, it is not possible, it never could be possible—and I am only the postmaster's daughter!"

"You are my wife, if you will but say the word!" he answered, "and I as proud a husband as the land holds!"

"You were always kind to me, monsieur," she rejoined, her lips trembling; "won't you be so still?"

"I am too old?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh no, it is not that," she replied.

"You have as good manners as my mother had. You need not fear comparison with any lady in the land. Have I not known you all your life? I know the way you have come, and your birth is as good as mine."

"Ah, it is not that, monsieur."

"I give you my word that I do not come to you because no one else would have me," he said, with a curious simplicity. "I never asked a woman to marry me — never! You are the first. There was talk once—but it was all false. I never meant to ask any one to marry me. But I have the wish now which I never had in my youth. I thought best of myself always: now, I think—I think better of you than—"

"Oh, monsieur, I beg of you, no more. I cannot; oh, I cannot—"

"You— But no: I will not ask you, mademoiselle! If you have some one else in your heart, or want some one else there, that is your affair, not mine—undoubtedly. I would have tried to make you happy; you would have had peace and comfort all your life; you could have trusted me—but there it is!" He felt all at once that he was unfair to her, that he had thrust upon her too hard a problem in too troubled a moment.

"I could trust you with my life, Monsieur Rossignol," she replied. "And I love you in a way that a man may be loved to no one's harm or sorrow: it is true that!" She raised her eyes to his frankly, simply, trustingly.

He looked at her steadily for a moment. "If you change your mind—" he said.

She shook her head sadly.

"Good, then," he went on, for he thought it wise not to press her now. But he had no intention of taking her *no* as final. "I'll keep an eye on you. You'll need me some day soon; I can do things that the Curé can't, perhaps." His manner changed still more. "Now to business," he continued. "Your father has been talking about letters received and sent from the post-office. That is punishable. I am responsible for you both, and if it is reported, if *the woman* were to report it—you know the letter I mean—he would be dismissed the office. You do not talk. Now I am going to ask the government to make you sole postmistress, with full responsibility. Then you must govern your father—he hasn't as much sense as you."

"Monsieur, we owe you so much! I am deeply grateful, and, whatever you do for us, you may rely on me to do my duty."

They could scarcely hear each other speak now, for the soldiers were coming nearer, and the fife-and-drum bands were screeching "Louis the King was a Soldier."

"Then you will keep the government as your husband?" he said, with forced humor, as he saw the Curé and the Notary approaching.

"It is less trouble, monsieur," she answered, with a smile of relief.

M. Rossignol turned to the Curé and the Notary. "I have just offered mademoiselle a husband she might rule in place of a government that rules her, and she has refused!" he said in the Curé's ear, with a dry laugh.

"She's a sensible girl, is Rosalie," said the Curé, not apprehending.

The soldiers were just opposite the church, and riding at their head the battalion Colonel, also member of the Legislature.



"'PON MY HONOR," HE SAID, IN A LOW TONE, "YOU HAVE ME CAUGHT!"

They all moved down to where the Colonel was dismounting, and Rosalie disappeared in the crowd. As the Seigneur and the Curé greeted the Colonel, the latter said:

"At luncheon I'll tell you one of the bravest things ever seen. Happened half-hour ago at the Red Ravine. The man who did it wore an eye-glass—said he was a tailor!"

CHAPTER XXV

THE COLONEL TELLS HIS STORY

THE Colonel had lunched very well indeed. He had done justice to every dish set before him; he had made a little speech, congratulating himself on having such a well-trained body of men to command, and felicitating Chaudière from many points of view. He was in great good-humor with himself, and when the Notary asked him—it was at the Manor, with the soldiers resting on the grass without—about the tale of bravery he had promised them, he brought his fist down on the table with great intensity but little noise, and said:

"Chaudière may well be proud of it. I shall refer to it in the Legislature on the question of roads and bridges—there ought to be a stone fence on that dangerous road by the Red Ravine— Have I your attention?"

He stood up, for he was an excitable and voluble Colonel, and he loved oration as a cat likes milk. With a knife he drew a picture of the *locale* on the table-cloth. "Here I was riding on my sorrel, all my noble fellows behind, the fife and drums going as at Louisburg—that day! Martial ardor united to manliness and local pride—follow me? Here we were, Red Ravine left, stump fences and waving fields of grain right. From military point of view, bad position—ravine, stump fence, brave soldiers in the middle, food for powder—catch it?—follow me?"

He emptied his glass, drew a long breath, and again began, the carving-knife cutting a rhetorical path before him. "I was engaged upon the military problem—open demonstration in force, no scouts ahead, no rear-guard, ravine on the right, stump fence on the left, red coats, fife-and-drum band, concealed enemy—follow me? Observant mind sees problems everywhere—unresting military genius accustoms intelligence to all sorts of possible contingencies—'stand what I mean?"

The Seigneur took a pinch of snuff, and the Curé, whose mind was benevolent, listened with the gravest interest.

"At the moment when, in my mind's eye, I saw my gallant fellows enfiladed with a terrible fire, caught in a trap, and I, despairing, spurring on to die at their head—have I your attention?—just at that moment there appeared between the ravine and the road ahead a man. He wore an eye-glass; he seemed an unconcerned spectator of our movements—so does the untrained, unthinking eye look out upon destiny! Not far away was a wagon, in it a man. Wagon bisecting our course from a cross-road—follow me?"

He drew a line on the table-cloth with the carving-knife, and the Notary said, "Yes, yes, we know — the Concession road!"

"So, messieurs. There were we, a battalion and a fife-and-drum band; there was the man with the eye-glass, the indifferent spectator, yet the engine of fate; there was the wagon, a mottled horse, and a man driving — catch it? The mottled horse took fright at our band, which just at that instant strikes up 'The Chevalier drew his Sabre.' He shies from the road with a leap, the man falls backwards into the wagon, and the reins fall. The horse dashes from the road into the open, and rushes on to the ravine. What good now to stop the fifes and drums?—follow me. What can we, an armed force, bandoleered, knapsacked, sworded, rifled, impetuous, brave,—what can we do before this tragedy? The man in the wagon senseless, the flying horse, the ravine, death. How futile the power of man!—'stand what I mean?"

"Why didn't your battalion shoot the horse?" said the Seigneur, dryly, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Monsieur," said the Colonel, "see the irony, the implacable irony of fate—we had only blank cartridge! But see you, here was this one despised man with an eye-glass, a tailor — it takes seven tailors to make a man!—between the ravine and the galloping tragedy. His spirit arrayed itself like an army with banners, and prepared to wrestle with death as Jacob wrestled with his shadow all the night—monsieur le Curé!"

The Curé bowed; the Notary shook back his oiled locks in excitement.

"Awoke a whole man—seven-sevenths, as in Adam—in the obscure soul of the tailor, and rushing forward, he seized the mottled horse by the bridle as he galloped upon the chasm. The horse dragged him on—dragged him on—on—on. We, an army, so to speak, stood and watched the Tailor and the Tragedy! It seemed as if all was lost—! But, by the decree of fate—"

"The will of God," said the Curé, softly.

"By the great decree, the man was able to stop the horse, not a half-dozen feet from the ravine. The horse and the insensible driver were spared an awful death. So, messieurs, does bravery come from unexpected places—'stand what I mean?"

The Seigneur, the Curé, and even the Notary clapped their hands, and murmured praises of the tailor-man. But the Colonel did not yet take his seat.

"But now, mark the sequel!" he said. "As I galloped over, I saw the tailor look into the wagon—and turn away quickly. He waited by the horse till I came near, and then walked off without a word.

I rode up, and tapped him with my sword upon the shoulder. 'A noble deed, my good man,' said I. 'I approve of your conduct, and I will remember it in the Legislature when I address the committee of the whole house on Roads and Bridges.' What do you think was his reply to my affable words? When I tapped him approvingly on the shoulder a second time, he screwed his eye-glass in his eye, and, with no emotion, though my own eyes were full of tears, in a tone of affront, he said, 'Look after the man there, constable,' and pointed to the wagon. Constable—*mon Dieu!* Gross manners even for a tailor!"

"I had not thought his manners bad," said the Curé, as the Colonel sat down, gulped a glass of brandy-and-water, and mopped his forehead.

"A most remarkable man for a tailor," said the Seigneur, peering into his snuff-box.

"What happened to the driver of the mottled horse?" said the Notary. "Was he injured?"

"He was knocked senseless. One of my captains soon restored him. He followed us into the village. He is a quack-doctor, and I suppose he is now selling his tinctures, pulling teeth, and driving away rheumatics. He gave me his card. I told him he should leave one on the tailor."

He threw a professional card upon the table, before the Curé, with a flourish.

The Curé picked it up and read:

JOHN BROWN, B.A., M.D.,

Healer of Ailments that Defy the Ordinary Skill or Ordinary Medical Men. Rheumatism, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Ague, Pleurisy, Gout, and all Chronic Diseases Yield Instantly to the Power of his Medicines.

Dr. Brown will publicly treat the most stubborn cases, laying himself open to the derision of mankind if he does not instantly give relief and benefit. His whole career has been a blessing to his fellows, and his journey now through this country, fresh from his studies in the Orient, is to introduce his remedies to a suffering world, for the conquest of malady, not for personal profit.

John Brown, B.A., M.D.,
Specialist in Chronic Diseases and General Practitioner.

CHAPTER XXVI

A SONG, A BOTTLE, AND A GHOST

ALL day John Brown, ex-clergyman, and jack-of-all-trades, harangued the people of Chaudière from his gayly painted wagon on the virtues of his panaceas for the ills of mankind. He had the perfect gift of the charlatan, and he had discovered his *métier*. Inclined to the picturesque by nature, melodramatic and empirical, his earlier career had been the due fruit of habit and education. As a dabbler in mines he had been out of his element, for he had not the necessary reticence, and arsenic had not availed him, though it had tempted Billy Wantage to forgery and embezzlement, and because Billy hid himself behind the dismal opportunity of silence, had ruined forever the name of a dead man called Charley Steele. Since Charley's death John Brown had never seen Billy: he had left the town one fateful day an hour after Billy had told him of the discovery Charley had made, and from a far corner of the country had read the story of Charley's drowning, of the futile trial of the river-drivers afterwards, ending in acquittal, and the subsequent exposure of the defalcation in the widows' and orphans' trust-moneys.

On this St. Jean Baptiste's day he was thinking of anything and everything else but Charley Steele. Nothing could have been a better advertisement for him than the perilous incident at the Red Ravine. Falling backwards when the horse suddenly bolted, his head had struck the medicine-chest, and he had lain insensible till brought back to consciousness by the good offices of the voluble Colonel. He had not, therefore, seen Charley. It was like him that his sense of gratitude to the unknown tailor should be presently lost in exploiting the interest he created in the parish. His piebald horse, his white silk hat, his gayly painted wagon, his flamboyant manner, the unique appearance of the *tout ensemble* he called his own, and, above all, the marvellous tales of his escape from death, were more exciting to the people of Chaudière than the militia, the dancing-bears, the shooting-galleries, and even the boat-races. He could sing extremely well—had he not trained his



THE COLONEL TELLING HIS STORY

own choir when he was a clergyman? had not Billy approved his comic songs? —and these comic songs, now making interludes between his cures and his sales, created admiration and laughter unbounded. He cured headaches, toothaches, rheumatism, and all sorts of local ailments "with despatch." He miraculously juggled away pains by what he called his Pain-Paint, and he stopped a cough by a laugh and a dose of his Golden Pectoral. In the exuberance of trade, which continued with increasing effect till sundown, he gave no thought to the village tailor, to whom, however, he had sent by a messenger a two-dollar bill and two bottles of Pain-Paint, with the lordly announcement that he would call in the evening and "present his compliments and his thanks." The messenger left the Pain-Paint on the door-step of the tailor shop, and the two dollars he promptly spent at the tavern.

Rosalie Evanturel rescued the bottles from the door-step and anxiously awaited Charley's return to his shop that she might take them over to him, and so have an excuse to speak with him; for to-day her heart was overflowing towards him. He had done a brave thing for the medicine-man, and had then disappeared from public gaze as a brave man should—how different he was from this blatant quack, from the small-minded Notary, from the bragging and egotistic Colonel! There was no one to compare with him. Not even the Curé was his superior in ability, and certainly he was a greater man—though seemingly only a tailor—than M. Rossignol. As the thought ran through her mind she flushed, for M. Rossignol—who could have believed it, who could have thought that the Seigneur would say those words to her this morning?—to her, Rosalie Evanturel, who hadn't three hundred dollars to her name! That she should be asked to be Madame Rossignol! Confusion mingled with her pride, and she ran out into the street, to where her father sat listening to the medicine-man singing, in doubtful French:

> "I am a waterman bold,
> Oh, I'm a waterman bold!
> But for my lass I have great fear,
> Yes, in the isles I have great fear,
> For she is young, and I am old,
> And she is *bien gentille!*"

It was night now. The militia had departed, their Colonel roaring commands at them out of a little red drill-book; the older people had gone to their homes, but festive youth hovered round the booths and side-shows, the majority

enjoying themselves at some expense in the medicine-man's encampment.

As Rosalie ran towards the crowd she turned a wistful glance to the tailor shop; but there was not a sign of life there. She imagined Monsieur to be at Vadrome Mountain, until, glancing round the crowd at the quack-doctor's wagon, she saw on the outskirts Jo Portugais gloomily watching the travelling tinker of human bodies. Evidently Monsieur was not at Vadrome Mountain.

Yet the man she looked for was not far from her. At the side of the road, under a huge maple-tree with wide-spreading branches, Charley stood and watched John Brown performing behind the flaring oil-lights stuck on poles round his wagon, his hat now on, now off; now singing a comic song in English—"I found ye in de Honeysuckle Paitch"; now a French chanson—"En Revenant de St. Alban"; now treating a stiff neck or a bent back, or giving momentary help to the palsy of some old man, or again making a flaring speech.

Charley was in touch again with the old life, but in a kind of fantasy only—a staring, high-colored sort of dream. This man—John Brown—had gone down before his old ironical questioning, had been, indirectly, the means of disgracing his name. A step forward to that wagon, a word uttered, a look, and he would have to face again the life he had put by forever, would have to meet a hard problem and settle it—to what misery and tragedy, who might say? Under this tree he was Monsieur Mallard, the infidel tailor, whose life—so far as the lonely separateness of his soul would let it—was slowly entering into the life of this place called Chaudière, slowly being acted upon by habit, which, automatically repeated, at length becomes character. Out in that red light, before that gay-painted wagon, he would be Charley Steele, barrister, flâneur, and fop, who, according to the world, had misused a wife, misled her brother, robbed widows and orphans, squandered a fortune, become drunkard and wastrel, and at last had lost his life in a disorderly tavern at the Côte Dorion. This man before him had contributed to his disgrace, but once he had helped to contribute to John Brown's disgrace, and to-day he had saved John Brown's life. They were even.

All the night before, all this morning, he had fought a fierce battle with his past—with a raging thirst. The old appetite had swept over him in a great wave. All day he had moved in a fevered conflict, which had lifted him away from the small movements of every-day life into a region where only were himself and one strong foe, who tirelessly strove with him. In his old life he had never had a struggle of any sort. His emotions had been cloaked, his soul masked, there had been a film before his eyes, he had worn a coat of mail of selfishness on a life which had no deep problems, because it had no deep feelings—a life which never even rose to the intellectual prowess for which it was fitted save when under the artificial stimulus of liquor. Because he had never entered into the life of any human being, because his heart had been blind and could not see—these had worked together to send him to a death as real in some sense as though he had ceased to breathe.

From the moment he had waked from a long seven months' sleep in the hut on Vadrome Mountain he had had, however, deep feelings as he had faced deep problems of life. Fighting had begun from that moment—a fighting which was putting his nature through bitter mortal exercises, yet, too, giving him more sense of life than he had ever known. He had now the sweetness of earning daily bread by the work of his hands: of giving to the poor, the needy, and the afflicted; of knowing for the first time in his life he was not alone in the world. Out of the gray dawn of being a woman's voice had called to him; the look of her face had said to him: "*Viens ici! Viens ici!*"—"Come to me! Come to me!" How often had his mind heard it since the day she had thrust the healing flour and oil in upon his wounded breast!

But with that "*Viens ici*" there was the answer of his soul, the desolating cry of the dispossessed Lear—"Never—never—never—never—never—never!"

So it had gone. All his old self-dependence and natural indifference had vanished, but he had steeled himself to preserve before Rosalie a simple unsuggestive friendliness, which would

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keep their relations on a ground of safety—for her, the servant of Love the revealer.

He had never questioned himself concerning Rosalie—had not dared to do so. But now, as he stood under the great tree, within hand-touch of the old life, in imminent danger of being thrust back into it, to the peril of wrecking other lives — Kathleen's, Cunningham's, and Billy's—now as he stood looking at this fantastic figure of John Brown, the question of Rosalie came upon him with all the force of months of feeling behind it.

"Do I love her? And if I love her, what is to be done? Marry her, with a wife living? Marry her while credited with a wretched crime? Would that be love? But suppose one never were discovered, and that he might live here forever, I as 'Monsieur Mallard,' in peace and quiet all the days of our life? Would that be love? . . . Could there be love with a vital secret between? Could there be love with a darkness behind, out of which, at any hour, might spring Discovery? Could I build our life upon a silence which must be a lie? Would I not have to face the question, 'Does any one know just cause or impediment why this woman should not be married to this man?' Tell Rosalie all, and let the law separate myself and Kathleen. That would mean Billy's ruin and imprisonment and Kathleen's shame, and it might not bring Rosalie. She is a Catholic, and her Church would not listen to it. Would I have the right to bring trouble into her life? To wrong one woman is enough for one lifetime!"

At that instant Rosalie, who had been on the outskirts of the crowd, moved into his line of vision. The glare from the flaring lights fell on her face as she stood by her father's chair, looking curiously at the quack-doctor, who, having had a busy half-hour, and sold many bottles of his medicines, now picked up a guitar and began singing an old dialect chanson of Saintonge:

"*Voici*, the day has come
When Rosette leaves her home.
With fear she walks in the sun.
For Raoul is ninety year,
And she not twenty-one.
La petit' Rosette,
She is not twenty-one.

"He takes her by the hand,
And to the church they go;
By parents 'twas well meant,
But is Rosette content?
'Tis gold and ninety year.
She walks in the sun with fear,
La petit' Rosette,
Not twenty-one as yet!"

As the medicine-man began the song, which Rosalie had never heard before, her attention became instantly fixed, and a curious agitation seemed to take possession of her. Charley's eyes, which had watched her these months past, noted the deepening color of the face, the growing glow in the eyes, the quick glances of keen yet troubled interest towards the singer. He could not translate her looks; and she, on her part, had she been compelled to do so, could only have set down a confusion of sensations.

In Rosette she saw herself, Rosalie Evanturel; in the man "de quatre-vingt-dix ans," who was to marry this Rosette of Saintonge, she saw M. Rossignol. Disconcerting pictures of a possible life with the Seigneur flitted before her mind. She saw herself, young, fresh-cheeked, with life beating high and all the impulses of youth panting to use, sitting at the head of the seigneury table; she saw herself in the great pew at mass, stiff with dignity, old in the way of manorial pride—all laughter dead in her, all spring-time joy overshadowed by the grave decorum of the Manor, all the imagination of her dreaming spirit chilled by the presence of age, however kindly and quaint and cheerful.

She shuddered, and dropped her eyes upon the ground, as, to the laughter and giggling of old and young gathered round the wagon, the medicine-man sang,

"He takes her by the hand,
And to her chamber fair—"

and suddenly turning round, vanished into the night, followed by the feeble inquiry of her father's eyes, the anxious look in Charley's.

Charley did not know of the event of the morning; he could not read her tale; he had, however, a hot impulse to follow and ask her if she would vanish so quickly from the scene if the medicine-man should sing of Rosette and a man of thirty, not ninety, years. The fight he had had all day with his craving for drink

had made him feverish, and all his emotions — new, unused, and unregulated, without habit, under the command of his will only—were in high temperature. A reckless feeling took possession of him. He would go to Rosalie, look into her eyes, and tell her that he loved her, no matter what the penalty of fate. He had never loved a human being, and the sudden impulse to cry out in the new language he was learning was driving him to follow the girl whose face said, "*Viens ici.*"

He made a step forward to follow her, but stopped short, recalled to caution and his danger by the voice of the medicine-man:

"I had a friend once — good fellow, bad fellow, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Tremendous fop — wore an eye-glass—cheeks like roses—tongue like sulphuric acid. Beautiful to look at. Clothes like a fashion-plate—got any fashion-plates in Chaudière?—'who's your tailor?'" he added, in the slang of the hour, with a loud laugh, then stopped suddenly and took off his hat. "I forgot," he added, with upturned eyes and a dramatic seriousness; "your tailor saved my life today—henceforth I am the friend of all tailors. Well, to continue. My friend that was—I call him my friend, though he ruined me and ruined others,—didn't mean to, but he did just the same,—he came to a bad end. But he was a great man while he lived. And what I'm coming to is this, the song he used to sing when in youthful exuberance we went on the war-path like our young friend over there"—he pointed to a young *habitant* farmer, who was trying hard to preserve an equilibrium—"Brown's Golden Pectoral will cure that cough, my friend!" he added, as the young man, gloomily ashamed of the laughter of the crowd, hiccoughed and turned away to the tree under which Charley Steele stood. "Well, I was going to say that my friend's name was Charley," he continued, "and the song he used to sing that cheered the dark hours just before the dawn was called 'Champagne Charley.' He was called 'Champagne Charley'—till he came to a bad end."

He twanged his guitar, cleared his throat, winked at Maximilian Cour the baker, and began:

"The way I gained my title's by a hobby which I've got
Of never letting others pay, however long the shot;
Whoever drinks at my expense is treated all the same;
Whoever calls himself my friend, I make him drink champagne.
Some epicures like Burgundy, Hock, Claret, and Moselle,
But Moët's vintage only satisfies this champagne swell.
What matter if I go to bed and head is muddled thick,
A bottle in the morning sets me right then very quick.
Champagne Charley is my name;
Champagne Charley is my name.
Who's the man with the heart so young;
Who's the man with the ginger tongue?—
Champagne Charley is his name!"

Under the tree, Charley Steele, listening to this jaunty epitaph on his own self, felt himself suddenly burn with a fever of conflicting emotions. At the first words of the coarse song there rushed on him anew the old thirst. He felt his veins beating with desire, with anger, disgust, and shame; for there was John Brown, to the applause of the crowd, imitating his old manner, his voice, his very look. He half started forward as the drunken young *habitant* lurched sideways under the tree and collapsed upon the ground, a bottle of whiskey he carried in his pocket falling out and rolling almost to Charley's feet.

"Champagne Charley is my name,"

sang the medicine-man. In this moment of shame and confusion all Charley's old life surged up in him as diked water suddenly bursts bounds and spreads destruction everywhere. He had an uncontrollable impulse. As a starving animal snatches at the first food offered it, he stooped, with a low rattle in his throat, seized the bottle, uncorked it, put it to his lips, and drank—drank—drank.

Then he turned and plunged away into the trees; the sound of the song followed him. It came to him, the last refrain, sung loudly to the laughter of the crowd, in imitation of his own voice as it used to be—it had been a different voice during this past year! He turned with headlong intention, and, as the last notes of the song and the applause that followed it died away, threw back his head and sang out of the darkness:

"Champagne Charley is my name." Then, with a shrill laugh, like the half-mad cry of an outcast soul, he flung away farther into the trees.

The effect of the voice coming out of the shadows was weird and impressive, and the crowd turned with a half-apprehensive laughter to the trees. Upon John Brown the effect was startling. His face blanched, his eyes grew large with terror, his mouth opened in helpless agitation. Charley Steele was lying under the waters of the great river, his bones rotting there for a year, yet here was his voice coming out of the night, in response to his own words and his grotesque imitation of the dead man! At sight of his agitation the crowd suddenly became silent and motionless; women turned pale, men felt their flesh creep, imagination gave a thrilling coldness to the air, and people shivered. For a moment there was unbroken silence. Then John Brown stretched out his hand and said, in a hoarse whisper,

"It was his voice—it was Charley's voice, and he's been dead a year!"

Within half an hour, in utter collapse and fright, he was being driven to the next parish by two young habitants he paid liberally to accompany him.

CHAPTER XXVII

OUT ON THE OLD TRAIL

THERE was one person in the crowd surrounding the medicine-man's wagon who had none of that superstitious thrill which had scattered the habitants into little awe-stricken groups, and then by twos and threes to their homes; none of that fear which had reduced the quack-doctor to such nervous collapse that he would not spend the night in the village. Jo Portugais had heard the voice from the trees, and he had been staggered for a moment, for he recognized it—it was the voice of Charley Steele, the lawyer who had saved him from hanging in The Little City years ago. It was little like the voice of M. Mallard. There was that in it which frightened him. He waited until he had seen the quack-doctor start for the next parish, then he went slowly down the street. There were people still about, so he walked on towards the river. When he returned, the street was empty. Keeping in the shadow of the trees, he went to Charley's house. There was a light in a window. He went to the back door and tried it. It was not locked, and, without knocking, he stepped inside the kitchen. There was no light, and he passed into the hallway and on to a little room opening from the tailor shop. He knocked; then, not waiting for response, opened the door and entered.

Charley was standing before a mirror, holding a pair of scissors. He turned abruptly, put up his eye-glass slowly, and said:

"You intrude. I am at my toilet."

He turned again to the mirror, however, with a shrug of the shoulders, and raised the shears to his beard. Before he could use them, Jo's hand was on his arm.

"Stop that, M'sieu'!" he said, huskily.

Charley had drunk nearly a whole bottle of cheap whiskey within an hour. He was intoxicated, but, as had ever been the case with him, his brain was working clearly, his hand was steady, he was in that wide dream of clear-seeing and clear-knowing which, in old days, had given him glimpses of the real life from which, in his unnatural egotism, as the sun-satrap, he had been shut out. Looking at Jo now, he was possessed by a composed intimation like that in which he had moved during that last night as Charley Steele at the Côte Dorion.

Here he was again deep in the old existence, with the old vice corroding his soul and illuminating his brain. But now, with the baleful crust of egotism gone, with every nerve of life exposed, with consciences struggling to its feet from the torpor of thirty vacant years, he was as two men in one, with different lives and different souls, yet as inseparable in their misery as those poor victims of Gallic tyranny, chained back to back and thrown into the Seine.

Jo's words, insistent and eager, suddenly roused in him some old memory, which stayed his hand as nothing else mortal could have done.

"Why should I stop?" he said, quietly, and smiling that smile which had infuriated the river-drivers at the Côte Dorion.

"*Are you going back, M'sieu'?*"

"Back where?" Charley's eyes were

fixed on Jo with a strange, penetrating intensity, heightened to a curious abstraction, as though he saw not Jo alone, but something a great distance beyond.

Jo did not answer this question directly. "Some one came to-day—he is gone; some one may come to-morrow—and stay!" he said, meaningly.

Charley went over to the fire and sat down on a bench, opening and shutting the scissors mechanically. Jo was in the light, and Charley's eyes again studied him hard. His memory was feeling its way industriously into the baffling distance.

"What if some one did come—and stay?" he urged, quietly.

"You would be recognized."

"What difference would it make?" Charley's memory was creeping close to the hidden door. It was feeling—feeling for the latch.

"You know best, M'sieu'."

"But what do *you* know?" Charley's face now had a strained look, and he touched his red lips once or twice with his tongue.

"What John Brown knows, M'sieu'!"

There flashed across Charley's mind the fatal newspaper he had read on the day he awakened to memory again in the hut on Vadrome Mountain. He remembered that he had put it in the fire. But the man might have read it before it was spread upon the bench—put it there of purpose for him to read. Yet what reason could the man have for being silent—for hiding his secret?

There was silence for a moment, in which Charley's eyes were like unmoving sparks of steel. He did not see Jo's face—it was in a mist—he was searching, searching, searching. Suddenly he felt the latch of the hidden door under his finger; he saw a court-room, a judge and jury, and hundreds of excited faces, himself standing in the midst. He saw twelve men file slowly into the room and take their seats—all save one, who stood still in his place and said, "*Not guilty, your honor!*" He saw the prisoner leave the box and step down a free man. He saw himself coming out into the staring summer day. He watched the prisoner come to him and touch his arm, and thank him, and say, "Thank you, m'sieu'; you have saved my life." He saw himself turn to this man—

He roused from his trance, he staggered to his feet, the shears rattled to the floor. He lurched forward, caught Jo Nadeau by the throat, and said, as he had said outside the court-room years ago:

"*Get out of my sight. You're as guilty as hell!*"

His grip tightened—tightened on Jo's throat. Jo did not move, though his face grew black. Then, suddenly, the hands relaxed, a bluish paleness swept over the drunken face, and Charley fell sidewise to the floor with a thud before Jo could catch him.

All night, alone, the murderer struggled with death over the body of the lawyer who had once saved his life.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE SEIGNEUR GIVES A WARNING

ROSALIE had watched a shut door for five days—a door from which, for months past, had come all the light and glow of her life. This door framed a figure which had come to represent to her all that meant hope and soul and conscience—and love. The morning after St. Jean Baptiste's day she had awaited the opening door, but it had remained closed. Ensued watchful hours, and then from Jo Portugais she had learned that Monsieur had been ill and near to death during the night. She had been told the weird story of the medicine-man and the ghostly voice, and, without reason, she took the incident as a warning, and associated it with the man across the way. She was come of a superstitious race, and she herself had heard and seen things of which she never had been able to speak—the footsteps in the church the night she had screwed the little cross to the door again; the little round white light by the door of the church; the hood which had vanished into the unknown. One mystery fed another. It seemed to her as if some dreadful event were forward; and all day she kept her eyes fixed on the tailor's door in mortal apprehension.

Dead—if Monsieur should die! If Monsieur should die, what would then be left? If Monsieur should die—it needed all her will to prevent herself from

going over and taking things in her own hands—to be his nurse, his handmaid, his slave. Duty—to the government, to her father? Her heart cried out that her duty lay where all her life was eddying to one centre. What would the world say? She was not concerned for that save for him. What would *he* say? That gave her pause. The Seigneur's words the day before had driven her back upon a tide of emotions that swelled and carried her far out upon that sea where reason and all life's conventions are derelicts, and Love sails with reckless courage down the wide main to ports of wonder and of joy.



"GET OUT OF MY SIGHT. YOU'RE AS GUILTY AS HELL!"

"If I could only be near him!" she kept saying to herself. "It is my right. I would give my life, my soul for his. I was with him before when his life was in danger. It was my hand that saved him. It was my love that tended him. It was my soul that kept his secret. It was my faith that spoke for him. It was my heart that ached for him. It is my heart that aches for him now as none other in all the world can. No one on earth could care as I care. Who could there be?" Something whispered in her ear, "*Kathleen!*"

The name haunted her, as the little cross had done; and misery and anger possessed her, and she fought on with herself through dark hours.

Thus four days had gone, until at last a wagon was brought to the door of the tailor shop, and Monsieur came out, leaning on the arm of Jo Portugais. There were several people in the street at the time, and they kept whispering that Monsieur had been at death's door. He was pale and haggard, with dark hollows under the eyes. Just as he got into the wagon the Curé came up. They shook hands; the Curé looked him earnestly in the face, his lips moved, but no one could have told what he said. Just as the wagon started, Charley looked across to the post-office. Rosalie was standing a little back from the door, but she stepped forward now. Their eyes met. Her heart beat faster, for there was a look in his eyes she had never seen before—a look of human helplessness, of deep anxiety. It was meant for her—for herself alone, Rosalie Evanturel! She could not trust herself to go and speak to him. She felt that she must burst into tears. So, with a look of pity and love, she watched the wagon go down the street.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat! — the Seigneur's gold-headed cane rattled on the front door of the tailor shop. It was plain to be seen his business was urgent.

Madame Dauphin came hurrying from the post-office, followed by Maximilian Cour the baker, and Filion Lacasse the saddler.

"Ah, m'sieu', the tailor will not answer. There's no use knocking—not a bit, M'sieu' Rossignol!" said madame.

The Seigneur turned upon the Notary's wife with a querulous air, yet with a glint of hard humor in his eye. He had no love for Madame Dauphin. He thought she took unfair advantages of Monsieur Dauphin, whom also he did not love, but whose temperament did him credit.

"How should madame know whether or not the gentleman will answer? Does madame share the gentleman's confidence, perhaps?" he remarked.

Madame did not reply at once. She turned on the saddler and the baker. "Now I hope you'll learn a lesson," she cried, triumphantly. "I've always said the tailor was quite the gentleman; and now you see how your betters call him! No, m'sieu', the gentleman will not answer," she added to the Seigneur.

"He is in bed yet, madame?"

"His bed is empty there, m'sieu'," she said, impressively, and pointing.

"I suppose I should trust you in this matter; I suppose you should know. But, Dauphin—what does he say?"

The saddler laughed outright. Maximilian Cour suddenly blushed in sympathy with Madame Dauphin, who now saw the drift of the Seigneur's remarks, and was sensibly agitated, as the Seigneur had meant her to be. Had she not turned Dauphin's human sympathies into a crime? Had not the Notary supported the Seigneur in his friendly offices to Paulette Dubois; and had not madame troubled her husband's life because of it? She bridled up now—with discretion, for it was not her cue to offend the Seigneur.

"All the village knows his bed's empty there, m'sieu'," she said, with tightening lips.

"I am subtracted from the total, then?" he asked, dryly.

"You have been away for the last five days—"

"Come, now, how did you know that?"

"Everybody knows it. You went away with the Colonel of the soldiers on St. Jean Baptiste's day. Since then M'sieu' Mallard has been ill. I should think Mrs. Flynn would have told you that, m'sieu'."

"H'm! Would you? Well, Mrs. Flynn has been away too—and you didn't know that! What is the matter with M'sieu' Mallard?"

"Some kind of fever. On St. Jean

Baptiste's night he was taken ill, and that animal Nadeau took care of him all night—I wonder how M'sieu' can have the creature about! That St. Jean Baptiste's night was an awful night. Have you heard of what happened, m'sieu'? Ghost or no ghost—"

"Come, come, I want to know about the tailor, not of ghosts," impatiently interrupted the Seigneur.

"Tiens! m'sieu', the tailor was ill for three days here, and he would let no one except the Curé and Jo Portugais near him. I went myself to clean up and make some broth, but that toad of a Portugais shut the door in my face. The Curé told us to go home and leave M'sieu' with Portugais. He must be very sick to have that black sheep about him—and no doctor either!"

The saddler spoke up now: "I took him a bottle of good brandy and some buttermilk pop and seed cake—I would give him a saddle if he had a horse—he got my thousand dollars for me! Well, he took them, but what do you think? He sent them right off to the shanty-man, Gugum, who has a broken leg. Infidel or no, I'm on his side for sure! And God blesses a cheerful giver, so I'm told!"

It was the baker's chance, and he took it. "I played 'The Heart Bowed Down'—it is English—under his window, two nights ago, and he sent word for me to come and play it again in the kitchen. Ah, that is a good song, 'The Heart Bowed Down'!"

"He'd be a better baker if he fiddled less," said Madame Dauphin, annoyed at being suddenly dropped out of the conversation.

"The soul must be fed, madame," rejoined the baker, with some asperity.

"Where is the tailor now?" said the Seigneur, shortly.

"At Portugais's hut on Vadrome Mountain. They say he looked like a ghost when he was taken away. Rosalie Evanturel saw him, but she has no tongue in her head this morning," said Madame Dauphin.

The Seigneur moved away. "Good-by to you—I am obliged to you, madame. Good-by, Lacasse. Come and fiddle to me some night, Cour."

He bowed to the obsequious three, and then bent his steps towards the post-office. They seemed about to follow him, but he stopped them with a look. The men raised their bonnets rouges, the woman bowed low, and the Seigneur entered the post-office door.

From the shadows of the office Rosalie had watched the little group before the door of the tailor shop, and had naturally known the subject of their conversation. She saw the Seigneur coming across the street now, and she had a sudden fear that, if he asked her questions, she might give him answers without words as plain as language itself. Suddenly she flushed deeply, for there came to her mind the song the quack-doctor sang:

> Toiri, the day has come
> When Rosette leaves her home.
> With fear she walks in the sun,
> For Raoul is ninety year,
> And she not twenty-one.

As M. Rossignol's figure darkened the doorway she pretended to be very busy behind the wicket and not to see him. He was not sure, but he thought it quite possible that she had seen him coming, and he put her embarrassment down to shyness. Naturally the poor child was not given the chance every day to receive an offer of marriage from a seigneur. He had made up his mind that she would be sure to accept him if he asked her a second time. Having once delivered himself of his proclamation of marriage, he was little likely to withdraw it. That she was only the postmaster's daughter but piqued his interest, for he should have an opportunity of showing the whole province that the Seigneur of Chaudière could do what he liked with impunity.

He felt Rosalie's possible embarrassment behind the wicket, and the tailor being in his mind at the same moment, he attracted her attention by humming a verse of the well-known chanson which, it had been said, hit off Charley's position in Chaudière:

> "'Twas a mad little lout of Chaut—
> Faleri deri dira la la la la!
> To the little red mill he went—
> Faleri deri dira!
> But the devil came down the hill—
> Faleri deri dira la la la la!
> He stood in the little red mill—
> Faleri deri dira!"



SOMETHING WHISPERED IN HER EAR, "KATHLEEN"

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This drew her out quickly enough. She understood what he meant—was not the tailor's shop painted red? Had not this song been sung by drunken men under Charley's window one night after old Louis Trudel's death? By no one would she allow him to be slandered—was she not echoing the Curé's own commands in challenging such slanders? Her eyes flamed as she came from behind the wicket and faced the Seigneur. She was not embarrassed now.

However, she caught the look in the Seigneur's eye, and stopped in time. Had she followed her first impulse and indignantly challenged him, he would probably have read more of her story than was good for him to know, and certain events in her life's history might never have happened; for M. Rossignol was a man with a gift for action, and his quick impulses were ever backed by a strong will. She saw, however, the whimsical look in his eye, and she checked the courageous and angry spirit which was eager to fight for the man she loved. Everything should go overboard if need be, in any crisis where he was concerned. To this point she had come.

"Ah, Ma'm'selle Rosalie," said the Seigneur, gayly, "what have you to say that you should not come before a magistrate at once?" he said, humorously.

"Nothing, if Monsieur Rossignol is to be the magistrate!" she replied, with a forced gayety.

"Good!" He looked at her quizzically through his gold-handled glass. "I cannot frighten you, I see. Well, you must wait a little; you shall be sworn in postmistress in three days." His voice suddenly became lower and more serious. "Tell me," he said, "do you know what is the matter with the gentleman across the way?"

Turning, he looked across to the tailor shop, as though he expected "the gentleman" to come out, and he did not see her turn pale. When his look fell on her again, she was self-controlled.

"I do not know, monsieur."

"You have been opposite him here these months past—did you ever see anything not—not as it should be?"

"With him, monsieur? Never!"

"It is as if the infidel behaved like a good Catholic and a Christian?"

"There are good Catholics in Chaudière who do not behave like Christians, monsieur."

"What would you say, for instance, about his past?"

"What should I say about his past, monsieur? What should I know?"

"You should know more than any one else in Chaudière. The secrets of his breast might well be bared to you."

She started and crimsoned, and before her eyes there came a mist obscuring the Seigneur, and for an instant shutting out the world. *The secrets of his breast*—what did the Seigneur mean? Did he know that on Monsieur's breast was the red scar which—!

M. Rossignol's voice seemed coming from an infinite distance, and as it came, the mist slowly passed from her eyes.

"You will know, Mademoiselle Rosalie," he was saying, "that while I suggested that the secrets of his breast might well be bared to you, I meant that as an honest lady and faithful postmistress they were not. It was my awkward joke: a stupid gambolling by an old man that ought to know better!"

She did not answer, and he continued: "You know that you are trusted. I pray you, accept my apologies for unintended rudeness."

She was herself again. "Monsieur," she said, quietly, "I know nothing of his past. I want to know nothing. It does not seem to me that it is my business. The world is free for a man to come and go in, if he keeps the law and does no ill—is it not? But, in any case, I know nothing. Since you have said so much, I shall say this, and betray no 'secrets of his breast': that he has sent no letter and has received no letter through this post-office since the day he first came from Vadrome Mountain."

The Seigneur smiled. "A wonderful tailor! How does he carry on business without writing letters?"

"There was a large stock of everything left by Louis Trudel, and not long ago a commercial traveller was here with everything."

"You think he has nothing to hide, then?"

"Have not we all something to hide—with or without shame?" she asked, simply.

"You have more sense than any woman in Chaudière, Rosalie."

She shook her head, yet she raised her eyes gratefully to him.

"I put faith in what you say," he continued. "Now listen. My brother, the Abbé, chaplain to the Archbishop, is coming here. He has heard of 'the infidel' of our parish. He is narrow and intolerant—the Abbé. He is going to stir up trouble against the tailor. We are a peaceful people here, and like to be left alone. We are going on very well as we are. So I wanted to talk to Monsieur to-day. I must make up my own mind how to act. The tailor shop is the property of the Church. An infidel occupies it, so it is said; the Abbé does not like that. I believe there are other curious suspicions about Monsieur: that he is a robber, or incendiary, or something of the sort. The Abbé may take a stand, and the Curé's position will be difficult. What is more, my brother has friends here, fanatics like himself. He has been writing to them. They are men capable of doing unpleasant things — the Abbé certainly is. It is fair to warn the tailor. Shall I leave it to you? Do not frighten him. But there is no doubt he should be warned—fair play, fair play! I hear nothing but good of him from those whose opinions I value. But, you see, every man's history in this parish and in every parish of the province is known. This man, for us, has no history. The Curé even admits there are some grounds for calling him an infidel, but, as you know, he would keep the man here, not drive him out from among us. I have not told the Curé about the Abbé yet. I wished first to talk with you. The Abbé may come at any moment. I have been away, and only find his letters to-day."

"You wish me to tell Monsieur?" interrupted Rosalie, unable to hold silence [illegible]. More than once during the Seigneur's disclosure she had felt that she must cry out and fiercely repel the base insinuations against the man she loved.

"You would do it with discretion. You are friendly with him, are you not? —you talk with him now and then?"

She inclined her head.

"Very well, monsieur. I will go to Vadrome Mountain to-morrow," she said, very quietly. Anger, apprehension, indignation, possessed her, but she dared not show it. She held herself firmly. Monsieur the Seigneur was doing a friendly thing; and, in any case, she could have no quarrel with him. There was danger to the man she loved, and every faculty was alive.

"That's right. He shall have his chance to evade the Abbé if he wishes," answered M. Rossignol.

There was silence for a moment, in which she was scarcely conscious of his presence, then he leaned over the counter towards her, and spoke in a low voice:

"What I said the other day I meant, Rosalie. I do not change my mind—I am too old for that. Yet I'm young enough to know that you may change yours."

"I cannot change, monsieur," she said, tremblingly.

"But you will change. I knew your mother well, and I know how anxious she was for your future. I told her once that I should keep an eye on you always. Her father was my father's good friend. I knew you when you were in the cradle—a little brown-haired babe. I watched you till you went to the convent. I saw you come back to take up the duties which your mother laid down, to take them up no more—"

"Monsieur—!" she said, chokingly, with a troubled little gesture.

"You must let me speak, Rosalie. We got your father this post-office. It is a poor living, but it keeps a roof over your head. You have never failed us—you have always fulfilled our hopes. But the best years of your life are going, and your education and your nature do not have their chance. Oh, I've not watched you all these years for nothing! I never meant to ask you to marry me. But it came to me all at once, and I know that it has been in my mind all these years—far back in my mind. I don't ask you for my own sake alone. Your father may grow very ill—who can tell what might happen?"

"I should be postmistress still," she said, sadly.

"As a young girl you could not have the responsibility here alone. And you should not waste your life—it is a fine, full spirit; let the lean, the poor-spirit-

ed, go singly. You should be mated. You can't marry any of the young farmers of Chaudière. 'Tis impossible. I can give you enough for any woman's needs—the world may be yours to see and use to your heart's content. I have, too"—he drew himself up proudly—"the unused emotions of a lifetime to give." This struck him as a very fine and important thing to say.

"Ah, monsieur, that is not enough," she responded.

"What more can you want?"

She looked up with a tearful smile. "I will tell you one day, monsieur."

"What day?"

"I have not picked it out in the calendar."

"Fix the day, and I will wait till then. I will not open my mouth again till then."

"Michaelmas day, then, monsieur," she answered, mechanically and at haphazard, but with an enforced lightness, for a great depression was on her.

"Good. Till Michaelmas day, then!" He pulled his long nose, laughing silently. . . . "I leave the tailor in your hands. Give every man his chance, I say. The Abbé is a hard man, but our hearts are soft—eh, eh, very soft!" He raised his hat and turned towards the door.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE WILD RIDE

THERE had been a fierce thunderstorm in the valley of the Chaudière. It had come suddenly from the east, had swept over the village, uprooting trees, carrying away small bridges, and ending in a pelting hail, which whitened the ground with pebbles of ice as large as beans. It had swept up to Vadrome Mountain, and had marched furiously through the forest, carrying down hundreds of trees, drowning the roars of wild animals and the crying and fluttering of birds. One hour of ravage and rage, and then, spent and bodiless, the storm crept down the other side of the mountain and into the next parish, whither the fear-struck quack-doctor had betaken himself. Then came a perfect calm, a shining sun, and a sweet smell over all the land, which had thirstily drunk the battering showers.

In the house on Vadrome Mountain the tailor of Chaudière had watched the storm with sympathetic interest. It was in accord with his own feelings. He had had a hard fight for months past, and he had gone down in the storm of his emotions one night when a song called "Champagne Charley" had had a weird and thrilling antiphonal; and there had been a subsequent *débâcle* for himself, and then a revelation concerning Jo Nadeau. There had been hours and days since when he had fought a desperate fight with the present—with himself and with the gloomy reaction from his dangerous debauch.

The battle for his life had been fought for him by this gloomy figure which henceforth represented his past, and was bound to him by a measureless gratitude, almost a sacrament—of the damned. Of himself he had played no conscious part in it till the worst was over. On the one side was the Curé, patient, gentle, friendly, never pushing forward the Faith which the good man dreamed should give him refuge and peace; on the other side had been the Murderer, who typified unrest, secretiveness, an awful isolation, and a remorse which had never been put into words or acts of restitution. For six days the tailor shop and the life at Chaudière had been things almost apart from his consciousness; he was busy with an inward fight. Even recurring memories of Rosalie Evanturel were driven from his mind with a painful persistence; in the shadows where his nature dwelt now he would not allow her radiant presence, her good innocence and truth, to enter. His self-reproach was the more poignant because it was silent.

As he had watched the storm raging, the overswept valley, the tortured forest, where the wild life was in panic, there came upon him the old impulse to put his thoughts into words, "and so get rid of them," as he was wont to say in other days. Taking from his pocket some slips of paper, he laid them on the table before him. Three or four times he leaned over the paper to write, but the noise of the wind and the rain again and again drew his eyes to the window, and he watched the storm with eyes that only half saw it. The tempest ceased almost as suddenly as it had come, and as the

first sunlight broke through the flying clouds, he mechanically lifted a sheet of the paper and held it up to the light. It brought to his eyes the large water-mark, *Kathleen!*

A sombre look passed over his face, he shifted in his chair, then bent over the paper and began to write. Words flowed from his pen. The lines of his face relaxed, his eyes lightened; he was lost in a dream. He thought of the present, and he wrote:

Wave walls to seaward,
Storm-clouds to leeward,
Beaten and blown by the winds of the West;
Sail we encumbered
Past isles unnumbered,
But never to greet the green island of Rest.

He thought of Father Loisel. He had seen the good man's lips tremble at some materialistic words that he had once used in conversation, and he wrote:

Lips that now tremble,
Do you dissemble
When you deny that the human is best?—
Love, the Evangel,
Finds the Archangel?—
Is that a truth when this may be a jest?

Star-drifts that glimmer
Dimmer and dimmer,
What do ye know of my weal or my woe?
Was I born under
The sun or the thunder?
What do I come from? and where do I go?

Rest, shall it ever
Come? Is endeavor
But a vain weaving and twisting of cords?
Is faith but treason;
Reason, unreason,
But a mechanical placing of words?

He thought of Louis Trudel, in his grave, and his own questioning words, "Show me a sign from Heaven, tailor-man," and he wrote:

What is the token,
Ever unbroken,
Swept down the spaces of querulous years,
Weeping or singing—
That the Beginning
Of all things is with us, and sees us, and hears?

He made an involuntary motion of his hand to his breast, where old Louis Trudel had set a sign which, so long as he lived, must be there to read: a shining smooth scar of excoriation, a sacred sign of the faith he had never been able to accept; of which he had never, indeed, been able to think, so distant, so unintimate, had been his soul, until, against his will, his heart had answered to the call in a woman's eyes, to the *Viens ici* of a soul at once intimate and revealing. He felt her fingers touch his scorched breast as they did that awful night when the iron seared him; and out of that first intimacy of his soul he wrote:

What is the token?—
Bruised and broken,
Bend I my life to a blossoming rod?
Shall then the worst things
Come to the first things,
Finding the best of all, last of all, God

Like the cry of his "Aphrodite," written that last afternoon of the old life, this plaint ended with the same restless, unceasing question. But there was a difference. There was no longer the material, distant, dominant note of a pagan mind; there was the intimate, personal, spiritual note of a mind beginning to find a foothold on the submerged causeway of life and time.

His mind had lost something of its elasticity during the past days of struggle and depression. The old hard intellectual force was submerged, and that side of his nature which had never spoken till the day his memory came back to him, in this very room, was uppermost now. He was sunk in a moody sorrow, which, he felt, was throwing him back into chaos.

As he folded up the paper to put it into his pocket, Jo Portugais entered the room. He threw in a corner the wet bag which had protected his shoulders from the rain, hung his hat on a peg of the chimney-piece, nodded to Charley, and put a kettle on the little fire on the hearth.

"A big storm, M'sieu'," Jo said presently as he put some tea into a pot.

"I have never seen a great storm in a forest before," answered Charley, and came nearer to the window through which the bright sun streamed.

"It always does me good," said Jo. "Every bird and beast is awake and afraid and trying to hide, and the trees fall, and the roar of it like the roar of the *chasse-galerie* on the Kimash River."

"The Kimash River—where is it?"

Jo shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?"

"Is it a legend, then?"

"It is a river."

"And the *chasse-galerie?*"

"That is true, M'sieu', no matter what any one thinks! I know; I have seen—I have seen with my own eyes." Jo was excited now.

"I am listening." He took a cup of tea from Portugais and drank it eagerly.

"The Kimash River, M'sieu', that is the river in the air. On it is the *chasse-galerie.* You sell your soul to the devil; you ask him to help you; you deny God. You get into a canoe and call on the devil. You are lifted up, canoe and all, and you rush on down rapids, over falls, in the Kimash River in the air. The devil stands behind you and shouts, and you sing, *'V'là l'bon vent! V'là l'joli vent!'* On and on you go, faster and faster, and you forget the world, and you forget yourself, and the devil is with you in the air—in the *chasse-galerie* on the Kimash River!"

"Jo," said Charley Steele, "do you honestly think there's a river like that?"

"M'sieu', I know it. I saw Ignace Latoile, who robbed a priest and got drunk on the communion wine—I saw him with the devil in the Black Canoe at the Saguenay. I could see Ignace; I could see the devil; I could see the Kimash River. I shall ride myself some day."

"Ride where?"

"What does it matter where?"

"Why should you ride?"

"Because you ride fast with the devil."

"What is the good of riding fast?"

"In the rush a man forget."

"What does he forget, my friend?"

There was a pause, in which a man with a load of crime upon his soul dwelt upon the words *"my friend,"* coming from the lips of one who knew the fulness of his iniquity. Then he answered:

"In the noise he forget that a voice is calling in his ear, 'You did It.' He forget what he see in his dreams. He forget the hand that touch him on the arm when he walk in the woods alone, or lie down to sleep at night, no one near. He forget that some one wait—wait—wait, till he has suffer long enough, or till, one day, he think he is happy again, and The Thing he did is far off like a dream—to drag him out to the death he did not die. He forget that he is alone—all alone in the world, for ever and ever and ever."

He suddenly sank upon the floor beside Charley, and a groan burst from his lips. "To have no friend—ah, it is so awful!" he said. "Never to see a face that look into yours, and know how bad are you, and doesn't mind. For five years I have live like that. I cannot let any one be my friend because I was—*that!* They seem to know,—everything, everybody,—what I am. The little children when I pass them run away to hide themself. I have wake in the night and cry out in fear, it is so lonely. I have known voices round me in the woods, and I run and run and run from them, and not leave them behind. Three times I go to the jails in Quebec to see the prisoners behind the bars, and watch the sufferings on their faces, that I might understand what I escape. Five times have I go to the courts to listen to murderers tried, and watch them when the Jury say 'Guilty!' and the Judge send them to death, that I might know what I have not suffer. Twice have I go to see murderers hung. Once I was helper to the hangman, that I might listen and see and know what the man said, what he felt. When the arms were bound, I felt the straps on my own; when the cap come down, I gasp for breath; when the bolt is shot, I feel the wrench and the choke, and shudder go through myself—feel the world slip out in a jerking dark. When the body is bundled in the pit, I see myself lie still under the quicklime with the red mark round my throat."

Charley touched him on the shoulder. "Jo—poor Jo, my friend!" he said. Jo raised his glistening eyes, red with an unnatural fire, but deep with gratitude.

"As I sit at my dinner, with the sun shining and the woods green and glad, and all the world gay with life, I have see *what happened!* all over again. I have see his strong hands; his bad face laugh at my words; I have see him raise his riding-whip and cut me across the head. I have see him stagger and fall from the blows

I give him with the knife—the knife which never was found—why, I do not know, for I throw it on the ground beside him! There, as I sat in the open day, a thousand times I have see him shiver and fall, staring, staring at me as if he see a dreadful thing. Then I stand up again and strike at him—at his ghost!—as I did that day in the woods. Again I see him lie in his blood, straight and white—so large, so handsome, so still!—I have shed tears—but what are tears? Blind with them I have call out for the devils of hell to take me with them. I have call on God to give me death. I have prayed, and I have cursed. Twice I have travelled to the grave where he lies. I have knelt there and have beg him to tell the truth to God, and say that he torture me till I kill him. I have beg him to forgive me and to haunt me no more with his cruel face. But never—never—never—have I had one peaceful hour until you come, M'sieu'; nor any joy in my heart till here and now I tell you the black and awful truth—M'sieu'! M'sieu'! M'sieu'!"

He buried his face between Charley's feet, and held them with his hands.

Charley leaned over him and laid a hand on his shaggy head as though it were that of a child. "Be still—be still. Jo," he said, gently.

Since that night of St. Jean Baptiste's festival, when Charley had taken him by the throat, no word of the past, of the time when Charley turned aside the *revanche* of justice from a man called Joseph Nadeau, had been spoken between them. Out of the delirium of his drunken trance had come Charley's recognition of the man he knew now as Jo Portugais. But the recognition had been sent back again into the obscurity from whence it had come, and had not been mentioned since. To outward seeming they went on as before. As Charley saw the knotted brows, the staring eyes, the clinched hands, the figure of the woodsman rigidly set in its agony of remorse, he said to himself: "What right had I to save this man's life? To have paid for his crime would have been easier for him. I knew he was guilty. Perhaps it was my duty to see that every condition, to the last shade of the law, was satisfied, but was it justice to the poor devil himself? There he sits with a load on him that weighs him down every hour of his life. I called him back; I gave him life. But I gave him memory and remorse, and the ghosts that haunt him: the voice in his ear, the touch on his arm, the some one that is 'waiting—waiting—waiting!' That is what I did, and that is what the brother of the Curé did for me. He drew me back. He knew I was a drunkard, and he drew me back! I might have been a murderer like Nadeau; the world says I was a thief, and a thief I am until I prove to the world I am innocent—and wreck three lives! How much of Jo's guilt is guilt? And how much remorse should a man suffer to pay the debt of a life? If the law is an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, how much hourly remorse and daily torture, such as Jo's, should balance the eye or the tooth or the life? I wonder, now!"

He leaned over, and helping Jo to his feet, gently forced him down upon a bench near. "All right, Jo, my friend," he said. "I understand. We'll drink the gall together."

They sat and looked at each other in silence. Here they both were with terrible secrets between them; both in hiding—the one, the gentleman, the scholar, the brilliant lawyer, shadowed by a crime of which he was not guilty; the other, a woodman, an unlettered *habitant*, a miserable murderer, whose one companion till the other appeared was remorse—only remorse. The least miserable hours Jo had known since he had laid his victim low were those in which he had cared for Charley Steele while he was like a little child, without memory and without thought. Since then living had been easier, because this man who knew he was guilty endured him. Only Monsieur and the dead man *knew* he was guilty—he was sure Paulette Dubois had no proof; she only guessed; and there was good reason why Paulette should keep quiet.

At length Charley leaned over, touched Jo on the shoulder, and held the black sorrowful eyes by a searching kindness in his own.

"Why did you want to save yourself?" he said.

At that instant there was a knock at

the door, and a voice said, "Monsieur!—Monsieur!"

Jo sprang to his feet with a sharp exclamation, then went heavily to the door and threw it open.

Rosalie Evanturel stepped inside.

CHAPTER XXX

ROSALIE WARNS CHARLEY

CHARLEY'S eyes met Rosalie's with a look the girl had never seen in them before. It gave a glow to his pale, haggard face. His manner also had a curious and melancholy reserve, as of one who, deeply sinning, met the gaze of one who sinned not.

Rosalie turned to Jo and greeted him with a friendlier manner than was her wont towards him. The nearer she was to Charley, the farther away from him was Jo, to her mind, and she became magnanimous.

Jo nodded awkwardly and left the room. Looking after the departing figure, Rosalie said, "I know he has been good to you, but—but do you trust him, Monsieur?"

"Does not everybody in Chaudière trust him?"

"There is one who does not, though perhaps that is not of consequence."

"Why do you not trust him? What has he done?" asked Charley.

"I don't know. I never knew him do a bad thing; I never heard of a bad thing he has done; and—he has been good to you!"

She paused, flushing as she felt the significance of her words, and continued: "Yet there is something—I cannot tell what. I feel something. It is not reasonable to go upon one's feelings. But there it is, and so I do not trust him!"

"It is the way he lives, here in these lonely woods. It is the mystery of it."

A change passed over her. The object of her visit had receded from her as she had felt his presence, though since her interview with the Seigneur she had not slept an hour, not rested a moment in her anxiety to go to him and warn him of his danger, innocent though her heart declared him.

"Oh no," she said, lifting her eyes frankly to his—"oh no, Monsieur! It is not that. There is mystery about you." She felt her heart beating hard. It almost choked her, but she kept on bravely. "People even say strange and bad things about you. No one knows"—she trembled under the painful inquiry of his eyes, then gained courage and went on, for she must make it clear to him that she trusted him, that she took him at his word, before she told him of the trouble and peril before him—"no one knows where you came from—and it is nobody's business," she hastened to add. "Some people do not believe in you. But I believe in you—I should believe in you if every one disbelieved; for there is no feeling in me that says, 'He has done some wicked thing in his life that stands—between us.' It isn't the same as with Nadeau, you see—naturally, it could not be the same."

She seemed not to realize that she was telling more of her own heart than she had ever told. It was a revelation that had its origin in a sense of honesty which, to him, impelled a pure outspokenness, whatever reserve there might be concerning him elsewhere. Reserve there had been, for did not she hold a secret with him? Had she not hidden things, and even equivocated elsewhere? The equivocation and the secrecy had been at his wish, for the protection of the name of a dead man, for the repose of whose soul masses were now said once a week, with large candles burning, and at some expense. She had no repentance; for she had no logic and no sense of wrong where this man's good was at stake.

Charley had before him a problem, which he now knew he could never evade in the future: a permanent problem, which he must solve by none of the old intellectual means, but by the use of a new set of faculties, slowly emerging from the shadowy borders of his nature, from the distant fastnesses of his soul, so far unexplored.

"Why should you believe in me?" he asked, forcing himself to smile, yet acutely alive to the fact that some crisis was impending. You, like all down there in Chaudière, know nothing of my past, have no surety that I mightn't have been a hundred times worse than you think poor Jo there. I might have been any-

thing! You may be harboring a man that the law is tracking down!"

In all that befell thereafter never could come such another great resolute moment as this for Rosalie Evanturel. There was nothing to support her in this crisis but her own faith in this man! Even the approval of Mother Church would be denied her in the overwhelming desire to aid an infidel to the last limit of her life and intelligence. It needed a high courage to tell this man who had first given her dreams, and then imagination, and then hope, and then the beauty of doing for another's well-being rather than for her own — to tell this man that he was a suspected criminal. Would he hate her? Would his kindness turn to anger? Would he despise her for even having dared to name the suspicion which was bringing hither an austere Abbé and officers of the law?

"We are harboring a man the law is tracking down!" she said, falteringly, and with an infinite appeal in her eyes.

He did not quite understand. He thought that perhaps she meant Jo, and he glanced towards the door; but she kept her eyes on him, and they told him that she meant himself. A chill ran through him as though ether were being poured through his veins.

Did the world know, then, that Charley Steele was alive? Was the law sending its officers to seize the embezzler, the ruffian who had robbed widow and orphan?

If it were so! To go back to the world from whence he came, with the injury he must do to others, and the punishment also that he must suffer if he did not tell the truth about Billy! And Chaudière, which, in spite of all, was beginning to have a blind belief in him—where was his contempt for the world now? . . . . And Rosalie, who believed in him—this new element suddenly grew dominant in his thoughts—to be the common criminal in her eyes!

His paleness gave way to a flush as like her own as could be.

"You mean me?" he asked, quietly.

She had thought that his flush meant anger, and she was surprised at the quiet tone. She nodded assent.

"For what crime?" he asked.

"For stealing."

His heart seemed to stand still. Then it had come—in spite of all it had come. Here was his resurrection and the old life to face.

"What did I steal?" he mechanically asked, with dull apathy of soul.

"The gold vessels from the Catholic Cathedral of Quebec, after—after trying to blow up the Government House with gunpowder."

His despair passed. His face suddenly lighted. He smiled. It was so absurd. "Really!" he said. "When was the place blown up?"

"Two days before you came here last year. It was not blown up. An attempt was made."

"Ah, I did not know. Why was the attempt made to blow it up?"

"Some Frenchmen hate the English, they say."

"But I am not French."

"They do not know. You speak French as perfectly as English—ah, Monsieur, Monsieur, I believe you are whatever you say!" It was a cry of pain and appeal that rang from her lips.

"I am only an honest tailor," he answered, gently. He ruled his face to calmness, for he read the agony in the girl's face, and troubled as he was, he wished to show her that he had no fear.

"It is for what you *were* they will arrest you," she said, helplessly, and as though he needed to have all made very clear to him. "Oh, Monsieur," she continued, in a broken voice, "it would shame me so to have you made a prisoner in Chaudière—before all these silly people, who turn with the wind. I should not lift my head—but yes, I should lift my head!" she added, hurriedly. "I should tell them all they lied—every one—the idiots! The Seigneur—"

"Well, what of the Seigneur — Rosalie?"

Her own name on his lips—the sound of it filled her eyes with happy tears.

"Monsieur Rossignol has not seen you. He neither believes nor disbelieves. He said to me that if you wanted consideration, to command him, for in Chaudière he had heard nothing but good of you. If you staid, he would see that you had justice—not persecution. I saw him two hours ago."

She said the last words shyly, for she was thinking why the Seigneur had

spoken as he did—that he had taken her opinion of Monsieur as his guide, and she had not scrupled to impress him with her views. The Seigneur was in danger of becoming prejudiced by his sentiments.

A wave of feeling passed over Charley, a rushing wave of sympathy for this simple girl, who, out of a blind confidence, believed so deeply in him, risked so much for him. Risk there certainly was, if she—if she cared for him. It was cruelty not to reassure her. Into the dark recesses of his nature light was slowly breaking. He realized what would appeal to her—convince her, gladden her.

Touching his breast, he said, gravely: "By this sign—here, I am not guilty of the crime for which they come to seek me, Rosalie! Nor of any other crime for which the law might punish me—dear, noble friend!"

He did so little to get such rich return. Her eyes leaped up to brighter degrees of light, her face shone with a joy it had never reflected before, her blood rushed to her finger-tips. She suddenly sat down in a chair and buried her face in her hands, trembling. Then, lifting her head suddenly, after a moment she spoke in a tone that thrilled him; for in her words was a whole life: her faith, her loyalty, her gratitude—not gratitude for reassurance, but for confidence, which is as water to a thirsty land to a woman's heart, and in this girl, grown wise and womanly through her love, the very need of her being.

"Oh, Monsieur, I thank you, I thank you from the depth of my heart. And my heart is deep indeed, very, very deep—I cannot find what lies lowest in it! I thank you, because you trust me, because you make it so easy to—to be your friend; I say '*I know*' when any one might doubt you. One has no right to speak for another till—till the other has given confidence, has said you may. Ah, monsieur, I am so happy!"

In impulse and abandonment of heart she clasped her hands and came a step nearer to him, but suddenly she stopped short, for, realizing what she did, timidity and embarrassment now rushed upon her.

Charley understood, and his impulse was to take her to his arms and dare all, face peril, and hope for fortune to favor this new life to the end, should the end come soon or late. A few hours or days or minutes of happiness were enough for him. And for her—he paused at that, resolution possessed him, and he said, quickly:

"Once, Rosalie, you saved me—from death, perhaps. Once your hands helped my pain—here." He touched his breast. "Your words now, and what you do, they help me—here still! But in a different way. The trouble is in my heart now, Rosalie. You are glad of my confidence? Well, I will give you more. . . . I cannot go back to my old life. To do so would be to injure others—some who have never injured me and some who have. That is why. That is why I do not wish to be taken to Quebec now on a false charge. That is all that I can say. Is that enough, Rosalie?"

She was about to answer, but Jo Portugais entered, exclaiming. "M'sieu'," he said, "there are men coming. The Seigneur and the Curé are with them."

Charley nodded at Jo, then turned to Rosalie. "You need not be seen if you go by the back way, mademoiselle." He opened the door that led into the outer kitchen.

There was a frightened look in her face. "Do not fear for me," he continued. "It will come right—somehow. You have done more for me than any one has ever done or ever will do in this world. I will remember till the last moment of my life. Good-by."

He laid a hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her from the room. "God protect you! The Blessed Virgin speak for you! I will pray for you," she whispered, and was gone into the trees, with agony and joy in her heart at once.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Hamza's Adventure

A Folk-lore Tale of Islam

BY HENRY ILIOWIZI

HAMZA was the son of Hamud, a saint who dwelt in a cave in the neighborhood of Emesa, a very ancient city in Syria. In his early childhood Hamza betrayed a dislike for prayer, which disturbed the pious ardor of his devout mother, and her alarm grew with the boy's growing aversion against everything associated with the mosque. As a child he would turn up his face toward the top of the minaret and mock the muezzin's call to the faithful to come and praise Allah the most merciful. At school the taleb found the liberal application of the rod to Hamza's soles but a qualified success in his endeavor to inspire his disciple with a reverence for sacred things, or a disposition to master the *Elif-Be*. "The spirit of Eblis has entered the child's heart," said the teacher.

Hamza was approaching his thirteenth year, a fearful time of religious confirmation. The boy's vivid imagination held him in an anguish of suspense, and ultimately drove him to seek a refuge somewhere in the inhospitable desert, unfamiliar as he was with the dangers that beset him who ventures into the Hammád, a stony, arid desolation, rarely if ever traversed by a caravan. On losing himself in that awful wilderness, the fugitive gave himself up as lost, when, after a desperate roaming of two days and a night, he beheld himself on the summit of a considerable height, one of many which skirted an oasis of great extent and remarkable fertility.

Hamza's eye surveyed the broad reaches in the light of the descending sun, and felt sure that what he discerned in the distance was a human settlement, although the region looked more like a graveyard than one claimed by animate creation. Thirst, hunger, weariness, and the coming night prompted the boy to ascertain as quickly as possible what that confused conglomeration of things within sight had for him in store, and it was twilight before he found himself in the midst of a ruined city such as he had never heard of, never dreamed of. Piles of old masonry, interspersed with rank weeds and ivies, disturbed here and there by a serpentine reptile; long rows of columns, with their capitals or their upper halves shattered and scattered around; magnificent shafts of alabaster broken in twain or in fragments; stately palms and stray trees bearing the citron, the orange, and the fig characterized the scene of devastation, as though an earthquake had visited the great city doomed by Allah's irrevocable decree.

Having slaked his thirst from a crystal spring, and appeased his hunger by a few figs and other fruit culled from the nearest trees, Hamza looked around for a safe spot to retire for the night. There was the danger of being bitten by the deadly *rukta*, or of crawling into the lair of the hyena, yea, of the lion, who are known to seek shelter in the undisturbed hollows and mazes of deserted ruins. The boy's hesitancy to penetrate into one of the dismal retreats was not overcome by the sudden outburst of a roar which caused his heart to stand still. If that royal brute scented his presence, what would become of him? Hamza, in search of refuge, climbed up a disjointed flight of steps whence he could survey the spacious quadrangle of the destroyed edifice in comparative safety, and a great length of what must have once been the grand highway of the demolished city. A sigh escaped his breast. "Allah achbar! there are the malicious Taewins and the colossal Div to do one injury, and the ferocious brute and the venomous rukta, and the evil thought not to submit to Allah's immutable will," muttered to himself the youthful fugitive, and fell prostrate on his face to pray and weep.

And when he rose from his penitent appeal to Allah for mercy, Hamza looked as one who, born blind, is all on a sudden endowed with sight. There was a change, and what a change! There was neither a sun nor a moon to be seen, yet everything was bathed in a mellow radiance, a soft hazy brightness of a nature to be compared neither with moonlight nor with sunshine. As far as the eye could see the spaces were teeming with a host of lustrous, diminutive creatures, masons, sculptors, carpenters, carvers, and all kinds of workers, engaged in rebuilding the magnificent city. With every minute new forms of beauty rose in the shape of restored palaces, temples, mansions, and monuments, until a dazzling mass of splendid habitations and works of exquisite art burst upon Hamza's vision. The operation extended to the now superb edifice wherein he was, which seemed to eclipse every other in the majestic stateliness of its columns, the artistic finish of its lofty arches, and the perfect mastery displayed in its interior decorations. At the same time the whole region seemed to realize the magic transformation. Gardens bloomed, basins teemed with colored fish, fountains played, while the sweet fragrance of orange-trees in blossom, interchanging with golden fruit, tempted the fugitive to leave his perch to refresh himself with the juice of the luscious produce; but he felt his limbs paralyzed, the eyes alone being alive to what was going on around him.

While the rebuilding operation was in progress the luminous haze gradually dissolved, revealing the source of the mystic illumination, to the amazement of the already stupefied lad. For at the opposite extreme of the imperial boulevard, hemmed in by palatial buildings, and lined with graceful shafts and columns of perfect workmanship, there sat on a glittering throne a majestic form, crowned and sceptred, the impersonation of an almost superhuman royalty. The throne had seven steps, each one guarded by two lifelike animals of seven different kinds, the lion at the lower, the eagle at the higher step, and it now dawned on Hamza that he was in the presence of King Solomon in all his glory, at whose bidding the genii restored the ancient capital of Thadmor, once built by his behest in the desert, and later razed at the command of Aurelian Augustus after the fall of Zenobia. A wave of the wand in the kingly hold put a stop to the marvellous work; the task was done, and the shining artists and artisans vanished with the splendor of the throne, which rose with its radiant occupant, floating for a while in the air, then gliding out of sight like a rainbow fading in the infinite blue, followed by another change of scenery, which would have confused a stronger and older mind that was Hamza's.

Had the boy ever seen a larger city than Emesa, had he had an idea of the great Caliph's monumental capital, its famous bazars with their gorgeous displays, and the complexion of its variegated population, there would yet have remained much for him to be astonished at the sequel. With his perfect ignorance of the great world, the further developments in the restored city were of a nature to turn his wits; for no sooner had the restoration been effected than a mass of motley humanity overflowed every space, street, and alley, feverishly anxious to pursue what came within their respective lines of business. Arabs, Persians, Romans, Jews, Moors, Saracens, savages, merchants, hawkers, and hucksters, all vociferating in a babel of tongues, buying, selling, gesticulating, bargaining, swearing, laughing, winking and chatting with veiled women to vary the scene, made up of Europeans, Asiatics, Egyptians, and Abyssinians, masters and slaves, gave the city that charming picturesqueness one sees nowhere but in the Orient. They were soon compelled to divide for the passing of caravans — swinging camels laden with the products of Palestine and Arabia; strings of donkeys charged with a variety of articles such as grease, skins, leather, and olive oil; wagons groaning under heavy loads, works in bronze, marble, alabaster, and onyx; other vehicles full of sacks holding salt, yea, and grain, and bales of silk or wool or purple; and boxes filled with spices and teas.

This phantomic intercourse of nationalities and races was in the twinkling of an eye scattered by a signal which left no doubt as to its portentous nature. From the tops of a thousand flat-roofed

houses and from as many windows people were seen bending their heads to watch the march of a formidable army, regiments in heavy coats of mail and armed with spears, maces, and swords on horse; archers with bows and arrows on foot; machines for throwing fire mounted on wheels; and squadrons of infantry well equipped for the deadly encounter taking up the rear. Divided and subdivided, under officers of various ranks, the whole force was headed by a queen in splendid panoply, mounted on a fiery steed as white as snow. She bore herself like a goddess, and could hardly be equalled in beauty by woman, however perfect. Not unworthy of her was he who rode at her side, a princely figure clad in shining steel and mounted on a horse of a most ardent temper. A muffled hurrah was answered by an echo from afar, and the city was as deserted now as it was throbbing with life a minute ago. Once more the genii appeared on the scene, and triumphal arches spanned every highway. In an instant every house and monument was robed in festivity. The spirits made room for new throngs, who crowded every window, and filled every available spot affording a view of the expected pageantry. Dressed in purple, crowned with blazing jewels, the Queen of Thadmor re-entered in triumph the city she had left for the field of battle, preceded by a crowd of prisoners, and followed by her victorious army.

At this point Hamza caught the fever of the jubilant multitude, whose acclamations rent the air, and were graciously acknowledged by their incomparable queen. Seeing a myriad caps fly up in patriotic ardor, he was going to let his dirty head-cover go up, and fell down from his perch to discover himself in the dismal ruin, with the first crimson blush of the morning breaking into the gray dawn. "Allah achbar, they were friendly jinn who thus beguiled me into pleasant dreams; and how glad I am to have witnessed the triumph of the immortal Queen of the East," spoke Hamza to himself, now fully determined to return home and submit to the inevitable like a true votary of Islam.

Such is one of the versions of Hamza's adventure kept alive in the folk lore of Mesopotamia and far beyond the Euphrates.

Cupboard Love

BY W. W. JACOBS

IN the comfortable living-room at Negget's farm, half parlor and half kitchen, three people sat at tea in the waning light of a November afternoon. Conversation, which had been brisk, had languished somewhat, owing to Mrs. Negget glancing at frequent intervals towards the door, behind which she was convinced the servant was listening, and checking the finest periods and the most startling suggestions with a warning *'ssh!*

"Go on, uncle," she said, after one of these interruptions.

"I forget where I was," said Mr. Martin Bodfish, shortly.

"Under our bed," Mr. Negget reminded him.

"Yes, watching," said Mrs. Negget, eagerly.

It was an odd place for an ex-policeman, especially as a small legacy added to his pension had considerably improved his social position, but Mr. Bodfish had himself suggested it in the professional hope that the person who had taken Mrs. Negget's gold brooch might try for further loot. He had, indeed, suggested baiting the dressing-table with the farmer's watch, an idea which Mr. Negget had promptly vetoed.

"I can't help thinking that Mrs. Pottle knows something about it," said Mrs. Negget, with an indignant glance at her husband.

"Mrs. Pottle," said the farmer, rising slowly and taking a seat on the oak settle built in the fireplace, "has been away from the village for near a fortnit."

"I didn't say she took it," snapped his wife. "I said I believe she knows something about it, and so I do. She's a horrid woman. Look at the way she encouraged her girl Looey to run after that young traveller from Smithson's. The whole fact of the matter is, it isn't your brooch, so you don't care."

"I said—" began Mr. Negget.

"I know what you said," retorted his wife, sharply, "and I wish you'd be quiet and not interrupt uncle. Here's my uncle been in the police twenty-five years, and you won't let him put a word in edgeways."

"My way o' looking at it," said the ex-policeman, slowly, "is different to that o' the law; my idea is, an' always has been, that everybody is guilty until they've proved their innocence."

"It's a wunnerful thing to me," said Mr. Negget in a low voice to his pipe, "as they should come to a house with a retired policeman living in it. Looks to me like somebody that 'ain't got much respect for the police."

The ex-policeman got up from the table, and taking a seat on the settle opposite the speaker, slowly filled a long clay and took a spill from the fireplace. His pipe lit, he turned to his niece, and slowly bade her go over the account of her loss once more.

"I missed it this morning," said Mrs. Negget, rapidly, "at ten minutes past twelve o'clock by the clock, and half past five by my watch which wants looking to. I'd just put the batch of bread into the oven, and gone up stairs and opened the box that stands on my drawers to get a lozenge, and I missed the brooch."

"Do you keep it in that box?" asked the ex-policeman, slowly.

"Always," replied his niece. "I at once came down stairs and told Emma that the brooch had been stolen. I said that I named no names, and didn't wish to think bad of anybody, and that if I found the brooch back in the box when I went up stairs again, I should forgive whoever took it."

"And what did Emma say?" inquired Mr. Bodfish.

"Emma said a lot o' things," replied Mrs. Negget, angrily. "I'm sure by the lot she had to say you'd ha' thought she was the missis and me the servant. I gave her a month's notice at once, and she went straight up stairs and sat on her box and cried."

"Sat on her box?" repeated the ex-constable, impressively. "Oh!"

"That's what I thought," said his niece, "but it wasn't, because I got her off at last and searched it through and through. I never saw anything like her clothes in all my life. There was hardly a button or a tape on; and as for her stockings—"

"She don't get much time," said Mr. Negget, slowly.

"That's right; I thought you'd speak up for her," cried his wife, shrilly.

"Look here—" began Mr. Negget, laying his pipe on the seat by his side and rising slowly.

"Keep to the case in hand," said the ex-constable, waving him back to his seat again. "Now, Lizzie."

"I searched her box through and through," said his niece, "but it wasn't there; then I came down again and had a rare good cry all to myself."

"That's the best way for you to have it," remarked Mr. Negget, feelingly.

Mrs. Negget's uncle instinctively motioned his niece to silence, and holding his chin in his hand, scowled frightfully in the intensity of thought.

"See a cloo?" inquired Mr. Negget, affably.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, George," said his wife, angrily; "speaking to uncle when he's looking like that."

Mr. Bodfish said nothing; it is doubtful whether he even heard these remarks; but he drew a huge note-book from his pocket, and after vainly trying to point his pencil by suction, took a knife from the table and hastily sharpened it.

"Was the brooch there last night?" he inquired.

"It were," said Mr. Negget, promptly. "Lizzie made me get up just as the owd clock were striking twelve to get her a lozenge."

"It seems pretty certain that the brooch went since then," mused Mr. Bodfish.

"It would seem like it to a plain man," said Mr. Negget, guardedly.

"I should like to see the box," said Mr. Bodfish.

Mrs. Negget went up and fetched it,

and stood eying him eagerly as he raised the lid and inspected the contents. It contained only a few lozenges and some bone studs. Mr. Negget helped himself to a lozenge, and going back to his seat, breathed peppermint.

"Properly speaking, that ought not to ha' been touched," said the ex-constable, regarding him with some severity.

"Eh!" said the startled farmer, putting his finger to his lips.

"Never mind," said the other, shaking his head. "It's too late now."

"He doesn't care a bit," said Mrs. Negget, somewhat sadly. "He used to keep buttons in that box with the lozenges until one night he gave me one by mistake. Yes, you may laugh—I'm glad you can laugh."

Mr. Negget, feeling that his mirth was certainly ill-timed, shook for some time in a noble effort to control himself, and despairing at length, went into the back place to recover. Sounds of blows indicative of Emma slapping him on the back did not add to Mrs. Negget's serenity.

"The point is," said the ex-constable, "could anybody have come into your room while you was asleep and taken it?"

"No," said Mrs. Negget, decisively. "I'm a very poor sleeper, and I'd have woke at once, but if a flock of elephants was to come in the room they wouldn't wake George. He'd sleep through anything."

"Except her feeling under my piller for her handkerchief," corroborated Mr. Negget, returning to the sitting-room.

Mr. Bodfish waved them to silence, and again gave way to deep thought. Three times he took up his pencil, and laying it down again, sat and drummed on the table with his fingers. Then he arose, and with bent head walked slowly round and round the room until he stumbled over a stool.

"Nobody came to the house this morning, I suppose?" he said at length, resuming his seat.

"Only Mrs. Driver," said his niece.

"What time did she come?" inquired Mr. Bodfish.

"Here! look here!" interposed Mr. Negget. "I've known Mrs. Driver thirty year a'most."

"What time did she come?" repeated the ex-constable, pitilessly.

His niece shook her head. "It might have been eleven, and again it might have been earlier," she replied. "I was out when she came."

"Out!" almost shouted the other.

Mrs. Negget nodded.

"She was sitting in here when I came back."

Her uncle looked up and glanced at the door behind which a small staircase led to the room above.

"What was to prevent Mrs. Driver going up there while you were away?" he demanded.

"I shouldn't like to think that of Mrs. Driver," said his niece, shaking her head; "but then in these days one never knows what might happen. Never. I've given up thinking about it. However, when I came back, Mrs. Driver was here, sitting in that very chair you are sitting in now."

Mr. Bodfish pursed up his lips and made another note. Then he took a spill from the fireplace, and lighting a candle, went slowly and carefully up the stairs. He found nothing on them but two caked rims of mud, and being too busy to notice Mr. Negget's frantic signalling, called his niece's attention to them.

"What do you think of that?" he demanded, triumphantly.

"Somebody's been up there," said his niece. "It isn't Emma, because she hasn't been outside the house all day; and it can't be George, because he promised me faithful he'd never go up there in his dirty boots."

Mr. Negget coughed, and approaching the stairs, gazed with the eye of a stranger at the relics as Mr. Bodfish hotly rebuked a suggestion of his niece's to sweep them up.

"Seems to me," said the conscience-stricken Mr. Negget, feebly, "as they're rather large for a woman."

"Mud cakes," said Mr. Bodfish, with his most professional manner; "a small boot would pick up a lot this weather."

"So it would," said Mr. Negget, and with brazen effrontery not only met his wife's eye without quailing, but actually glanced down at her boots.

Mr. Bodfish came back to his chair and ruminated. Then he looked up and spoke.

"It was missed this morning at ten minutes past twelve," he said, slowly; "it was there last night. At eleven o'clock

you came in and found Mrs. Driver sitting in that chair."

"No, the one you're in," interrupted his niece.

"It don't signify," said her uncle. "Nobody else has been near the place, and Emma's box has been searched."

"Thoroughly searched," testified Mrs. Negget.

"Now the point is, what did Mrs. Driver come for this morning?" resumed the ex-constable. "Did she come—"

He broke off and eyed with dignified surprise a fine piece of wireless telegraphy between husband and wife. It appeared that Mr. Negget sent off a humorous message with his left eye, the right being for some reason closed, to which Mrs. Negget replied with a series of frowns and staccato shakes of the head, which her husband found easily translatable. Under the austere stare of Mr. Bodfish their faces at once regained their wonted calm, and the ex-constable in a somewhat offended manner resumed his inquiries.

"Mrs. Driver has been here a good bit lately," he remarked, slowly.

Mr. Negget's eyes watered, and his mouth worked piteously.

"If you can't behave yourself, George—" began his wife, fiercely.

"What is the matter?" demanded Mr. Bodfish. "I'm not aware that I've said anything to be laughed at."

"No more you have, uncle," retorted his niece; "only George is such a stupid. He's got an idea in his silly head that Mrs. Driver— But it's all nonsense, of course."

"I've merely got a bit of an idea that it's a wedding-ring, not a brooch, Mrs. Driver is after," said the farmer to the perplexed constable.

Mr. Bodfish looked from one to the other. "But you always keep yours on, Lizzie, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," replied his niece, hurriedly; "but George has always got such strange ideas. Don't take no notice of him."

Her uncle sat back in his chair, his face still wrinkled perplexedly; then the wrinkles vanished suddenly, chased away by a huge glow, and he rose wrathfully and towered over the match-making Mr. Negget. "How dare you?" he gasped.

Mr. Negget made no reply, but in a cowardly fashion jerked his thumb towards his wife.

"Oh! George! How can you say so?" said the latter.

"I should never ha' thought of it by myself," said the farmer; "but I think they'd make a very nice couple, and I'm sure Mrs. Driver thinks so."

The ex-constable sat down in wrathful confusion, and taking up his note-book again, watched over the top of it the silent charges and countercharges of his niece and her husband.

"If I put my finger on the culprit," he asked at length, turning to his niece, "what do you wish done to her?"

Mrs. Negget regarded him with an expression which contained all the Christian virtues rolled into one.

"Nothing," she said, softly. "I only want my brooch back."

The ex-constable shook his head at this leniency.

"Well, do as you please," he said, slowly. "In the first place, I want you to ask Mrs. Driver here to tea to-morrow—oh, I don't mind Negget's ridiculous ideas—pity he hasn't got something better to think of; if she's guilty, I'll soon find it out. I'll play with her like a cat with a mouse. I'll make her convict herself."

"Look here!" said Mr. Negget, with sudden vigor. "I won't have it. I won't have no woman asked here to tea to be got at like that. There's only my friends comes here to tea, and if any friend stole anything o' mine, I'd be one o' the first to hush it up."

"If they were all like you, George," said his wife, angrily, "where would the law be?"

"Or the police?" demanded Mr. Bodfish, staring at him.

"I won't have it!" repeated the farmer, loudly. "I'm the law here, and I'm the police here. That little tiny bit o' dirt was off my boots, I dare say. I don't care if it was."

"Very good," said Mr. Bodfish, turning to his indignant niece; "if he likes to look at it that way, there's nothing more to be said. I only wanted to get your brooch back for you, that's all; but if he's against it—"

"I'm against your asking Mrs. Driver here to my house to be got at," said the

farmer. "O' course if you can find out who took the brooch, and get it back again anyway, that's another matter."

Mr. Bodfish leaned over the table towards his niece.

"If I get an opportunity, I'll search her cottage," he said, in a low voice. "Strictly speaking, it ain't quite a legal thing to do, o' course, but many o' the finest pieces of detective work have been done by breaking the law. If she's a kleptomaniac, it's very likely lying about somewhere in the house."

He eyed Mr. Negget closely, as though half expecting another outburst, but none being forth-coming, sat back in his chair again and smoked in silence, while Mrs. Negget, with a carpet-brush which almost spoke, swept the pieces of dried mud from the stairs.

Mr. Negget was the last to go to bed that night, and finishing his pipe over the dying fire, sat for some time in deep thought. He had from the first raised objections to the presence of Mr. Bodfish at the farm, but family affection, coupled with an idea of testamentary benefits, had so wrought with his wife that he had allowed her to have her own way. Now he half fancied that he saw a chance of getting rid of him. If he could only enable the widow to catch him searching her house, it was highly probable that the ex-constable would find the village somewhat too hot to hold him. He gave his right leg a congratulatory slap as he thought of it, and knocking the ashes from his pipe, went slowly up to bed.

He was so amiable next morning that Mr. Bodfish, who was trying to explain to Mrs. Negget the difference between theft and kleptomania, spoke before him freely. The ex-constable defined kleptomania as a sort of amiable weakness found chiefly among the upper circles, and cited the case of a lady of title whose love of diamonds, combined with great hospitality, was a source of much embarrassment to her guests.

For the whole of that day Mr. Bodfish hung about in the neighborhood of the widow's cottage, but in vain, and it would be hard to say whether he or Mr. Negget, who had been discreetly shadowing him, felt the disappointment most. On the day following, however, the ex-constable from a distant hedge saw a friend of the widow's enter the cottage, and a little later both ladies emerged and walked up the road.

He watched them turn the corner, and then, with a cautious glance round, which failed, however, to discover Mr. Negget, the ex-constable strolled casually in the direction of the cottage, and approaching it from the rear, turned the handle of the door and slipped in.

He searched the parlor hastily, and then, after a glance from the window, ventured up stairs. And he was in the thick of his self-imposed task when his graceless nephew by marriage, who had met Mrs. Driver and referred pathetically to a raging thirst which he had hoped to have quenched with some of her home-brewed, brought the ladies hastily back again.

"I'll go round the back way," said the wily Negget as they approached the cottage. "I just want to have a look at that pig of yours."

He reached the back door at the same time as Mr. Bodfish, and placing his legs apart, held it firmly against the frantic efforts of the ex-constable. The struggle ceased suddenly, and the door opened easily just as Mrs. Driver and her friend appeared in the front room, and the farmer, with a keen glance at the door of the larder which had just closed, took a chair while his hostess drew a glass of beer from the barrel in the kitchen.

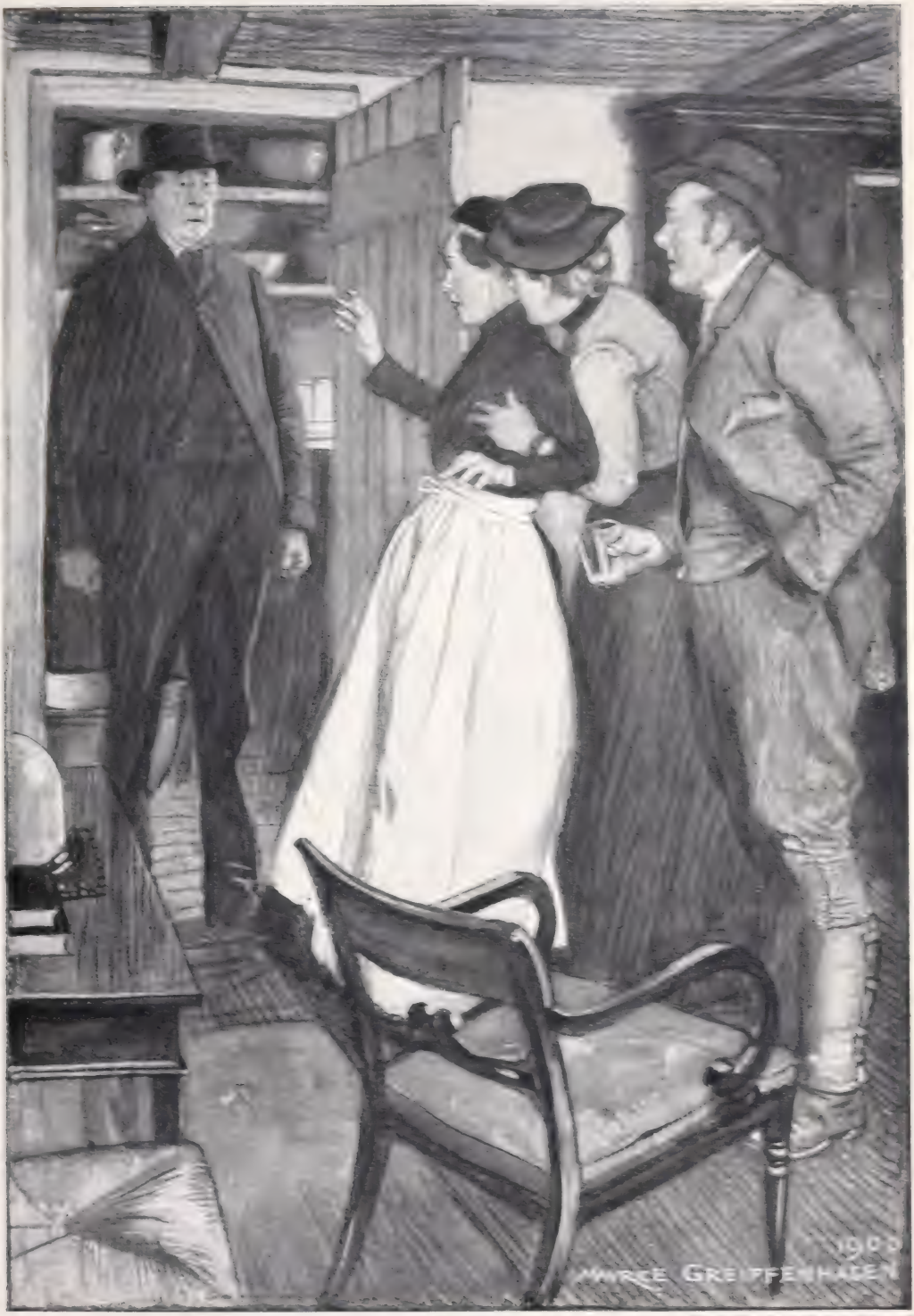
Mr. Negget drank gratefully and praised the brew. From beer the conversation turned naturally to the police, and from the police to the listening Mr. Bodfish, who was economizing space by sitting on the bread-pan, and trembling with agitation.

"He's a lonely man," said Negget, shaking his head and glancing from the corner of his eye at the door of the larder. In his wildest dreams he had not imagined so choice a position, and he resolved to give full play to an idea which suddenly occurred to him.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Driver, carelessly, conscious that her friend was watching her.

"And the heart of a little child," said Negget; "you wouldn't believe how simple he is."

Mrs. Clowes said that it did him credit,



MRS. DRIVER FELL BACK BEFORE THE EMERGING FORM OF MR. BODFISH

but, speaking for herself, she hadn't noticed it.

"He was talking about you night before last," said Negget, turning to his hostess; "not that that's anything fresh. He always is talking about you nowadays."

The widow coughed confusedly and told him not to be foolish.

"Ask my wife," said the farmer, impressively; "they were talking about you for hours. He's a very shy man is my wife's uncle, but you should see his face change when your name's mentioned."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Bodfish's face was at that very moment taking on a deeper shade of crimson.

"Everything you do seems to interest him," continued the farmer, disregarding Mrs. Driver's manifest distress; "he was asking Lizzie about your calling on Monday; how long you staid, and where you sat; and after she'd told him, I'm blest if he didn't go and sit in the same chair!"

This romantic setting to a perfectly casual action on the part of Mr. Bodfish affected the widow visibly, but its effect on the ex-constable nearly upset the bread-pan.

"But there," continued Mr. Negget, with another glance at the larder, "he might go on like that for years. He's a wunnerful shy man—big, and gentle, and shy. He wanted Lizzie to ask you to tea yesterday."

"Now, Mr. Negget," said the blushing widow. "Do be quiet."

"Fact," replied the farmer; "solemn fact, I assure you. And he asked her whether you were fond of jewellery."

"I met him twice in the road near here yesterday," said Mrs. Clowes, suddenly. "Perhaps he was waiting for you to come out."

"I dare say," replied the farmer. "I shouldn't wonder but what he's hanging about somewhere near now, unable to tear himself away."

Mr. Bodfish wrung his hands, and his thoughts reverted instinctively to instances in his memory in which charges of murder had been altered by the direction of a sensible judge to manslaughter. He held his breath for the next words.

Mr. Negget drank a little more ale and looked at Mrs. Driver.

"I wonder whether you've got a morsel of bread and cheese?" he said, slowly. "I've come over that hungry—"

The widow and Mr. Bodfish rose simultaneously. It required not the brain of a trained detective to know that the cheese was in the larder. The unconscious Mrs. Driver opened the door, and then with a wild scream fell back before the emerging form of Mr. Bodfish into the arms of Mrs. Clowes. The glass of Mr. Negget smashed on the floor, and the farmer himself, with every appearance of astonishment, stared at the apparition open-mouthed.

"Mr.—Bodfish!" he said at length, slowly.

Mr. Bodfish, incapable of speech, glared at him ferociously.

"Leave him alone," said Mrs. Clowes, who was ministering to her friend. "Can't you see the man's upset at frightening her? She's coming round, Mr. Bodfish; don't be alarmed."

"Very good," said the farmer, who found his injured relative's gaze somewhat trying. "I'll go, and leave him to explain to Mrs. Driver why he was hiding in her larder. It don't seem a proper thing to me."

"Why, you silly man," said Mrs. Clowes, gleefully, as she paused at the door, "that don't want any explanation. Now, Mr. Bodfish, we're giving you your chance. Mind you make the most of it, and don't be too shy."

She walked excitedly up the road with the farmer, and bidding him good-by at the corner, went off hastily to spread the news. Mr. Negget walked home soberly, and hardly staying long enough to listen to his wife's account of the finding of the brooch between the chest of drawers and the wall, went off to spend the evening with a friend, and ended by making a night of it.



The Portion of Labor.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

Part III

CHAPTER IX

AFTER Ellen's experience in running away, she dreamed her dreams with a difference. The breath of human passion had stained the pure crystal of her childish imagination; she peopled all her air-castles, and sounds of wailing farewells floated from the white north of her fancy after the procession of the evergreen trees in the west yard, and the cherry-trees on the east had found out that they were not in the Garden of Eden. In those days Ellen grew taller and thinner, and the cherubic roundness of her face lengthened into a sweet wistfulness of wonder and pleading, as of one who would look farther, since she heard sounds and saw signs in her sky which indicated more beyond. Andrew and Fanny watched her more anxiously than ever, and decided not to send her to school before spring, though all the neighbors exclaimed at their tardiness in so doing. "She'll be two years back of my Hattie, gettin' into the high-school," said one woman bluntly to Fanny, who retorted, angrily,

"I don't care if she's ten years behind, if she don't lose her health."

"You wait and see if she's two years behind!" exclaimed Eva, who had just returned from the shop, and had entered the room bringing a fresh breath of December air, her cheeks glowing, her black eyes shining.

Eva was so handsome in those days that she fairly forced admiration, even from those of her own sex whose delicacy of taste she offended. She had a parcel in her hand, which she had bought at a store on her way home, for she was getting ready to be married to Jim Tenny. "I tell you there don't nobody know what that young one can do," continued Eva, with a radiant nod of triumph. "There ain't many grown-up folks round here that can read like her, and she's studied geography, and she knows her multiplication table, and she can spell better than some that's been through the high-school. You jest wait till Ellen gets started on her schoolin'—she won't stay in the grammar-school long, I can tell you that. She'll go ahead of some that's got a start now and think they're 'most there." Eva pulled off her hat, and the coarse black curls on her forehead sprang up like released wire. She nodded emphatically with a curious good-humored combativeness at the visiting woman and at her sister.

"I hope your cheeks are red enough," said Fanny, looking at her with grateful admiration.

The visiting woman sniffed covertly, and a retort which seemed to her exceedingly witty was loud in her own consciousness. "Them that likes beets and pinies is welcome to them," she thought, but she did not speak. "Well," said she, with superior conclusiveness, "folks must

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do as they think best about their own children. I have always thought a good deal of an education myself. I was brought up that way." She looked with eyes that were fairly cruel at Eva Loud and Fanny, both of whom had stopped going to school at a very early age.

Then the rich red flamed over Eva's forehead and neck as well as her cheeks.

"Why don't you say jest what you mean, right out, Jennie Stebbins?" she demanded. "You are hintin' that Fanny and me never had no education, and twittin' us with it."

"It wa'n't our fault," said Fanny, no less angrily.

"No, it wa'n't our fault," assented Eva. "We had to quit school. Folks can live with empty heads, but they can't with empty stomachs. It had to be one or the other. If you want to twit us with bein' poor, you can, Jennie Stebbins."

"I haven't said anything," said Mrs. Stebbins, with a scared and injured air. "I'd like to know what you're making all this fuss about? I don't know. What did I say?"

"If I'd said anything mean, I wouldn't turn tail and run; I'd stick to it about one minute and a half, if it killed me," said Eva, scornfully.

"You know what you was hintin' at, jest as well as we do," said Fanny; "but it ain't so true as you and some other folks may think, I can tell you that. If Eva and me didn't go to school as long as some, we have always read every chance we could get."

"That's so," said Eva, emphatically. "I guess we've read enough sight more than some folks that has had a good deal more chance to read. Fanny and me have taken books out of the library full as much as any of the neighbors, I rather guess."

"We've read every single thing that Mrs. Southworth has ever written," said Fanny, "and that's sayin' considerable."

"And all Pansy's and Rider Haggard's," declared Eva, with triumph.

"And every one of The Duchess, and Marie Corelli, and Sir Walter Scott, and George Macdonald, and Laura Jean Libby, and Charles Reade, and more, besides, than I can think of."

The visiting woman took up her work and rose to go, with a slightly abashed air, though her small brown eyes were still blanks of impregnable defence. "Well, I dun'no' what I've said to stir you both up so," she remarked again. "If I've said anything that riled you, I'm sorry, I'm sure. And as I said before, folks must do as they are a mind to with their own children. If they see fit to keep 'em home from school until they're women grown, and if they think it's best not to punish 'em when they run away, why, they must. I 'ain't got no right to say anything, and I 'ain't."

"You—" began Fanny, and then she stopped short, and Eva began arranging her hair before the glass. "The wind blew so comin' home," she said, "that my hair is all out." The visiting woman stared with a motion of adjustive bewilderment, as one might before a sudden change of wind, then she looked, as a shadowy motion disturbed the even light of the room and little Ellen passed the window. She knew at once, for she had heard the gossip, that the ready tongues of recrimination were hushed because of the child, and then Ellen entered as the visiting woman departed.

The winter afternoon was waning and the light was low; the child's face with its clear fairness seemed to gleam out in the room like a lamp with a pale luminosity of its own.

She seated herself in her favorite place in a rocking-chair at a west window, with her chin resting on the sill, and her eyes staring into the great out-of-doors, full of winds and skies and trees, and her own imaginings.

Fanny was preparing supper, and the light from the dining-room shone in where Ellen sat, but the sitting-room was not lit. Ellen began to smell the fragrance of tea and toast, and there was a reflection of the dining-room table and lamp outside pictured vividly against the white sheet of storm.

Ellen knew better, but it amused her to think that her home was out-of-doors as well as under her father's and mother's roof. Eva passed her with her hands full of kindlings: she was going to make a fire in the parlor stove, for Jim Tenny was coming that evening. She laid a tender hand on Ellen's head as she passed, and smoothed her hair. Ellen had a sort of acquiescent wonder over her aunt Eva



"IF I'D SAID ANYTHING MEAN, I WOULDN'T TURN TAIL AND RUN"

in those days. She heard people say Eva was getting ready to be married, and speculated. "What is getting ready to be married?" she asked Eva.

"Why, getting your clothes made, you little ninny," Eva answered.

The next day Ellen had watched her mother at work upon a new little frock for herself for some time before she spoke.

"Mother," she said.

"Yes, child."

"Mother, you are making that new dress for me, ain't you?"

"Of course I am. Why?"

"And you made me a new coat last week?"

"Why, you know I did, Ellen. What do you mean?"

"And you are going to make me a petticoat, and put that pretty lace on it?"

"You know I am, Ellen Brewster. What be you drivin' at?"

"Be I a-gettin' ready to be married, mother?" asked Ellen, with the strangest look of wonder and awe and anticipation.

Fanny had told this saying of the child's to everybody, and that evening, when Jim Tenny came, he had caught up Ellen and given her a toss to the ceiling —a trick of his which filled Ellen with a sort of fearful delight, the delight of helplessness in the hands of strength, and the titillation of evanescent risk.

"So you are gettin' ready to be married, are you?" Jim Tenny said, with a great laugh, looking at her soberly with his black eyes. Jim Tenny was a handsome fellow, and much larger and stronger than her father. Ellen liked him: he often brought candies in his pocket for her, and they were great friends; but she could never understand why he staid in the parlor all alone with her aunt Eva, instead of in the sitting-room with the others.

Ellen had looked back at him as soberly. "Mother says I ain't; but—"

"But what?"

"I am getting 'most as many new clothes as Aunt Lva, and she is."

"And you think maybe you are gettin' ready to be married after all, hey?"

"I think maybe mother wants to surprise me," Ellen said.

Jim Tenny had all of a sudden shaken convulsively as if with mirth, but his face remained perfectly sober.

That evening, after the parlor door was closed upon Jim and Eva, Ellen wondered what they were laughing at.

To-night when she saw Eva enter the room, a lighted lamp illuminating her face fairly reckless with happiness, to light the fire in the courting-stove, as her sister facetiously called it, she thought to herself that Jim Tenny was coming, that they would be shut up in there all alone as usual, and then she looked out again at the storm and the night, and the little home picture thrown against it. Then she saw her father coming into the yard with his arms full of parcels, and she was out of her chair and at the kitchen door to meet him.

Andrew had brought as usual some special dainties for his darling. He watched Ellen unwrap the various parcels, not smiling as usual, but with a curious melancholy knitting of his forehead and pitiful compression of mouth. When she had finished and ran into the other room to show a great orange to her aunt, he drew a heavy sigh that was almost a groan. His wife coming in from the kitchen with a dish heard him, and looked at him with quick anxiety, though she spoke in a merry, rallying way.

"For the land' sake, Andrew Brewster, what be you groanin' that way for?" she cried out.

Andrew's tense face did not relax; he strove to push past her without a word, but Fanny stood before him. "Now, look at here, Andrew," said she, "you ain't goin' to walk off with a face like that, unless I know what the matter is. Are you sick?"

"No, I ain't sick, Fanny," Andrew said; then, in a low voice, "Let me go; I will tell you by-and-by."

"No, Andrew, you have got to tell me now. I'm goin' to know whatever has happened."

"Wait till after supper, Fanny."

"No, I can't wait. Look here, Andrew; you are my husband, and there ain't no trouble that can come to you in this world that I can't bear, except not knowin'. You've got to tell me what the matter is."

"Well, keep quiet till after supper, then," said Andrew. Then suddenly he leaned his face close to hers and whispered, with a note of tragedy, "Lloyd's has shut down."

Fanny recoiled and looked at him.

"When?"

"The foreman gave notice to-night."

"For how long? Did he say?"

"Oh, till business got better—same old story. Unless I'm mistaken, Lloyd's will be shut down all winter."

"Well, it ain't so bad for us as for some," said Fanny.

"Seems to me it's bad enough for anybody," said Andrew, morosely.

"Now, Andrew, you know it ain't. Here we own the house clear, and we've got that money in the savings-bank, and all that's your mother's is yours in the end. You know we sha'n't starve if you don't have work."

"We shall starve in the end, and you know I've bee—" Andrew stopped suddenly as he heard Ellen and his sister-in-law coming. He shook his head at his wife with a warning motion that she should keep silence.

"Don't Eva know?" she whispered.

"No; she came out early. Do, for Heaven's sake, keep quiet till after supper."

Eva was sharp-eyed, and all through supper she watched Andrew, and the lines of melancholy on his face, which did not disappear even when he forced conversation.

As soon as she got up from the table she pushed him into the sitting-room. "Now out with it," said she. Ellen, who had followed them, stood looking at them both, her lips parted, her eyes full of half-alarmed curiosity.

"Lloyd's has shut down, if you want to know," Andrew said, shortly.

"Oh my God!" cried Eva. She stood looking at him a minute. She was quite pale — she was weighing consequences. Then she went out to her sister. "Well, you know what's happened, Fan, I s'pose," she said.

"Yes. I'm awful sorry, but I tell Andrew it ain't so bad for us as for some— we sha'n't starve."

"I don't know as I care much whether I starve or not," said Eva. "It's goin' to make me put off my weddin', and if I do put it off, Jim and me will never get married at all; I feel it in my bones."

"Why, what should you have to put it off for?" asked Fanny.

"Why? I should think you'd know why without askin'. 'Ain't I spent every dollar I have saved up on my weddin' fixin's? and Jim, he's got his mother on his hands, and she's been sick, and he 'ain't saved up anything. If you s'pose I'm goin' to marry him and make him any worse off than he is now, you're mistaken."

"Well, mebbe Jim can get work somewhere else, and mebbe Lloyd's won't be shut up long," Fanny said, consolingly. "I wouldn't give up so, if I was you."

It was snowing hard. Ellen sat in her place by the window and watched the flakes drive past the radiance of the street lamp on the corner, and past the reflection of the warm bright room. Soon she saw a man's figure plodding through the fast-gathering snow, and heard her aunt Eva make a soft heavy rush down the front stairs, and she knew the man was Jim Tenny.

Ellen watched her mother sewing out in the snowy yard, then a dark shadow came between the reflection and the window, then another. Two men treading the snow in even file, one in the other's foot-tracks, came into the yard.

"Somebody's comin'," said Ellen, as a knock came on the side door.

"Did you see who 'twas?" Fanny asked, starting up.

"Two men."

"It's somebody to see you, Andrew," Fanny said, and Andrew tossed his paper on to the table and went to the door.

When the door was opened, Ellen heard a man cough.

"I should think anybody was crazy to come out such a night as this, coughin' that way," murmured Fanny. "I do believe it's Joe Atkins; sounds like his cough." Then Andrew entered with the two men shaking themselves.

"Here's Joseph Atkins and Nahum Beals," Andrew said in his melancholy voice, all unstirred by the usual warmth of greeting. The two men bowed stiffly.

"Good-evenin'," Fanny said, and rose and pushed forward the rocking-chair in which she had been seated to Joseph Atkins, who was a consumptive man with an invalid wife, and worked next Andrew in Lloyd's.



TO LIGHT THE FIRE IN THE COURTING-STOVE

"Keep your settin', keep your settin'," he returned in his quick, nervous way, as if his very words were money for dire need, and sat himself down in a straight chair far from the fire. The other man, Nahum Beals, was very young. He seated himself next to Joseph, and the two side by side looked with gloomy significance at Andrew and Fanny. Then Joseph Atkins burst out suddenly in a rattling volley of coughs.

"You hadn't ought to come out such a night as this, I'm afraid, Mr. Atkins," said Fanny.

"He's been out jest as bad weather as this all winter," said the young man, Nahum Beals, in an unexpectedly deep voice. "The workers of this world can't afford to take no account of weather. It's for the rich folks to look out betwixt their lace curtains and see if it looks lowery, so they sha'n't git their gold harnesses and their shiny carriages, an' their silks, an' velvets, an' ostrich feathers wet. The poor folks that it's life and death to, have to go out whether or no, no matter if they've got an extra suit of clothes or not. They've got to go out through the drenchin' rain and the snow-drifts, to earn money so that the rich folks can have them gold-plated harnesses, and them silks and velvets. Joe's been out all winter in weather as bad as this, after he's been standin' all day in a hot shop, drenched with sweat. One more time won't make much difference."

"It would be 'nough sight better for me if it did," said Joseph Atkins, chokingly, and still with that same seeming of hurry.

Fanny had gone out to the dining-room, and now she returned, stirring some whiskey and molasses in a cup which she had.

"Here," said she, "you take this, Mr. Atkins; it's real good for a cough. Andrew cured a severe cold with it last month."

"Mine ain't a cold, and it can't be cured in this world, but it's better for me, I guess," said Joe Atkins, chokingly, but he took the cup.

"Now, you hadn't ought to talk so," Fanny said. "You had ought to think of your wife and children."

"My life is insured," said Joseph Atkins.

"We 'ain't got no money and no jewelry and no silver to leave them we love—all we've got to leave 'em is the price of our own lives," said Nahum Beals.

"I wish I had got my life insured," Andrew said.

"Don't talk so, Andrew," Fanny cried, with a shudder.

Suddenly the young man, Nahum Beals, hit his knees a sounding slap, which made Ellen, furtively and timidly attentive at her window, jump. "It seems sometimes as if the Almighty himself was in league with 'em," he shouted out, "but I tell you it won't last,—it won't last."

"I don't see much sign of any change for the better," Andrew said, gloomily.

"I tell you, sir, it won't last," repeated Nahum Beals. "I tell you, the Lord only raises 'em up higher and higher that He may dash 'em lower when the time comes. The same earth is beneath the high places of this life and the lowly ones, and the law that governs 'em is the same, and—the higher the place, the longer the fall, and the longer the fall, the sorer the hurt." Nahum Beals sprang to his feet with a strange abandon of self-consciousness, and a fiery impetus for one of his New England blood. He had a delicate nervous face, like a woman's; his blue eyes gleamed like blue flames under his overhang of white forehead; he shook his head as if it were maned like a lion's, and though he wore his thin fair hair short, one could seem to see it flung back in glistening lines. He spread his hands as if he were addressing an audience, and as he did so the parlor door opened, and Jim Tenny and Eva stood there, listening.

"I tell you, sir," shouted Nahum Beals, "the time will come when you will all thank God that you belong to the poor and down-trodden of this earth, and not to the rich and great—the time will come. There's knives to sharpen today, and wood for scaffolds as plenty as in the days of the French Revolution, and the hand that marks the time of day on the clock of men's patience with wrong and oppression has near gone round to the same hour and minute."

Andrew Brewster looked at him with a curious expression, half of disgust, half of sympathy.

"Now look at here," he said, slowly, "I ain't goin' to say I don't think we ain't in a hard place, and that there's something wrong that's to blame for it, but I dun'no' but you go 'most too far, Nahum. Or rather I dun'no' as you go far enough. I dun'no' but we've got to dig down past the poor and the rich, farther into the everlastin' foundations of things, to get at what's the trouble."

Jim Tenny, standing in the parlor doorway, with an arm around Eva's waist, broke in suddenly with a defiant laugh. "I don't care nothin' about the everlastin' foundations of things, and I don't care a darn about the rich and the poor," he proclaimed. "I'm willin' to leave that to lecturers and dynamiters, and let 'em settle it if they can. I don't grudge the rich nothin', and I ain't goin' to call the Almighty to account for givin' somebody else the biggest piece of pie; mebbe it would give me the stomach-ache. All I'm concerned about is Lloyd's shutdown."



"LLOYD'S HAS SHUT DOWN"

"That's so," said Eva.

"I tell you, sir, it ain't the facts of the case, but the reason for the facts, which we must think of," maintained Nahum Beals.

"I don't care a darn for the facts nor the reasons," said Jim Tenny; "all I care about is, I'm out of work maybe till spring, with my mother dependent on

me, and not a cent laid up, I've been so darned careless, and here's Eva says she won't marry me till I get work."

"I won't," said Eva, who was very pale, except for burning spots on her cheeks.

"She's afraid she won't get frostin' on her cake, and silk dresses, I expect," Jim Tenny said, and laughed, but his laugh was very bitter.

"Jim Tenny, you know better than that," Eva cried, sharply. "I won't stand that."

Jim Tenny, with a quick motion, unwound his arm from Eva's waist and stripped up his sleeve. "There, look at that, will you?" he cried out, shaking his lean, muscular arm at them; "look at that muscle, and me tellin' her that I could earn a livin' for her, and she afraid. I can dig if I can't make shoes. I guess there's some work in this world for them that's willin', and don't pick and choose."

"There ain't," declared Nahum, shortly.

"Now look at here," Andrew Brewster broke in; "you know I'm in as bad a box as you, and I come home to-night feelin' as if I didn't care whether I lived or died, but if it's true what McGrath said to-night, we've got to use common-sense in lookin' at things, even if it goes against us. If what McGrath said was true, that Lloyd's losing money keeping on, I dun'no' how we can expect him or any other man to do that."

"Why not he lose money as well as we?" demanded Nahum, fiercely.

"'Cause we 'ain't got none to lose," cried Jim Tenny, with a hard laugh, and Eva and Fanny echoed him hysterically.

Nahum took no notice of the interruption. Tragedy, to his comprehension, never verged on comedy. One could imagine his face of intense melancholy and denunciation relaxed with laughter no more than the stern prophet of righteous retribution whose name he bore.

"Why should not Norman Lloyd lose money?" he demanded again. "Why should he not lose his fine house as well as I my poor little home? Why shouldn't he lose his purple and fine linen as well as Jim his chance of happiness? Why shouldn't he lose his diamond shirt-studs, and his carriage and horses, as well as Joe his life?"

"Well, he earned his money, I suppose," Andrew said, slowly, "and I suppose it's for him to say what he'll do with it."

"Earned his money! He didn't earn his money," cried Nahum Beals. "We earned it, every dollar of it, by the sweat of our brows, and it's for us, not him, to say what shall be done with it. Well, the time will come—I tell ye, the time will come."

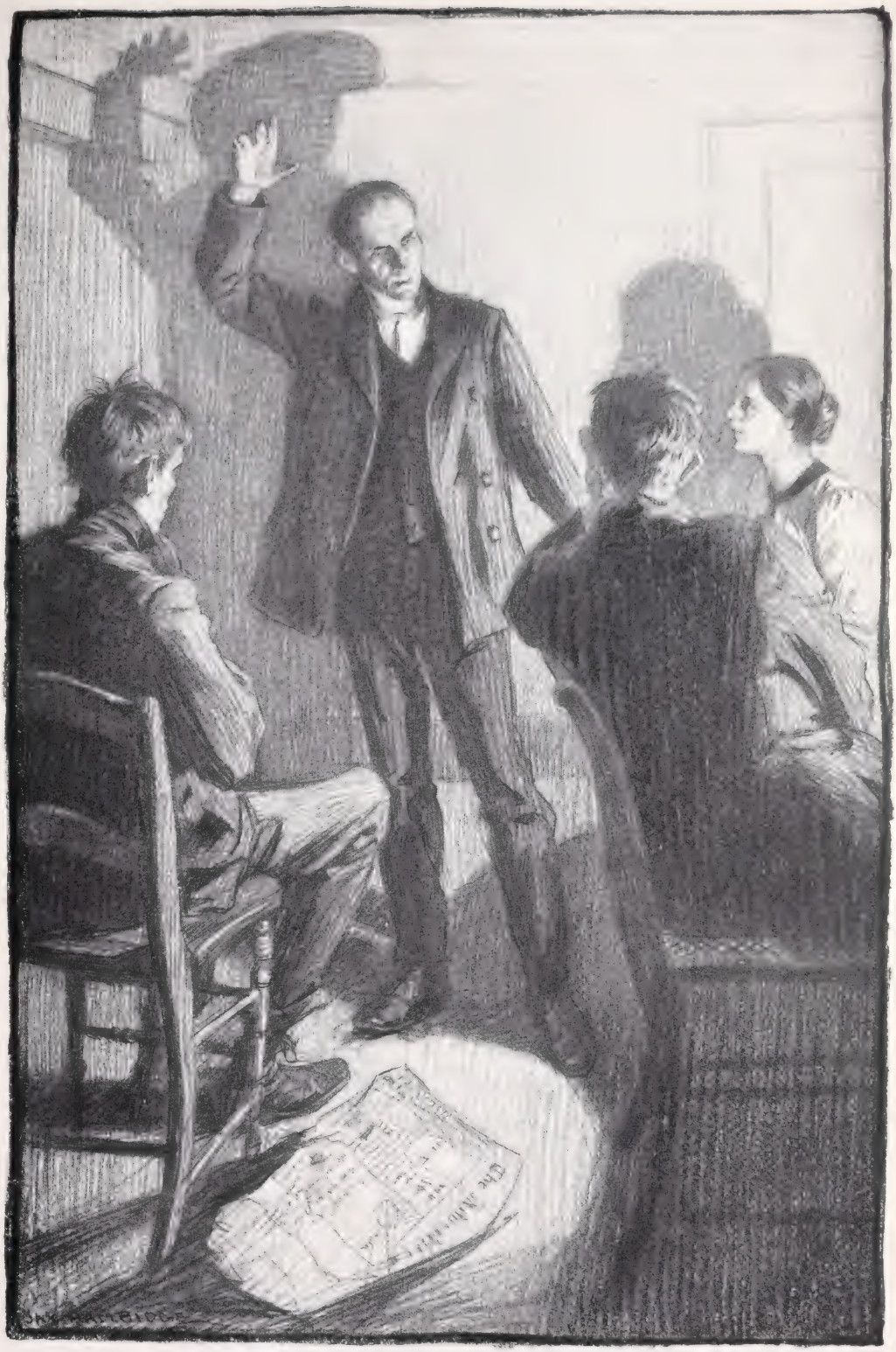
Then Fanny spoke to Ellen, who had been sitting very still and attentive, her eyes growing larger, her cheeks redder with excitement. Fanny had often glanced uneasily at her, and wished to send her to bed, but she was in the habit of warming Ellen's little chamber at the head of the stairs by leaving open the sitting-room door for a while before she went to it, and she was afraid of cooling the room too much for Joseph Atkins, and had not ventured to interrupt the conversation. Now, seeing the child's fevered face, she made up her mind. "Come, Ellen, it is your bedtime," she said, and Ellen rose reluctantly, and kissed her father, and went to her aunt Eva, who caught at her convulsively and kissed her, and sobbed against her cheek. "Oh, oh!" she wailed, "you precious little thing, you precious little thing, I don't know what's goin' to become of us all."

"Don't, Eva," said Fanny, sharply; "can't you see she's all wrought up? She hadn't ought to have heard all this talk."

Andrew looked anxiously at his wife, rose, and caught up Ellen in his arms with a hug of fervent and protective love. "Don't you worry, father's darlin'," he whispered. "Don't you worry about anything you've heard. Father will always have enough to take care of you with."

Jim Tenny, when Andrew set the child down, caught her up again with a sounding kiss. "Don't you let your big ears ache, you little pitcher," said he, with a gay laugh. "Little doll-babies like you haven't anything to worry about if Lloyd's shuts down every day in the year."

"They're the very ones whom it concerns," said Nahum Beals, when Ellen and her mother had gone up stairs.



"I TELL YOU, SIR," SHOUTED NAHUM BEALS, "THE TIME WILL COME."

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Ellen went to bed quietly, and her mother did not think she had paid much attention after all to what had been going on, and said so when she went down stairs after Ellen had been kissed and tucked in bed and the lamp put out. "I guess she didn't mind much about it after all," she said to Andrew. "I guess the room was pretty warm, and that was what made her cheeks so red."

But Ellen, after her mother left her, turned her little face toward the wall, and wept softly lest some one hear her, but none the less bitterly that she had no right conception of the cause of her grief. There was over her childish soul the awful shadow of the labor and poverty of the world. She knew naught of the substance behind the shadow, but the darkness terrified her all the more, and she cried and cried as if her heart would break. Then she, with a sudden resolution, born she could not have told of what strange understanding and misunderstanding of what she had heard that evening, slipped out of bed, groped about until she found her cherished doll, sitting in her little chair in the corner. She was accustomed to take the doll to bed with her, and had undressed her for that purpose early in the evening, but she had climbed into bed and left her sitting in the corner.

"Don't you want your dolly?" her mother had asked.

"No, ma'am, I guess I don't want her to-night," Ellen had replied, with a little break in her voice. Now, when she reached the doll, she gathered her up in her little arms, and groped her way with her into the closet. She hugged the doll, and kissed her wildly, then she shook her. "You've been naughty," she whispered—"yes, you have, dreadful naughty. No, don't you talk to me; you have been naughty. What right had you to be livin' with rich folks, and wearin' such fine things, when other children don't have anything? What right had that little boy that was your mother before I was, and that rich lady that gave you to me? They had ought to be put in the closet too. God had ought to put them all in the closet, the way I'm goin' to put you. Don't you say a word; you needn't cry; you've been dreadful naughty."

Ellen set the doll, face to the wall, in the corner of the closet and left her there. Then she crept back into bed, and lay there crying over her precious baby shivering in her thin night-gown all alone in the dark closet. But she was firm in keeping her there, since, with that strange involuntary grasp of symbolism which has always been maintained by the baby fingers of humanity for the satisfying of needs beyond resources and the solving of problems outside knowledge, she had a conviction that she was in such fashion righting wrong and punishing evil. But she wept over the poor doll until she fell asleep.

CHAPTER X

THE closing of Lloyd's marked, in some inscrutable way, the close of the first period of Ellen Brewster's childhood. Looking back in later years, she always felt her retrospective thought strike a barrier there, beyond which her images of the past were confused. Yet there was no tangible difference in her daily life. The little petted treasure of the Brewsters had all her small luxuries, sweets, and cushions of life, as well after as before the closing of Lloyd's. And the preparations for her aunt's wedding went on also. A glimpse of her lover sleigh-riding with her rival had been too much for the resolution of Eva Loud's undisciplined nature. She went to Jim Tenny's house and called him to account, to learn that he had seriously taken her resolution not to marry at present to proceed from a fear that he would not provide properly for her, and that he had in this state of indignation been easily led by the sight of Aggie Bemis's pretty face in her front door, as he drove by, to stop. Eva had told Jim that she would marry him as she had agreed if he looked at matters in that way, and had passed Aggie Bemis's window leaning on Jim's arm with a side stare of triumph.

The preparations for the wedding went on, but Eva never seemed as happy as she had done before the closing of Lloyd's. Jim Tenny could get no more work, and neither could Andrew.

Fanny lamented that the shop had closed at that time of year, for she had planned a Christmas tree of unprecedented splendor for Ellen; but Mrs.

Zelotes was to be depended upon as usual, and Andrew told his wife to make no difference. "That little thing ain't goin' to be cheated nohow," he said one night after Ellen had gone to bed, and his visiting companions of the cutting-room had happened in.

"I know my children won't get much," Joseph Atkins said, coughing as he spoke; "they wouldn't if Lloyd's hadn't shut down. I never see the time when I could afford to make any account of Christmas; much as ever I could manage a turkey Thanksgiving day."

"The poor that the Lord died for can't afford to keep His birthday; it is the rich, that He's going to cast into outer darkness, that keep it for their own ends, and it's a blasphemy and a mockery," proclaimed Nahum Beals. He was very excited that night, and would often spring to his feet and stride across the room. There was another man there that night, a cousin of Joseph Atkins, John Sargent by name. He had recently moved to Rowe, since he had obtained work at McGuire's —" had accepted a position in the finishing-room of Mr. H. S. McGuire's factory in the City of Rowe," as the item in the local paper put it. He was a young man, younger than his cousin, but he looked older. He had a handsome face under the most complete control as to its muscles. When he laughed he gave the impression of the fixedness of merriment of a mask he made his own face. He looked keenly at Nahum Beals with that immovable laugh on his face, and spoke with perfectly good-natured sarcasm. "All very well for the string-pieces of the bridge from oppression to freedom," he said, "but you need some commonsense for the ties, or you'll slump."

"What do you mean?"

"We ain't in the Old Testament, but the nineteenth century, and those old prophets, if they were alive to-day, would have to step down out of their flaming chariots, and hang their mantles on the bushes, and instead of standing on mountain-tops and tellin' their enemies what rats they were, and how they would get what they deserved later on, they would have to tell their enemies what they wanted them to do to better matters, and make them do it."



ELLEN SET THE DOLL FACE TO THE WALL

"Instead of standing by your own strike in Scarboro, you quit and come here to work in McGuire's the minute you got a chance," said Nahum Beals, sullenly, and Sargent responded with his unrelaxing laugh: "I left enough strikers for the situation in Scarboro; don't you worry about me."

"I think he done quite right to quit the strike if he got a chance to work," Joseph Atkins interposed. "Folks have got to look out for themselves, labor reform or no labor reform."

"That's the corner-stone of labor reform, seems to me," said Andrew.

"Seems to me sometimes you talk like a scab," cried Nahum Beals, fiercely, red spots flickering in his thin cheeks. Andrew looked at him, and spoke with slow wrath. "Look here, Nahum Beals," he said, "you're in my house, but I ain't goin' stand no such talk as that, I can tell you."

John Sargent laid a pacifically detaining hand on Nahum Beals's arm as he strode past him. "Oh Lord! stop rampaging up and down like a wild-cat," he said. "What good do you think you're doing tearing and shouting and insulting people? He ain't talkin' like a scab; he's only talking a tie to your string-piece."

"That's so," said Joseph Atkins. John Sargent boarded with him, and the board-money was a godsend to him, now he was out of work. John Sargent had fixed his own price, and it was an unheard-of one, for such simple fare as he had. His weekly dollars kept the whole poor family in food. But John Sargent was a bachelor, and earning remarkably good wages, and Joseph Atkins's ailing wife, whom illness and privation had made unnaturally grasping and ungrateful, told her cronies that it wasn't as if he couldn't afford it.

Upstairs little Ellen lay in her bed, her doll in her arms, listening to the low rumble of masculine voices in the room below. Her mother had gone out, and there were only the men there. They were smoking, and the odor of their pipes floated up into Ellen's chamber, through the door cracks. She thought how her grandmother Brewster would sniff when she came in next day. She could hear her saying, "Well, for my part, if those men couldn't smoke their old pipes somewhere else besides in my sittin'-room, I wouldn't have 'em in the house." But that reflection did not trouble Ellen very long, and she had never been disturbed herself by the odor of the pipes. She thought of them insensibly as the usual atmosphere, when men were gathered together in any place except the church. She knew that they were talking about that old trouble, and Nahum Beals's voice of high wrath made her shrink, but after all she was removed from it all that night into a little prospective paradise of her own, which, as is the case in childhood, seemed to overgild her own future and all the troubles of the world. Christmas was only a week distant, she was to have a tree, and the very next evening her mother had promised to take her down town and show her the beautiful lighted Christmas shops. She wondered, listening to that rumble of discontent below, why grown-up men and women ever fretted, when they were at liberty to go down town every evening when they chose, and look at the lighted shops, for she could still picture pure delight for others, without envy or bitterness.

The next day the child was radiant; she danced rather than walked; she could not speak without a smile; she could eat nothing, for her happiness was so purely spiritual that desires of the flesh were in abeyance. Her heart beat fast; the constantly recurring memory of what was about to happen fairly overwhelmed her as with waves of delight.

"If you don't eat your supper you can't go, and that's all there is about it," her mother told her when they were seated at the table, and Ellen sat dreaming before her toast and peach preserve.

"You must eat your supper, Ellen," Andrew said, anxiously. Andrew had on his other coat, and he had shaved, and was going too, as was Mrs. Zelotes Brewster.

And Ellen ate her supper, though exceeding joy as well as exceeding woe can make food lose its savor, and toast and preserves were as ashes on her tongue, when the very fragrance of coming happiness was in her soul.

When finally in hand of her mother, while Andrew walked behind with her grandmother, she went toward the lights of the town, she had a feeling as of wings on her feet.

When they were half-way to the shops, a door of a white house close to the road flew open and shut again with a bang, there was a scurry and grating slide on the front walk, then the gate was thrown back, and a boy dashed through with a



THERE WAS THE STRANGE LADY

wild whoop, just escaping contact with Mrs. Zelotes Brewster. "You'd better be careful," said she, sharply. "It ain't the thing for boys to come tearin' out of yards in the evenin' without seein' where they are goin'."

The boy cast an abashed glance at her. The street lamp shone full on his face, which was round and reddened by the frosty winds, with an aimlessly grinning mouth of uncertain youth, and black eyes, with a bold and cheerful outlook on the unknown. He was only ten, but he was large for his age. Ellen, when he looked from her grandmother back at her, thought him almost a man, and then she saw that he was the boy who had brought the chestnuts to her the night when she had returned from her runaway excursion. The boy recognized her at the same moment, and his mouth seemed to gape wider, and a moist red overspread his face down to his swathing woollen scarf. Then he gave another whoop, significant of the extreme of nervous abashedness and the incipient defiance of his masculine estate, there was a flourish of heels, followed by a swift glimmering slide of steel, and he was off trailing his sled.

"That's that Joy boy that brought Ellen the chestnuts that time," Fanny said. "Do you remember him, Ellen?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ellen. The look of the boy in her face had bewildered and confused her, without her knowing the why of it. It was as if she had spelled a word in her reading-book whose meaning she could not grasp.

"I don't care who he is," said Mrs. Zelotes, "he 'ain't no business racin' out of gates that way, and his folks hadn't ought to let a boy no older than that out alone of nights."

They kept on, and the boy apparently left them far behind in his career of youthful exuberance, until they came to the factories. Andrew looked up at the windows of Lloyd's, dark except for a faint glimmer in a basement window from the lamp of the solitary watchman, and drew a heavy sigh.

"It ain't as bad for you as it is for some," his mother said, sharply, and then she jumped aside, catching her son's arm as the boy sprang out of a covering shadow under the wall of Lloyd's, and dashed before them with another wild whoop and another glance of defiant bashfulness at Ellen.

"My land! it's that boy agin," cried Mrs. Zelotes. "Here, you boy, boy! What's his name?"

"His name is Granville Joy," Ellen replied, unexpectedly.

"Why, how did you know, child?" her grandmother asked. "Seems to me he's got a highfalutin' name enough. Here you, Granville, if that's your name, don't you know any better than to—" But the boy was gone, his sled creaking on the hard snow at his heels, and a faint whoop sounded from the distance.

None of them looking after that flying and whooping figure ahead had the slightest idea of the true situation. They did not know that the boy was consumed by the fires, none the less ardent that they were so innocent, of a first love for little Ellen; that ever since he had seen her little fair face on her aunt's shoulder the day when she was found, it had been even closer to his heart than his sled and his jack-stones and his ball, and hope of pudding for dinner. They did not know that he had toiled at the wood-pile of a Saturday, and run errands after school, to earn money to buy Christmas presents for his mother and Ellen; that he had at that very minute in his little purse in the bottom of his pocket the sum of eighty-nine cents, mostly in coppers—since his wage was generally payable in that coin—and his pocket sagged arduously therefrom. They did not know that he was even then bound upon an errand to the grocery-store for a bag of flour to be brought home on his sled, and would thereby swell his exchequer by another cent. They did not know what dawning chords of love, and knowledge of love, that wild whoop expressed; and the boy dodged and darted and hid, and appeared before them, all the way to the busy main street of Rowe; and after they had entered the great store where the finest Christmas display was held, he stood before the window staring at Ellen vanishing in a brilliant vista, and whooped now and then, regardless of public opinion.

Ellen, when once she was inside the store, forgot everything else. She clung more tightly to her mother's hand, as

one will cling to any wonted stay of love in the midst of strangeness, even joy, and she saw everything with eyes which photographed it upon her very soul. At first she had an impression of a dazzling incoherence of splendor, of a blare as of thousands of musical instruments all sounding different notes of joy, of a weaving pattern of colors too intricate to master, of a mingled odor of paint and varnish, and pine and hemlock boughs, and then she spelled out the letters of the details. She looked at those counters set with the miniature paraphernalia of household life which give the first sweet taste of domesticity and housekeeping joys to a little girl.

There were the sets of dolls' furniture, and the dolls' dishes, and there was a counter with dolls' cooking-stoves and ranges, bristling with the most delightful realism of pots and pans, at which she gazed so fixedly and breathlessly that she looked almost stupid. Her elders watched, half in delight, half with pain that they could not purchase everything at which she looked. Mrs. Zelotes bought some things surreptitiously, hiding the parcels under her shawl. Andrew, whispering to a salesman, asked the price of a great cooking-stove at which Ellen looked long. When he heard the amount he sighed. Fanny touched his arm comfortingly. "There would be no sense in you buying that, if you had all the money in creation," she said, in a hushed voice. "There's a twenty-five-cent one that's good enough. I'm goin' to buy that for her to-morrow. She'll never know the difference." But Andrew Brewster, nevertheless, went through the great dazzling shop with his heart full of bitterness.

But Ellen knew nothing of it. She was radiant. She never thought of wanting all those treasures further than she already had them. She gazed at the wonders in that department where the toy animals were kept, and which resembled a miniature menagerie, the silence broken by the mooing of cows, the braying of donkeys, the whistle of canaries, and the roars of mock-lions when their powers were invoked by the attendants, and her ears drank in that discordant babel of tiny mimicry like music. She felt deep in her childish soul the sense of a promise of happiness in the future, of which this was a foretaste. When she went into the department where the dolls dwelt, she fairly turned pale. They swung, and sat, and lay, and stood, as in angelic ranks, all smiling between shining fluffs of hair. It was a chorus of smiles, and made the child's heart fairly leap. She felt as if all the dolls were smiling at her. She clung fast to her mother's hand, and hid her face against her skirt.

"Why, what is the matter, Ellen?" Fanny asked. Ellen looked up, and smiled timidly and confusedly, then at that dazzle of waxen faces and golden locks above skirts of delicate pink, and blue, and white, like flower petals.

"You never saw so many dolls together before, did you, Ellen?" said Andrew; then he added, wistfully, "There ain't one of 'em any bigger and prettier than your own doll, be they, Ellen?" And that although he had never recovered from his uneasiness about that mysterious doll.

Ellen had not seen Cynthia Lennox since that morning several weeks ago when she had run away from her, except that one glimpse when she was sleigh-riding. Now, all at once, when they had stopped to look at some wonderful doll-houses, she saw her face to face. Ellen had been gazing with rapture at a great doll-house completely furnished, and Andrew had made one of his miserable side inquiries as to its price, and Fanny had said, quite loud: "Lord, Andrew, you might just as well ask the price of the store! You know such a thing as that is out of the question for any child unless her father is rich as Norman Lloyd;" and Ellen, who had not noticed what they were saying, looked up when a faint breath of violets smote her sense with a quick memory, and there was the strange lady who had taken her into her house, and kept her, and given her the doll, the strange lady who the gentleman said might be punished for keeping her, if people were to know.

Cynthia Lennox went pale when, without knowing what was going to happen, she looked down, and saw suddenly the child's innocent face looking into hers. She stood wavering in her trailing, fur-lined, and softly whispering

the collector — the lover of old china, for instance; the near-sighted denizen of the arid desert of old manuscripts —he was always near-sighted; the devotee to the mysteries of the Merovingian bronzes. You distinguished him from the amateur who came back again and again simply because he was enthralled by the beauty of some special bibelot. As the days left of the Exposition grew fewer and fewer, you invariably saw this last standing mournfully before some such thing as the little St. Fortunatus or the Falconnet clock, gazing as though in a last effort to imprint the exquisite traits of the Saint or the Graces upon his memory before they should return forever to their homes in the Corrèze or the house of M. de Camondo.



AN AMERICAN TANAGRA

In none of these categories could I exactly place my young girl. Finding no hypothesis to explain her, I contentedly left her unexplained; but one day that chance which is so much more fertile in furnishing situations in real life than anything we can invent threw into my way the key to the enigma.

I had gone to the Palace to meet my old friend the excellent savant Y., who had offered to initiate me that morning into the classification of some of his favorites among the marvels there, and as we stood talking upon the steps I was surprised to see that as my American approached him, he raised his hat and bowed.

"That is one of your compatriots," he said. "Do you know her?"

"Only by sight," I answered. "I've seen her a great many times here. I fancy she is some one who has come to Paris for the Exposition, for I've never met her anywhere in the American colony. Don't you think she is very pretty?"

"She reminds me of a Tanagra," said my friend—"Une Tanagra Anglo-Saxonne!"

"Exactly what I called her myself," said I. "But it is a Tanagra with a great thirst for knowledge! Just think! the gates are scarcely open, even the flower-beds have hardly finished their toilets, and she has munificently paid a special entrance fee of two tickets in order to be able to enjoy her favorite treasures, whatever they may be, without being disturbed by the crowd. I have seen her here often at the same hour. Confess that there is an example which proves, what I have so often told you, that an American woman may be what you call *coquette,* and at the same time intellectual and serious."

The old savant looked at me with an air of malicious *bonhomie.* "I need no other proof than yourself, my dear mademoiselle," he said, with old-fashioned gallantry, "to be convinced that the Americans know at the same time how to ornament their minds and their bodies. But in the particular case of this young girl you must permit me to destroy an illusion."

"You know her, then! But of course you do. I had forgotten that you bowed to her."

"I saw her for the first time a week or so ago. Her name is Miss Grace Davrencort, and her present place of abode is the Hôtel Chatham. That is all I know of her civil estate, as we say in French. She came to see me in my study, much to the amazement of my old bonne, who is not accustomed to introduce such pretty visitors into the Benedictine retreat of my apartment. I should say she had not yet recovered from the shock, to judge from the deplorable manner in which she has made my coffee ever since. The object of her expedition was to talk to me about sixteenth-century enamels."

"Enamels!" I exclaimed. "But—"

The savant raised his hand protestingly at my air of triumph.

"I should rather say that she came to talk to me about one sixteenth-century enamel. Some one at the Embassy had told her that I was the person in the world who knew the most about such things, and she immediately bought my big volume, *Histoire des Emailleurs Français en Europe.* Naturally she found nothing in it on the subject which specially interested her, and she immediately rushed to my house, with that admirable and confident audacity peculiar to American women."

"Thanks in behalf of the American women," I said. "But what interested her so particularly about an enamel?"

"Patience!"—my old friend liked to take his own time for telling things—"we are coming to that. You remember how I have always chaffed you about the aristocratic pretensions of your compatriots?"

"Of course I do. You are even so disagreeable as to pretend that you have never yet talked to one of them for half an hour, even if you had only just been introduced to her, without her telling you that she had a grandfather on the *Mayflower,* or giving you some similar fact about her genealogy."

"Mlle. Davrencort, dear mademoiselle, had not even the most distant grandfather on the *Mayflower,* nor even the smallest grandmother in the colonies among those ladies that I believe they speak of as the Dames Coloniales. Imagine her desolation; for in the place where she lives, as nearly as I can understand, it is the fashion for the women to adorn themselves with little badges appropriate to their ancestors, and not to be sure of a grandfather at all gives one a feeling quite of not being *de la société.* You can understand her delight, then, when in the Exposition, in this Palace, she discovered an authentic portrait of a Davrincourt, dated 1549. It was in the form of a superb plaque in enamel, the work of the celebrated artist Léonard Limosin, who made the portraits of all the grand seigneurs of the time of François I. Now there is no doubt but that this may be the picture of one of the founders of her house. Davrencort is certainly the English transformation of Davrincourt. This hypothesis is given still greater probability by this plaque, on which the name is written Davrincôrt. The tremor over the o was even then used to replace the u. You will still better understand the great excitement of this young girl if I add that the background of the enamel was sown with the golden lilies of the kings of France."

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the collector — the lover of old china, for instance; the near-sighted denizen of the arid desert of old manuscripts —he was always near-sighted; the devotee to the mysteries of the Merovingian bronzes. You distinguished him from the amateur who came back again and again simply because he was enthralled by the beauty of some special bibelot. As the days left of the Exposition grew fewer and fewer, you invariably saw this last standing mournfully before some such thing as the little St. Fortunatus or the Falconnet clock, gazing as though in a last effort to imprint the exquisite traits of the Saint or the Graces upon his memory before they should return forever to their homes in the Corrèze or the house of M. de Camondo.



AN AMERICAN TANAGRA

In none of these categories could I exactly place my young girl. Finding no hypothesis to explain her, I contentedly left her unexplained; but one day that chance which is so much more fertile in furnishing situations in real life than anything we can invent threw into my way the key to the enigma.

I had gone to the Palace to meet my old friend the excellent savant Y., who had offered to initiate me that morning into the classification of some of his favorites among the marvels there, and as we stood talking upon the steps I was surprised to see that as my American approached him, he raised his hat and bowed.

"That is one of your compatriots," he said. "Do you know her?"

"Only by sight," I answered. "I've seen her a great many times here. I fancy she is some one who has come to Paris for the Exposition, for I've never met her anywhere in the American colony. Don't you think she is very pretty?"

"She reminds me of a Tanagra," said my friend—"Une Tanagra Anglo-Saxonne!"

"Exactly what I called her myself," said I. "But it is a Tanagra with a great thirst for knowledge! Just think! the gates are scarcely open, even the flower-beds have hardly finished their toilets, and she has munificently paid a special entrance fee of two tickets in order to be able to enjoy her favorite treasures, whatever they may be, without being disturbed by the crowd. I have seen her here often at the same hour. Confess that there is an example which proves, what I have so often told you, that an American woman may be what you call *coquette,* and at the same time intellectual and serious."

The old savant looked at me with an air of malicious *bonhomie.* "I need no other proof than yourself, my dear mademoiselle," he said, with old-fashioned gallantry, "to be convinced that the Americans know at the same time how to ornament their minds and their bodies. But in the particular case of this young girl you must permit me to destroy an illusion."

"You know her, then! But of course you do. I had forgotten that you bowed to her."

"I saw her for the first time a week or so ago. Her name is Miss Grace Davrencort, and her present place of abode is the Hôtel Chatham. That is all I know of her civil estate, as we say in French. She came to see me in my study, much to the amazement of my old bonne, who is not accustomed to introduce such pretty visitors into the Benedictine retreat of my apartment. I should say she had not yet recovered from the shock, to judge from the deplorable manner in which she has made my coffee ever since. The object of her expedition was to talk to me about sixteenth-century enamels."

"Enamels!" I exclaimed. "But—"

The savant raised his hand protestingly at my air of triumph.

"I should rather say that she came to talk to me about one sixteenth-century enamel. Some one at the Embassy had told her that I was the person in the world who knew the most about such things, and she immediately bought my big volume, *Histoire des Emailleurs Français en Europe.* Naturally she found nothing in it on the subject which specially interested her, and she immediately rushed to my house, with that admirable and confident audacity peculiar to American women."

"Thanks in behalf of the American women," I said. "But what interested her so particularly about an enamel?"

"Patience!"—my old friend liked to take his own time for telling things—"we are coming to that. You remember how I have always chaffed you about the aristocratic pretensions of your compatriots?"

"Of course I do. You are even so disagreeable as to pretend that you have never yet talked to one of them for half an hour, even if you had only just been introduced to her, without her telling you that she had a grandfather on the *Mayflower,* or giving you some similar fact about her genealogy."

"Mlle. Davrencort, dear mademoiselle, had not even the most distant grandfather on the *Mayflower,* nor even the smallest grandmother in the colonies among those ladies that I believe they speak of as the Dames Coloniales. Imagine her desolation; for in the place where she lives, as nearly as I can understand, it is the fashion for the women to adorn themselves with little badges appropriate to their ancestors, and not to be sure of a grandfather at all gives one a feeling quite of not being *de la société.* You can understand her delight, then, when in the Exposition, in this Palace, she discovered an authentic portrait of a Davrincourt, dated 1549. It was in the form of a superb plaque in enamel, the work of the celebrated artist Léonard Limosin, who made the portraits of all the grand seigneurs of the time of François I. Now there is no doubt but that this may be the picture of one of the founders of her house. Davrencort is certainly the English transformation of Davrincourt. This hypothesis is given still greater probability by this plaque, on which the name is written Davrincôrt. The tremor over the o was even then used to replace the u. You will still better understand the great excitement of this young girl if I add that the background of the enamel was sown with the golden lilies of the kings of France."

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SHE WENT RAPIDLY FROM ONE CASE TO ANOTHER

"Did she imagine herself allied to the house of Valois?" I asked, laughingly.

"Most certainly she did. She even told me that it was useless to try to persuade her to the contrary; that she was positive of it, in spite of the fact that she had not been able to find any traces of the Davrincourts among the noble houses of France in the sixteenth century."

"If she was so positive, what did she want to consult you about, then?"

"About the meaning of one curious detail in the plaque. In one corner one of the *fleurs-de-lis* had been replaced by a pair of scales, and she wanted me to give her some sort of confirmation of her belief that her ancestor had occupied some grand charge of justice at the court. My own hypothesis is not quite so flattering, and yet it is not without grounds. It is based upon a tombstone I once saw, upon which was this same device of scales and *fleurs-de-lis*—"

My guide stopped abruptly. As we talked we had passed through the sumptuous sections of bronzes, ivories, and forged iron, and we now found ourselves at the entrance to the little room where in the great glass armoires the painted enamels, with their rich and vibrating colors, reminded you of a collection of rare butterflies transfixed by some admirable art in precious stones. Only two persons were in the room, of which one was the young demoiselle Davrencort, and the other a stout and extremely common-looking man, bent over a flat vitrine in the form of a table, profoundly absorbed in contemplating its contents. "Her place is taken," said my companion. "Let us appear to look at this beautiful 'Adoration des Rois,' by Penicaud, and come in for the comedy."

Miss Davrencort appeared to be but little moved by the magnificence around her. She went rapidly from one case to another, with only a glance at their contents, jangling meanwhile the gold trinkets which hung from her châtelaine, and clanking the heels of her little yellow shoes upon the polished floor with an evident desire to make a noise. Finally her patience appeared to be exhausted, and she approached the case over which the man was bending, and stood looking at him. He appeared to be in no hurry. Many minutes went by without his stirring. Finally he straightened his figure, and already the girl was starting forward to rejoice her eyes with a view of her title of nobility, when, after taking a large bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket and blowing his nose with a trumpetlike sound, he placed his hat carefully on the vitrine before him, wiped the perspiration from his bald head, and went back to the study of the enamel, steadying himself meanwhile by buttressing himself against the case with his arms and legs. Evidently this amateur of antiquities had established himself there for a long sojourn.

This appeared also to be the opinion of the young girl. She frowned, coughed, and finally, with an air of resolution, spoke: "Monsieur!"

The stout man did not move.

"Monsieur!" she said in a little louder tone.

This time he started, rose to his feet, and stood half frightened at the sight of the beautiful young stranger by his side, who had spoken to him, and was speaking again.

"Monsieur," she said, "in that vitrine at which you are looking is the portrait of one of my family, of one of my ancestors. It is naturally much more interesting to me than to any one else, and I want to look at it. Would you be so good as to go to one of the other cases, and let me have that place? I should be so much obliged to you."

The man looked at her, bewildered. "You were saying, mademoiselle?" he stammered.

"I asked you to let me look at *my* enamel," repeated the girl, somewhat sharply. "The enamel just under your hand in that glass case."

"Not this one?" said the man, pointing with his horny finger.

"Yes."

His face brightened with a broad and good-natured smile.

"But that enamel isn't yours, mademoiselle," he answered. "It was lent to the Palace by me. It is mine."

"Yours!" the girl ejaculated, sarcastically. "Yours!" in a still more incredulous tone. The man again nodded a beaming assent. Miss Davrencort reflected. "If it is yours," she said, after a moment, "how much do you want for it? Name your price and you shall have it."

"But I have no price," said the man, simply. "It is not for sale. My father inherited it from my grandfather, as my grandfather from his father, and it was in that way that it came to me, as I shall leave it one day to my oldest son. It is a family portrait."

"In what family?"

"In mine, mademoiselle. For that matter, you can see the name on the plaque."

"That name is—"

"Is mine, mademoiselle. My name is Aristide Davrincourt, at your service. For that matter, let me offer you my card."

He plunged his fat little arm into the inside pocket of his coat, extracted from it a large piece of pasteboard, and handed it to her.

She seized it, and read the inscription at a glance. Her face paled, the card fell to the ground, and in an instant all we could see of the demoiselle Davrencort, of the royal house of Valois, was a flutter of skirts and a bit of color in the roses of a hat as she fled through the galleries.

My companion tranquilly picked up the card and handed it to me. "I see my hypothesis was correct," he said.

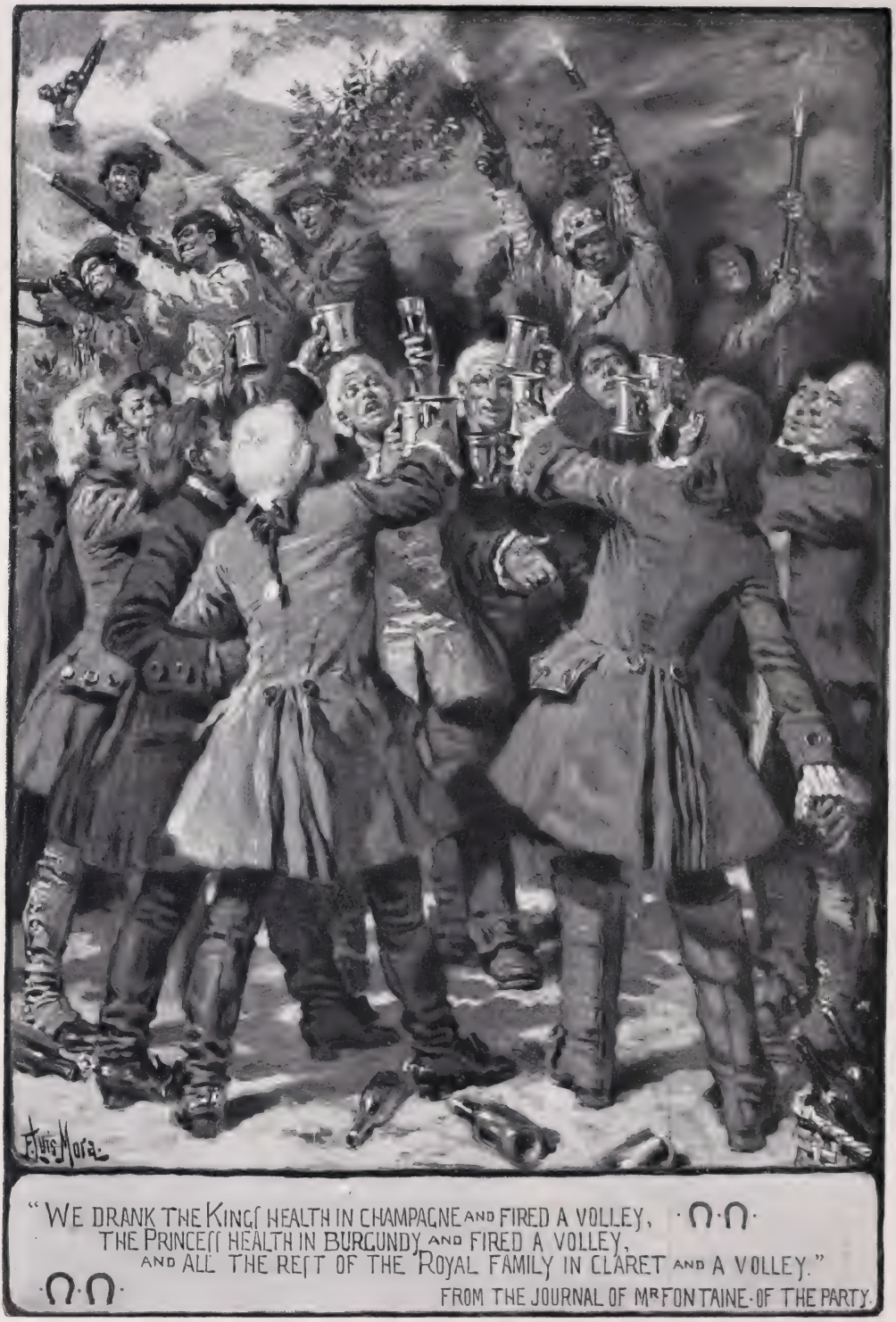
I read:

ARISTIDE DAVRINCOURT,

103 *Rue de l'Hirondelle,* 103.
Comestibles en tous genres.
Vins en gros et au détail.
Spécialités Americaines.
Maison fondée en 1532.

"And the scales and *fleurs-de-lis?*"

"Simply signified that the first Davrincourt had the honor of being grocer to the king."



[SEE PAGE 914]

GOVERNOR SPOTSWOOD'S EXPEDITION TO THE BLUE RIDGE

Colonies and Nation

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WOODROW WILSON

COMMON UNDERTAKINGS (*Continued.*)

KING WILLIAM'S WAR, with its eight years of conscious peril, set new thoughts astir. It made America part of the stage upon which the great European conflict between French and English was to be fought out; and immediately a sort of continental air began to blow through colonial affairs. Colonial interests began to seem less local, more like interests held in common, and the colonies began to think of themselves as part of an empire. The expedition which hale Sir William Phips, that frank seaman adventurer, led against Acadia in 1690 had hardly had the dignity of formal war. He had relished the private gain got out of it as a pleasant reminder of that day of fortune when he had found the Spanish treasureship sunk upon a reef in far Hispaniola. His second expedition, made the same year against Quebec, no doubt smacked more of the regular business, undertaken as an accredited officer of the crown; but when it failed it is likely he thought more of the private moneys subscribed and lost upon it than of the defeat of the royal arms. The colonial leaders were not become European statesmen of a sudden. Their local affairs were still of more concern to them than the policies of European courts. Nevertheless, the war made a beginning of common undertakings. The colonies were a little drawn together, a little put in mind of matters larger than their own.

New York felt herself no less concerned than Massachusetts and Maine in the contest with the French, with its inevitable accompaniment of trouble with the Indians; and Jacob Leisler, plebeian and self-constituted governor though he was, had made bold to take the initiative in forming plans for the war. Count Louis de Frontenac had been made governor of New France the very year William established himself as king in England (1689), and had come instructed, as every Englishman in America presently heard rumor say, to attack the English settlements at the very heart,—at New York itself. It was this rumor that had made Leisler hasten to seize the government in king William's name, seeing king James's governor hesitate, and hearing it cried in the streets that the French were in the very bay. He had thought it not impossible that James's officers might prove traitors and friends of king Louis in that last moment of their power. And then, when the government was in his hands, this people's governor called a conference of the colonies to determine what should be done for the common defence. Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut responded, and sent agents to the conference (1690), the first of its kind since America was settled. It was agreed to attempt the conquest of New France. Sir William Phips should lead an expedition by sea against Quebec; and another force should go by land out of Connecticut and New York to attack Montreal, the only other stronghold, taking their Iroquois allies with them. But the land expedition was every way unfortunate, and got no farther than Lake Champlain. Frontenac was able to devote all his strength to the defence of Quebec; and Sir William Phips came back whipped and empty-handed. The first effort at a

common undertaking had utterly miscarried.

But that was not the end of the war. Its fires burned hot in the forests. Frontenac prosecuted the ugly business to the end as he had begun it. He had begun, not by sending a fleet to New York, for he had none to send, but by sending his Indian allies of the north to a sudden attack and savage massacre at Schenectady, where sixty persons, men and women, old and young, saw swift and fearful death (1689); and year by year the same hideous acts of barbarous war were repeated,—not always upon the far-away border, sometimes at the very heart of the teeming colony, —once (1697) at Haverhill, not thirty-five miles out of Boston itself. Such a war was not likely to be forgot in the northern colonies, at any rate, or in New York. Its memories were bitten into the hearts of the colonists there as with the searings of a hot iron; and they knew that the French must be overcome before there could be lasting peace, or room made for English growth in the forests.

They would rather have turned their thoughts to other things. There were home matters of deep moment which they were uneasy to settle. They had not failed to notice and to take to heart what had happened in England when William and Mary were brought to the throne. They were none the less Englishmen for being out of England, and what Parliament did for English liberty deeply concerned them. Parliament, as all the world knew, had done a great deal during those critical days in which it had consummated the "glorious Revolution" by which the Stuarts were once for all put from the seat of sovereignty. It had reasserted the ancient rights named in Magna Charta; it had done away with the king's arrogated right to tax; it had destroyed his alleged right to set laws aside, or alter them in any way; it had reduced him from being master and had made him a constitutional king, subject to his people's will spoken through their legal representatives in Parliament. The new king, too, had shown himself willing to extend these principles to America. In the charters which he granted or renewed, and in the instructions which he gave to the governors whom he commissioned, he did not begrudge an explicit acknowledgment of the right of the colonies to control their own taxation and the expenditures of their own colonial establishments.

That only made it the more noticeable, however, that Parliament itself put them in leading-strings by its manifold restrictions on the right of trade, and so laid an indirect tax upon them not consented to by their votes. The Navigation Acts forbade the colonies to send their products to foreign countries except in English bottoms, or to import anything except out of England: forbade them, indeed, to send some of their most characteristic products, like sugar, tobacco, indigo, copper, furs, and rice, to any but English ports. They were forbidden also to trade directly with each other, except in goods not to be had in England,—unless, indeed, they paid duties upon the trade equivalent to those they would have paid in English ports. Other Acts restricted their right to engage in manufactures which would interfere with England's monopoly in their markets. Good housewives in the colonies could hardly be prevented from weaving their own wool into cloth for the use of their own households; but Parliament forbade the transportation of either wool or woollen goods from the colonies to foreign countries, or even from colony to colony. Colonial products were as much as possible to enrich the markets of England; every manufactured thing was as much as possible to be supplied only by English manufacturers. Colonial bottoms, it is true, were "English" bottoms, and the law made it a very profitable thing to build and own ships in New England and New York; the duties charged upon foreign goods brought into England were remitted if the goods were taken thence to America, so that they were often to be had cheaper in the colonies than in London. The English market was the natural market for the colonies, and their trade throve well enough. But restriction sat ill upon the thoughts and tempers of the colonists; and the irritation grew as they saw their trade grow and their opportunities.

It was the more fortunate, therefore, for those who undertook their government,

that the independent temper of the colonists should be moderated and their fretfulness under restriction quieted by the obvious presence of a common external danger, like that which their all too close neighborhood to New France made them sensible of. Wars vexed and disciplined them for half a century, and their separate interests had often to stand neglected for years that their common interests and the interests of English empire in America might be guarded.

A singular state of things came to light when King William's War was over. The war ended in 1697, and the treaty of Ryswick, by which peace was made, pledged France, England, Holland, and Spain, the contracting parties to the treaty, to the abolition of buccaneering. Spain and England had been mutually bound since 1670 to abolish it. Buccaneering abounded most on the coasts of America. The lawless business had begun long ago. Spain had provoked it. She had taken possession of all Central and South America and of the islands of the West Indies, and had bidden all other nations stand off and touch nothing, while her fleets every year for generations together came home heavy with treasure. She had denied other nations the right of trade; she had forbidden their seamen so much as to get stores for their own use anywhere within the waters of Spanish America. She treated every ship as an intruder which she found in the southern seas, and the penalties she inflicted for intrusion upon her guarded coasts went the length of instant drowning or hangings at the yard-arm. It was a day when there was no law at sea. Every prudent man supplied his ship with arms, and was his own escort; and since Spain was the common bully, she became the common enemy. English and French and Dutch seamen were not likely very long to suffer themselves to be refused what they needed at her ports; and after getting what they needed, they went on to take whatever else they wanted that happened to be at hand. They were intruders, anyway, for whatever purpose they came, and they might as well, as a witty Frenchman among them said, "repay themselves beforehand" for the losses they would suffer should Spanish cruisers find and take them.

The spirit of adventure and of gain grew on them mightily. At first they contented themselves with an illicit trade at the unguarded ports of quiet, half-deserted islands like Hispaniola, where they could get hides and tallow, smoked beef and salted pork, in exchange for goods smuggled in from Europe. But they did not long stop at that. The exciting risks and notable profits of the business made it grow like a story of adventure. The ranks of the lawless traders filled more and more with every sort of reckless adventurer and every sort of unquiet spirit who found the ordinary world stale and longed for a change of luck, as well as with hosts of common thieves and natural outlaws. Such men, finding themselves inevitably consorting, felt their comradeship, helped one another when they could, and made a common cause of robbing Spain, calling themselves "Brethren of the Coast." They took possession, as their numbers increased, of the little twin islands of St. Christopher and Nevis for rendezvous and headquarters, and fortified distant Tortuga for a stronghold; and their power grew apace through all the seventeenth century, until no Spanish ship was safe on the seas though she carried the flag of an admiral, and great towns had either to buy them off or submit to be sacked at their pleasure. They mustered formidable fleets, and counted their desperate seamen by the thousands.

They were most numerous, most powerful, most to be feared, at the very time the English colony was begun at Charleston (1670). All the English sea-coast at the south, indeed, was theirs in a sense. They were regulars, not outlaws, when France or Holland or England was at war with Spain, for the great governments did not scruple to give them letters of marque when they needed their assistance at sea. English buccaneers had helped Sir William Penn take Jamaica for Cromwell in 1655. And when there was no war, the silent, unwatched harbors of the long American sea-coast were their favorite places of refuge and repair. New Providence, England's best anchorage and most convenient port of rendezvous in the Bahamas, became their chief place of welcome and recruiting. The coming of settlers did not disconcert

them. It pleased them, rather. The settlers did not molest them,—had secret reasons, as they knew, to be glad to see them. There were the English navigation laws, as well as the Spanish, to be evaded, and the goods they brought to the closed markets were very welcome,—and no questions asked. They were abundantly welcome, too, to the goods they bought. For thirty years the Spanish gold and silver they spent in Carolina were almost the only currency the little colony had. Governors winked at their coming and going,—even allowed them to sell their Spanish prizes in English ports. Charleston and the open bays of Albemarle Sound were not more open to them than New York and Philadelphia and Providence, and even now and again the ports of Massachusetts.

Richard Coote, the Earl of Bellomont, came out in 1698 to be Governor General of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, and was specially instructed to stamp out the piracy of the coasts; but he found it no light task. His predecessor in the government of New York, Benjamin Fletcher, had loved the Brethren of the Coast very well: they had made it to his interest to like them; and the merchants of New York, as of the other seaport towns, were noticeably slow to see the iniquity of the proscribed business. Lord Bellomont bitterly complained that the authorities of Rhode Island openly gave notorious pirates countenance and assistance. Mr. Edward Randolph, whose business it was to look after the king's revenues, declared in his anger that North Carolina was peopled by nobody but smugglers, runaway servants, and pirates. South Carolina, fortunately, had seen the folly of harboring the outlaws by the time Lord Bellomont set about their suppression in the north. Not only had her population by that time been recruited and steadied by the coming in of increasing numbers of law-abiding and thrifty colonists to whom piracy was abhorrent, but she had begun also to produce great crops of rice, for whose exportation she could hardly get ships enough, and had found that her whilom friends the freebooters did not scruple to intercept her cargoes on their way to the profitable markets of Holland, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal. She presently began, therefore, to use a great pair of gallows, set up very conspicuously on "Execution Dock" at Charleston, for the diligent hanging of pirates. But the coast to the northward still showed them hospitality, and Lord Bellomont made little headway at New York, —except that he brought the notorious Captain Kidd to justice. William Kidd, a Scotsman, had made New York his home, and had won there the reputation of an honest and capable man and an excellent ship-captain; but when he was given an armed vessel strongly manned, and the king's commission to destroy the pirates of the coast, the temptation of power was too great for him. He incontinently turned pirate himself, and it fell to Lord Bellomont to send him to England to be hanged.

The interval of peace, during which English governors in America could give their thoughts to the suppression of piracy, proved all too short. "Queen Anne's War" followed close upon the heels of King William's, and the French and Indians became once again more threatening than the buccaneers. Nevertheless, some important affairs of peace were settled before the storm of war broke again. For one thing, Mr. Penn was able once more to put in order the government of Pennsylvania. For two years (1692-1694) he had been deprived of his province, because, as every one knew, he had been on very cordial terms of friendship with James Stuart, the discredited king, and it was charged that he had taken part in intrigues against the new sovereigns. But it was easy for him to prove, when the matter was dispassionately looked into, that he had done nothing dishonorable or disloyal, and his province was restored to him. In 1699 he found time to return to America and reform in person the administration of the colony. Bitter jealousies and sharp factional differences had sprung up there while affairs were in confusion after the coming in of William and Mary, and the two years Mr. Penn spent in their correction (1699-1701) were none too long for the work he had to do. He did it, however, in his characteristic healing fashion, by granting privileges more liberal and democratic than ever, in a new



JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

charter. One chief difficulty lay in the fact that the lower counties by the Delaware chafed because of their enforced union with the newer counties of Pennsylvania; and Mr. Penn consented to an arrangement by which they would within three years, if they still wished it, have a separate assembly of their own, and the right to act for themselves in all matters of local government. Self-government, indeed, was almost always his provident cure for discontent. He left both Pennsylvania and the Delaware counties free to choose even their own courts,—and Philadelphia free to select her own officers as an independently incorporated city. Had he been able to find governors as wise and temperate as himself, new troubles might have been avoided as successfully as old troubles had been healed.

While Mr. Penn lingered in America the rights of the proprietors of West Jersey, his own first province, passed finally to the crown; and New Jersey became subject, as a whole, to the rule of the king's governor in New York, — once more a single territory. The proprietors' rights had been once before surrendered (1688), but had been resumed. This was their final extinction.

Many things changed and many things gave promise of change in the colonies as Mr. Penn looked on. In 1700 Virginia had her population enriched by the coming of seven hundred French Huguenots, under the leadership of the Marquis de la Muce,—some of them Waldenses who had



New York In 1725

moved, in exile, through Switzerland, Alsace, the Low Countries, and England ere they found this their final home of settlement in Virginia,—all of them refugees because of the terror that had been in France for all protestants since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685). That same year, 1700, Williamsburg, the new village capital of the "Old Dominion," grew very gay with company come in from all the river counties, from neighboring colonies too, and even from far-off New England, to see the first class graduated from the infant college of William and Mary. The next year (1701), Connecticut, teeming more and more with a thrifty people, with its own independent interests and resources, and finding Harvard College at Cambridge too far away for the convenience of those of her own youth who wished such training as ministers and professional men in general needed, set up a college of her own,—the college which half a generation later she called Yale, because of Mr. Elihu Yale's generous gift of eight hundred pounds in books and money.



Broad Street, New York, 1740

Then king William died (1702,—Mary, his queen and consort, being dead these eight years), and Anne became queen. It was a year of climax in the public affairs of Europe. In 1701, Louis XIV. had put his grandson, Philip of Anjou, on the throne of Spain, in direct violation of his treaty obligations to England, and to the manifest upsetting of the balance of power in Europe, openly rejoicing that there were no longer any Pyrenees, but only a single, undivided Bourbon power from Flanders to the Strait of Gibraltar; and had defied England, despite his promises made at Ryswick, by declaring James's son the rightful heir to the English throne. Instantly England, Holland, and Austria drew together in Grand Alliance against the French aggression, and for eleven years Italy, Germany, and the Nether-



New York Slave-Market—About 1730

lands rang with the War of the Spanish Succession. The storm had already broken when Anne became queen. England gave a great general to the world. It was the day of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, of whose genius soldiers gossiped to their neighbors and children for half a century after the great struggle was over. The English took Gibraltar (1704); Prince Eugene of Savoy helped great Marlborough to the famous victory of Blenheim (1705),—and Virginians were not likely to forget that it was Colonel Parke, of Virginia, who took the news of that field to the queen; Marlborough won at Ramillies and Eugene at Turin (1705); the two great captains triumphed together at Oudenarde (1708) and at Malplaquet (1709). The crowns of France and Spain were separated, and France was lightened of her overwhelming weight in the balance of power.

But for the colonies in America it was only "Queen Anne's War," full of anxiety, suffering, and disappointment: massacres on the border, expeditions to the north blundered and mismanaged, money and lives spent with little to show for the sacrifice. No preparation had been made in America for the renewal of hostilities. Not that there had been any lack of warning or of urgent appeals from the colonies, where every observant man of affairs saw what must come. Lord Bellomont, that self-respecting gentleman and watchful governor, had told the ministers at home very plainly that there ought to be a line of frontier posts at the north, with soldiers for colonists, and that simply to pursue the Indians once and again to the depths of the forests was as useless "as to pursue birds that are on the wing." An English prisoner in the hands of the French had sent word what they meant to do for the extension of their boundaries and their power. The deputy governor of Pennsylvania had proposed a colonial militia to be kept at the frontier.



French Huguenot Church, New York, 1704

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Certain private gentlemen of the northern settlements had begged for a common governor "of worth and honor," and for some system of common defence. Mr. Penn, looking on near at hand, had advised that the colonists be drawn together in intercourse and interest by a common coinage, a common principle of citizenship, a common system of justice, and by duties on foreign timber which would in some degree offset the burdens of the Navigation Acts,—as well as by common organization and action against the French and against the pirates of the coast. But nothing had been done.

Even the little that had been gained in King William's War had to be gained all over again. Sir William Phips had taken Port Royal handily at the outset of that war (1690), and Acadia with it, and there had been no difficulty in holding the conquered province until the war ended; but the treaty of Ryswick had handed back to the French everything the English had taken, the statesmen of England hardly heeding America at all in the terms they agreed to,—and so a beginning was once more to be made.

The war began, as every one knew it must, with forays on the border: the Indians were the first afoot, and were more to be feared than the French. The first movement of the English was made at the south, where before the first year (1702) of the war was out the Carolinians struck at the power of Spain in Florida. They sent a little force against St. Augustine, and easily swept the town itself, but stood daunted before the walls of its castle, lacking cannon to reduce it, and came hastily away at sight of two Spanish ships standing into the harbor, leaving their very stores and ammunition behind them in their panic. They had saddled the colony with a debt of six thousand pounds and gained nothing. But they at least kept their own borders safe against the Indians, and their own little capital at Charleston safe against attack by the Spaniards. The Apalaches, who served the Spaniards on the border, they swept from their forest country in 1703, and made their border quiet by fire and sword, driving hundreds of the tribesmen they did not kill to new seats beyond the Savannah. Three years went by before they were in their turn attacked by a force out of Florida. Upon a day in August, 1706, while the little capital lay stricken with yellow fever, a fleet of five French vessels appeared off the bar at her harbor mouth, bringing Spanish troops from Havana and St. Augustine. There was a quick rally to meet them. Colonial militia went to face their landing parties; gallant Colonel Rhett manned a little flotilla to check them on the water; and they were driven off, leaving 250 prisoners and a captured ship behind them. The southern coast could take care of itself.



William And Mary College Before The Fire, 1723



Charleston In 1742

Nothing had been done meanwhile in the north. The first year of the war (1702) had seen Boston robbed of three hundred of her inhabitants by the scourge of small-pox, and New York stricken with a fatal fever brought out of the West Indies which no man could rally from. That dismal year lingered for many a day in the memory of the men of the middle colonies as "the time of the great sickness." The northernmost border had been harried from Wells to Casco by the French Indians (1703); Deerfield, far away in the wilderness by the Connecticut, had been fearfully dealt with at dead of night, in the midwinter of 1704, by a combined force of French and Indians; in 1705 the French in Acadia brought temporary ruin upon the English trading-posts in Newfoundland; and a French privateer had insolently come in open day into the bay at New York, as if to show the English there how defenceless their great harbor was, with all the coast about it (1705). But there had been no counter-stroke by the English,—except that Colonel Church of Massachusetts had spent the summer of 1704 in destroying as he could the smaller and less defended French and Indian villages upon the coasts which lay about the Penobscot and the Bay of Fundy. In 1707 a serious attempt was made to take Port Royal. Colonel March took a thousand men against the place, in twenty-three transports, convoyed by a man-of-war, and regularly laid siege, but lacked knowledge of the business he had undertaken, and failed utterly.

Another three years went by before anything was accomplished; and the French filled them in, as before, with raids and massacres. Again Haverhill was surprised, sacked, and burned (1708). The English were driven from the Bahama Islands. An expedition elaborately prepared in England to be sent against the French in America was countermanded (1709), because a sudden need arose to use it at home. Then at last fortune turned a trifle kind. Colonel Francis Nicholson, governor of Virginia till 1705, had gone to England when he saw things stand hopelessly still in America, and was at last able, in 1710, to obtain and bring assistance in person from over sea. He had recommended, while yet he was governor of Virginia, that the colonies be united under a single viceroy and defended by a standing army for which they should themselves be made to pay. The ministers at home had been too prudent to take that advice; but they listened now to his appeal for a force to be sent to America. By the 24th of September, 1710, he lay off Port Royal with a fleet of thirty-five sail, besides hospital and store ships, with four regiments of New England militia aboard his transports and a detachment of marines. On

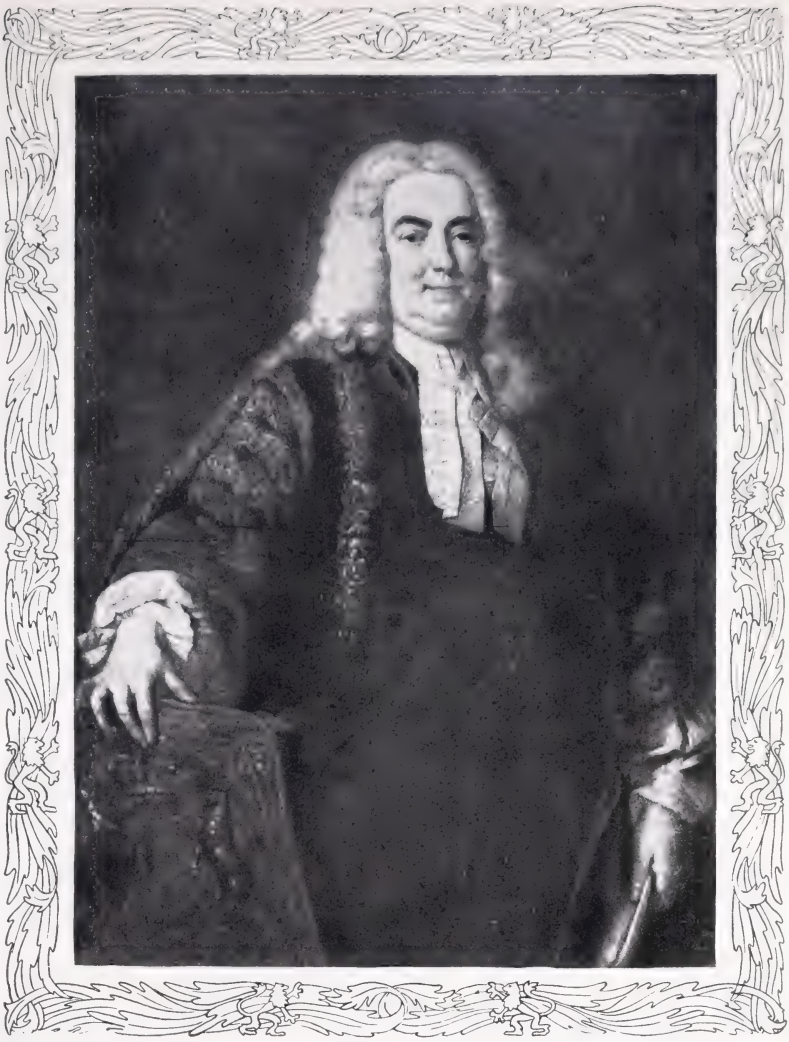
the 1st of October he opened the fire of three batteries within a hundred yards of the little fort which guarded the place, and within twenty-four hours he had brought it to its capitulation, as Sir William Phips had done twenty years before. Acadia was once more a conquered province of England, and Colonel Nicholson renamed its port Annapolis Royal, in honor of the queen whom he served. The name of the province itself the English changed to Nova Scotia.

Two years more, and the war was practically over; but no victories had been added to that lonely achievement at Port Royal. Colonel Nicholson went from his triumph in Acadia back to England again, to solicit a yet stronger force to be taken against Quebec, and once more got what he wanted. In midsummer of 1711 Sir Hovenden Walker arrived at Boston with a great fleet of transports and men-of-war, bringing Colonel Hill and seven of Marlborough's veteran regiments to join the troops of New England in a decisive onset upon the stronghold of New France. Colonel Nicholson was to lead the colonial levies through the forests to Quebec; Sir Hovenden Walker was to ascend the St. Lawrence and strike from the river. But neither force reached Quebec. The admiral blundered in the fogs which beset him at the mouth of the great stream, lost eight ships and almost a thousand men, and then put out in dismay and steered straightway for England, to have his flag-ship blow up under him at Spithead. Colonel Nicholson heard very promptly of the admiral's ignoble failure, and did not make his march. The next year, 1712, the merchants of Quebec subscribed a fund to complete the fortifications of their rock-built city, and even women volunteered to work upon them, that they might be finished ere the English came again. But that very summer brought a truce; and in March, 1713, the war ended, with the Peace of Utrecht. The treaty gave England Hudson's Bay, Acadia, Newfoundland, and the little island of St. Christopher alongside Nevis in the Lesser Antilles.

"Queen Anne's War" was over; but there was not yet settled peace in the south. While the war lasted, North Carolina had had to master, in blood and terror, the fierce Iroquois tribe of the Tuscaroras, who mustered twelve hundred warriors in the forests which lay nearest the settlements. And when the war was over, South Carolina had to conquer a whole confederacy of tribes whom the Spaniards had stirred up to attack her. The Tuscaroras had seemed friends through all the first years of the English settlement on their coast; but the steady, ominous advance of the English, encroaching mile by mile upon their hunting grounds, at last maddened them to commit a sudden and awful treachery. In September, 1711, they fell with all their natural fury upon the nearer settlements, and for three days swept them with an almost continuous carnage. The next year the awful butchery was repeated. Both times the settlements found themselves too weak to make effective resistance; both times aid was sent from South Carolina, by forced marches through the long forests; and finally, in March, 1713, the month of the Peace of Utrecht, an end was made. The Tuscaroras were attacked and overcome in their last stronghold. The remnant that was left migrated northward to join their Iroquois kinsmen in New York; and Carolina was quit of them forever.

The strong tribes which held sway in the forests of South Carolina,—the Yamassees, Creeks, Catawbas, and Cherokees,—were no kinsmen of these alien Iroquois out of the north, and had willingly lent their aid to the English to destroy them. But, the war over, the Spaniards busied themselves to win these tribes also to a conspiracy against the English settlements, and succeeded only too well. They joined in a great confederacy, and put their seven or eight thousand braves on the war-path to destroy the English. For almost a whole year (April, 1715, to February, 1716) they kept to their savage work unsubdued, until no less than four hundred whites had lost their lives at their hands. But then the final reckoning came for them also, and the shattered remnants of their tribes sought new homes for themselves as they could.

New York had had her own fright while the war lasted. A house blazed in the night (1712), and certain negroes who



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE
By permission of Walker and Cockerell, London

had gathered about it killed some of those who came to extinguish the flames. It was rumored that there had been a plot among the negroes to put the whole of the town to the torch; an investigation was made, amidst a general panic which rendered calm inquiry into such a matter impossible; and nineteen blacks were executed. But in most of the colonies domestic affairs had gone quietly enough, the slow war disturbing them very little. Connecticut found leisure of thought enough, in 1708, to collect a synod at Saybrook and formulate a carefully considered constitution for her churches, which her legislature the same year adopted. New York witnessed a notable trial in 1707, which established the freedom of dissenting pulpits. Lord Cornbury, the profligate governor of the province, tried to silence the Rev. Francis Mackemie, a Presbyterian minister,—pretending that the English laws of worship and doctrine were in force in New York; but a jury made short work of acquitting him. Massachusetts endured Joseph Dudley as governor throughout the war (1702-1715), checking him very pertinaciously at times when he needed the assistance of her General Court, but willing now at last to live quietly under governors not of her own choosing.

Fortunately for the Carolinas, a very notable man had become governor of

Virginia ere the Tuscaroras took the war-path. There were tribes at the border,—Nottoways, Meherrins, and even a detached group of Tuscaroras themselves, —who would have joined in the savage conspiracy against the whites, had not Colonel Spotswood been governor in Virginia and shown himself capable of holding them quiet with a steady hand of authority,—a word of conciliation and a hint of force. Alexander Spotswood was no ordinary man. He added to a gentle breeding a manly bearing such as Virginians loved, and the administrative gifts which so many likable governors had lacked. His government was conducted with clear-eyed enterprise and steady capacity. It added to his consequence that he had borne the queen's commission in the forces of the great Marlborough on the field of Blenheim, and came to his duty in Virginia (1710) bearing a wound received on that famous field. His blood he took from Scotland, where the distinguished annals of his family might be read in many a public record; and a Scottish energy came with him into the government of Virginia,— as well as a Scottish candor and directness in speech,—to the great irritation presently of James Blair, as aggressive a Scotsman as he, and more astute and masterful.

It was Colonel Spotswood who, in 1716, gathered a company of gentlemen about him for a long ride of discovery into the Alleghenies. They put their horses through the very heart of the long wilderness, and won their way despite all obstacles to a far summit of the Blue Ridge, whence, first amongst all their countrymen, they looked forth to the westward upon the vast slopes which fell away to the Ohio and the great basin of the Mississippi. Colonel Spotswood, standing there the leader of the little group, knew that it was this way the English must come to make conquest of the continent. He urged his government at home to stretch a chain of defensive posts beyond the mountains from the lakes to the Mississippi, to keep the French from those inner valleys which awaited the coming of the white man; but he did not pause in the work he could do himself because the advice went unheeded. He kept the Indians still; he found excellent lands for a thrifty colony of Germans, and himself began the manufacture of iron in the colony, setting up the first iron furnace in America; the debts of the colony were most of them discharged, and a good trade in corn, lumber, and salt provisions sprang up with the West Indies; he rebuilt the college, recently destroyed by fire, and established a school for Indian children; he improved as he could the currency of the colony. His works were the quiet works of peace and development, — except for his vigorous suppression of the pirates of the coast,— and his administration might have outrun the year 1722, which saw him removed, had he been a touch less haughty, overbearing,—unused to conciliating or pleasing those whose service he desired. He made enemies, and was at last ousted by them.

Some of the best qualities of the soldier and administrator came out in him in the long struggle to put the pirates down once and for all. The work began in earnest when the war was over and peace concluded at Utrecht. It was officially reported by the secretary of Pennsylvania in 1717 that there were still fifteen hundred pirates on the coasts, making their headquarters at the Cape Fear, and at New Providence in the Bahamas, and sweeping the sea as they dared from Brazil to Newfoundland. But the day of their reckoning was close at hand. South Carolina had cleared her own coasts for a little at the beginning of the century, but robbers swarmed at her inlets again when the Indian massacres had weakened and distracted her, and the end of the war with France set many a privateersman free to return to piracy. The crisis and turning-point came in the year 1718. That year an English fleet crossed the sea, took New Providence, purged the Bahamas of piracy, and made them henceforth a stronghold of law and order. That same year Stede Bonnet, of Barbadoes, a man who had but the other day held a major's commission in her majesty's service, honored and of easy fortune, but now turned pirate as if for pastime, was caught at the mouth of the Cape Fear by armed ships under redoubtable Colonel Rhett, who had driven the French from out of Charleston Harbor some thirteen years ago, and was



COLONEL RHETT AND PIRATE STEDE BONNET

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hanged on Charleston dock, all his crew keeping him company. A few weeks later Robert Thatch, the famous "Blackbeard," whom all the coast dreaded, went a like just way to death, trapped within Ocracoke Inlet by two stout craft sent against him out of Virginia by Colonel Spotswood. And so, step by step, the purging went on. South Carolina had as capable a governor as Virginia in Robert Johnson; and the work done by these and like men upon the coasts, and by English ships in the West Indies, presently wiped piracy out. By 1730 there was no longer anything for ships to fear on those coasts save the Navigation Acts and stress of sea weather.

It was a long coast, and it necessarily took a long time to carry law and order into every bay and inlet. But every year brought increase of strength to the colonies, and with increase of strength power to rule their coasts as they chose. Queen Anne's War over, quiet peace descended upon the colonies for almost an entire generation (1712-1740). Except for a flurry of Indian warfare now and again upon the borders, or here and there some petty plot or sudden brawl, quiet reigned, and peaceful progress. Anne, the queen, had died the year after peace was signed (1714); and the next year Louis XIV. followed her, the great king who had so stirred the politics of Europe. An old generation had passed away, and new men and new measures seemed now to change the whole face of affairs. The first George was on the throne, a German, not an English prince, his heart in Hannover; and presently the affairs of England fell into the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, who kept his power for twenty-one years (1721-1742), and who conducted the government with the shrewd, hard-headed sense and administrative capacity of a steady country squire,—as if governing were a sort of business, demanding, like other businesses, peace and an assured equable order in affairs. It was a time of growth and recuperation, with much to do, but little to record.

The colonies, while it lasted, underwent in many things a slow transformation. Their population grew in numbers not only, but also in variety. By the end of the war there were probably close upon half a million people within their borders, counting slave with free; and with the return of peace there came a quickened increase. New England had lost its old ways of separate and common action as a self-constituted confederacy; and Massachusetts, with her new system of royal governors and a franchise no longer confined to the members of her churches, had lost her leadership. She was losing also her old temper of Puritan thought. It was impossible to keep her population of the single strain of which it had been made up at the first. New elements were added; and new elements brought new ways of life and new beliefs. She was less and less governed by her pulpits; turned more and more to trade for sustenance; welcomed new-comers with less and less scrutiny of their willingness to conform to her ways of thinking, grew less suspicious of change, and more like her neighbors in her ways of progress.

Scots-Irish began to make their appearance in the colony; some of them going to New Hampshire, some remaining in Boston; and they were given a right willing welcome. The war had brought sore burdens of expense and debt upon the people, and these Scots-Irish knew the profitable craft of linen-making, which the Boston people were glad to learn, and use to clothe themselves; for poverty, they declared, "is coming upon us as an armed man." These new immigrants brought with them also the potato, not before used in New England, and very acceptable as an addition to the colony's bill of fare. Small vessels now began to venture out from Cape Cod and Nantucket, moreover, in pursuit of the whales that came to the northern coasts, and it was not long before that daring occupation began to give promise of wealth and of the building up of a great industry. Population began slowly to spread from the coasts into the forests which lay at the west between the Connecticut and the Hudson. In 1730 a Presbyterian church was opened in Boston,—almost as unmistakable a sign of change as King's Chapel itself with its service after the order of the Church of England.

The middle colonies and the far south saw greater changes than these. South Carolina seemed likely to become as various in her make-up as were New York

and Pennsylvania, with their mixture of races and creeds. Scots-Irish early settled within her borders also; she had already got her full share of Huguenot blood; and there followed, as the new century advanced through the lengthened years of peace, companies of Swiss immigrants, and Germans from the Palatinate. Charleston, however, seemed English enough, and showed a color of aristocracy in her life which no one could fail to note who visited her. Back from the point where the rivers met, where the fortifications stood, and docks to which the ships came, there ran a fine road northward which governor Archdale, that good Quaker, had twenty years ago declared more beautiful and pleasant than any prince in Europe could find to take the open air upon when he drove abroad. From it on either side stretched noble avenues of live-oaks, their strong lines softened by the long drapery of gray moss,—avenues which led to the broad verandas of country residences standing in cool and shadowy groves of stately trees. In summer the odor of jasmine filled the air; and even in winter the winds were soft. It was here that the ruling men of the colony lived, the masters of the nearer plantations,—men bred and cultured after the manner of the Old World. The simpler people, who made the colony various with their differing bloods, lived inland, in the remoter parishes, or near other harbors above or below Charleston port. It was on the nearer plantations round about Charleston that negro slaves most abounded; and there were more negroes by several thousand in the colony than white folk. Of the 16,750 inhabitants of the colony in 1715, 10,500 were slaves. But the whites were numerous enough to give their governors a taste of their quality.

There were well-developed political parties in South Carolina, for all she was so small; and astute and able men to lead them, like Colonel Rhett; and Mr. Nicholas Trott, now on one side and again on the other in the matter of self-government as against the authority of the proprietors or the crown, but always in a position to make his influence felt. The province practically passed from the proprietors to the crown in 1719, because the people's party determined to be rid of their authority, and ousted their governor; and in 1729 the proprietors formally surrendered their rights. Colonel Francis Nicholson acted as provisional governor while the change was being effected (1719-1725), having been meantime governor of Acadia, which he had taken for the crown. In 1720 he was knighted; and he seems to have acted as soberly in this post in the far south as he had acted in Virginia. He was truculent and whimsical in the north, but in the south his temper seemed eased and his judgment steadied. The change of government in South Carolina was really an earnest of the fact that the people's representatives had won a just and reasonable ascendency in the affairs of the colony; and Sir Francis did not seriously cross them, but served them rather, in the execution of their purposes.



New Orleans in 1719

Every colony had its own movements of party. Everywhere the crown desired the colonial assemblies to provide a permanent establishment for the governor, the judges, and the other officers who held the king's commission, — fixed salaries, and a recognized authority to carry out instructions; but everywhere the people's representatives persistently refused to grant either salaries or additional authority which they could not control, in

the interest of their own rights, from session to session. They would vote salaries for only a short period, generally a year at a time; and they steadily denied the right of the crown to extend or vary the jurisdiction of the courts without their assent. Sometimes a governor like Mr. Clarke of New York, long a resident in his colony, and acquainted with its temper and ways of thought, got what he wanted by making generous concessions in matters under his own control; and the judges, whatever their acknowledged jurisdiction, were likely to yield to the royal wishes with some servility: for they were appointed at the king's pleasure, and not for the term of their good behavior, as in England. But power turned, after all, upon what the legislative assemblies did or consented to, and the colonists commonly spoke their minds with fearless freedom. In New York their right to speak their minds had been tested and established in a case which every colony promptly learned of. In 1734 and 1735 one John Peter Zenger, a printer, was brought to trial for the printing of various libellous attacks on the governor and the administration of the colony,—attacks which were declared to be highly "derogatory to the character of his majesty's government," and to have a tendency "to raise seditions and tumults in the province"; but he was acquitted. The libel was admitted, but the jury deemed it the right of every one to say whatever he thought to be true of the colony's government; and men everywhere noted the verdict.

A second negro plot startled New York in 1741, showing itself, as before, in sudden incendiary fires. It was thought that the slaves had been incited to destroy the town; and there was an uneasy suspicion that these disturbing occurrences were in some way connected with the slave insurrections in the south. Uprisings of the slaves had recently occurred in the West Indies. South Carolina had suffered such an outbreak more than two years before. In 1738 armed insurgent negroes had begun there, in a quiet parish, the execution of a plot of murder and burning which it had taken very prompt and summary action to check and defeat. Such risings were especially ominous where the slaves so outnumbered the whites; and it was known in South Carolina whence the uneasiness of the negroes came. At the south of the province lay the Spanish colonies in Florida. Negroes who could manage to run away from their masters and cross the southern border were made very welcome there; they were set free, and encouraged in every hostile purpose that would rob the English settlements of their peace and safety. Bands of Yamassees wandered there too, eager to avenge themselves as they could for the woful defeat and expulsion they had suffered at the hands of the Carolinians. When bands of negroes, hundreds strong, began their sudden work of burning, plunder, and murder where the quiet Stono runs to the sea, no one doubted whence the impulse came. And though a single rising was easily enough put down, who could be certain that that was the end of the ominous business? No wonder governors at Charleston interested themselves to increase the number of white settlers and make their power of self-defence sure!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Toteheap

BY MARION ALEXANDER HASKELL

TWILIGHT had fallen slowly, but the old post road from C—— to C—— seemed to lengthen interminably as the shadows faded, and night bade fair to find me on the wrong side of the river from my destination. Over to the right lay the tawny Congaree, its course marked by the overshadowing willow and cypress trees; but no living thing greeted my eyes.

The condition of the road was in itself ample explanation of the absence of fellow-travellers, and the scrubby cotton-fields which bordered it had long since been deserted by the pickers.

Striking across the forlorn and nearly naked cotton-field, we soon came in sight of a cabin. No sign of life, however, was forth-coming. But behind the house a light still burned among the blackened stones which supported the three legs of an ancient wash-pot.

I ventured a halloo.

From the half-open door of a ramshackle shed near by appeared an old darky, and stood for a moment within the flickering gleam of the red firelight. Raising his hand to seize his white forelock, he made a bow and scrape that bespoke the well-bred African of the old school, and came forward to take my bridle.

He was bent with age and clothed in garments which were hardly more than an apology to the name; barefooted, with the remnant of an old blanket fastened over his shoulders, he was yet a fine type of the straight-featured, chocolate-colored negro, who in the old days compared with his fellows as a thoroughbred to a marsh-tackey.

"Who lives here, daddy?" I asked.

"Dey ain' nobody libs heah 'cep' Wellin'ton Stoball an' Miss Toteheap, mahstah—dat's me an' my ole mule een yondah," he replied, motioning toward the shed. "Ef it's a night's res' you's lookin' fo', suh," he continued, divining my need, "I reckon Miz McCullop's, down de road a piece, is de mos' likelies' place roun' heah, suh. I c'n 'mos' show you de chimbleys to de house f'om heah."

Every indication pointed toward the chimneys of Mrs. McCullop as my probable destination for the night, but the old man's manner presented more immediate attractions. Under pretext of having my horse watered, I alighted. He would not allow me to help draw the water from the well, but having finished his task, he made no effort to enter into conversation. Though courteous, he seemed to desire to return to "Miss Toteheap," rather than to cultivate my further acquaintance. But to leave him unquestioned with his mule, his wash-pot, and his loneliness was more than human inquisitiveness would permit.

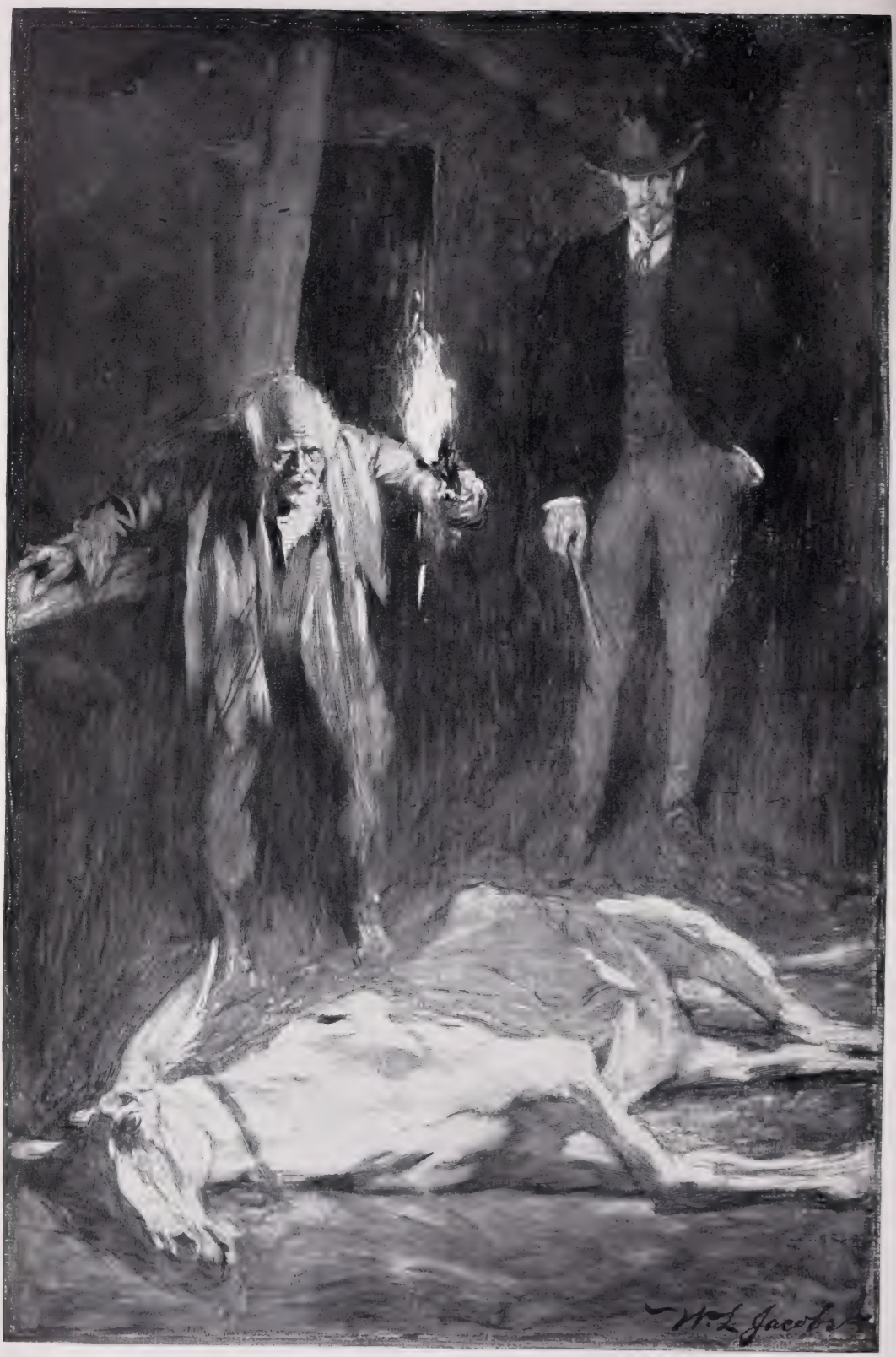
"Do your own washing?" I asked, nodding toward the wash-pot.

"Dem ain' clo'es. Dem's apples bilin' fo' de mule, suh," he responded. Then suddenly abandoning his reserve, he went on:

"Mahstah, mebbe you c'n he'p me out some 'bout dat mule, suh. Seem like she's mighty low, an' dis de las' chance I got—jes to-night, mahstah. She's layin' yondah een de shed. Ef you ain' 'bleeged to makace, I'll show um to you."

I was certainly under no obligations to make haste, and Wellington, lighting a pine torch at the fire, led the way to the shed in which the patient was reposing.

That Miss Toteheap was no ordinary animal I knew from the intensity of his interest, but I was hardly prepared for the spectacle that greeted my eyes when we entered the shed. An old gray mule lying upon a bed of pine straw, the other half of my companion's blanket spread over as much of her body as its limited proportions would cover, and around her neck a bit of rope, long enough to serve



AN OLD GRAY MULE LYING UPON A BED OF PINE STRAW

only as a support for a string of red flannel attached to it—a modest insinuation that the wearer was once a prize animal at the county fair. Truly she must have needed all the moral support that it gave; for, of all her former glory, this and the abiding love of her master were the only tokens which remained.

A more emaciated animal never existed. No — not even among these sand hills! The most sanguine beholder would have quailed at the sight of her protruding bones and sunken eyes, and I could give the old man but small comfort.

Sticking the torch in a mud-bedaubed chink in the wall, he went toward his pet and sought to rouse her.

"Toteheap! you, Toteheap!" he urged, in a voice which conveyed none of the intended reproach. "Git up heah, miss! Huccum you ac' so no-'count befo' de gent'man?"

At the sound of his voice she made one heroic effort to rise. Then, with a shiver, as if with a premonitory consciousness of the rabbits running over her grave, she sank again upon the straw. Her master tenderly readjusted the blanket over her ribs, and neither of us spoke as she slowly closed her eyes. "Where did she come from, daddy?" I asked at length. "Where did you get her?"

"Mahstah," he answered, turning to face me, "what mek you ax me dat? Whey I got dis mule? I stole um, an' dat's whey I got um, fo' sho'. I 'ain' nebbah tuk anuddah Gawd's t'ing f'om nobody. I wuk while I kin wuk, sez I, an' when I can' wuk no mo', and I 'ain't got no white folks, den I gwine do like de 'possum een de wintah-time—I jes gwine to sit dyah an' suck my paws. Yessah! But I tuk dat mule. It come about dis way:

"Mahstah—my ole mahstah—he was gittin' kindah ole when de wah fus closed; an' when de news come 'bout de young mahstahs, it seem like mahstah he got mo' cu'ous eve'y day. He done los' eve'thing he had 'cep' he lands an' de mules an' crittahs; but he kep' a-losin' dat whut he had, 'count o' dem cu'ous notions.

"One yeah he say how ez mules mus' eat sawdus' een de bran, 'cause dat's stren'thenin'. I reason wid him; but he say ez how po' wurrum kin eat sawdus', an' mules ain' ez he'pless ez dey is. Some o' de mules dey died f'om dat, but de nex' yeah mahstah he sol' all de calves to a drobah, an' he say how ez de mules got to eat milk an' clabbah, 'cause de Laws didn' mek um no bettah'n hawgs—dey jes stuck-up to dat. Well, suh, you know no mule ain' gwine to eat no sich a mess like dat; an' mahstah los' a heap dat yeah.

"But Toteheap, she wuz mos' a baby dat time an' didn' know no bettah, an' one mawnin' when I come outen de house, I seed um drinken milk outen de trough whut de oddah mules done tu'n up dey nose at. I 'ain' nebbah had no pets much 'mongst de mules, but f'om dat day I t'ought a heap o' Toteheap, 'kase she ac' so 'umble-sperrited 'bout dat milk. Dey wa'n't but th'ee or fo' head of mules lef' on de place den, an' mahstah got kindah tuk up wid some kin' o' pills he mek out o' maypop seeds, whut he say gwine mek um lib fo'ebbah. But de nex' time he tuk a new notion he say how ez mules had bizness to eat po'simmons, steddah wastin' cawn an' lettin' de po'simmons rot on de groun'.

"Dey wa'n't nary a mule on de place whut would 'gree to dat, an' at las' I was jes natchelly 'bleeged to git de key and gib dem po' crittahs a feed.

"An' sech a ca'yin'-on ez dey wuz een de barn dat ebenin'! You b'lieve it, dem mules wuz so happy to see cawn dat dey purr like gre't big cats, an' dey watah at de mouf, an' jes wrastle wid dey jaws to git it offen de yeahs.

"Mahstah he wuz sa'nterin' 'roun' de place, kindah studyin' to hisse'f, an' all to wunst he heahed de noise. Den he call me up.

"'Whut's dat strange, rummahlin' soun' I heah?' sez he.

"I wuz skeered to tell him de troof, an' I say:

"'Dat's dem po' mules grawlin' wid dey digestion, 'cause dey 'ain' got nothin' to sagaciate,' sez I.

"'You lie, you rascal!' sez he, jes so. 'You been stealin' cawn fo' 'em.'

"Mahstah 'ain' nebbah lif' he hand to tech me, but wid dat word he geddahed up de pitchfork an' come attah me. I run, an' I ain' come back till good dark, nuthah. He ain' say nothin', but he kep' de key mighty clost attah dat; and one

by one de mules dey died, till Toteheap wuz de onlies' one lef', an' she wuz mighty po'ly. Den I tuk Toteheap an' led um down to de quartahs, whey dey wa'n't nobody libbin', an' I say to mahstah, sez I:

"'De las' mule done drap off dis mawnin', mahstah. Ef you gimme de key I c'n see 'bout de hawse widout pestahin' you, suh.' Kase mahstah allus kep' his ridin'-hawse, an' he been feedin' um hisse'f. He gimme de key, an' aftah dat I allus tuk some o' dat hawse-feed down to Toteheap, an' I say to myse'f: 'Mahstah don' know nothin'.'

"Attah while mahstah he got so feeble he couldn' skeercely mount de hawse, but he say how he ain' nebbah gwine to git ole, 'count o' dem maypop pills, an' eve'y day he p'etend like he feel mo' an' mo' libely.

"Den he ain' nebbah go nowheah 'cep' to Marse Ranley's, 'bout seben miles down de ribbah, but at las' he couldn' mek out to ride no longah. Den he call me.

"'Wellin'ton,' sez he, 'go git my saddle an' bridle, an' put um een de spring-cyart, an' hitch de hawse to de cyart. I gwine ride obah to Mistah Ranley's; but dat hawse is gitten kindah wo' out, an' I can spa'e him some, kase I'm a young man yit, an' strong.'

"So mahstah rode obah een de cyart; but when us come to de big gate, mahstah mek me hide de cyart een de bushes, an' he mounts dat hawse an' rides up to de house ez big ez life.

"But de nex' wintah he lay down een de bed one night, an' when mawnin' come de sun wuz shinin' full acrost his face, jes ez fine, all peaceful like ez he wuz een de ole days, an' I knowed de sperrit done gone—an' I wisht I'd a-tol' mahstah 'bout dat mule.

"But when de house come to be shet up, an' de lawyahs done finished dividin' up de will, dey tol' me ez how mahstah's creditors got de place, but he done lef' me dis place fo' my life, an' he say how ez he hopes de mule will enjoy hisse'f een de shed. An' I wuz glad mahstah done foun' me out 'bout Toteheap.

"Us been heah nigh onto twenty yeahs sence mahstah died, an' Toteheap's gittin' mighty ole; her teefs is done wo' out, an' she can' chaw nothin'. Dat's huccum she's got so po'. Hit's fo' yeahs sence de trouble commence, an' seem like Toteheap gits 'shame' 'bout it. Hit's Gawd's troof, mahstah, dis whut I tell you. Toteheap nebbah did pay no 'tention to de dinnah-horn, like de tuddah mules, when she wuz een de fiel', 'cause she knows when I eats, she eats. But sence she got so po', when her shaddah comes a-creepin' up an' a-swivellin' up, littlah an' littlah, 'long 'bout twelve o'clock, dey ain' no keepin' Toteheap een de fiel'. She jes gits 'shame', an' meks fo' de shade. De fus' time, I reason wid um — but, Lawd, 'tain' no use! Den I 'membahed how it wuz wid mahstah, how he hated to get ole an' see hisse'f swivellin' up, an' it seem to me it wuz mahstah's sperrit een dat po' dumb beas', an' fum dat day I 'ain' nebbah cross Toteheap. Jes de way I humor mahstah, dat's de way I been humorin' Toteheap.

"Yet I 'ain' nebbah t'ink 'bout Toteheap *dyin'*. I 'ain' nebbah see a white mule die.

"Two nights ago I wuz settin' een de do' aftah dark, studyin' 'bout Toteheap, an' I heah a hoot-owl call behin' de house. I went een an' put de tongs een de fiah, 'cause I know dat mek he tail bu'n and he fly away. Las' night I heah um agin, an' I done had de tongs 'crost de dawg-irons already. Dat wuz twict I heah um, an' you know whut's de sign when de hoot-owl calls th'ee nights runnin'! Dey's gwine to be a death een de house.

"To-night ef I heah de hoot-owl I'll know dat's de call fo' Toteheap. But ef I heah dat soun' to-night, I'm a-hopin' it 'll be fo' me togeddah wid Toteheap—'cause Toteheap done tuk mahstah's place, an' I 'ain't got nothin' besides."

The torch had burnt itself out and fallen unheeded to the ground. Darkness had enwrapt the chimneys of Mrs. McCullop, and only the dying embers under the pot were visible as my horse turned into the path which led through the thicket. The pines sighed mournfully as they swayed overhead, and as we neared the open beyond, from the trees behind the cabin came the mournful sound of the hoot-owl's call.

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Melinda

A Mate for Melinda

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY

"IT doesn't look very interesting from here," said Jean.

"Neither did the *Anatomy of Melancholy,* nor Froissart," I retorted. "Let's get it down."

We were standing in front of the great old-fashioned bookcase which had already yielded to us so many prized treasures.

On the top shelf, flanked on one side by *Percy's Voyages* and on the other by a stocky-looking volume of sermons, stood the worn brown book on which our attention was centred.

The title, now scarcely legible from age, read:

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY.

"I wonder how old she was?" said Jean, pensively.

"Silly!" I exclaimed. "If you won't get it I will;" and using the shelves after the fashion of a ladder, I cautiously clambered to a position from which I was able to lay hands on the coveted *Letters;* and then, losing balance, I toppled unsteadily and fell plump into the big leather arm-chair, which bounced me off on to the rug. Before I sat up, Jean was already in possession of the book. Together we opened it, tremulous with expectation. The title was certainly far from promising.

But opposite the title, oh! joy! there was the young lady of the letters—her oval cheek leaning lightly upon a taper finger, her harp idle beside her, alone in her rose-embowered arbor, and underneath—the name MELINDA.

For a moment we were too fascinated to look further, then—

"Who was she?" I gasped; and Jean, with practised hand, rushed through the crinkle-edged yellow pages, eagerly seeking for some knowledge of this dainty creature who had suddenly come upon us from an unknown world—this ringleted, sentimental heroine, so unlike Bunyan's pious maidens and the gay ladies of Froissart's gallant chronicle.

"Here she is: here's Melinda," Jean exulted. And as the wind howled against the dripping pane, I curled closer to her side to listen, and to learn that "softness," a characteristic, indeed, to which her pictured countenance amply bore testimony, was a "distinguishing grace" of Melinda; that her nature shrank from anything so unwomanly as "vigor," and that she never "foamed with anger," nor "practised archery."

"'Melinda,' was Jean's next gleaning, 'opens every morning and closes every day with a hymn of praise to her Bountiful Creator, which is chanted to the harpsichord with so sweet a voice as I cannot recollect without emotion.'

"'The heart of this lovely girl is all over *sympathy* and *softness.* The big tear trembles in her eye on *every* trying occasion; and in her closet, along with a *small* but *well-chosen* collection of books, she has a little box, with this inscription: "Sacred to the Poor." Into this she puts, every night before she sleeps, something to be a fund for merit and distress.'"

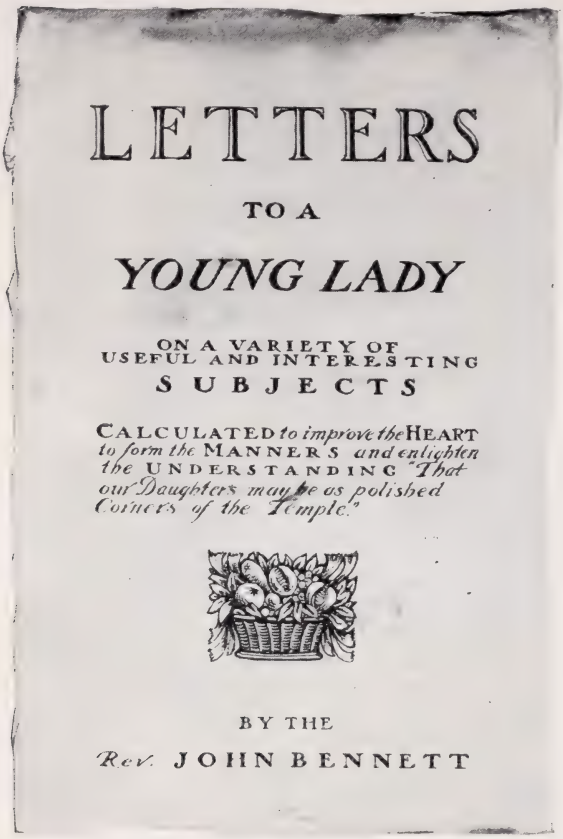
By this my head was on Jean's lap and I was listening dreamily. If these were the choice extracts, what must be the dull ones? But Jean read on unflinchingly, and I kept my reflections to myself. Jean was my senior by two years, and the object of my adoration.

"'The garden,' continued Jean, 'is the scene where Melinda indulges in all the *luxury* of her *taste*... One day I found her in this retirement. The place was very happily fancied... Nature had wantoned with peculiar luxuriance. A clear transparent spring murmured through the valley. A shady arbor in the middle, catching through a beautiful vista the spire of the village church, invited to meditation and repose. She was reclined here, rather in a pensive attitude, read-

ing Burke's *Essay on the Beautiful and Sublime;* and to me she appeared, I must confess, more enchanting, more *beautiful,* and more *sublime* than the work of that well-known and admired author.'

"'On another occasion she had stolen from the domestic circle to indulge, at leisure, a solitary grief. The book she held in her hand was Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead.* The soft melancholy visible in her countenance, the very apparent agitation of her spirits, and the grief, bursting through her animated eyes, formed a very interesting whole, . . . while her observations on a future life would not have disgraced any divine or philosopher of the age.'

"'A third time of her elopement—'"


LETTERS

TO A

YOUNG LADY

ON A VARIETY OF USEFUL AND INTERESTING SUBJECTS

CALCULATED *to improve the* HEART *to form the* MANNERS *and enlighten the* UNDERSTANDING *"That our Daughters may be as polished Corners of the Temple."*

BY THE

Rev. JOHN BENNETT

Elopement! I started from Jean's knee. Elopement? Had something really happened?

Melinda's "Elopement" was, as the context shows, only into the garden, and with a book and not a lover; but it was not until many years after that I discovered for myself the meaning so ingeniously obscured by the elegance of diction of the reverend author.

"Jean, you have skipped the best part. When did she elope? Where's the man?"

Jean made a hasty survey of the back pages. "It doesn't seem to be that kind of an elopement," she said, "and there isn't any man I can find but her father."

"Read ahead and see."

"'A third time of her elopement she was reading—' What, reading during an elopement, and a third time at that? Oh, Melinda! Yes, actually reading 'the only novel which she permits herself to read, *Sir Charles Grandison.* Tears like an April shower tinged with the sun were mingled with her joy.'"

"Oh, Jean, skip a little and find the man."

Jean turned the page.

"I can't find any man, but here's something about married people.

"'I have frequently mentioned Milton as peculiarly happy in his ideas of what constitutes *conjugal* propriety. *His* Eve reveres her husband. She listens to his conversation in order to be instructed. . . In him she feels herself *annihilated* and absorbed.'"

But even Jean was growing restless, and was turning over the leaves at full speed.

"I must find the man," she said.

And what a paragon must he be, this mate for Melinda!

Then came a startling discovery.

"Some of the pages are stuck together; no, sewed with big yellow stitches."

"How queer!"

"Oh, I remember, that's what grandma used to do when mamma and auntie were little, with books she didn't want them to read. There's probably something perfectly dreadful in those sewed-up pages."

"Then we have got to take the stitches out."

"Mamma and auntie never did."

It was heinous, we knew, but out the stitches came.

The first sentence, though untinged by the faintest gleam of that lurid light I was tinglingly conscious must lurk about those awful chapters, so long in durance for their sins, was sufficiently puzzling.

"The supposed predilection of your sex for wild blades," it began.

I stared blankly at Jean. "Blades? I thought this was going to be about something bad."

But Jean was off on one of her butterfly flights, and could not, if she would, pause long for explanations.

"It's another kind of blade," she stated briefly, and hovering now over one, now over another possible honey-trove, "and he doesn't think they make very good husbands, nor—nor"—for a moment she puzzled over the word—"nor 'libertines' either. Oh, here's something; no, just the same: 'In proportion as the morals of men are depraved, marriage will always be unfashionable;' and he says—oh, he doesn't think lawyers make good husbands, or officers either. He says: 'Beware of such society; beware of your *hearts.* Let not the *unblushing* front of a *barrister,* let not the *scarlet habit* of a petit maître'—that's French—oh, and doctors don't seem to be any better. He calls them 'playthings of fortune.'"

I listened open-mouthed. The law, the army, the medical profession, in none of these might our Melinda look for a husband. The field was narrowing down. "The only nice men," elucidated Jean, further, "seem to be country clergymen; he's a country clergyman himself; but they are always very poor. I don't believe Melinda could do her own work, do you?"

We again consulted the frontispiece, and decided not.

"Here is something about a country squire," continued Jean. "'He will shock your delicacy with his boorishness, without a *sensibility* that he is doing wrong; and if you should expostulate, he will place it only to the account of fastidiousness, conceit, or affectation.'"

We gazed at each other in dismay. Among all these alarming possibilities, where was there a husband for Melinda? Where the lofty being to whom she was bidden to show that "deference and consciousness of *inferiority* which, for the sake of order, the all-wise Author of nature manifestly intended."

"And it's perfectly dreadful," continued Jean, darting down on another paragraph, "to let yourself like any man before he likes you, but if you should find he does care for you, 'use no *affectation* to him. He will see through all its flimsy disguises. Attempt no *prudery.*'" Here Jean paused and fixed me with big serious eye, and I breathed an involuntary "no," for in the fast-gathering gloom of the winter twilight, and with the taste of the forbidden fruit upon our guilty palates, these mysterious italicized admonitions were beginning to take on a menacing and a personal note.

"'Attempt no *prudery;* he will behold your bosom panting through the thin slight veil'"—again Jean paused and fastened her gaze impressively on the straight, childish gathers of my thick little stuff frock—"'and the hypocrisy will disgust. I know no method, but with an honest candor, to throw yourself, a fair *enchanting* object, on his generous *protection.*'"

Ah, was not that what we were yearning to bring about for Melinda? But where was the man? Must she "languish in solitude" till her heart's "unconquerable tumults" should have "gradually dissolved an elegant frame"? Back and forth fluttered the pages under Jean's slender fingers. Suddenly her face cleared.

"I have found him. And oh, Hester, his name is Eugenio!"

"'Through the branches of a most beautiful hanging wood'—'Hanging wood!' how delectable! An unknown quantity, to be sure, but oh, how subtly pleasing to the ear! 'Through the branches,' then, 'of a most beautiful hanging wood, which lies before the house, you descry the glittering spire of the village church of which Eugenio is the patron.'"

We drew long breaths of relief. Here surely was a haven for our Melinda.

"'Eugenio is a man of considerable learning, and still greater taste. He is complete master of music, painting, and poetry.'"

Of course he was. Nothing less would have contented us. And none of your impecunious country parsons, either, be



"I CAN'T FIND THE MAN"

it understood, was Eugenio; but a man of large estate, with whole paragraphs of "pleasure-grounds and gardens," "woods and thickets," "silent haunts of solitude," "fountains," "grottos," "tufted beauties" (whatever they might be), "cascades," "lawns," in short, all the accessories one would undeniably demand in a husband of Melinda. And of a piety—!

"Every servant is required to attend the service. They have, likewise, each a little library of devotional tracts, which have been presented to them by their generous superiors." Munificent Eugenio! "I had the curiosity one day to examine the title-pages, and found them principally to consist of the Great Importance of a Religious Life; Beveridge's Private Thoughts and Resolutions; Taylor's Holy Living and Dying; Advice against Swearing, Drunkenness, and Profaneness; and of little tracts from the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge—Wilson on the Sacrament; The Christian Pattern; Henry's Pleasantness of a Religious Life, etc."

Now, indeed, where the very servants' hall could boast so well selected a library, what might we not expect of the master of the house! But would Melinda surely find her way hither? Jean turned the page.

"It's all right," she announced; "here she is. At least I think it's Melinda—it sounds like her. He calls her Miss ——, but it must be Melinda."

"'The first morning that I spent under this happy roof I was awakened from my slumbers by the soft harmonious voice of Miss ——, who was chanting to the harpsichord an early hymn of gratitude and devotion to her merciful Creator.'"

That did indeed sound like our Melinda.

"'This is her constant practice every morning at six o'clock'—fortunate household; no chance here for oversleeping!—'and it has the happiest effect on her temper and spirits for the rest of the day. It soothes the soul to harmony, and cherishes all the gentler emotions.'"

Now let Eugenio appear and discover Melinda at the harpsichord, the "tear of sensibility" "standing big in its transparent sluice."

But alas for mortal hopes! Alas for Jean's power of divination! She turned a page and paused, flushing.

"Oh, Hester, she can't have him for a husband. *Eugenio is married.*"

This indeed was a blow. Yes, not only married, but the fond parent of a numerous and sprightly progeny. Eleven was it we counted up? Nor had there been, to clear Eugenio from the faintest suspicion of having trifled with "artless innocence and unsuspecting sensibility," anything clandestine in all this. It was perfectly open and above-board, but these particular paragraphs Jean had contrived to slip by.

Who was there now left for Melinda?

"It says something further back," murmured Jean, disconsolately, "about old maids. Perhaps she never married. Aunt Harriet hasn't, but she is in a College Settlement. I don't believe Melinda would care for that; nor being a woman doctor, like Miss Mary. Let's see what it says."

So to the letters on "The Virgin State" we turned, to cull what neutral comfort we might. Was it not possible, indeed most probable, that the Reverend John Bennett had thus carefully warned us against the prevailing baseness of man in order to heighten the blessed contrast of the single life?... But no. "A *single* woman is particularly defenceless. She cannot move beyond the precincts of her house without apprehensions. She cannot go with ease or safety into *public.* She is surrounded with many real dangers, and fancy conjures up more spectres of its own, to disturb her repose."

Oh, why, Eugenio, did you fail us!

"As she goes down the *hill* of life, her friends *gradually* drop away from her, like leaves in the autumn, and leave her a pining *solitary* creature; and she wanders through a wide bustling world uncomfortable in herself, uninteresting to others, *frequently* the sport of wanton ridicule, or a proverb of reproach."

And must our Melinda come to this?

"I mean not, however, to insinuate that there is anything really *reproachful* in virginity, unless a woman chooses to render it such, by verifying the stigmas which have been fixed upon it, and substantiating in her own practice the *malevolence, envy, scandal, curiosity, and spleen* which have so often sarcastically

been imputed to the sisterhood. It may be—"

But we could endure no more. Hapless Melinda!

In a world of blades and impoverished country clergymen, and with Eugenio, the Eugenio of our hopes, a married man, what other choice had been left her? And now thus bitterly to upbraid her virginity!

With a sense of burning injustice we closed the volume.

The Swallow

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

AT play in April skies that spread
Their azure depths above my head
As onward to the woods I sped,
I heard the swallow twitter;
O skater in the fields of air
On steely wings that sweep and dare,
To gain these scenes thy only care,
Nor fear the winds are bitter.

This call from thee is tidings dear,
The news that crowns the vernal year,
'Tis true, 'tis true, the swallow's here,
The south wind brings her greeting;
Thy voice is neither call nor song,
And yet it starts a varied throng
Of fancies sweet and memories long,—
It sounds like lovers meeting.

I know you do not kiss on wing,
I know you do not trill or sing,
Or bill or coo or any such thing,
And yet these sounds ecstatic;
Thy ruddy breast from over seas,
Like embers quickened by the breeze,
Now feels the warmth of love's decrees
That make thy needs emphatic.

Ah, well I know thy deep-dyed vest,
Thy burnished wing, thy feathered nest,
Thy lyric flight at love's behest,
And all thy ways so airy;
Thou art a nursling of the air,
No earthly food makes up thy fare,
But soaring things both frail and rare,—
Fit diet of a fairy.

I see thee sit upon the ground
And stoop and stare and hobble round,
As if thy silly legs were bound,
  Or it were freezing weather;
Thou hast but little need of feet,—
To gather mortar for thy seat,
To perch on wires above the street,
  Or pick up straw or feather.

Kind nature gave thee power of flight,
And sheen of plume and iris bright,
And everything that was thy right,
  And thou art well contented;
In August days thy young are grown,
Southward turn to warmer zone,
Follow where thy mates have flown,
  But leave our love cemented.

Hallucinations

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

TOWARDS the close of the eighteenth century, or, to be thoroughly exact regarding the period in question, in 1790, a certain well-known citizen of Berlin, Nicolai by name, began to be troubled by symptoms indicative of certain curious phases of brain action. Nicolai was an educated man, a bookseller by trade, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Berlin. In the month of September, 1790, Nicolai had experienced what he calls "several melancholy incidents," which deeply affected him. Thereafter he suffered a series of reverses and griefs such as utterly unnerved and prostrated him. It is important also to note the existence of this mental perturbation, because conjointly with a lowered physical condition we note its responsibility for the somewhat weird incidents that obtruded themselves into Nicolai's life and personality. In the days of the past the practice of bloodletting was common as an ordinary antiphlogistic measure. Without rhyme or reason, our forefathers submitted to an annual venesection. Nicolai had been bled in July, 1790, but had omitted his customary winter venesection, and he indicates accordingly that in the year named his circulatory system was rather gorged and congested. In the early part of 1791, Nicolai's worries continued, and on the 24th of February in that year he had "a most violent altercation," with whom, or about what, he does not mention. That morning, in spite of his wife's consolations and of a friend's advisings, Nicolai remained agitated, and then, while in his room, he "perceived, at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed at it," says Nicolai, "asking my wife if she did not see it. It was natural that she should not see anything; my question, therefore, alarmed her very much, and she sent immediately for a physician. The phantom continued for about eight minutes."

At four in the afternoon a revisitation took place, and the same phantom appeared. Rendered uneasy, Nicolai went to his wife's apartment, but his spectral visitant remained constant in its attendance. It disappeared at intervals, and always presented itself in a standing posture. At six o'clock there appeared before Nicolai "several walking figures which had no connection with the first." His

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visitations continued to increase numerically. The first figure which appeared to him did not return, but its place was filled by other spectres, some of known persons, others those of strangers. The latter species of visitant predominated. The spectres which Nicolai recognized were those both of living and dead persons; spectres of the dead, however, were not numerous. The persons with whom he "daily conversed did not appear as phantasms, these," he adds, "representing chiefly persons who lived at a distance from me." It made little or no difference to Nicolai's clear apprehension of his spectres whether it was night or day, and whether he was alone or in company. They followed him abroad and they visited him at home; but they were less frequent when he was in a friend's house, and rarely appeared to him in the street. It is also noteworthy to follow the account Nicolai gives of his personal experiences at this stage of his visitations. "When I shut my eyes," he remarks, "these phantoms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. They appeared more frequently walking than at rest."

About four weeks after Nicolai's first visitation there succeeded a new phase in the behavior of his spectral friends. He then began to hear them talk. The visitations continued until April, 1791. Then it was that the physician proposed to bleed his patient, and leeched accordingly he was at eleven on the morning of April 20. During the venesection the room was filled with "human phantasms of all descriptions." Then about half past four they began to move more slowly; their color faded, and at 7 P.M. they were entirely white. Still the phantasms remained, and did not vanish, a circumstance which Nicolai noted as unusual, until by eight o'clock the room was entirely free from the spectres which had troubled him for three months.

This recital constitutes a plain unvarnished tale of ghostly visitations which may well form a text for further discussion of the attitude of science as represented in the explanation of such phenomena of brain and mind.

As in the case of dreams, the phantasms which occasionally obtrude themselves into our lives, when submitted to the court of our judgment, admit either of an explanation which is derived from the mystical side, or of one which founds its terms upon our knowledge of normal brain-processes of unusual ordinary phases of mental action. In other words, we may elect to believe either that spectres and apparitions, and the warnings and forebodings they are supposed to convey to mankind, are things of the nether world originating in conditions beyond our ken, or, conversely, that they represent merely the odd works and ways of the brain, and as such possess no mystical significance whatever.

The processes involved in the ordinary work of seeing and hearing—to select the senses most typically concerned in the matter of spectral visitations—are not difficult of comprehension. Light-waves are received by the eye, and modified as they pass through the structures of which the eye is composed. Impinging on the *retina*, or nervous net-work of the eye, they form an image of the thing seen. The image is transferred to the sight-centres in the brain, which may be regarded as constituting the sub-office of its sense. Thence, modified in some way or by some methods whereof we know nothing, the impression must be ultimately conveyed to the intellectual centres, which alone are fitted to pass judgment upon it, to compare it with other impressions, to estimate its character. The eye is thus an apparatus which is destined for the special purpose of dealing with light-waves, of modifying them, and of presenting them to the brain centres for further adjustment and ultimate judgment. We note that the essential feature in the exercise of sight, in so far as the eye itself is concerned, is the physiological irritation of the retina by light-waves proceeding from some object external to the organism. This is what is called *objective sensation*. All external nature is apprehended optically by us in this way: and if we deal with the work of the ear, we shall find that its operations are susceptible of explanation in similar and allied terms. High as our consciousness may stand amongst the exercise of brain functions, we see that our

judgments of the outer world really depend largely on the work of the sense organs in the first place, and of their sub-offices in the second. The highest centres can only pass judgment on what is submitted to them, and if the impressions derived from the outer world be few or indistinct, so our consciousness of what we see and hear must be in corresponding fashion of more or less imperfect kind.

Now let us suppose, in the first place, that any sensation is imperfectly transmitted to the sensory centre which deals with it, or, what is much the same thing, let us suppose that the final verdict passed by the consciousness on the sensation is of imperfect and incomplete nature, it is clear we are liable to become subject to a certain vagueness of judgment, or it may be to exhibit an entirely erroneous conception altogether of what has been presented to the eye or ear. If the judgment is altogether erroneous, and if we correct it by the aid of another sense or of other senses combined, and thus become cognizant of our error, we then say that we have suffered from an *illusion*.

A step farther takes us into a different yet allied field of mental experiences. Let us suppose that the individual experiences sensations of sight or hearing which have no objective basis at all, or, in other words, which have not originated from any external or outside sources. He then sees things or hears things which do not exist at all, and his deception may be liable to remain uncorrected by the judgment, which in the case of the illusion has at command the outside object causing the erroneous conception to appeal to for refutation of the mental slip. This phase of brain action in which sensations are excited or produced without any outside objects to originate them has been termed a *hallucination*.

Here we come face to face with an important generalization of mental physiology. It is a well-founded fact that when we stimulate the regions of the brain which are devoted to the reception of the messages and impressions sent inwards by the sense-organs, we can produce sensations corresponding to those which in the ordinary way of brain traffic come really from the outside world. It may be difficult to assign exact causes or limits to this stimulation of the brain from within, but probably the chief cause of such irritation as results in the production of hallucinations may be referred to some alteration either in the quality or quantity of blood supplied to the organ of mind. Certain drugs administered in poisonous doses will induce hallucinations. The effects of opium and hachisch are familiar enough: belladonna will cause delirium marked by a vivid display of hallucinations. As Mr. Fiske so aptly remarks, consciousness has a background as well as a foreground, and it is no more wonderful to find the brain projecting its memories and its phantasies from this background than to note its reception from the outside world of the sensations and impressions which perpetually being received and registered, form the literal basis of all we know.

Physiologists have differed and still dispute concerning the exact fashion in which the literal process of internal seeing and hearing we have called "subjective sensation" is carried out. The majority of authorities believe in the truly internal origin of the hallucinations which affect us. They regard the action which produces a hallucination as starting in the higher brain centres, and as representing the raking up of, it may be, old memories and forgotten ideas, equally with the reproduction of impressions of recent date. There is something akin to dreaming in this irresponsible projection of images and impressions, and the hallucination might not inaptly, indeed, be regarded as a waking dream.

Whether or not there is an actual projection from the background of our consciousness of the stored-up impressions of the brain on to the organs of sense, it is very clear that our brain centres themselves at least initiate the work of reproducing from within sensations which more or less accurately mimic those which reach us from without. The possibility of the organs of sense being themselves involved in producing hallucinations, through their nerve ends being stimulated and affected from within, has been taken into account in the explanation which has to be given of certain phantasms being visible only when the eyes are open. In many cases the hallu-

cination may be perceived whether the eyes are open or shut. But closure of the eyes would not necessarily interfere with our perception of an image which had been projected forwards from the brain on the retina; and it is highly probable that in the case of hearing, many of the hallucinations in which that sense is concerned are directly to be attributed to irritation of the hearing apparatus itself, represented by the internal ear and its complexities. Dr. Hack Tuke, following upon Sir D. Brewster, remarks that in testing whether a sensation of sight is due to a real object outside of us, or to a brain-projection from within, we should make pressure on the side of one eyeball. If the sensation is derived from without, the image will be doubled; conversely, if there is a hallucination of sight depending on an internal projection, the object remains single. But Dr. Tuke also remarks that as hallucinations of sight may occur when the optic nerves have wasted away or have undergone degeneration, it is clear the retina cannot then be the seat of vision. Thus we fall back upon the brain's work as the essential feature in the production of hallucinations. It is sufficient for us to know that they can be produced by irritation of the brain centres, which in one way or another rouse the sensory sub-offices into action and give origin to the delusive visions of the day. The case for the brain-origin of subjective sensations is materially strengthened when we come to consider cases in which special hallucinations have been directly caused by injury affecting certain defined areas of the brain itself. After concussion of the brain certain patients have been troubled by the sensation of a persistent bad odor, due to irritation of the smell-centres, and that other senses may be similarly affected is a fact of ordinary medical experience. It is curious to note that in healthy life hallucinations of sight are far more frequently met with than hallucinations of hearing, while in cases of brain-disease the ear is more often affected than the eye. Possibly the greater dependence we place on our powers of vision in ordinary existence, and the constant use of the eyes, result in the easier perversion of its functions, which the sense of sight is apt to show in healthy persons. The increased stimulus which brain-disease brings to play on the sense which is ordinarily second to that of sight in importance and in frequency of action may account for the greater preponderance of hallucinations of hearing in the insane.

The scientific theory of ghost-seeing is founded on the fact that the brain can project its memories forward in the form of subjective sensations as readily, in some cases, as it can receive and deal with the objective sensations that it receives from the outer world. It is noteworthy to observe that in certain individuals the power of forward projection of their memory-impressions is so well developed as almost to constitute a normal feature of their existence. The ease with which the brain-impressions in such persons are visualized to form apparently external objects leads us to this conclusion. Readers familiar with the life of William Blake will recall to mind many instances in which hallucinations could be produced in his case, and the life histories of Luther, Tasso, Byron, and Raphael illustrate the same power of subjective reproduction of the brain's stored-up concepts.

Turning now to our illustrations, we note that, directly or indirectly, in the case of Nicolai there is first the perversion of sight. Later on, the sense of hearing becomes also perverted, and his spectral visitants talk to him and to one another in a fashion such as we have noted Nicolai himself would have desired them to converse. The power of the brain to invent, or at least to construct, actual reproductions of circumstances and details is an all-important feature of ghost-seeing. For not only may a casual train of thought which seems trivial enough give rise to a very elaborate hallucination, but if the character of the perverted vision happens to accord with some event in our own life or in that of others, we may accidentally hit upon an apparent relationship between the phantasm and the event, and thus evolve the idea of a supernatural warning or intimation. The hallucination and the dream in this respect may well be studied together. The multitude of the thoughts and conceptions that flit across the mental atmosphere may be compared to a shower of

bullets directed from a Maxim gun at a target. Some of the bullets are wellnigh certain to hit the mark; and so with apparitions and dreams. They strike the target casually and accidentally now and then, and acquire an appearance of verisimilitude comparable in our metaphor to the act of the person who aims at the bull's-eye with a saloon pistol and hits the mark truly and with direct intent.

One of the most typical cases of hallucination which I remember to have been recorded was that related by the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp in the *Athenæum* of January 10, 1880. The recital is headed "An Antiquary's Ghost Story." Briefly chronicled, it appears that Dr. Jessopp had driven over from Norwich to Mannington Hall to spend the night at Lord Orford's. He confesses that while in perfect health he had yet been subjected for some weeks previously to considerable mental strain. Dr. Jessopp dined at seven o'clock, and the party numbered six persons. After dinner a rubber of whist was played, and the party broke up at 10.30. Dr. Jessopp's object in visiting Lord Orford's house was that of taking notes from some rare books in his lordship's library. At eleven o'clock every one had retired, and Dr. Jessopp was left alone in a room into which the library opened. He set to work to make his notes. Four silver candlesticks gave light to the room, and were placed upon the table at which Dr. Jessopp was writing. He was busily engaged till nearly one o'clock. About half past one, when his work was drawing to a close, he saw, as he was actually writing, a large white hand within a foot of his elbow. "Turning my head," says Dr. Jessopp, "there sat a figure of a somewhat large man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and apparently examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon. The man's face was turned away from me, but I saw his closely cut reddish-brown hair, his ear and shaven cheek, the eyebrow, the corner of the right eye, the side of the forehead, and the large high cheek-bone. He was dressed in what I can only describe as a kind of ecclesiastical habit of thick corded silk, or some such material, close up to the throat, and a narrow rim or edging, of about an inch broad, of satin or velvet, serving as a stand-up collar, and fitting close to the chin." The hand of the figure attracted Dr. Jessopp's special attention. He thought it was like the hand of Velasquez's magnificent "Dead Knight," in the National Gallery. There was no alarm or uneasiness present in Dr. Jessopp's case. Curiosity and a strong interest in his mysterious visitant were uppermost in his mind. He desired to make a sketch of the figure, and remembered he had a sketch-book in his room upstairs. Dr. Jessopp sat fascinated, "afraid not of his staying, but lest he should go." Then, as Dr. Jessopp passed forth his left hand to move the top book of the pile in front of him, his arm passed before the figure, and it vanished. The figure reappeared in exactly the same place and attitude as before. Dr. Jessopp was framing a sentence to address to the spectre, when he discovered, to use his own words, a curious mental trait. He says: "*I was afraid .... of the sound of my own voice.* There he sat, and there sat I. I turned my head again to my work and finished writing the two or three words I still had to write. The paper and my notes are at this moment before me, and exhibit not the slightest tremor or nervousness.... Having finished my task, I shut the book and threw it on the table; it made a slight noise as it fell—the figure vanished."

Criticising the narrative so clearly related, it may be said that all the circumstances were in favor of the popular theory of a supernatural visitation. An old house, "the witching hour," and other features of the environment represent the typical elements in the ghost story of common life. Dr. (now Sir Samuel) Wilks referred to Dr. Jessopp for an explanation to the facts of subjective sensation, while in my turn I offered a suggestion which appeared to me of some practical import. I have already said that the brain possesses a power of evolving its hallucinations in accord with the special circumstances in which the subject is placed. It seemed to me that as Dr. Jessopp was interested in antiquarian researches his ghost was very appropriately (as I wrote to the *Athenæum*) drawn from the days of old and the forms of the past. I urged that the spectre was an unconscious reproduction by

Dr. Jessopp of some actual personality or character about whom he had concerned himself in the way of antiquarian study. Mr. Walter Rye, writing in a subsequent number of the *Athenæum*, remarked that my suggestion seemed a proper one, and that he thought he could "identify the ghost." Mr. Rye proceeded to say that "the ecclesiastically dressed man with closely cut reddish-brown hair and shaved cheek appears to me the doctor's remembrance of the portrait of Parsons, the Jesuit father, whom he calls, in his *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, the manager and moving spirit of the Jesuit mission in England, and who is described as 'tall and big of stature, smooth of countenance, beard thick and of a brown color, and cut short' (p. 95). Dr. Jessopp, when he thought he saw the spectre, was, at dead of night, alone, in an old library, belonging to a Walpole, and Father Parsons was the leader of Henry Walpole, the hero of his just-cited book. Small wonder, therefore, if the association of ideas made him think of Parsons." This case of ghost-seeing is to be regarded as highly instructive, for we note how the influence of one particular environment probably suggested unconsciously to Dr. Jessopp the reproduction of the phantasm he saw with his "mind's eye." I am certain that if the circumstances under which phantoms appear were more narrowly investigated than is usually the case, we should find in a large number of instances a very close correspondence between the species of spectral visitant beheld and the surroundings, occupation, and other incidents of the subject of the visitation. It is with our hallucinations as with our dreams. Both are largely colored by the dominant thoughts or by the conditions of life under which we exist when the phantasms and the visions of the night affect us. Very material things in the way of surroundings may influence, if they do not actually initiate, the genesis of a ghost.

The Secret of the Spring Winds

BY SARA KING WILEY

THE wind of March has the call of the sea,
(O wings of the wind, do they never tire?)
It hurries the cloud and it harries the tree
With the flutter and roar of a leaping fire,
Cold and wild and eager to flee.
Is the lure to loss or to liberty,
Light of the eyes and my Heart's Desire?

The April wind has the scent of the rain,
(O wings of the wind, do they ever tire?)
Softly it whispers and hushes again,
Warm as the kiss of the pale sun fire.
Promise of bloom and the green of new grain—
Is peace but the drowsy surcease of pain,
Light of the eyes and my Heart's Desire?

The wind of May tosses the petals white,
(O wings of the wind, do they ever tire?)
White as the love-moon silvering the night,
Pure as the dew and the heart's new fire,
Balmy blessing and strong sweet might,
Liberty, peace, and the sure delight,
Light of the eyes and my Heart's Desire.



Wild Mountain Tribes of Borneo

BY DR. H. M. HILLER

PUTUS SIBAU is the last Dutch outpost on the Kapuas River, and Fort Kapit guards the confluence of the Balleh and the Rejang rivers in Sarawak. Between these two fortresses lies an unbroken and, for the most part, uninhabited forest,—uninhabited because the people of the Rejang River Valley have been at war with the tribes living in the Kapuas Valley longer than their oldest inhabitant can remember, making this wide area the theatre for many an unrecorded duel and bloody battle scene, perpetuating tribal feuds and racial hatreds, and rendering waste the mountains and valleys in which the Balleh and Kapuas rivers find their sources. Well-armed natives venture into the deserted mountains in search of gutta-percha; a few families of a nomadic tribe conceal their miserable huts in the dense forests; and at long intervals a band of Kyans cross the water-shed on their visits to and from the widely separated settlements. But no Taman builds his long-house or clears his rice-field; no Malay tethers his floating cabin to the banks of the streams; and no Chinaman, that pioneer of Eastern commerce, dares erect his bazar so far from military support. The wild-boar and the sambur-deer feed undisturbed on the banks of the streams, the rhinoceros treads his pathway along the *tohen's* crest, monkeys swing athwart the leafy highway, the hornbills trumpet across the misty valleys, and the argus-pheasant struts amid the ferns; but, to all human knowledge, no foot of white man had ever passed that way.

The government bungalow, a small bazar, and a few scattering Malay houses form the settlement of Putus Sibau, where the controlleur and a dozen Javanese soldiers maintain the feeble authority of the Netherlands over the vast territory around. There we remained several weeks, visited daily by the members of various tribes inhabiting the upper Kapuas, learning the legends of mountains and streams, listening to unchronicled history, and to the recitals of duels and assassinations, of deeds of valor and of treachery, the gossip of the upper waters.

At length, wearied of watching through countless days the level stretches of jungle that reached out to the foot of Gunong Telong, and debarred from further progress up the Kapuas by a taboo which a recent murder had placed there, we decided to cross this unknown forest on our way to the sea on the north side of the island. The controlleur lent his aid and counsel, advising us to secure the services of Tegang, a young Kyan chief, who would bring a number of his men to act as boatmen, porters, and guides, and if necessary as warriors.



TEGANG, THE YOUNG KYAN CHIEF

He was short of stature, thick-set, and strong, with a good-humored expression on his broad face; eyes ever twinkling with merriment, a forehead betokening intelligence, a flat nose, but a mouth which marred all; for his teeth were stained with betel-nut, and when he opened his mouth a cavern of blackness yawned before us. He wore the customary loin-cloth; heavy metal rings elongated the lobes of his ears; a fillet of cloth confined his long black hair; and here and there on his arms and chest were the tattoo marks of the Kyan tribe.

Tegang readily consented to accompany us to Fort Kapit, provided he could find a sufficient number of men who dared follow us across the border, and also provided the omens should be propitious. All the natives of Borneo are more or less superstitious, and consult various omens before all undertakings, whether it be the most ordinary duty, or, as in this instance, an unusual and dangerous expedition. From the cradle to the grave they live in fear of the unknown, and of the mighty horde of spirits that infest every animate and inanimate object which enters into the weal or woe of their daily life. Birds are the especial messengers of the spirits, and, if approached in an orthodox manner, give notice by good or bad omens to these trusting jungle folk, who are thereby braced for an honest endeavor, or else are afforded an excuse to abandon an expedition of doubtful issue or propriety.

Tegang returned to his home to repair the canoe, collect his men, and consult the birds, leaving us ample time to buy rice, dried fish, salt, and tobacco for the men, and to pack everything in small sacks of matting to facilitate portage, and also to arrange our own provisions and outfit for a journey which might require from three to six weeks to accomplish. Conflicting rumors came down the river to us from the Kyan settlement: one time, that the birds had given good omens, then again that the expedition must be abandoned, or that a sufficient party could not be obtained. At the end of the second week Tegang himself came down to tell us that the "*hisit*" had given good augury, that the "*nihoblah*," the white-headed hawk, had also been propitious, but that unfortunately just as they began their search for the "*telajan*" a woman had died in a neighboring house, and further search had to be given up. Twenty-three men were collected to-

gether, however, the boats were in readiness, and, if we were willing to allow them to stop on the way and follow their own customs in the event of accident or signs of danger, they would be ready to accompany us. Tegang assured us, moreover, that the Kyans would not have undertaken such an expedition alone, and that they trusted to the white men's gods also to bring us a safe journey.

One morning we saw them coming down the river, their boats lashed together, drifting with the current. Their war-bonnets and plumes, the gala garments of the women who came to see the start, and the sunlight flashing on their ornaments and weapons made a very gay appearance. Even now we feared that some unexpected event had again befallen them, and that this unusual inactivity was intended to impress us with their sorrow at the disappointment in store for us.



THE CANOES WERE DRAWN UP TO THE BANK

A skilful steersman brought them to the bank below the fort, and in an instant all was bustle and excitement, arranging the bags of provisions in the five canoes, rushing to the bazar to buy an all but forgotten cooking-pot, repairing a boat, or building the palm-leaf shade over the central part of the canoe, where sit the drones who toil not. Then, with last messages, promises, and farewells, we began the ascent of the river on our long journey across the mountains. The controlleur waved his cap for the orderly to apply the fuse, and the rusty little cannon roared a farewell salute, sending the news of our departure to the Kautus down-river, to the Tamans up-stream, and far away to the Mendalam River, where the wives and mothers of our men sat in the Kyan long-house. As the echoes came back across the level jungle, they bore the message from them all: "*Salaamat jalan.*"

Half an hour after leaving the fort the canoes drew up to the bank of the stream, and one of the older men kindled a fire of twigs, using for this purpose his flint and steel, for the sacred fire may not be lighted by the modern match. As the smoke column rose straight up in the still atmosphere it carried a message to the small bird of omen which had first given them the propitious signs, and once again that day they halted to build a fire to insure the luck the white-headed hawk had promised. Had they failed thus to notify by the smoke that the good omens had been seen, no luck would have followed them beyond the first catch of fish, and evil spirits would have come trooping after them, bringing sickness and disaster. Pandora's box does not contain one-half the ills which beset the Kyans' path unless they keep a vigilant eye for the warnings of the birds. There still remained one more bird, the *telejan*, the last of the three which they deem it necessary to consult before a journey. Many days passed without seeing its glossy plumage or hearing its liquid note. But late one afternoon Ung Juan heard its distant call deep in the forest on our right hand. They said the omen was propitious, called a halt upon a gravelly bank, kindled the smoke signal, and went on. But they did not disregard other warnings whenever the birds crossed our path. Once a busy little brown bird flew across the stream from left to right in advance of our boats, uttering its sharp cry, *hi-sit, hi-sit*, and the older men let loose such a flood of language that any

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one could tell it was a warning of evil. Again, as we were leaving a camp, we heard a bird call near at hand. Each man dropped his burden where he stood, tore a piece from his loin-cloth, and hung it upon the remaining poles of the hut's framework. We waited half an hour before resuming our journey. The evil spirit, seeing so many pieces of clothing hanging about the hut, would naturally conclude that this was a permanent camp, and would go away, leaving us to pursue our journey unmolested. These are but a few of the many similar incidents on the journey. When we crossed the *tohen,* when we first drank of the waters of the river in the new country, when we saw signs of the enemy, or even when we had bad dreams, an appropriate and impressive ceremony followed.

When the lengthening shadows warned the men that night was near, the canoes were drawn up to the bank, preferably upon a pebbly beach, called a *karungan.* While some of the men were securing the canoes by means of the rattan painters, others were searching the jungle for dry branches to be used as firewood, and the remainder built the rude shelter under which the men usually slept. A few poles lashed together by thongs of rattan or of creepers constituted the framework, while palm-leaf mats, called *kajangs,* or, failing these, leaves, would be employed as thatch, and the resulting structure would suffice to protect them from the heavy dews or the frequent night storms. Long before a shelter was finished, a dozen small fires would be kindled. Over each would hang a small rice-pot, and a native would squat beside each tiny blaze to feed the fire and watch for his pot to boil.

When the meal was finished, the men were wont to smoke their cheroots and talk over the events of the day. Then some would repair to the hut or to the canoes, spread out their mats, hang their mosquito-curtains, and fall asleep. Others, if the night was clear, would stretch themselves out on the *karungan* wheresoever drowsiness overtook them, with neither mat nor curtains for protection. Often when sleepless I have left my mat to stroll down by the river-side, passing here and there the prostrate forms, where, wrapped in the sleeping-cloth, once white, the tired native slept oblivious of toil and danger. Here one had improvised a pallet by placing the paddle blades side by side, there another pillowed his head upon a shield, while one and all slept within easy reach of his spear and the long-bladed knife, or *mallat.* The dogs would follow me. A light sleeper would raise himself on one elbow and pass the word, "*Ada baik Tuan?*" The river sang lullaby, the stars kept vigil, and the men slept like tired children at the end of a long summer day.



THE RUDE SHELTER UNDER WHICH THE MEN SLEPT

When the gray dawn begins to fade before the rosy flush of day, and the birds try their first notes before they break into the jubilant chorus of their morning song, the men go silently down to the stream and plunge into the water;



THE MEN SQUAT AROUND THEIR FOOD

soon afterward the smoke rises from the cooking-fires, the meal of rice and fish is spread out upon the leaf platters, and the men squat around as they hastily swallow their food. The hut is then torn down, the boats are repacked, and long before the sun has grown hot they are under way again, with lusty paddle-stroke or strong pull and haul.

There were many interesting characters among our men, and we soon learned the names and peculiarities of each. We knew the strong man, the councillor, the one who steered best, the patient worker, and also the pessimist. We knew those who were freemen and those who were slaves. The work of the slaves was never over, and we pitied them heartily. There was Tegang, our chieftain, and Tama Imang, his grand vizier; Ung Juan, experienced, cool, steady, and true; the wise man he, who knew the omens and lighted the sacred fires; Ngoh, who always sat in the prow, and Paran the Iban, who held the steering-paddle; Nigi the Bukitan, a lesser chieftain, who had brought his own seven men; Laioh the Bukit, who bore on his back a long scar that an Iban had left there when he failed to take the Bukit's head. And there were many more whose individuality was not so pronounced, or who played minor parts.

These men were savages, all of them, and at times given to cannibal rites, desperately superstitious, blood-thirsty head-hunters on occasion, skilled only in the most primitive needs of life, barely emerged from the iron age, deadliest of enemies, transmitting their feuds through generations. But, like many uncivilized peoples they were not without some excellent qualities. They had sworn friendship to us; our dangers were their dangers, and our foes were their own. To us they were for the most part honest and truthful, courteous and kind, and under a strong leader would not only have tried to lessen all the difficulties and unpleasant features of the journey, but would have remained true to us even in the last extremity. But Tegang was young, and, moreover, jealous and vain, easily flattered and influenced by Tama Imang, and fearful of the growing popularity of Nigi, the courteous, pleasant young Bukitan chief.

For the first few days all worked in apparent harmony. When Tegang gave his commands, they were promptly executed, and all joined in the councils, and stood share and share alike in the divisions of food, or toil, or danger. But the jealous rivalry, the smouldering feuds, and the secret hatreds which breed so easily among savage peoples soon became manifest. There were small groups that sat apart conversing in low tones; the orders of the chief were tardily executed, or completely ignored. Tegang, advised by the wily Ung Juan, gradually drew away from the general camp, attended only by his slaves; Nigi drew his men



A KYAN WARRIOR

about him in a closer band, and the two factions grew further and further apart. Then the river, swollen by rain, changed from a crystal stream to a muddy torrent, and held us in camp for days. This enforced idleness increased the opportunities for quarrels and conspiracies. By the end of the first ten days our followers were sadly demoralized, and we began to think that an open quarrel among our own men was much more to be feared than an encounter with the Ibans from across the watershed. But a common danger unites even foes, and more than once we saw them temporarily forget their disputes and work together for mutual protection until the danger had passed, when they returned to their individual hatreds or grievances as though no interruption had occurred.

We were punting slowly and laboriously up against the current when all at once a tiny chip was seen floating on the stream, and the first boat abruptly halted, and the word of warning was sent back to the others. There was a hurried consultation, followed by a prompt rush for weapons and war-coats, and before we were fairly aware of the cause of the excitement, every one of our followers stood armed for battle. Each man had donned his war-bonnet, decorated with the feathers of the hornbill and argus-pheasant, a padded coat, or one of rawhide, a spear, a shield, and his long-bladed knife. Their excitement was contagious, and we too felt it. Hastily buckling on our revolvers and filling the chambers of our rifles, we joined them in their council of war. This chip, fresh and white, was unmistakable evidence that somewhere, higher up stream, some one, friend or foe, had that day felled a tree, and, since in this land of feuds it was most probably an enemy, we made our plans for an encounter. Nigi and Laioh, armed with the blow-pipe and *mallat,* crept through the brush by the side of the stream, while Tegang, Ung Juan, Tama Imang, Itani, Harrison, and I went forward in the smallest and fastest canoe, and the others followed more slowly with the laden boats.



HEWING OUT A CANOE

The stillness of death seemed to have settled over the jungle, the rushing waters alone broke the silence, and the desire of combat alone possessed us. With pulses throbbing, eyes sharpened, ears alert, and muscles tense, we sent the boat quickly onward against the current, keeping abreast with the two scouts on the bank. Now and then another chip or freshly cut twig floated past; or Nigi and Laioh would stoop over a sandy beach to examine footprints, and turning to us would hold up two fingers, at the same time pointing up stream. Two men had recently passed that way.

The warning boom of a big brass gong reverberated through the forest, and we thought that the Ibans must have heard us, and were calling their comrades for the defense of the camp; but we rushed on, and a moment later broke through the jungle into a clearing about a small hut. Nigi was beating the gong, Laioh stood near him, and at that instant an Iban chief with one of his men, each with his spear poised in readiness to throw, sprang into the clearing from the opposite side. There was a pause as we surveyed each other, rifle and spear in readiness, a pause scarcely long enough for each to catch his breath, before the chief, seeing that he was outnumbered, said to his son, "They are going to kill us," and in token of submission the spears slid through their hands, striking point downward into the soft earth at their feet.

Then Nigi, holding up his hand, replied, "Have no fear; we are honest people." And to assure them that he spoke the truth we left our weapons outside as we entered the hut.

The Iban chief handed around tobacco and banana-leaf wrappers, the long cheroots were quickly rolled and the curling smoke arose, which signs the bond of peace and friendship throughout the world. Then, from time to time, another Iban would break into the clearing, with startled gaze and pallid skin, but seeing us all so peacefully occupied, he would in turn plant his spear in the ground, and join the circle of newly formed friends. The young men looked at one another in silence, while the elders explained the unexpected meeting.

They were seven men after gutta from the Rejang River, who had been out in the hills for several months. "Had we any tobacco or salt to spare?" they asked. We had, and in turn asked for information concerning the best trails, the chance of finding boats cachéd beyond the mountains, and the likelihood of meeting with other members of the tribe, either hostile

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THE CAMP AT NANGAH

or friendly. They told us there were hundreds of Ibans seeking gutta in the mountains, and our men shook their heads in doubt as to the chances of peace at our next meeting. They told us, however, how to find a boat they had concealed at the base of the water-shed beyond, and asked for one of our canoes in exchange. To this we added a gift of rice and salt, heard their good wishes for a safe journey, and left them to recover from the shock of our sudden appearance.

Beyond the Taman houses a bend in the river disclosed a wooden javelin and a stone suspended over midstream by means of a long creeper which hung from the overarching trees. This well-known *sign* gave notice to a possible hostile party descending the stream that their coming was known, and that the Tamans were prepared to resist them.

At the evening of the second day's march after leaving our boats we had gained the summit of Bukit-Aseh, which separates Sarawak from the Dutch possessions, a narrow water-shed, from which the water flows on the one hand into the China Sea, and on the other into the Sea of Java. Through a narrow rift in the forest on either side we could see mountains gradually falling away to hills, but in the deep blue valleys we knew that there were tiny brooks which were destined to become rivers that would bear canoes on their swift current. At this height the mists hung low, the air was chilly, and the wind at times suggested the early autumn days at home.

Along the *tohen* we saw the broad pathway made by the rhinoceros as he travelled to and fro on the mountains, and Larong, the slave, was afraid to sleep that night lest a rhinoceros, in his nocturnal wanderings, should crash through our huts. The old men had told Larong tales of such incidents in the past; and a few hours after abandoning this camp a man returning for some forgotten utensil found that a rhinoceros, enraged at finding his path blockaded, had totally destroyed our huts.

It was long after dark before the camp on the *tohen* was completed; and here, on the border of their own country, the *Negri Kapuas*, our Kyans had to propitiate the mountain spirits before they dared to descend into the new country, the *Negri Rejang*. For this purpose they

had brought eggs all the way from their home, which, with some uncooked rice, they placed in a dish, this dish the chief passed round, and each of us had to lay his hands upon the eggs and to pass his fingers through the rice, while all looked on with solemn faces. Four small sticks had been thrust into the ground by the side of the narrow pathway, and into the forked top of each an egg was placed. The flickering lamps threw a feeble light over the small circle of men, who, with upturned faces, peered silently into the inky blackness beyond, as though to see the mountain spirits floating by on the ribbons of mist that blew across the crest of the mountain. Then Tegang threw the rice by handfuls into the air, and uttered the invocation: "Spirit of the *tohen,* these offerings of rice and eggs we make to show that your children never forget you; in return we beg that you will give us your protection in the new land we are about to enter. Let no evil spirits pursue us, no sickness befall us, no one poison or kill us; grant us good omens, and a safe return to the home of our fathers."

The northern slope of the water-shed is very steep; we hung to boughs and creepers to avoid plunging headlong as we rapidly descended to a small brook which they called "a child of a river," —*anak sungei.* We followed this stream down, down, until often the waters reached above our waists as we plunged through the pools; then they called it a river, the *Tevulohpi.* Where a small tributary enters this river on the south side there is a large tree, whose spreading branches bear a great burden of small stones, placed there by the passing travellers. Some of the stones had been lodged there long enough to become embedded in the tree, while others had fallen to the ground, forming a mound at its base. If the Kyans are asked why each person must halt and add his contribution, they will tell us they know no reason, only that any one who fails to conform to the customs of his ancestors will certainly meet with misfortune. So we paid a tribute to Kyan superstition, and placed our pebbly offerings on the overburdened altar.

The *Bukit,* returning one afternoon from an unsuccessful day's hunt far away in the mountains, rushed excitedly into camp with the announcement that he had encountered an Iban on the mountain-side who had told him there were thousands of his people collecting gutta-



A TYPICAL IBAN CHIEF

percha along the streams below us. Laioh had not quarrelled with the Iban; he had not even staid to question further, but had hurried back to warn his comrades; and the excitement which followed in our camp was ample proof that he had acted wisely. Every trace of fatigue, of laziness, or of quarrelling vanished instantly, and the question on every tongue was, "What shall we do?"

Some counselled that we return to



A Kyan Long-House

Negri Kapuas the way we had come; others, discrediting the Iban's assurance that they were gutta collectors, advised that part of the men return to warn their families that a hostile invasion was imminent; while a few, among whom we were numbered, stoutly maintained that the wisest course was to pursue our way toward Kapit. They consulted omens of various kinds, but the warnings were either uncertain, or else yielded them scant comfort. They formed hurried plans for advance or for retreat, and as quickly abandoned them; and night came on leaving us still in doubt as to their intentions. We wondered if they would leave us there in the heart of the island, our journey but half completed, or whether they would have the courage to advance, believing, as most of them did, that the Ibans were on a head-hunting expedition under the guise of peaceful pursuits. The next day we renewed our arguments and entreaties, and late in the afternoon we finally prevailed upon them to start.

There were many wild adventures to be undergone before our long journey was ended. Finally, however, we reached the fort at Kapit, which stands on a high bank of the Rejang River, half an hour below the mouth of the Balleh. A well-built wooden stockade houses a dozen native soldiers and a single government official, who keep guard over the trading bazar and the fertile valley below. Kyans and Kenyahs from the hills, Malays and Ibans from the lowlands, hear and answer the challenge "Who goes there?" which the sentinel shouts at every passing boat.

Year after year Minggu has sat at his desk, listening to lawsuits and collecting taxes, while the advent of the trading-steamer or the visit of the *Resident* from Sibu breaks the monotony of his lonely life. Day after day the barefooted sentry paces to and fro in the lookout, groups of natives come and go, bringing jungle produce to exchange for the stamped paper which makes them "children of the Rajah." The harvest follows the monsoon, and the feasting follows the harvest, but the unexpected rarely happens to Minggu.

When the sentinel ran in to tell him that "two white men have just arrived from the upper waters," he would not believe it. "No white men have passed up stream; how could they be returning?" But for once he was mistaken. Twenty-three days after leaving Putus Sibau we entered the gates of Fort Kapit, and the well-known voice of Minggu welcomed us back once more to the outskirts of civilization.



The Sacrifice

Add-A-Younger-Brother stood still; her pink lips parted to show her small even teeth, and she gazed with wonder at the kite frisking about at Billy's whim. She laughed and clapped her palms, but softly, lest the servants should come and disturb this beautiful novelty.

She was only sixteen—a child whose father, of course, regarded her as a burden soon to be gotten rid of by a marriage to a nice young man whom she had never seen, named Excite-the-Clouds. She had come into her womanhood all unawares, unheeded. Yet in some mysterious fashion the echo of the outer world had floated over the great gray wall, and she had felt unrestful cravings. When Billy pulled the cord of her kite she wondered who it was up in the ash-tree. Hesketh jumped down into the garden, landing at the side of the mistress of the kite, who uttered a low scream of terror, and retreated as fast as she could, up the garden, beating the air with her small fists and covering her face with her wide sleeves. Hesketh pursued her; he spoke to her in pretty fair Chinese. She halted, but still held up her sleeves as a sort of screen betwixt them.

"Honorable, virtuous, industrious, and pious young lady," quoth he, "allow an unworthy worm to restore this to you on his knees!" and Hesketh knelt at the tiny feet of Add-A-Younger-Brother and held up the big kite, the reel attached to its silk cord being still between the taper fingers of the little lady.

"Foreign mister," whispered Add-A-Younger-Brother, "go away from Chinese woman," and then she lowered the sleeves one inch and peeped at him with immobile face but much-moved soul.

"Don't bid me to go until you have condescended to take back your kite from my unworthy embrace!" cried Billy, advancing a bit on his knees, as the tiny maid now thought proper to continue her retreat on her three-inch-long feet.

"Please, beautiful and elegant young lady, pause to receive it!"

Add-A-Younger-Brother did pause; dropped her sleeves another inch, let her young eyes rest in the tender admiring glance of his, and was reaching out her tiny hand toward him for the kite, when a scratch so slight Hesketh did not notice it caused her to start back, cover up her face, and peg up to the latticed end of her father's house, still holding her reel in her hand, while Billy still had possession of the kite.

When he looked up the garden and saw a set of the slats move as Add-A-Younger-Brother approached, saw a pair of eyes, saw the little maid apply her ear, then her mouth, to an opening, he understood, turned his back with a smile, and was just making up his mind to avoid the tediousness of an arrest and vault the gray wall, when a twitch at the cord still about his fingers made him stop. Not turning his head, he backed up the path in obedience to the dictates of the reel, until the line slackened; then he looked, and found himself face to face with Add-A-Younger-Brother, whose interview with the Unseen must have been potent, since now she smiled at Billy Hesketh, and bowed down to the ground, touching the latest imprint of his high heel with her forehead in the dust, and taking the kite from him, said, in the softest voice imaginable:

"Foreign mister, highly welcomed, honorable sir, deign to occupy the squalid, miserable, and despicable house of my father, stoop to inhabit the vile and filthy garden. Let your humble slave set you out refreshment, which, unfit for the curs, yet is the most delicious I have to offer."

Hesketh, while disengaging his fingers from the cord, and raising Add-A-Younger-Brother to a far more precarious position on her feet, looked around and questioned if he had swung himself into a tea-house garden; but one glance sufficed to dispel this idea, and, fascinated with the note of mystery, he plied his diminutive hostess with many compliments and smiles; also with sweetmeats from his pocket, at the same time contriving to interweave as diplomatic an inquiry into the cause of her altered demeanor as was at his command. At last, all subtler methods failing, he put a direct question:

"Why had she shrunk from the one who desired only to return her holy kite?"

Add-A-Younger-Brother looked coyly down into the dirty fish-pond near which they stood; then, with a grace of coquetry that would not have discredited a salon in Paris itself, the universal feminine

essence escaped from the eternal flask, she raised her long lids a little from her soft eyes, and shot a swift glance up at Billy.

"Chinese woman had not looked at foreign mister when she screamed so hard."

And Billy, whose heart had been touched by dozens of ladies all over the habitable globe, felt that susceptible organ bump once again in his breast most pleasantly.

At the same time he did not lose sight of the fixed principles of the Oriental social code, and while agreeably stirred by the unexpected, yet felt called upon to fathom the why.

"Was the honorable father away from home? and all the other honorable and elevated relatives? and the servants?"

But Add-A-Younger-Brother's instructions did not help her here, so she merely hung her head, laughed, and made for the mystified Billy a cup of tea, which was as nectar to the lips of that young gentleman; and when the small maid sat down on a stool at his side, when he lowered his cup, sweetened with a bit from his store, to her pink lips, when she sipped, while her little eyes slanted off toward the lattice, Billy didn't notice that; he was in that state of mind which would have been natural to any man of sensibility—under similar conditions.

"To the devil and the deep sea with conventions and precedents! By-and-by," said he to himself, "I might make a first-class little Christian of her, and perhaps—"

At which point in his musings Add-A-Younger-Brother jumped up, pushed his teacup back in his hand, and said:

"Foreign mister go now. Go quick!"

There was a scratching on the lattice, and Billy returned with a bounce to the riddle of his whereabouts, rose, put down the cup, and said, in a hurried whisper,

"Come again soon?"

"Do not know; maybe."

"Make a sign?"

"What sign?" Add-A-Younger-Brother had now pegged quite up to the lattice, and leaning against it, possibly derived not only physical but mental support from it.

Then, as they reached the garden end, Add-A-Younger-Brother said to Billy:

"Maybe, some day, let little bird go loose from string up in tree; then foreign mister come in again, drink more of my honorable father's best tea; maybe; don't know. Good-by," and she smiled and fluttered her fan so adorably, yet with such a quaint infantine grace, such a melancholy droop of the corners of her mouth, as made Billy swear there never was such a delicious little thing on earth.

While Mr. Hesketh was getting back to the commonplace and the stable, Add-A-Younger-Brother got on the other side of the lattice into the large pleasant reception-room of her father's abode. Her father chanced to be Su Quong-Lo, the merchant whom Billy had seen only that very morning in Raycroft's counting-house. He was a very intelligent, highly considered, astute, rich Chinese gentleman; subtle as all his race, but with possibly an accentuation of that trait—which statement may be the better recognized when it is said that Su Quong-Lo had in his youth spent seven years in San Francisco, and spoke English fluently.

Add-A-Younger-Brother stood silent, then bowed deferentially to her parent.

Su Quong-Lo beckoned to his go-away child; she came near and knelt to listen to his instructions; and when her father ceased speaking she bowed her forehead meekly in the dust and answered:

"I will obey the commands of my honorable father at any price it may cost, even of life.

"Then," replied Su Quong-Lo, "my foolish child may expect great and elegant rewards from the gods in the way of a superior son in the first year of her marriage with Excite-the-Clouds."

Su Quong-Lo now took up his pipe, while Add-A-Younger-Brother withdrew to her room, sat down on her oven-bed, and embroidered on the longevity pillows, but she forgot all about her intended husband, and saw nothing between her stitches but Billy Hesketh's blue eyes.

At Ho-hsi-tou, fifty miles from Tien-tsin, five thousand men were garrisoned, hoping each day to be summoned for active service by the great General in Tien-tsin. It was the amiable intention of the Fourth and his associates to drown out these five thousand foreign devils like rats; therefore Su

Quong-Lo had listened with particular ears that morning to the remarks exchanged between the General and Mr. Hesketh; had then and there made up his mind to put a spy on Billy's end of the agreement, while he himself attended to the General's, when, lo! the holy kite had done the business.

For eight days Mr. Hesketh was permitted to parade up and down under the ash boughs without receiving a single token from the little lady of the garden; then at last, on the ninth day of the month, he beheld one of the gay little birds fluttering its clipped wings, and being caught by its sharp-shorn tail in a forked twig.

Short work made Billy of trapping the bird and getting himself down at the infinitesimal feet of the Chinese maid.

For Billy it was an occasion of unmixed entertainment; for the small hostess, of conflicting emotions; it was a difficult task to pilot her own feelings and the behest of the Unseen. She told Billy many lies about her "absent father in Shanghai"; of "English doctor-lady," who had taught her how to be fond of white people"; to have "high regard" for "the churches"; of her internal longings for "Western civilization and larger feet." All these confidences were uttered in a clear, loud voice, which could not fail to reach Su Quong-Lo where he sat behind the lattice. And louder and clearer sounded out the yellow maid's voice as she asked Billy what tea-houses he liked best in Tien-tsin; how he passed his time; how many Chinamen he knew; when he was going away; how many soldiers there were at Port Arthur; and how fast he could ride on a horse.

Billy took much pleasure and had a vast entertainment in answering all these questions of his little Chinese sweetheart, at the same time unconsciously providing unlimited joy for the Fourth behind the lattice.

"Soon," said Billy, with that complaisant garrulity which is born twin in man with his awakened susceptibilities, "there will be thousands of my countrymen in Tien-tsin; also Russians and Germans; the great General I serve has sent for them to start out Thursday night."

Now Su Quong-Lo did not stop to listen any longer, but took up his hat, fan, and umbrella, went out, and got astride of the fine mule that always stood ready saddled at his door, and rode off to a conference with his fellow-clansmen, the Boxers.

As she heard the mule of her father trot off, Add-A-Younger-Brother took a few stitches in the longevity-pillow embroidery with a very earnest air, yet when Billy drew it out of her fingers she did not object; when he slipped along the bench very close to her, and gathered her two little hands upon his own shoulders, and asked her to kiss him, she did not appear startled or aggrieved, but with a pathetic and unfathomable grace she smiled and did just as Billy asked her to; she even laughed when he was obliged to show her how to give the kiss in the foreign fashion (for the Chinese esteem kissing a reprehensible and immodest practice, in which, it may be imagined, young ladies are unversed), and this exquisite and unusual lack of even a hint of coquetry, this quaint archaic flavor of submissiveness, so delighted Hesketh, who loathed all collegiate, learned, and progressive ladies, that he was, for that half-hour, just as happy as any fellow could be.

The little go-away girl was happy too, with a happiness as far beyond the happiness of her companion as is the dream of renunciation beyond the dream of attainment.

That same night the Captain at Ho-hsi-tou received orders from headquarters to start for Tien-tsin at midnight of Thursday; the sluicemen at Ho-hsi-tou also received orders to make the floods ready for the troops; the native officials at both places had orders to cut the telegraph wires. Su Quong-Lo had gotten up on his oven-bed and lay with his short yellow neck on his calico-covered wooden pillow for only about half an hour when his large warehouse on the Bund burned down: it was insured for its full value.

The trader, sitting up on his thin quilted mattress, saw the pink flush of the flames, grinned, lay down again, never stirring to go help put out the fire he had kindled; and when morning came, no one so sad, so surprised, so horror-

stricken, as the owner of the razed warehouse. Many friends condoled with him, especially his excellent nearest neighbor Raycroft, whose offer of desk-room was at once accepted, as may be judged when it is said that his sole object in setting fire to his own place of business had been to obtain temporary use of that of the English merchant.

Therefore, that very morning of the tenth day, the honorable father of Add-A-Younger-Brother was installed in a comfortable corner at the warehouse, within agreeable ear-shot of all the conversations carried on; there he transacted his affairs with neatness and despatch, and when all his countrymen had been dealt with, including an innocent-looking brace of ruffians, there in the absence of the interpreter, Su Quong-Lo sat on his stool smoking and reading his paper from Peking.

It was twilight. Custom would have sent the Fourth home some time ago; Raycroft was, to be sure, still toiling at his correspondence for to-morrow's steamer; the General sat smoking too, with a dozen maps before him, when the clatter of hoofs was heard; at that precise instant the pipe and paper fell from Su Quong-Lo's hands, and his head nodded on his breast. A pony stopped at the warehouse; Billy Hesketh jumped off, rushed in, and said to the General, in a tense, quiet way:

"The sluices are to be cut in the country about Ho-hsi-tou to-night at twelve; I overheard the plot—it is of long standing, thoroughly planned and manned. I rode to the telegraph office; those damned devils say, and it's true, that the wires are all down between here and Ho-hsi-tou. I am here, sir, at your orders, to do what I can to save five thousand English lives."

As Hesketh ceased his eyes lighted on the amber countenance of the Fourth, whose livid lips hung apart, and whose expression was that of one whose sleep had carried him far from his present surroundings.

The great General sprang to his feet with an oath; so did Raycroft.

"There's no hope, sir, but one," added Billy. "If you'll accept my poor offer—no man in the service knows the country and the people as I do—and I believe I can cover the fifty miles, untaken, in time to prevent the start."

"Done!" said the General; "and I'll intrust you with the secret despatches too, if you'll take 'em."

Hesketh nodded emphatically, put out his hand for the small thin packet, and tucked it away in his left breast pocket.

At this moment the Fourth awoke, rose, salaamed many times, closed his desk, and hurried home.

Hesketh had his second thought now, and not waiting for his attendant to come in, he went out, swung into his saddle, and said to the boy, in a low voice, while the General and Raycroft got through a lot of wordy farewells:

"Be at the corner of the street where the ash-tree hangs over the gray wall, you know, in ten minutes; bring the fastest pony in the string. Go."

The second thought had been, of course, of his little lady, so in two minutes he was up the wall, swinging on the ash boughs, landing in the dirty garden, and finding Add-A-Younger-Brother sitting there, as if really waiting for him, with pipes, tea, and embroidery. In fact she had thus disposed herself and her attendant circumstances at the express command of her honorable father, who now sat behind the lattice.

The Celestial apprehension of primitive cause and effect is no whit behind that of the so-called civilized nations; the trader was not out in his calculation that Billy would try to see his go-away child before he started on a death-promising errand.

Add-A-Younger-Brother listened to Billy's news with composure, doubly induced by having heard it before and by the Presence back of the lattice; but she pressed his hands in both hers down in the folds of her satin blouse, where she knew her father could not see. She plied Billy with tea, nicely sweetened, she assured him, "in foreign fashion," and Billy drank and was grateful, and presently was a bit dazed, and he took the pretty pipe which his little sweetheart lighted and smoked it for a few moments, and was more dazed; and yet he could feel the sleek head resting tremulously on his breast, could feel the pressure of tiny hands, it seemed, on his heart. But no, she was only playing with his watch,

which she regarded but as a toy; he saw her, through the film of the smoke, hold it up above her head toward the lattice and smile very sweetly. Then she replaced it in his pocket while she stood behind him; also, which he did not either see or feel, she put something else in her own pocket. Then Billy felt the flutter of her fan, the flower-touch of her baby fingers, drew a long breath, looked around, remembered, jerked out his watch. Well, it lacked five minutes yet of making the ten he had spared himself, and there was his wee lady on her knees beside him, a curious expression on her face that he did not comprehend.

Su Quong-Lo did not wish to kill Hesketh in his house; having seen the despatches secured, and the time of day set permanently back, he popped out at once to his tea-house to start the innocent-appearing ruffians and their gang on their way, and to prepare to have good joss on the morrow, celebrating the slaughter by the floods.

His daughter meantime knelt there in a slip of moonlight at the side of Hesketh, and asked him a queer thing; she said:

"Take me a piece of this red paper, and the pencil out of your pocket, honorable sir, and write, in your language, these two words for me, 'Look, Foot,' and I will be forever grateful to you, and my heart will rest in peace until I stand before the God of Fate."

And Billy, laughing, pulled out his stylographic pen and wrote the two words in large letters, and Add-A-Younger-Brother put them in her pocket with the slim packet she had taken from Mr. Hesketh.

Then the hoofs of Billy's fleetest pony struck the stones, and he drew the daughter of Su Quong-Lo to his heart, and told her that the God of "the churches" would bring him back safely to her before many days; and she saw him leap up on the wall, and through a hole in it she watched him mount and ride away. Then she went into her father's house, weeping.

As Hesketh, riding slowly to avoid notice, left Tien-tsin, he felt that the odds were against him; that spies were probably at his heels, and that a terrible death awaited him if he were caught.

But the little fellow rose to the situation, and presently ventured to quicken his pace. Striking a fusee, he pulled out his watch; it had stopped at the very instant he had last looked at it. He opened the inner case, and found the hair-spring broken. The needle of his little sweetheart had been nimble and efficacious under the eye of the Fourth. He now put spurs to his horse, for suddenly mule-hoofs thudding the spongy mud in his rear cut dully through the silence. He deflected to the plains; then, not being followed, back again to the highway; a pause, and in the mist and the gathering dark he not only heard the rise and fall of many riders, but the raw laughter from Chinese throats. The wind was with the pursuers; also with the pursued; it bit into his flesh as he flew. He glanced around and saw the gleams from a dozen lanterns in his wake; he pressed the pony's flanks, lay his mouth between its ears; encouraged, begged, and swore, as over the ancestral tombs on the edge of the wide marshes, across ditches, wide pools, and sluggish streams, he sped on his way to save five thousand lives. The moon came out, and by its favor he knew it could lack little now of midnight. A pistol-shot, triumphantly alone, whistled out above a sudden, sullen, mighty surging roar. Billy's beast reared on its haunches in the wild waste of waters. Like a flash, although almost blinded, he turned, heading back for Tien-tsin, as quickly also did his pursuers. Once again he heard their horrible chattering laughter somewhere abreast of him. At their heels the relentless rush of the waters; for Billy, death one way or the other seemed sure. He plucked at his inside pocket for the despatches, intending to destroy them; but he drew out an empty hand; the packet was not there.

As the dawn peeped over the round hills ahead of him, a long spear struck Billy's pony into a last frenzied spurt, and it dropped dead under its rider at a spot on the bank of the Pei-ho where it bends to crawl under a bridge; a spot of inky mud, of flow that was steady as yet. The sluggish stream bore on its brown bosom something which it cast at Billy's feet.

After Su Quong-Lo had seen his hire-

lings start he returned to his daughter, whom he found still embroidering on the longevity pillows against her marriage with Excite-the-Clouds. He asked her for the packet which she had taken from the foreign devil's pocket; but Add-A-Younger-Brother replied that she did not know where it was; that she had forgotten; had mislaid it; had given it at once to her honorable father, and Su Quong-Lo waxed angry and threatened his child; also coaxed, and attempted to bribe; but all to no purpose. He then became furious, for the Prince had promised him a large sum of money for the great General's despatches, and finding himself balked, he seized his go-away child by the arms and bound her hand and foot with cords. She made no outcry; from the first she had known what her fate would be; Billy's little heathen sweetheart had long since counted the cost, and did not shrink from paying it. Her father took a second ball of strong cord, and, with trembling fingers and cursing lips, he wound it tightly around and around the small throat of his victim; then he went out and tied one end to the trunk of the beautiful ash-tree, and he ran back again, pulling as hard as he could at the other.

While he pulled, Add-A-Younger-Brother thought of several things in a flash: the sacred peach-tree, the cock, the tiger that would gnaw her soon, but above, in, and through all else of Billy, until her quivering body gave up her heroic soul.

The merchant, once assured that his child was dead, picked her up, threw her across his shoulders, carried her down the long garden where she had played, to the river, and having thrown her into the water, went back to his house. There he sat on a stool until near daybreak, and then retraced his steps to the garden end where his boats lay, loosened one, got in, and paddled up stream, the intention of course now being to "save his face" by an apparent search for a strayed child. Such is the unaccountable nature of this people, that while the law and custom endorsed the murder, he still felt called upon to enact a rôle which would cheat no one, and which he trusted would result in nothing; since, if he found the body, the undesirable expenses of a funeral must be met!

He came to the bridge at the bend just as the sun rose; his boat stuck, and as he swung it around, he came face to face with Billy Hesketh bending above the body of Add-A-Younger-Brother; carefully, with tense bloodless lips and gentle fingers, unwinding and untying the cords from about her throat, Hesketh looked up and met the placid gaze of the father fixed upon him in a contemplative and mildly interested stare.

Billy, grateful for sight of any human face, pointed to Add-A-Younger-Brother, and said to her father: "Lend me your boat."

Su Quong-Lo pulled his boat up the bank, got out, and paused a second. Hesketh put his hand in his drenched pocket and gave the boatman his hire.

"I want no help," he said. "I will send the boat to the wharf at Raycroft's place." Then he added in English, which the Chinaman distinctly heard as he trotted off, "Good God! I wonder if he ever had a wife or a child?"

Hesketh put Add-A-Younger-Brother in her father's boat and paddled down to the Bund; he sent a coolie for a cart and lifted her in, and was driven to his house, and carried her to the parlor, and sent for the people to come. Before they came, when Billy was quite alone with her, he himself unbuttoned her satin blouse against the time they should be there to wash and dress her; and there, pinned on her sacque, he beheld the sheet of red paper on which he had written the words of her request—"Look, Foot."

Hesketh held his breath a second; then, reverently, he took off the shoes of Add-A-Younger-Brother, and finding them empty, he looked at the tiny ribbon-bound feet, and discovered, between the yellow sole and its silken bandages, the despatches with which he had been intrusted.

In the graveyard of the Compound there is a small white stone on which is graven: "Add-A-Younger-Brother. Fidelity. Erected by William P. Hesketh. Gratitude."

So the go-away child of Su Quong-Lo was decently interred by the foreign devil, while her father sat in Raycroft's office and listened to the account of the same which Young Hopeful retailed to the clerks and the student-interpreter.

A Challenge to American Scholarship

BY MARRION WILCOX

WHEN asked to mention the chief authority on the earlier portions of the most important book in the world, one may hesitate. Is it a person at all, or rather, in a special sense, a region, a "field"—Mesopotamia, namely, with ancient Babylonia? I shall sketch the progress of American explorers in this field only so far as may be necessary to introduce the suggestion that the time is at hand for founding an American school of archæology at Constantinople.

The Wolfe expedition was prompted by an incident of a meeting of the American Oriental Society in 1884. The feeling was expressed that it would be proper to follow the lead of England and France in Assyria and Babylonia; and if this struck some of the members as a rather indefinite proposal, it proved to be nevertheless all that was required, thanks to the energy of Dr. John P. Peters, Dr. W. H. Ward, and others, to mark the beginning of a new endeavor. Funds were supplied by Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe, and the expedition, which was in the nature of a reconnoissance, under Dr. Ward's direction, accomplished the purpose for which it had been sent out in a fashion to encourage further efforts. Next followed the University of Pennsylvania expedition in 1888-1890, equipped and maintained by the liberality of a number of citizens of Philadelphia. Dr. Peters was appointed director of this enterprise, and the United States minister at Constantinople gained the Sultan's consent to the proposed work of excavation under conditions which were regarded as unusually favorable. The usual conditions, as one cannot fail to notice, seem almost prohibitive, and yet the Turkish law is neither better nor worse than the Greek law on the same subject, from which it was copied. Article 8 provides that "the exportation of antiquities found within the Ottoman territory is absolutely forbidden." All objects of this class belong to the Ottoman Imperial Museum. The application for permission to excavate must designate precisely the spot at which the work is to be carried on. A Turkish commissioner accompanies the excavator, at the latter's expense, and is expected to take charge at once of all objects found, ultimately delivering them to the authorities of the museum at Constantinople. Practically, however, the obstacles thus placed in the way of foreign students are not found to be insurmountable; and as for the spirit of this legislation, it seems unwise to overlook, as some of our writers have done, the possibility that this may be part of a design to secure ample material for the use of Turkish scholars, the accomplished Hamdy Bey and his colleagues.

Dr. Peters had one unsuccessful year, followed by a year of memorable achievement, in this land of buried literary treasure. His "first campaign," as he calls it, was brought to an end by the Arabs, who treacherously burned his camp; in five minutes the work of a diligent season was undone. The explorer was obliged to offer explanations and to secure new assurances of approval and support. His excavations at Nippur went forward from this time without serious interruption, and when he returned to America finally, Dr. J. H. Haynes carried on the work until relieved of the chief responsibility by Professor Hilprecht, the well-known Assyriologist, who had accompanied Dr. Peters in 1888, and had enjoyed exceptional opportunities for study at Constantinople, the University of Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. The promise has been made to readers of this Magazine that Professor Hilprecht will soon share with them his most interesting experiences, and our anxiety to hear this new message is naturally proportioned to the surprising character of

those messages which have preceded. Dr. Peters, for example, says that recent discoveries in Babylonia by the University of Pennsylvania expedition, and also by the French explorations at Tello, "have opened to us new vistas of ancient history. They have shown us that men in a high state of civilization, building cities, organizing states, conducting distant expeditions for conquest, ruling wide-extended countries, trafficking with remote lands, existed in Babylonia 2000 years before the period assigned by Archbishop Ussher's chronology for the creation of the world." He looks to archæology, and particularly to excavations in the Babylonian ruin mounds covering the sites of Jewish settlements during the period of exile, to furnish us ultimately with a large amount of contemporary and dated material which will throw as much light on Bible study as Greek and Roman excavations have thrown on the study of Greek and Roman history, religion, and literature.

While the German expedition is at work at Babylon, and the French, as I have said, at Tello, a new American expedition is being organized, which has Mugheir, repeatedly mentioned in the Book of Genesis under the designation of Ur of the Chaldees, as its objective. The plan is to secure a firman authorizing excavations at that most ancient city, the birthplace of Abraham and Sarah, from which the founders of the race which was to be called Hebrew emigrated to Palestine—though not before they had received at least their first lessons in religion. In Genesis, xiv. 13, Abraham, or Abram, is already "the Hebrew"; to what extent he represented a sect with distinct characteristics before the departure from Ur we have still to learn; but there is no longer any doubt that this was an adventurous separation from a polite centre of civilization so very ancient that in its perspective even Nineveh and Babylon are brought nearer to our point of view; that the pyramids of Egypt no longer stand out against the mystery of prehistoric times, but have a background of stirring human activity; that the beginnings of Phœnicia and Greece and Rome seem comparatively modern events. "As long before Abraham's time as Abraham was before our time Ur was a great city, the political and religious centre of the greatest empire of the Orient, and the remains of that civilization are still preserved beneath the soil, waiting for the excavator." The confines of that liberal period which we have known as "historic" hitherto appeared to be washed by an ocean of unknown antiquity on which no voyager had skill to set sail; now, a whole continent of solid fact has been added, which it is our business to explore. To the historian this seems comparable with nothing less than the discovery of a new world across the *Mare Oceano* in the fifteenth century. It is simple folly, it is unscholarly, to guess what this old-new region may yield to the scientific explorer: one must go, or send, and so learn in the course of time and by scientific methods.

The excavations at Ur, confided to Dr. Edgar James Banks, are undertaken for the benefit of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington; meanwhile, as the discovery of rich gold-fields always stimulates prospectors to fresh activity in other promising regions, we have to note the establishment of a School of Oriental Research in Palestine, sustaining the usual filial relationship to the American Institute of Archæology, and Mr. Howard Crosby Butler's recent exploration of the country west of the Euphrates. But why should we not come more directly to the point by planning to deal effectively with the region which, above all others, inspires hopes of great results? The argument in favor of making Constantinople our headquarters for future efforts need not be elaborated in a paper designed, like the present, merely to convey a suggestion; but I think it is plain from the facts I have touched upon that a strong argument might be constructed on the following lines: 1, The great importance of the work to be done in Turkish territory; 2, The waste of time and money involved in organizing each expedition separately; 3, The positive advantage of placing the museum, library, etc., at Constantinople, thus avoiding conflict with the Turkish authorities in regard to sending antiquities out of the country, and securing Hamdy Bey's co-operation and the use of his collection.

Sir John and the American Girl

BY LILIAN BELL

"NOW that we're engaged," she said, looking up at him with a smile in her eyes that he had never seen before, "let's begin at the beginning and go clear back to the time when we first saw each other."

"What's the good?" he said, contentedly. "We're engaged, and that's the end of it."

"No, that's the beginning of it."

They had driven to the Citadel to see the sun set, and as they leaned on the parapet the whole of Cairo, with the Pyramids beyond, was spread before them like a panorama.

"What did you see when you first saw me?" she asked.

"I don't know. What did you see when you first saw me?"

"Well, I'll begin, just to encourage you. The *Augusta Victoria* had touched at Genoa. Mrs. Richards and I were on the upper deck, when we saw"—she hesitated and closed her eyes dreamily—"when we saw a tall, fair Englishman, very big, very broad, very much sunburnt, in tweed shooting-jacket and knickerbockers and rough wool stockings and golf shoes, and he came clumping towards us—"

"Clumping?" he said.

"Yes; the nails in your shoes made you clump. As you came clumping towards us I saw that that white thing on your head was a Stanley helmet, and I saw that your eyes were near-sighted and light blue, except when you are excited, when they get black, and there was a little dent on your nose, which only showed when one looked straight at you, and didn't interfere with your profile, and that your mouth goes up first on the right side when you laugh, and that your laugh when it did ring out was hearty and generous, and I knew that I liked you from the very first instant."

As she felt his hand close over hers, she opened her eyes and laughed.

"Did you notice all that of me at first?"

"All that and more," she said, "for I saw your servant following you with your gun-case and your polo things and your golf-sticks and your tennis-racket and the bath-tub; so I knew that you were English. Now tell me what you noticed first about me."

"Well, I am, as you say, near-sighted, and I didn't notice you until I had sent my servant down to put my things away, and then I think I must have lighted a cigar. I generally do."

"Yes, you did," she said, "because I saw you."

"Well, and then I saw you, and I thought you were the prettiest girl I had ever seen, and I wanted to know you, and that's all."

"Oh! But that isn't half enough," she cried. "Didn't you see anything at all about me? Anything specific, I mean?"

He stared at her as if trying to recollect. "Yes, I saw that you had a figure as straight and slim as a young tree, and that you stood very well, and that your hair was red."

"Reddish!" she entreated.

"No, red!" he insisted. "I like red hair;—and that your eyes were every color."

"Hazel!" she cried, pleadingly.

"Every color!" he reiterated. "This is my story! And you had on a white sailor hat with a veil tied around it."

"A black veil," she said, complacently.

"And I saw that your mouth was impertinent, and that your nose was saucy, and your eyes laughed, and I wanted to shake you or kiss you — I didn't know which—until I got close to you; and then I saw that your hair was blowing around your face, so that I had to put my hands in my pockets to keep from smoothing it back."

"Tell me about your family. Will

they like me? What will people call me?"

"You will be the Honorable Mrs. Archibald George Kenneth Cavendish, and I think you will like my family very much, and I *know* they will like you. My sister-in-law has the name of being a bit nasty, but she won't be likely to be with you, because you're both in the same box."

"The same box? How do you mean?" asked the girl, quickly.

"Neither of you is dowried. You bring no fortune. That makes a difference, you know. Of course not with *me*. But, as I told you, we shall be poor. I have three thousand a year of my own."

"Dollars?"

"No, pounds. We can't do much on that, but we'll be asked to Scotland every August by Tessie, and now and then to their town house when you want a bit of London in the season; and for the rest, we can have a little house in the country or travel, just as you like."

The girl stood with her elbows on the parapet looking out wistfully at the Sphinx.

"What are they decorating the city with all those little red flags and colored lights for?" she asked, suddenly.

"Because to-night the Khedive goes to the Mosque of Mohammed Ali to pray for his heart's desire. It's a great night for every Mohammedan, for they believe that every prayer is sure to be granted."

"Can Protestants go and pray too?" she asked.

"Certainly; would you like to come? A year ago, if I had been in Egypt, I would have come here and prayed for you; but now I have my heart's desire."

He took one of her hands in his and held it tightly.

"I'd like to come and pray that your family will *love* me. I don't want them to like me because I am queer and foreign, and because I will amuse them. I want to feel at home in England."

"So you shall, darling. And they are bound to love you when they know your character. It's only your little ways that are American. I love you for your nobility of character."

"And you put up with my 'ways'?"

"They fascinate me as completely as your frank speech and your lovely face," he said, gravely.

She moved her hand in his with a purr of content.

"How have you learned anything of my character in this short time?" she questioned.

"The first was that misunderstanding about going to the Coptic church. I was in love with your face then, and it is so contradictory I thought you might be capricious or careless, and that you had either forgotten or ignored our appointment. I was waiting for you the whole morning on the terrace of Shepheard's, and you were waiting in your sitting-room."

"Why didn't you hunt me up? *I* wouldn't have waited three hours and then, without seeking any explanation, have packed up my things and moved to another hotel!"

"I was too much in love and too miserable over your indifference to have any mind left. I wanted to go away where I couldn't see you to be tempted further. And then, just as I was paying my bill, you came running out to find your courier with a note in your hand; and when you saw me with my receipted bill, you stopped and colored. Then your face paled a little, but you drew yourself up and held out the note to me without a word. Such a square thing to do! It made me see what a fool I had been. Most girls would have been too chagrined to write. They hate to feel thrown over."

"'Thrown over'!" cried the girl, laughing. "I never *thought* of such a thing. Mrs. Richards said it was indelicate to write and explain and ask if you had misunderstood me, but *I* thought it was only fair to allow you to put yourself right with me."

The Englishman looked at her curiously. "Edith," he said, "are all American young women as haughty as you are?"

"Haughty? Why, *I* am not haughty."

"Yes, you are. I rather like it when you don't practise it against me. I would like a little submissiveness in a wife."

"It depends how you manage me. Anything I do for you in love is not submission. I'd fetch and carry for you like a slave if you were ill or helpless,

but, in my opinion, you are a little too lordly sometimes, and it makes me fret."

"Would an American husband suit you better, do you think?" he asked.

"No, dear! If I had wanted an American husband I could have had a choice of three or four quite nice ones. The trouble is—"

"'The trouble is'?" he repeated, anxiously.

"That I fell in love with *you!* No; wait a minute! And I rather like your thinking, just because you are an Englishman, that you are a little better than any other man in the world."

"I don't believe I think that," he said, slowly.

"Yes, you do! Deep down in your soul you *do* believe it. The only thing is, I don't quite like your thinking that—"

"What?"

"—That you're superior to all *women* too!"

"Oh, my dear girl, I don't think that, I assure you!"

"Then why do you always enter a room before me, and why do you never offer to carry my jacket?"

"Bad manners, I suppose."

He hesitated a moment, and then meeting the challenge in the girl's sparkling eyes, he added,

"Well, I own that I don't like to make a donkey of myself to pamper a woman!"

"You always take the easiest chair, and help yourself first at the table."

He released her hand and turned away. She thought she had offended him, but presently he faced her again, and laying his hands on her two shoulders, he said:

"And those things worry you, don't they, little woman? Well, I'll try to change and do your way, if you will help me. I *must* make you happy, if I take you away from all your people into a land of strangers."

"What a darling you are, Archie dear!"

The sunsets in Cairo are something to dream about with closed eyes in old age.

When the last of the translucent aftermath had faded from the sky, the two lovers in the Citadel gave a sigh to remember that when they came back to the mosque that night they would have Edith's chaperon, the redoubtable Mrs. Richards, with them.

Cavendish had his Arab fetch two camp-stools from the hotel, and these he placed near the entrance of the mosque. Mrs. Richards stood on the first stool, and Miss Joyce back of her, where Cavendish could touch her hand in the crowd and no one could see. Presently the young Khedive arrived, followed by his suite and body-guard of cavalry.

"The Heart's Desire!" whispered Edith as they all knelt down. "I'm really going to pray, Archie. I have a horrible feeling that Sir John and Lady Chartersea don't want you to marry me."

"They wanted my brother to marry their sister, but they don't care whom a younger son marries."

"Then why has Lady Chartersea not spoken to me about our engagement, since you told her?"

"I don't know," he said, reddening.

The girl said no more, but knelt quietly on her mat of rushes. Suddenly he felt that she was trembling, and glancing beyond her he saw Lady Chartersea with her courier.

Lady Chartersea nodded to him, but made no effort to speak to Mrs. Richards or Miss Joyce.

"I am tired," whispered the girl in his ear. "Let us go before the dervishes begin."

"Did Lady Chartersea speak to you, Edith?" demanded Mrs. Richards, with a glance of condemnation for Cavendish.

"No," she answered, quietly.

"English women are so rude," said Mrs. Richards, severely. "But then," she added, as if amply avenged, "did you ever see such a bonnet!"

Cavendish tucked Edith's hand under his arm and hurried her on ahead. He was relieved to see that Edith had been oblivious to the slight. If ever she began to notice it seriously, he meant to have a talk with Lady Chartersea. When his mother and sisters quarrelled, or when Tessie nagged Mayhew, he told Edith he always cut for cover. Then he playfully asked her if she ever had "the vapors," and if the color of her hair denoted a quick temper.

These things were in the girl's mind as they drove home in the luminous darkness of the soft Egyptian night. The hurt remained and rankled. She had

spoken to Cavendish once, she reflected proudly, and afterwards he had seen Lady Chartersea prove her accusation to be true. She would leave the issue in his hands and see how he would proceed.

The next day Lady Chartersea wrote to the Dowager Countess of Mayhew, Cavendish's mother, and said:

"I congratulate you on your new daughter-in-law. She is very beautiful in the American style, and will outshine both your girls and my poor sister, I am sorry to say. But then she is very cheerful, and will be a charming companion for you. She quizzes everybody and wears very smart clothes, admires Gladstone, and calls the Queen 'Victoria.' All this amuses Sir John, who votes her sayings vastly clever. It is rather a pity that she brings no fortune, for Archie needs it, poor boy. However, I know that you are not mercenary, or you never would have welcomed Tessie into the family as you did. Dear Tessie's connections are worth more than money, but the American has beauty, which we all hope you will consider an equivalent. She is prodigiously proud and sensitive, so do write her a sweet letter of welcome, as I am persuaded that she would never marry Archie if his family objected.

"Sir John is no better. He has not left his room for a fortnight. I have sent for my brother, but in the mean time we take all of Archie's time which we can beg from Miss Joyce. He is very good to us, and we depend upon him no end for the journey home in case Robert does not arrive in time. I have urged Robert to make all possible haste, as Archie would like to go by the way of Greece with the Americans instead of on a P. & O. with us to Venice, as he first planned, and I would never have the heart to separate him from his love even for a few days."

This letter put the dowager into a purple rage. A person who admired Gladstone, and who continually chaffed, and called her Majesty "Victoria"! It was monstrous!

She read the letter carefully several times, with the stiff violet satin bows on her cap quivering with suppressed excitement.

She said nothing to her daughters for two days, and on the third day an idea came to her, and she was swift to act upon it.

She wrote a charming letter to Archie, sending him a check for twenty pounds, and dilating on the goodness of the Charterseas to her husband in his last illness, and saying that she had received such a sad letter from Lady Chartersea, worrying at being obliged to ask for so much of a young man's time for an invalid, and telling him reproachfully that Robert had been sent for to take Archie's place. "Is it possible," wrote the dowager, "that you are neglecting your father's old friends?"

Cavendish was touched in the most vulnerable spot of an Englishman's heart—loyalty. Full of remorse, he redoubled his attentions to Sir John, and as a result Edith Joyce and Mrs. Richards went alone to the bazars and mosques, whither Cavendish had planned to accompany them.

Cavendish secretly chafed at the time the Charterseas demanded of him, and on one bright day when the doctor had said the invalid might drive out, Cavendish hit upon the plan of asking all four of his friends to drive to Meenah House for luncheon, and then, while Sir John rested for the return drive, he promised the three ladies a camel-ride to the foot of the Pyramids.

Sir John accepted with such alacrity that his wife could not refuse. The doctor agreed to the plan, and when they were about to start, Sir John electrified his wife by asking Miss Joyce to drive with him in the victoria.

"But, my dear," said her ladyship, "Miss Joyce can never be comfortable on the little seat!"

"Certainly not," said Sir John. "I mean her to sit with me."

"And leave *me* to ride backwards?" cried his wife.

"Again, certainly not. You go in the other carriage with Mrs. Richards and Archie."

"But I need the air," protested Lady Chartersea.

"Then let down the windows!" roared Sir John. "In you go, or you'll put me in a rage directly!"

The English woman obediently scrambled in, much to Mrs. Richards's gratification.

"Suppose we let them go ahead, and I'll order another carriage," said Cavendish, in a low tone.

"No, no! Not for the world. It would make Sir John angry no end. It wasn't so much the carriage as that I prefer my own husband's society," said Lady Chartersea, looking directly at Mrs. Richards.

As they drove out of Cairo and entered that magnificent avenue lined on either side with giant pepper-trees, which met overhead and produced a soothing shade from the glare of the Egyptian sun, the three in the closed carriage were forced to hear an occasional shout of laughter from Sir John, which spoke volumes in praise of Edith's powers of entertainment.

Sir John arrived at Meenah House in the best of spirits. The day was so warm that everybody was lunching on the broad veranda, which is so close to the foot of the Pyramids that it seems as if one might almost reach out and touch them with the hand.

"Archie," cried Sir John, when he had swallowed his soup, "I congratulate you on this little woman of yours. You'll never have another dull day after you marry her!"

"I hope you haven't overexcited Sir John, Miss Joyce," said her ladyship, transferring the breast of the fowl from her own plate to that of her husband.

Sir John insisted on following them in the victoria on their camel-ride, and on being photographed in their group. His wife from the back of the tallest camel regarded the American girl with secret complacency.

"Never mind, miss," she was saying to herself; "if I am not much mistaken you will receive a letter in the post to-night which will rob you of your high spirits."

That night Lady Chartersea purposely remained close to the post-office window at Shepheard's, bargaining with the Egyptian whose booth of embroideries and carved brass was within hearing distance. She saw the American girl's eager face as her eyes scanned the superscription of her home letters, and she saw her color change at the sight of the thick black-bordered one from England bearing the Mayhew coat of arms.

Lady Chartersea crumpled her brother's telegram from Alexandria saying that he had arrived, and would come by the morning train, and hurried back to Sir John, who was undoubtedly the worse for the excitement of the day. In great alarm she sent for the doctor and Cavendish.

Edith went into her own room and locked the door when she read her home letters. She was always seized with an unaccountable dread for fear they contained unpleasant news. Her hands trembled as she opened the English letter, and her sensitive face reflected every shadow of her emotion as she read its cruel lines.

"I dare say you are pretty, my good girl," the letter ran, "but I and the girls have other plans for our dear Archibald, and we think it best that you should break the engagement, as very likely he is only taken by your face, because he could not possibly have learned your character in so short a time. I feel sure that you would not care to force yourself into a family where you would be unwelcome, and I trust to your delicacy not to show this letter to my son."

All the girl's emotions were touched at once. Love, pride, anger, a fierce resentment, a suspicion of the depth of Archie's love, and fear of how much he would dare to brave his family's displeasure, and, above all, a frantic wish to hold his love in spite of everything. All his brave qualities stood out before her mind's eye. He was a man worth the loving.

A timid knock at the door gave her a moment's calmness. It was Mrs. Richards, sniffing tearfully with homesickness after reading her letters.

"I wonder if you will *ever* be ready to start home," she said. "Egypt has no such fascination for me as it has for you. The Havens have just decided to stay another month and go up the Nile, so their tickets on the *Khedevial* to-morrow are for sale. I *wish* you could persuade yourself to take them and go to Athens now."

A sudden thought struck the girl. If she took those tickets and left suddenly, she could prove Archie's devotion by determining whether he would disobey his mother's commands and go with her.

She sent the radiant Mrs. Richards to

secure the tickets, and despatched a note to Archie by her Arab servant.

He was so long in coming that her trunks were packed before he presented himself in her sitting-room.

"Going to-morrow!" he cried in consternation when she told him. "Why, whatever shall I do without you!"

"There is another ticket still to be had," she said, biting her lip to keep back the tears.

"Oh, *I* couldn't go. Sir John is very bad to-night, and we haven't had a word from Robert. I rather hoped he came on the Russian steamer which brought the post."

"*Why* need you be so devoted to a friend when *I* need you elsewhere?" she cried, suddenly.

"You don't understand, dear," he answered, gravely. "You *know* I long to go with you, and it is what we planned, and all that, but Lady Chartersea must *not* be left alone in Egypt when Sir John is liable to die at any moment. It would be cowardly and cruel to seek my own pleasure at the expense of life-long friends. My mother"—he hesitated and looked down—"my mother is not very well pleased with my behavior in Cairo, and wrote me to say so in her last letter. You will be generous and bear with me, won't you, darling?"

The girl's white, miserable face scanned his fearfully. He knew, then, of his mother's objection to her, and was endeavoring not to wound her further!

"Are all Englishmen as loyal to their mothers and their mothers' friends as you are?" she asked, bitterly.

He only looked at her reproachfully for reply.

"Oh, Archie, my darling, I love you so!" she cried, suddenly flinging herself into his arms. He held her tenderly, stroking her hair, and endeavoring to soothe her. She clung to him blindly, as if bidding him a last good-by.

"Why, dear little woman, don't cry!" he said. "What time does your train go in the morning? I am going to Alexandria with you."

"Ten o'clock," she said, drawing away and recovering herself. "But won't you be afraid to leave Sir John?"

In his simplicity Cavendish suspected no irony, and when Edith perceived it her heart smote her. He only answered, decidedly:

"I shall risk it that far, whether I dare or not. It will only be a day. I am going to see you safely on board the ship. On the way we can make our plans and discuss the future. Your going so suddenly leaves several things unsaid."

She followed him out into the corridor when he left her to return to Sir John, and as she returned to re-enter, a crumpled telegram lying on the floor caught her eye. It read:

"*Chartersea, Shepheard's, Cairo:*

"Arrived safely. Shall be in Cairo to-morrow. ROBERT."

She sat down in a half-dazed condition to think it out. Could it be possible that Archie had dropped it, and knew all the time that Robert Gordon had come? Impossible! On the other hand, Lady Chartersea used this corridor, but if *she* dropped it, perhaps Archie did not know, and when he went back to tell them of her meditated departure, Sir John at least would enlighten Archie, and after all he would go with them to Athens. She distrusted Lady Chartersea, but Sir John was her friend.

She staid in her room all the remainder of the evening, momentarily expecting Archie to return. It was after midnight when she finally gave up hope and went to bed.

But she could not sleep, and at four she dressed herself, roused the servants and Mrs. Richards, and despatched all their luggage to the station to catch the earlier train.

She left a note for Cavendish, enclosing the telegram.

"I will not see you again even to say good-by, so do not follow me to Alexandria. Another meeting would only pain us both. You shall not misunderstand me. I received a letter from your mother asking me to release you from our engagement. I did not know that you had told her. *I* would have braved her displeasure and endeavored to win her love if you had been equally courageous. But I will not temporize concerning so sacred a possession as love. I felt so sure that Lady Chartersea had dropped

this telegram near my door and not you, that until after midnight I expected you to come back to explain. Sir John would have enlightened you. I think Sir John is my friend. You see I am very frank with you, dear, because it is the last—the very last—I shall ever say or write to you."

When Cavendish read the little note his rage against the Charterseas knew no bounds. He knew that he could overtake Edith at Alexandria, and he decided on the instant to go with her to Athens.

In company with many returning tourists, all booked for the *Khedevial,* he caught the ten-o'clock train. Here he had ample time to reflect on Lady Chartersea's premature information to his mother concerning his engagement. Well, he thought, if his mother was going to be nasty about it, he would marry Edith in Athens at the American minister's.

He had just come to this conclusion when the train stopped between stations. There was a serious wreck ahead, and it would be several hours before it could be removed.

In a torrent of vain threats against the railway company, the train, after standing helplessly on the track for several hours, was taken back into Cairo.

In the mean time, after waiting as long as her captain dared, the *Khedevial* sailed from Alexandria, with most of her passengers in ignorance of the delayed train from Cairo.

When Cavendish reached Shepheard's, he found this telegram from Edith:

"ALEXANDRIA.

"Have changed plans. Shall stay but one day in Athens. EDITH."

His first disappointment soon changed to exultation. If she had not expected him to follow her, in spite of her letter, she would not have telegraphed!

Without stopping for anything, he dashed across the street to the booking-office, but found to his despair that, owing to a typhoon in the Red Sea, there was no probability of a ship for a week, and it might be ten days.

The longer he thought, the bitterer he grew against the Charterseas. He dressed himself carefully, and with his usually kind face grown white and stern, he presented himself before his friends, fully determined to have it out with them.

He told them of Edith's departure and the circumstances leading up to it.

Sir John listened in silence, his twitching fingers alone betraying his wrath. Then he seized the telltale telegram and shook it violently.

"So, madam," he cried, "this is all your doing! You never told *me* about Robert's telegram. You took it upon yourself to inform the Countess, knowing that it would kick up a devil of a row, and *she* wrote, and broke that little American girl's heart!"

Lady Chartersea was weeping. "I knew Lady Mayhew's plans for Archie. She — we both wanted him to marry sister. She has a fortune of five thousand pounds, and it would unite—"

"So that is your game!" cried Sir John, leaning forward, with his hands on the arms of his chair. "Well, then, we'll buy a welcome from the dowager! I'll dower Miss Joyce myself. Archie, my wedding-present to your little woman shall be five thousand pounds. Gad! I like her spirit in running *away* from a husband instead of running after one! Mind you, it's five thousand pounds! We owe it to you to do *something!* Be off with you, Archie, my boy. Follow her by the first boat."

"And marry her before you get to England, old man," added Robert Gordon.

"There's no boat for a fortnight, and I haven't an idea where she will go when she leaves Athens," said Cavendish, looking down.

"Robert," said Sir John at last, "go and book our passage on the first ship leaving this damned town. Archie, you go book yours. I'll go with you to hunt this girl. I know I've got to die. My days—even my hours—are numbered. I think I'd like to die righting a great wrong."

There were twelve days during which no steamer left Cairo, and on the twelfth, when the Charterseas, Robert Gordon, and Cavendish set sail on the P. & O. *Rajah,* the only clew to Edith's whereabouts they had was a telegram from the American minister at Athens, in response to one from Cavendish, say-

ing that Miss Joyce had left Athens for Olympia.

The sea-voyage benefited Sir John.

"It's of no use to get off at the Piræus," he declared; "she has had a week to do Olympia since she left Athens. It's my impression that she went from Olympia back to Patras, and that she will take the Austrian Lloyd to Brindisi. At Brindisi I shall have no objection to disembarking to find a further clew."

"But our tickets are taken for Venice," objected his wife.

"I'll stop at Brindisi," roared Sir John, "if I have to buy the ship—or sink it!"

Cavendish was impressed by the force of Sir John's argument, and furthermore he wished to give the invalid his own way as much as possible.

On the second day out from the Piræus, Robert Gordon joined Cavendish in his restless promenade of the *Rajah's* deck, and said Sir John wished to see him.

The two men found Sir John much excited.

"What do you think, Archie? What do you think, Robert? The captain has just been to see me, and he says with this wind we are gaining two hours a day. The Austrian Lloyd leaves Patras to-night, and if this wind from directly aft continues, we'll overhaul her at Brindisi. Now *Edith is on the Austrian Lloyd!* Robert, you take these field-glasses and keep a sharp lookout! Go on, now, but mind you bring me word, as I shall be out of my head until we sight her!"

The wind remained dead aft, and before dark the P. & O. had gained four hours. In vain, however, did the strongest field-glasses stare anxiously over the waters of the Ionian Sea when they skirted Kephallenia and came abreast of Corfu, for after that the ocean pathways of the two great liners converged towards Italy's shore.

Late in the afternoon of the next day the lookout reported to the captain that a ship about the size and in the direction of the expected Austrian Lloyd could be discerned, but he must wait until her lights appeared, to be sure.

In the mean time the *Rajah* continued to gain. She was now five hours ahead of her schedule. A dozen glasses were levelled on the stranger when, suddenly, the lights of the Austrian Lloyd flashed out on the darkness, and told the anxious pursuers that it was indeed she.

Sir John's enthusiastic reiterations that Edith was a passenger on her had so impressed the other members of his party that Cavendish staid up all night watching the *Rajah* close on her prey, and fancying that he was thus guarding the unconscious slumbers of his love.

At sunrise Sir John was up and examining the liner, which lay side by side with the *Rajah* at the dock at Brindisi.

"By Jove! this is the most extraordinary thing," exclaimed Sir John. "Go call Archie! The lazy dog! He deserves to lose the girl! Lying asleep at this hour when an old man like me can be up! I'm blest if I don't imagine I can see Edith on the upper deck."

"Archie took all his luggage in a cab and left a quarter of an hour ago," said Robert Gordon, without lowering his glasses.

"What's that?" roared Sir John. "Took his luggage! And does he think *we* are not going to land if the girl is there? Here, Simmons! Go have the luggage fetched up immediately, and inform her ladyship—"

"I do see her!" interrupted Robert. "You said she had red hair, didn't you? There is a commotion among the passengers, and—yes, there is old Archie! I see him distinctly. See, he is waving his handkerchief to us! Yes, yes, old boy!" shouted Robert and Sir John, as though they expected to be heard. "Wave yours, Sir John! Shall we go—"

He stopped suddenly and lowered his glass. Sir John was nowhere to be seen. Robert leaned over the gunwale and saw Simmons put Sir John carefully into a cab and follow him.

Sir John looked up and shouted to his brother-in-law: "Fetch my wife and the luggage, and come over, Robert! I'm going to have them married in Rome!"

The Ring and the Deer

BY W. H. BOARDMAN

SHE was at dinner, the mother, the only time I ever met her. Her two children were with her, learning generally the ways of the world, and in particular the art of getting food. The two fawns followed her from six o'clock in the evening, for a few hours, until they were tired, when the mother put them to bed under a downed top, and went on with her eating and drinking until daylight. Then she waked them up and led them to the tall grass in an alder-bed, where she nursed them and spent part of the day sleeping and listening. The mother deer was thin and feeble when I first saw the family across the width of Drum Pond, where my trail touched and left it for the river, a few hundred yards farther on. She began her meal by drinking water from the pond. Then she had morsels of salad, celandine, and cresses, from the mouth of the spring brook. It was her idea of right living. Later she would wander on the hard-wood flats, nipping tender tips of shrubs, and then wade in the river for the grasses that grow under water, and drink. She was a frequent drinker. The smaller fawn was listless and leaned against its mother, while the larger one capered on the beach, bounding in the air, and bucking.

We slipped away without disturbing them, passed the abandoned Thomas camp, where the Emerson-Agassiz-Stillman party long ago had high jinks with philosophy, and we came to the beautiful river.

Some days later the fawns appeared on the river-bank alone. It was easy to read the family story, the tragedy of a hard winter. Hemmed in by the crusted snow, the mother was famished and weak before the fawns were born, and while suckling them she gave up her life. The larger fawn, Thomas, was lusty. He had learned to nibble and to hunt for tender food, but he was a careless eater; he had not learned to discriminate much, and he was not watchful for enemies, for the fat little fellow knew nothing about them. Sitting in the bow of the boat, George paddled me without a sound, with matchless skill, to within reaching distance of Thomas before he leaped up the bank and turned to study us. His sleek sides, with round spots, shone in the sun as he impatiently struck the ground with his fore foot. Then he ran a few steps into the woods and whistled. His career was beginning.

But Elspeth was pining. She kept near Thomas and watched him longingly; not with affection or admiration, I think, but to learn how he did it. Without help she was soon to die of starvation; or a fox would pull the weak thing down and hasten the end. The part which I ought to play was clear. I would be paddled noiselessly to within reach of her, some evening when she was standing in the stream with her head toward the bank. I would skilfully wind one arm around her body while one hand seized her throat. In camp she should wax fat on condensed milk and warm messes. The details of taming her, of teaching her to eat, of forming her character, and of seeing her grow to be bigger than Thomas were idealities that occupied my mind while waiting for a chance. When the chance came the undertaking was successful up to the point where the hand was to seize the throat, which it missed. Elspeth, the moribund, struck her dainty foot through the side of the carry-boat, and dragged a well-meaning sportsman out of it, and trampled him in the mud and water. George was amused. It was not *his* plan.

When I next visited my camp, which was across the river, nearly opposite the haunt of the fawns, Thomas was alone. He had adopted a daily, or rather an every-other-daily, habit of life. His range was less than a mile, and I often

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saw him and quietly spoke to him. He always ran away,—but he was not very much frightened. He followed his mother's habit of dining at six, and of beginning either at the pond or at the river-bank.

George was cooking while I was tidying the camp one evening, when suddenly Thomas came tearing up the trail from the river. He passed between us, rushing on in blind terror, but at the edge of the timber-opening he stopped and whistled. George is good at repartee, perhaps because his mind is not confused with abundance.

"Your rifle. Somethin's follerin' him!"

There was no need to hurry. I sat tight. The fox came cautiously, and made the last mistake of his life when he stopped on the trail and sat up on his haunches to look at us. Thomas disappeared at the sound of the firing, but he circled our clearing and whistled for a while. I tried to believe that he was thinking of me as his savior, but it was not quite clear.

I had become distinctly fond of him, and he was as my summer girl. I wanted him to be more than that, to be a joy for more than one summer, but there are a good many deer in the woods, and the possibility of a changeling was distasteful. If he were a grown-up deer I could easily remember his face, for no one is like another, but he was growing and changing, and although a child is father of the man, nevertheless they may not look alike. Thomas should be marked, and I provided a silver-plated key-ring—not a split ring, but one whose spring held the ends together, and this was to be slipped through a hole pierced in the rim of his ear, after I had captured him. Success came by accident. After a week of failures I sent George out for more supplies, and appointed to meet him with the boat at the landing opposite our camp. Thomas happened along there before either of us, and George, coming up the trail, still as an Indian, saw his opportunity. With infinite skill and patience he stole up to his quarry, while I was watching from the opposite bank. When Thomas finally heard him, or smelled him, George was quite near. By a dash forward and with nerve-shattering sounds he drove poor Thomas to deep water, where I caught him with the boat. He was unexpectedly quiet while I decorated his ear, but he ran recklessly a long distance when he was set free.

It is in July and August that brook trout love to leave the river-bed and idle at the mouth of a spring brook, where the water is colder, and where larvæ, worms, and other dainties are washed down from the mountain-side and brought to their noses. It is the "spring-hole season," and it is oftenest at evening that trout are tempted to the surface by the skimming flies, and are apt to look for higher things.

We needed food in camp, and I was standing on the gravel bar casting the flies where the brook water mingled with the river. The bank was fringed with bushes, and the back cast was safest from fouling in them when it was sent back up the brook. The brook mouth was wide enough, but it was overhung with alders. This way of fishing needed some accuracy, and after a time I looked over my shoulder to see that I was still lining out safely. Thomas appeared. I had not heard him come, and he was not looking at me. His eyes and the direction of his nose were intently following my flies as they were recovered from the water and shot back high in the air, nearly over his head, then hovering down in a graceful curve, to be snapped forward again to the spring-hole. Little by little I paid out more line and lowered the back cast, hoping to touch the little friend, whom I was watching, with the head turned half around over my shoulders. When the tail fly swept close to his face he bounded high in the air and then stood rigid, more than ever interested. The next cast was still more successful. It slightly hooked him, and he leaped up the bank and whistled earnestly for a few minutes. It was our last meeting of the season.

A summer outing needs an object, and during the long, tiresome winter and spring I looked forward eagerly to another meeting with Thomas, but when I hunted for him he had forsaken the scenes of his childhood and could not be found. It was a sad time. Later in the season the glorious news came that a

spike-horn buck with a ring in his ear had been seen five miles from Thomas camp. All the woodsmen knew of Thomas and his ring.

It was in September, and I was sitting among the rocks where the river tears its way through a gorge, when a little buck broke out from the woods, running low, and dashed into the stream a few hundred yards above me. He drank long, and often looked back over his shoulder. Then he came toward me, sometimes wading and sometimes spraying out his little legs and swimming low in absurdly shallow water. This seemed to be his idea of hiding himself. When he was opposite, he stopped and gazed intently at me. His ring was brightly polished, and the small cut made by my knife had healed to a smooth round hole. He was still trembling with fear, not of me, but of the dog which was chasing him, and I hoped that he was remembering the incident of the fox. He did not remember it, or else age had brought mistrust, for he started down stream, and a few rods below he leaped out into the woods.

When the dog came, and lost the scent at the stream, he stopped baying and swam across. He ran silently with his nose to the ground, up the stream a long distance, and then down along the bank nearly to me. I hoped that he was baffled, and I was somewhat relieved when he swam back across the river. But he had not given up his fiendish chase. A hound is full of theories. The deer might have tried to trick him by coming out of water on the same side he went in, so he swiftly nosed along the bank for rods above and below. His noiseless persistence became hideous, and my heart hardened as I saw him abandon the theory of the farther bank, and start to swim across in the direction of Thomas. My rifle was dear to me then, and the dog did not leave the river.

Thomas was reported again last season, and I hope that you will not shoot him by mistake for an ordinary deer. The surest way to save him is to avoid killing any deer unless you are quite certain that he has no ring in his ear.

April's Lament

BY FRANCES DU BIGNON

"Mon Avril se meurt, feuille à feuille;
Sur chaque branche que je cueille
Croît l'épine de la douleur."—VICTOR HUGO.

APRIL flowers, good-by, good-by!
Fragile blooms, how brief your stay!
Rose-hued leaves that scattered lie,
Thorns outlive your longest day.

April days, good-by, good-by!
Airy dreams and fleeting hours!
Rose-hued hopes, how swift to die!
Sorrow's thorns outlive life's flowers.

They said that Love was Blind

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

THEY said that Love was blind,—alackaday!—
Then strung the lute with heartstrings, soft with tears;
And Love was blind, but thoughtless man and maid
Forgot that Love had ears.

They said that Love was blind, and let him play
With apple blossoms, sifted through the years;
And now each kindred petal in the spring
Breathes what Love hears.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE reader who finds his pleasure in high reasoning of high things can hardly entertain himself better than in that recent book of Professor N. S. Shaler's which he calls *The Individual: A Study of Life and Death.* It is a purely scientific treatment of the greatest theme that can engage the curiosity of man; and Professor Shaler justifies himself for leaving the religious view to others when he reminds us how profitless the attempts to approach it from both directions have always been. The very importance of his admirable work is that without being for a moment irreligious, it is so entirely unreligious. It is the naturalist's "protest against the idea, bred of many natural misconceptions, that a human being is something apart from its fellows: that it is born into the world and dies out of it into the loneliness of a supernatural realm;" and in the wish to show this being essentially at one with its temporal environment, the author argues that "we may work toward a reconciliation of our death with the order in which we find ourselves placed." He gives the chief place in his essay to the study of death, as the "problem beyond all others momentous," but in close relation to this question of immortality he considers "The Period of Old Age" and "The Utilization of Old Age," in two chapters which the Easy Chair is sure that its own consciousness of senescence does not prompt it to pronounce full of novel and fruitful suggestion.

I

Even a very new Easy Chair might willingly learn from this wise and uplifting book that the enlargement of human life in a term of constantly increasing years beyond the period of its productive activities is the effect of civilization. A prolonged old age, in fact, not only distinguishes man from the lower animals, or the ancestral animals, (to put it a little more considerately,) but it is one of the things that mainly difference the civilized man from the savage man. We no longer knock our parents or grandparents on the head because their usefulness seems to be past; even uncles and great-uncles are not thus sacrificed to a mistaken sense of the common good; and old age in turn has not shown itself ungrateful to the humanity which, from sparing it, has advanced to cherishing and tenderly caring for it. If any debt was due from it to the community for such favor, it has more than repaid the debt. Its stores of experience are freely at the public service; and Professor Shaler shows how, in the late war with Spain, the generation which has grown up since our great civil contest had so utterly failed to profit by the abundant records of that struggle that, but for its survivors, we should have rushed into hostilities wholly ignorant

and reckless of their demands. It was, he says, the practical knowledge of the old soldiers that saved the nation from terrible disaster; and he adds the belief, yet more important to humanity, that if the declaration of that war, whose Dead Sea fruit is still turning to ashes on our lips, "could have been left to those men and women who had a knowledge of its real nature, it would not have been undertaken."

Whenever he touches upon that dreadful madness to which the peoples deliver themselves from time to time, he speaks words of beneficent wisdom with the authority of one who has known war at first hand, and has seen man in those infernal transports when

> dragons of the prime
> That tare each other in their slime,
> Were mellow music matched with him.

Once for all he demolishes the superstition that war makes for manliness by teaching that to be a good soldier a man must first have acquired the soldierly virtues in the tasks and ordeals of peace. If he goes into the field without them, he will never get them there: the French with their constant wars are of a failing soldiership; but the Swiss, who have not had a war for two hundred years, are the most soldierly people in Europe.

II

If this opinion seems to contradict the other opinion that success in war results from experience, it is an appearance only, for it is to the *morale* of the Swiss that the author refers in his praise of them as military material. In fact war has got all the things that make it tolerable as well as all the things that make it glorious from the training of peace; and even in the American Military Academy, where the art is taught more thoroughly than anywhere else in the world, the students have just been obliged to borrow one of the modern decencies of civil life. Long after prize-fighting was outlawed in the world, it flourished at West Point as a form of hazing, but under the lesson of a Congressional exposure the cadets have renounced their fist-fights together with all the other forms of hazing. They were not greatly to blame; youth is the sanctuary of tradition; and the fist-fight was simply a survival of some savager aforetime when it was thought essential to the education of an officer, as once it was everywhere thought essential to the training of a gentleman.

But the cadets have done well to abandon it, with its imagined advantages, in deference to public opinion; for the study of the art of war cannot be guarded with too many refinements. The military character needs all the ameliorations it can borrow from civil life, and the vivisection of men in battle must be inculcated in a strictly scientific spirit. Especially those who are educated to the stern duty of directing others in the work of human vivisection must be above the suspicion of a brutal pleasure in it, such as might come from the practices of the prize-ring. With every elegant alleviation, with all the possible delicacy and urbanity in the officers, and every gentle instinct in the men, there is still a danger that war will look like the hell which General Sherman said it was; and we must encourage each advance that promises to make it look a little less like hell.

Among the authorities of West Point there were no doubt some who could testify from their own experience in battle that fist-fighting had done little to qualify them for military leadership. But one of the most curious limitations to the usefulness of age is that which bars it from imparting its wisdom to youth concerning customs. Boys of twelve have customs which as they grow older they abandon to other boys of twelve; boys of fifteen have other customs which they leave to those becoming fifteen after them; and so on. The boys of twelve and fifteen never give up their customs while they are twelve and fifteen; they must outgrow them; and probably if all the old soldiers of West Point had joined in assuring the cadets that it would not make for soldiership in the fourth-class men to pound the faces of the first-class men to pulp, they would not have been regarded. Something cataclysmal, like the death of a victim, was necessary; for here, as in so many other cases, without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. The wisdom of those who had lived through the Civil War could not save this generation from the Spanish War.

III

Age can transmit civilization in its general terms, and perhaps this is enough; but apparently it cannot prevent lapses into barbarism. We were at one time growing out of the baseness of snobbery, and with much pains and great wit and indefinite illustration, it did seem some fifty years ago as if we had passed the danger of that degradation of the soul. When the fine moralist who once filled this seat was writing the "Potiphar Papers," the friend of man might well have believed that the human spirit would hardly crawl before any image of worldly greatness again. Thackeray had fought his fight against that hateful dishonor, and people seemed really trying for a decent self-respect. The mood lasted so long that when society journalism first began to rear its shameless front among us we nicknamed it "Jenkins," and blushed for it. Who of the present generation ever heard of Jenkins? and who blushes now to read the last detail of every "society event," or to pore upon the portraits, instantaneous and dramatic, of the chief actors and spectators, and all their kindred and acquaintance? To witness the newspaper hysterics a few weeks ago in view of the marriage of two amiable young people who had nothing in the world to distinguish them but their money, was to doubt if we had come far since eighteen-fifty.

The vulgarity of the exhibition was bad enough; wealth-worship is the vulgarest thing in the world; far vulgarer than rank-worship, for wealth lacks historic grace, and the mystical charm of the supremacy that comes by birth and seems of divine ordinance. Everybody knows how money is made; that dark secret is open; and the great fortunes are of such recent and rapid growth that it does not need the experience of old age to antedate them. The splendor of what money can buy is the splendor that dazzles the eye and corrupts the heart, when graced with the literature and art of society journalism. It is hard for the severest moralist to refuse being a millionaire in the august presence (so vividly reported by pen and pencil) of the trousseau, of the wedding-gifts, of the church where the "nuptial rite" is celebrated, of the mansion in which the pair are to live, of the carriage in which they are to drive to the private car (their only privacy) for their wedding journey; of their flunkies at the carriage door, and of their flunkies' calves. When it comes to the names of "those present," ah, then it is that the moralist feels the subtlest temptation, and realizes in his soul how sweet and fitting it would have been to have his name among them, and perhaps leading them! If it is so with the moralist, how must not it be with the woman ready to break into society with an axe, with the type-writer, the shop-girl, the matinée girl, the ice-cream-soda girl, and all the poor, thrilling, longing, ambitious maids and matrons, who gloat upon the gorgeous details wherever society journalism reports them! The simplest village, the loneliest farm, the farthest frontier, is no safer from the infection than the metropolis. Our only hope must be that the infection is not so deadly as it seems to the moralist, who may, indeed, be its chief victim. It may be that most of those who behold that far splendor are too busy, if not too wise, to do more than give it a glance, a sigh, and then turn to their work again and try to make the most of their humble lot. The worst would be trying to change their humble lot, or to illustrate their simple circumstance with the reflected glories of wealth and fashion. That would really be vulgar, and yet probably it would not last. Even if it lasted, still it would not be the worst thing in the world.

IV

Wealth-worship is bad, but it is very imaginably only a phase of our development, and will cease as we become more accustomed to our millionaires; or it may pass into rank-worship, as the Republic eventuates, upon strictly American principles, in an Empire with hereditary dignities and titles. No one can forecast the end from these beginnings, and mortifying as they are to the moralist who has not yet found himself among "those present," he himself must own that the thousand and odd people who burnt a negro at the stake in Kansas lately might have been far less harm-

fully, far more profitably, employed in reading the accounts of a millionaire marriage. Our flunkyism is of recent growth, a mushroom efflorescence of a superficial decay, which we may blush for; but our violent blood-thirst is a deep-rooted wickedness which seems of our vitality, and must be deplored with our foreheads in the dust. Of course it is of our imperfect civilization, and its outbursts are the opprobrium of our weakly administered laws; but the sooner we realize that we are a truculent and sanguinary race, with the danger of murderous delirium always imminent, the sooner we may set about our reformation. Apparently, we are *not* a law-abiding people, and not patient, or just, or merciful. Unless the fatal appearances are wrongfully against us, we are as insubordinate as Frenchmen, as revengeful as Southern Italians, as treacherous as Sioux, as cruel as Spaniards. In that hideous Kansas business the father of the victim's imputed victim was given, as if it were a signal pleasure, the privilege of lighting the fires which consumed the wretch, and amidst which he shrieked out to the last his vain protests of innocence. He was put to that atrocious death without any form of trial, and his immediate executioner was invited to his office not as the instrument of justice, but as a man glad to glut his hate for an injury never proved.

If some sage, authorized by long experience, had been present at that awful tragedy, he might have told the Kansas mob that what they were about to do was of slaveholding tradition, and of savage principle, and therefore not becoming to them; but in return they could have alleged several recent examples in the most enlightened of the earliest free Northern States; with a very moderate gift of prophecy they could have foretold a like crime soon to be committed in Indiana. As for the act as an act of vengeance, without any possible relation to the procedures of justice, they could have referred to the popular books with which the country has been deluged, and in which the devilish passion of revenge is inculcated as the attribute of noble and heroic natures. They could easily have found their defence in that abominable literature, and no doubt they could have silenced the sage.

Still they might not have convinced him; sages are hard to convince; but if he had gone away grieving from a community crazed with the lust for revenge, he would have been met by many individual cases of like madness. The "injured husband" has been having rather a carnival of late, and the ideal of private vengeance has been glorified in several signal instances. In such instances, all that the injured husband requires to constitute him judge, jury, and executioner is his own strong suspicion of injury. Then he is fully empowered to lie in wait for the man who has injured him, and put him to death by any means he fancies.

But this murderous fool has of course no right to do anything of the kind. The most deliberate and conscienceless injury of the sort he avenges could not give him the right to go out and kill at his pleasure. He has been injured by the violation of his home, but it is in fact not his injury that he avenges; it is his supposed dishonor, whereas the truth is patent to every man of sense that he has not been dishonored at all. Not a soul whose esteem is worth a moment's regard thinks scorn of him because of his injury; the respect and sympathy and affection of the whole community are with him just because of it. But he is willing to throw all this priceless kindness away, to blazon his injury through the newspapers to an indifferent public that may think scorn of him for it, to spoil his children's future with the shame of their mother and the guilt of their father, to blast his wife's name with infamy, and to stain his own soul with murder, in order not that he may be righted (for his injury is irreparable), but that he may be revenged. He perpetuates in the annals of crime a fact that would soon have died out even on the tongue of silly gossip; and if he is brought to justice for the murder he has done, a jury of his countrymen will pronounce him innocent. They will hold that he was maddened by his wrong, and they will rather admire him for being maddened. But the truth is that he had maddened himself, and voluntarily became, in his lust of

vengeance, the wickedest and stupidest of murderers, who ought to be held in loathing and abhorrence. In countries of an older civility than ours, in the Latin countries, he would not have thought his injury a dishonor, as indeed it was not; in England he would simply have sued for damages. His crime is not even Anglo-Saxon; it is purely American; and its frequency and impunity are facts which may well invite us to revise our belief that we are a civilized people.

If there is anything that reason or religion teaches it is that men may *not* avenge their injuries; but the American mind is so polluted by the contrary falsehood that the execution of the law itself is fouled with the color of vengeance. When some wretch is called to answer for his crime, unless it is a murder of the peculiarly wicked and stupid sort peculiar to the "injured husband," the prosecution abandons itself to a passionate frenzy, and instead of coldly and calmly seeking to ascertain the facts, and leaving the results to justice, it embodies them in a theatrical appeal for the *vindication* of the law. But laws were not made to be vindicated; they were made to be executed; and any officer of the law who attempts to vindicate them, as if they had a personality that could be offended, becomes of the quality of the mob that lynches, of the self-maddened assassin that murders.

V

Something like all this is what age might say to youth in view of some recent occurrences; and if youth showed itself of a docile frame, age might go further and warn it of the greater and greater responsibility which the American people were incurring by the breaks in their civilization. The sage might note that our late successful triumphs in battle had so wrought upon the imagination of the Old World that we were no longer held in the light we once were. Our national displays of brute force have attracted the admiration of Europe in such measure that our social outbreaks may become the examples of our new friends; in England the old fires of Smithfield may be rekindled for the lynching of people suspected of crime; and in Paris "injured husbands" may go gunning for the reputed enemies of their domestic peace, in such numbers as to give the gay capital the appearance of revolution.

If not for their own sake, then for the sake of the simple souls beyond seas who are beginning to intrust their tastes and consciences to us, it would be well for the new Americans to consider narrowly of their ways in every respect. It would be well for them to inquire whether in their modern wealth-worship they were not in danger of becoming the most pitiable snobs in history, and whether in the indulgence of their passion for revenge, both as murderous mobs and individual murderers, they are not already a community of anarchists without the social ideals of anarchism. Very likely investigation would prove that they were not, and the evil appearance could be satisfactorily explained away; but in the mean time the spiritual exercise would be good for young and inquiring minds, and might lead to the discovery of a foible or two that needed correction.

These might perhaps be foibles of manner, and at the worst possibly of literary manner, such as that grotesque grammatical neologism which we find in the newspapers wherever the writers are ambitious of an elegant precision and fancy they achieve it by throwing the auxiliary, expressed or implied, back from the end of the sentence. They no longer write, for instance, "The Americans triumphed at Santiago with as hideous carnage as the Greeks at Thermopylæ," but "as *did* the Greeks," or, not "The Spaniards were drowned in their wooden ships by the steel cruisers of Dewey as easily as rats in cheese-boxes," but "as would have been rats in cheese-boxes." It would be difficult to trace this ugly form to its inventor, but in the interest of decent English, such as has served our ancestors so long, we wish he had patented or copyrighted it, so that no one else might use it except on pain of a suit at law and heavy damages. It is now too late for him to do this, and we can only trust to the spread of the higher education for its extinction.

Editor's Study.

I

IN our February number Professor Brander Matthews made a plea for greater flexibility of speech — for a free play in verbal usage and syntax that the purist and strict grammarian refuse to sanction. No magazine article of the month, or for many months, has drawn forth so much comment, — generally favorable, it may be said, to the professor's position. The grammarians do not make our grammar—they find it; nor do pedagogues make our language, which, in their hands, is anything but idiomatic. There is hardly a page of Irving that would escape the queries of a fastidious proof-reader. Language is a human creation—an extension of the divine creation into a human articulation. In its very becoming, from tongue and pen, it is plastic and fluent. In its structural development it takes consistent form; its flesh and blood embodiment has not only mobility and exquisite sensibility, but it is well braced by a vertebrate skeleton; yet it is so animate and so spiritual that it resists the processes of induration—the tendency to take a fixed shape—more successfully than any other human institution. Government, art, and even literature—being under the direction of the more highly developed minds of a race—crystallize and fall into formal stability, while language, which *must* be the product of a whole people, retains its divine instinct as against rational processes and logical control, and with wondrous flexibility remains the expression of the race, and at the same time meets all the needs of the highest and most complex intelligence.

This is probably what Professor Lounsbury means when he says, "The literary man of to-day has the corrupted form of speech, and the pure language is left to the uneducated." All great writing, like all great speaking, must keep close to the popular idiom, and through sympathy rather than as the result of study.

Nevertheless, some of our readers believe that Professor Matthews goes too far in his indulgence of unsound forms of speech. The following communication from Mr. Waddy Thompson, of Atlanta, Georgia, furnishes an interesting comment:

> The opportunity is taken by Professor Matthews to berate those who saw fit to criticise Rudyard Kipling for using a singular verb with two subjects, in the line—
>
> The shouting and the tumult dies.

Professor Matthews bases his defence of Kipling on the fact that there is a precedent for such usage in old English, while in other portions of his article he defends the changes which are creeping into the language, taking the ground that these changes are in harmony with the inevitable tendency of the language towards simplicity. Professor Matthews's position that a usage is proper now because it was once proper is not well taken. An expression is correct only if it is in good use at the time that it is employed. It is true that the use of a singular verb with more than one subject in the singular is found in the writings of Shakspere and Milton and in King James's translation of the Bible; it is found in the Lord's Prayer—"for thine *is* the kingdom and the power and the glory." But in this respect the language of Shakspere and Milton is to-day more the language of the illiterate than of the educated. The language of the peasant remains unchanged, while it is the language of polite society that has changed and is still changing. Among the peasants are found the use of two negatives, the use of "holp" as the past tense of help, and other usages which were once good English, but which are condemned by the educated of to-day. Doubtless there is to the novelist a romantic charm in the "blunt and racy vernacular" of the illiterate, as George Meredith says, but to the linguist the chief interest is in its antiquity.

In his defence of the changes which are creeping into the language, Professor Matthews takes better position. The rules of grammar often cramp speech and detract from its effect, as he says, but this is not due so much to the fault of grammar as it is to a wrong idea of the province of grammar. Grammar is the art of correctly speaking and writing the language, and language changes; therefore grammar should be so flexible as to follow the change in language. All change in language is towards simplicity or euphony. Unless one of these advantages is gained, change does not take place. To the law of simplicity and euphony are due, for instance, the substitution of the second person plural "you" for the second person singular "thou" and "thee," and the elimination of the subjunctive mood (one of the cases cited by Professor Matthews). The subjunctive

mood is rapidly disappearing, because it generally makes the sentence awkward, and there is no necessity for retaining it, since the indicative form answers the purpose of the subjunctive.

The only form of the subjunctive which is still invariably used by all good writers is the subjunctive use of "were," as "if I were," etc. Professor Matthews predicts that this form will also disappear, but he is probably wrong. The language already has the expression "if I was," which has quite a different meaning from "if I were," and the two expressions must be kept separate and distinct for the sake of clearness.

To illustrate that an expression will never have the sanction of good usage unless it gives simplicity or euphony, take the expressions "you was" and "I done it," which are commonly heard in the speech of the illiterate. These expressions are not improvements upon the grammatical forms, for they add neither simplicity nor euphony, and hence they will never be accepted as good English. For the same reason it is doubtful whether "he don't," and similar expressions, which Professor Matthews predicts will eventually become parts of the language, will ever be accepted as proper forms. Why accept "he don't" and not "he do"? If, as he says, "he don't" should be accepted on account of its analogy to "I don't, you don't, we don't, they don't," then "he do" should be accepted on account of its analogy to "I do, you do, we do, they do."

Not every usage that seems to be the simpler form is such in reality, and in passing upon the acceptability of a usage the real should be distinguished from the seeming. In the use of "these kind" and "those kind," as in the expression "those kind of men," is found one of the most common errors of speech. It is a common error because it is a natural error. The predominating idea in the minds of persons using this expression is that of a plurality of men, and they easily and naturally fall into the error of making the pronoun plural instead of making it agree with the singular noun "kind," but the advantage of simplicity which the incorrect form seems to have is not real. To those who have a regard for the niceties of form, it appears just as easy and natural, and certainly more elegant, to say "men of that kind" or that "kind of man."

Obviously Mr. Kipling's use of the singular verb with two subjects in the line cited by Professor Matthews does not need justification from similar usage by Shakspere and Milton and the translators of the King James Bible. The professor makes the real defence when he points out that the two nouns "tumult and shouting" express really one idea. If we are to follow Shakspere, we should, as an editorial writer in the Norfolk *Landmark* says, use the double comparative "more better"—but it would not be good usage. The same writer notes a grammatical error in the following sentence quoted by Professor Matthews from Professor Lounsbury: "By these rules, so far as they are observed, freedom of expression is cramped, idiomatic peculiarity destroyed, and false tests of correctness set up," etc. If, asks the writer in the *Landmark*, a schoolboy would properly be adjudged wrong in writing a sentence like this, why not Professor Lounsbury? Or is it only a practical illustration of the professor's tolerance of such errors? If so, it is at least more consistent than the quaint assertion attributed to a university professor of English that a "preposition is never the appropriate word to end a sentence with."

The use of the "split infinitive," which Professor Matthews justifies, is really a case in which a logical reason dominates (for the sake of precision) over idiomatic usage; or shall we say that the idiom itself must be flexible? Why should it not be when the reason is sufficient? The flexibility of grammar must keep pace with the complexity of those needs of advanced intelligence that our language is called upon to meet. Wholly apart from grammatical use, the words we speak themselves change through a transformation of their meanings. In a very early period of its evolution a language passes from primary to secondary meanings, and afterward beyond these to the discrimination of shades and even of shadows of the shades—the subtlest *nuances* of the elusive spirit. The strain upon idiom is not so great, fortunately; the fundamental and characteristic forms are for the most part retained; but in this permanence there is also convenient flexibility. As our English language has gained much (not, of course, without some loss) from the blending of early strains, and from the later incorporation of a vast Latin vocabulary indirectly through the Norman French and other Romance tongues, so also has it been a gainer in that, as compared with the Latin and Greek and even the modern Continental languages, it has little grammar—a gainer through informality and

consequently greater freedom, however it may have been defrauded of that peculiar beauty which is inseparable from form—that kind of beauty which in Latin was indicated by the word *forma*.

II

Our vocabulary has been enriched not only by the mingling of many varied tongues, but still further by the conscious eclecticism through which we have borrowed, especially from the French, such words as meet our needs in a nice discrimination of meanings. But beauty of form, to which our grammar so little helps us, is with us mainly a matter of style; and here the best examples in English literature and forensic speech rank with the most finished productions of the Greek and Roman, what is lacking in formal symmetry being more than made up by an exquisite variety of structure. The very freedom and flexibility of English construction, which were of so great use to Sir Thomas Brown, to Milton, and to De Quincey, enabling them to transcend the severe limitations of ancient classic forms—as the Gothic cathedral transcends those of a Greek temple—have tempted many writers of our time to undue license, eccentricity, and extravagance of expression; so that, if we are able to keep the little grammar we have, and can resist the ravages of "reformed spelling," we are still in danger of corruption in that larger form of speech which we call style.

We do not lack good models. The writers whose names we have mentioned are good in their field of rhetorical and somewhat ambitious efforts, but would hardly serve for simpler effects. Milton's prose would not have served as an example for Thackeray. De Quincey was more flexible in range, and while his style in "A Vision of Sudden Death" would be suited only to impassioned prose, that of "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe" is an excellent exemplar for dignity and simplicity. The representative English writers of the eighteenth century—in history, philosophy, criticism, and narrative—furnish unexceptionable models of simplicity, lucidity, and elegance.

But, as a rule, eighteenth-century writers, however varied their themes, had a remarkable uniformity of style, which happily was not maintained by those of the nineteenth century. The brilliant antitheses of Macaulay had no precedent in our own or any other language, nor had the wonderful elemental play of Carlyle's forceful utterance. Here are two excellent examples illustrating the possibilities of style for the production of striking dramatic effects. In general the eminent writers of the last century were distinguished by originality of style. Not only was their manner an essential part of their matter, it was an intimate disclosure of individual mood and temperament.

This individuality is so interesting that we are inclined to forgive the defects of these writers' excellences. And we have much to forgive—mannerism nearly always, affectation often, and sometimes obscurity. A master like Carlyle is easily forgiven. When Macaulay's form becomes tiresome we are still fascinated by his marvellous information, always clearly presented. But while thoughtful readers yield unstinted admiration to George Meredith's earlier novels, one must be a wholly infatuated disciple of this writer to tolerate the affectations in his later work. We are fascinated by some stories of Robert Louis Stevenson—like *A Night with Monsieur Villon;* then we turn to his essays, still admiring, but wearied by the too conscious manner and the excess of epigram; finally we take up his familiar letters and forgive him everything.

Walter Pater's style presents a curious problem. It betrays a peculiar self-consciousness, perfectly natural in the case of one who, while an artist, seeking to give the full effect of an æsthetic impression, was also a master of interpretative analysis. His manuscript in its first draught was written on lines so far apart that if by some too urgent mental impulse he gave a terse and direct expression of his thought, he had margin of space for rewriting, so making the expression indirect and tentative, introducing detail such as would appeal implicity to æsthetic sensibility rather than explicitly to the mere mind of the reader. Who would have Pater otherwise? The problem was worthy of the careful solution. A distinct value was gained. This tentative method, which Pater deemed so important to the dra-

matic effect in Plato's Dialogues, was necessary to the effect he always had in view and patiently studied to produce. The result was a unique novel, *Marius, the Epicurean,* and a collection of essays whose interpretative value is inestimable and unparalleled. But we have something to forgive. The indirection and involution of Pater's style present to the most careful reader difficulties of construction. The syntax is loose, so that sentences must be re-read in order to knit well together what the writer has too loosely joined. It is worth the trouble, but the trouble should not be necessary.

Closely allied to this consideration of Walter Pater—both as to excellence and defect—is that of Henry James, the subtlest of literary critics and the most eminent master of subjective fiction. It has long been the habit to associate his name with that of Howells, an association complimentary to each of these authors, and due to the fact that both have made intimate studies of the moods and motives of the men and women who live in their books. For the simple interest of a story, though his simplest is very complex, and for clearness of expression, we prefer Mr. Howells, who also is, for us, sufficiently intimate in his portrayal of character, and who besides has charms of style wholly individual, and therefore not to be made a matter of comparison with those equally individual felicities of manner which distinguish Henry James.

But Mr. James's style has come to have a peculiarity quite distinct from its native charm—a peculiarity determined by a method as deliberate as that which dominated Walter Pater, though it may be questioned if it has the same justification. Justification to some extent it certainly has, if one regards as an object worth the while the absolute fidelity of style to the moods and mental processes of the writer—processes which in the case of this writer are infinitely complex and involved. The effect contemplated by the author is not the integrity of a purely æsthetic impression, as in the case of Pater; Mr. James has rather in view an intellectual explicitness of analytical statement, not given in successive parts, but as a whole, thus faithfully reflecting mental processes that are not sequent but simultaneous; his purpose is to give a psychological vivisection, all the strata being presented in a single view. The result is an unexampled and most interesting phenomenon in literature—interesting, that is, as a psychological study. Ordinarily an architectural structure which is suspensive regards supports in its progression, confident, at every point, of a stability by which the past at least is secure. But Henry James holds his fabric in suspense with no visible support while he turns upon his course describing an ellipse, and ellipses within that ellipse—always a faithful following of the psychological involutions in the author's subjective analysis—until the reader of average intelligence is lost in the bewildering maze. It must be admitted that even in this dizzy predicament such a reader will have a rich reward for patient tolerance, while to the adept in such studies there is consummate satisfaction, and the writer's full appeal can be only to this select audience. It is idle to complain, and Henry James's old and steadfast lovers—a much larger class—however much he presumes upon their affection, will forgive him, though regretfully remembering earlier and more delightful trysts.

None of these great nineteenth-century writers will serve as models of style, because of their extreme development of individual peculiarities. The thinker who writes to-day may show in his style the influence of De Quincey, of Carlyle, or of Pater—the dominance of a note once heard that haunts forever—but the imitation by one writer of the individual style of another tends to the corruption of style altogether, the defects becoming especially conspicuous in such imitation. Often our young writers begin with the later and degenerate forms that in the old masters call for our indulgence. Shall we then revert to the more conventional style of the eighteenth century? Certainly not, though the clearness and simplicity of that style are desirable attainments. Let each writer develop his own individual traits. His excellences will be appreciated, and the defects of these condoned.

The Passing of Judge Kirkboy

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

MR. MILO BUSH came into the office and peered about cautiously, with the remark that he was looking for a man. We had heard this excuse before, and instantly knew that he was charged with one of his improbable tales of early-day happenings which he intended to foist upon us, the real ground of his apprehension being that some old settler might be within hearing, whose presence would hamper him in handling his subject. Mr. Bush demanded a free hand when it was possible to have it. Perhaps in this respect he did not differ much from other historians, who, it is observed, usually wait till the people they write about are dead.

On this occasion, finding the coast clear, he sank easily and naturally into a chair, dropped one foot into the waste-basket, and hung the other over the arm of the chair, the whole operation successfully bottling me up behind my desk; then he went ahead with the subjoined narrative in a solemn manner, as if it were a discourse from which a person might derive valuable lessons on life and character.

There used to be a feller here named—well, there used to be a slather of fellers here that ain't here now, and so much the worse for the place. 'Tain't what it used to be—things used to *happen* here then—the folks was the kind that if nothing happened they'd get out and *make* something happen. Why, even the dorgs then was diff'rent—you didn't see them either going streaking round town on the dead run or laying asleep with their chins on their feet as they do now—the dorgs then either *walked* or they *sot*. That is when a dorg is really *thinking* and *planning*—when he's either walking or setting; except a setter-dorg, of course, while he's setting perfessionally, when he ain't doing anything but making a donkey of himself. Though when Al Doty bet old Hendershot $10 that his setter-dorg Jibberwalter would outset old Hendershot's speckled hen, which had got together a fine setting of thirteen door-knobs in the grass under the fence, and had sot down perfessionally; and the dorg thought the hen was game, and sot perfessionally also; and the hen kept setting and the dorg kept setting, both solid as a rock—it was worth going ten miles to see, and some *did* come that fur to see it, and further—school-teacher from Ghost Flat brought up his children to see it and let 'em improve their young minds with the wonders of nature. It beat anything you ever seen for curiousness. I'll tell you about it some day.

Well, this yere Jedge, I'll tell you 'bout the time he tried the case of Baldy York, since you've asked. You see, he was— The Jedge liked dorgs pretty well himself for a long time, till he got took in one day. "The beauty of the domestic dorg," he used to say, "is that you can read his innermost thoughts like an open book," and he could, too, the Jedge could. "A mule may kick you half a mile," says he, "and never say a word—you won't know what's hit you till you walk back and inquire of the bystanders—but 'tain't so with the domestic dorg. The domestic dorg don't take no such advantage of you. He advertises what he's going to do. Keep your eye on his tail. If it wags pleasant, all right; if it wags hostile, watch out. No dorg ever bit without speaking up ellerquent with his tail and warning you." Great hand to make up to strange dorgs and get friendly, the Jedge was. But always with his eye glooed on their tails. Worked all right till a white dorg 'bout as big as a wash-b'iler come along who'd wrapped his tail round an electric-light wire when he was a pup, and tried to h'ist himself up like a monkey, and got his tail paralyzed so it couldn't wag a wag, but just stuck out straight, non-committal, like a pump-handle. No ellerquence about it. "Good doggie," says the Jedge, snapping his fingers. "Are you lost, old feller?" eying that deceptive tail narrerly. "Nice old Fido!" and the dorg took holt of the Jedge by the leg with a firm, stationary holt, his tail silent as the tomb. After this the Jedge lost confidence in dorgs, and had nothing more to do with 'em.

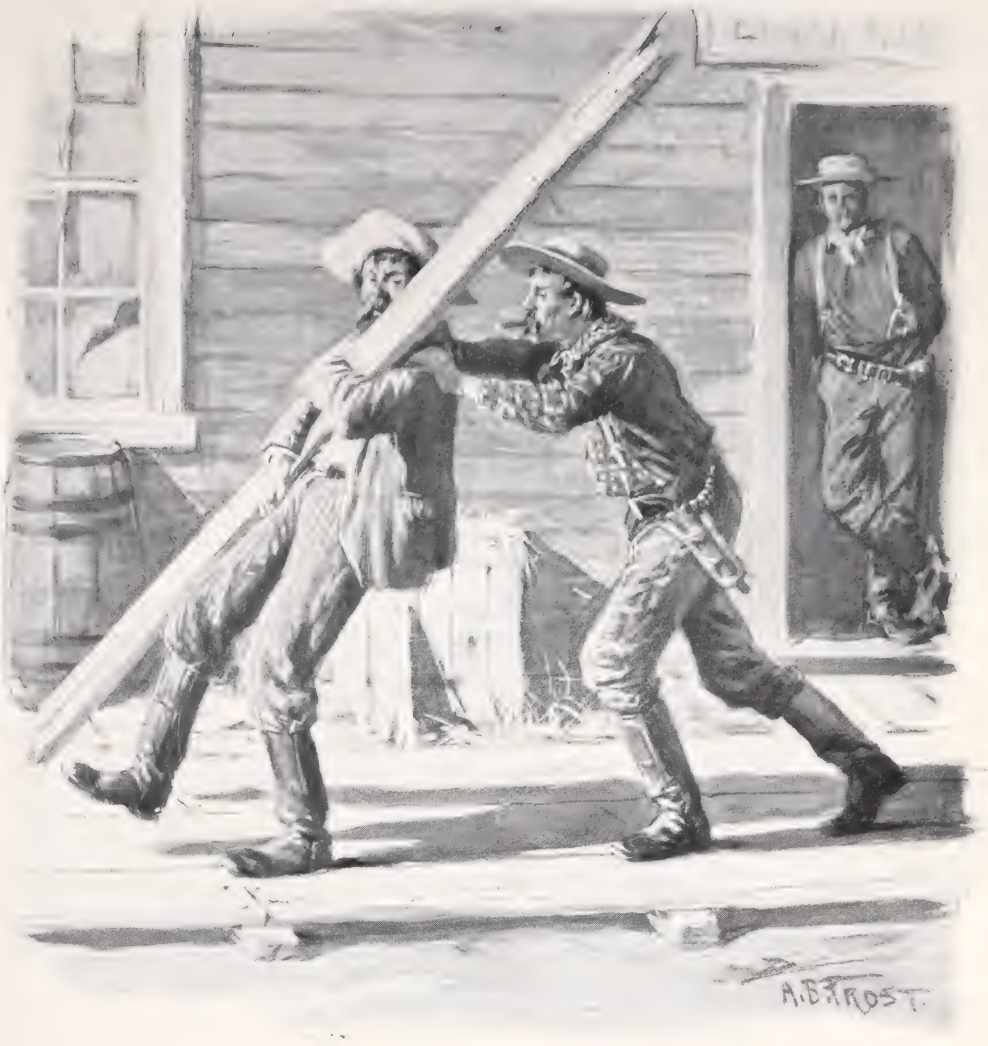
When this Baldy York was brought before Jedge Kirkboy—you see, he said his name was Kirkboy when he first come, though we heard after he went away that it was something else. But we never asked no questions in them days about a man's name—considered it a local issue—and gener'ly it was. Says one young feller that come here from Chicago, "A man's anticedents," says he, "are too sacred for the rude touch of the stranger," just like that, says he, a-waving his hand sort o' curving as he stood in the post-office. Then he looked

out the winder at the passengers getting out the stage and went out the back door; and in 'bout ten minutes a pair of Cook County detectives come in looking for him; but ten minutes was all *he* asked, and they never got him. Well, anyhow, Kirkboy had lots of spare time, and was a calm, thinking sort of man who always hefted the sityoowation before he spoke, and was older than most of us, so we elected him Jedge; besides, he needed the office. And a good jedge he made, too, and got a second term. Powerfully supported by the local paper. Old Petergill was running the *Expositor* then. Used to call Kirkboy the "upright jedge," and to talk about the "best traditions of the bench being upheld by Jedge Kirkboy," and finally got so he always referred to him as "Mr. Justice Kirkboy." The Jedge wasn't a man to forget a favor, and always discharged Petergill when he got brought up for being noisy and resisting the off'cer. Great hand to resist the off'cer, Petergill was. Lay down on the sidewalk and freeze to a plank. Gener'ly had to rip up the plank. Very earnest, persevering man. Usually brought the plank along to court with him, sort o' hugging it, and talking 'bout the rights of the individyooal and the habeas corpse.

Well, this yere Baldy York got took for hoss-stealing. Serious matter, and most old residents said the case ought to be took to the highest court the first thing. Meaning Mr. Justice Lynch. No appeals from his court. But a passel of new-comers made a great talk, and shouted about how we had passed that stage, and we fetched him before Jedge Kirkboy, feeling that it would amount to about the same thing, the Jedge being some sot again' the practice, and having told Petergill private that he considered Baldy guilty. We reckoned the thing could be arranged in ten minutes, but what did them new-comers do but say Baldy should have counsel. Well, the Jedge said all right, remarking to the sheriff, quiet, that he didn't intend to be prederjiced by no counsel. So the Jedge app'inted a young man that had lately come from Ohio to defend Baldy. You ought to see that young man wade in. His first case, and he went at it like a pup at a rabbit-skin. First thing, demanded a jury trial—just as if his client was *innercent*. Well, this stuck the Jedge a little, but he said all right again, only stipperlating that the jurymen should all be hoss-owners. Then that young man worked, and rastled, and tore around, and fit like a wildcat in a tin oven. Fetched in a pile of law books big's a hay-barn, and read till he was hoarse. You ought to seen him open a book. No book-mark or nothing, but every time he'd snap it open at the exact place, never having to turn a leaf one way or t'other; and then he'd crack his arm straight out in front of him and hold the book four feet from his eye and roll it off as if he was peroosing remarks writ on the sky about a rod above the horryzon. Blocked every move the Jedge tried to make by showing that some chief justice of the supreme court or somebody had done just the other way. Then he sot out to prove an alyebe. There's never a time when friends count for so much as when you're proving an alyebe — good, troo, old friends. You never know whether a man is your friend till you've called upon him to alyebe you out of something. Alars! how often friendship fails to stand the test!

But it didn't in Baldy's case. Troo friends was raised up for him in his hour of need. If that young man hadn't been pretty sharp they'd 'a' overdone it. They was just proving him in two diff'rent places ten miles apart at the time the hoss was stole when that Ohio chap got took with the *worst* fit of coughing you ever heard. Had a reg'lar convulsion, and tipped over the table, and when he got through somehow one of them alyebes had disappeared, but the other was sounder than ever. Still we didn't worry. We felt we could depend on them twelve unprederjiced hoss-owners. We knowed they would stand for law and order. And they'd 'a' done it, too, if it hadn't been for that young lawyer. Wasn't satisfied with providing Baldy with an alyebe, but must go and give him a *fambly*, too. Talked about his wife in a chokey, trembly voice. Lugged in seven children. Called 'em "babes," and cried over 'em. "Gentlemen of the jury," says he, a-leaning over and letting his voice wobble, "methinks I see that wife, that mother, setting by her humble herth-stun waiting in a agony of fear for your verdick. Methinks I hear the quivering voices of them seven babies crying, "Dear mother, where is darling father? Why don't he come? Is he buying us candy? Is he getting that rocking-hoss for Willie? And that doll for Nellie? And them there shoes for little Mollie? Dear father, come home to us—we are cold and we are hungry!' As husbands and fathers, gentlemen of the jury, will you, *can* you, convict my innercent client, and break the heart of this wife, this mother? Will you, *ean* you, render these little ones fatherless and null and void? Perish the thought! It cannot be!"

Well, there wa'n't a man on the jury what was a husband and father, any more than Baldy was, but it done the business —made 'em disagree, at least. The Jedge sent 'em out to consider. They come back in a nour and said they couldn't agree. He sent 'em back and told 'em to try again. Then they came back after another hour, still with no verdick. But the Jedge wouldn't listen to it. It was 'most supper-time. So he sent 'em back again. After a while they appeared once more, and this time one of 'em had a fool notion that he wanted to see the hoss that was stole. So the Jedge told the sheriff to lead it round to the back door and take 'em out and give 'em the chance. They come in and went back to their room and begun arguing again. They staid and staid, and pretty soon it was 'most dark. The Jedge was getting hungrier and hungrier. Might of been thirsty, too. So says he: "These here perceedings are



PROGRESS OF AN EARNEST AND PERSEVERING CITIZEN

adjourned for thirty minutes while the court steps out. The augence will keep its seats."

He put on his hat and went out the back door. Darkness was gathering round. It was October, and there was a cold northwest wind. The Jedge paused. He thought, prob'bly, of the hardships of life on the frontier. He says to himself, mebby, like the lawyer, "Methinks I see my old home in Wisconsin full of dear friends and such things!" There stood that hoss, all saddled up, tied to a tree. A few minutes later a solitary hossman, as I read in a book once, might of been seen streaking it out of town like a cat in a dog show. Jedge Kirkboy (for it was indeed him) was going home.

A nour later the jury come in with a verdick of not guilty. The sheriff discharged the prisoner, and then went out and tore up a plank with Petergill attached, and took 'em to the lock-up. At the November election Baldy come out for jedge, and having had court experience, and seeming to be the most sootible man, we elected him.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

A SOUTHERN lady met a colored widow, gaudily attired, laughing and talking and seemingly in the best of spirits.

"Why, Lizzie," said the lady, stopping the horse she was driving, "how is it that you are so cheerful when your husband died only three weeks ago?"

"Lor', Miss Mary," returned the widow, with a broad grin, "ev'ybody know there ain' no happiness in married life till one ob 'em's done 'ceasted." G.



A Matter of Temperament

BY ALICE REID

"THE day is fine," quoth Mary Jane,
"Yet, lest it should come on to rain,
My water-proof and umberell
And rubber shoes I'll take, as well;
For though these may be troublesome
In case the showers do not come,
Methinks 'twere better, after all,
To be prepared, lest worse befall."

"The day is fair!" cried Jeanne Marie,
"The day is fair—ah, *très-joli!*
My gayest hat, my prettiest dress
I shall put on—what happiness!
But if it rains—well, what of that?
I'll get another dress and hat!
Ah, but I'll look so fresh and gay
The sun will *have* to shine all day!"



EXPERIENCE WITH A FAMILY PAPER

"HELLO, Stebbins! What you sitting on the horse-block for?" asked a sympathetic neighbor.

"Ain't nowheres else *to* set," replied Mr. Stebbins, gloomily.

"What's the trouble? Folks cleaning house?"

"Nope. Too much literatoor," groaned Mr. Stebbins. "You see, 'twas about four months ago, I reckon," he went on, seeming glad of a chance to talk, "thet a real pretty, innercent-lookin' girl come along a-huntin' subscribers fer a sort of a fambly paper—a real *home* paper, says she, with somethin' in it fer everybody round the place. Ways fer the women to fix up the house an' cook. Ways fer the men to do business honest an' successful. Ways fer the girls to make sofy pillers an' furniture 'thout any expense. Ways fer the babies to cut teeth an' be fed an' get took care of and learnt manners. An', best of all, ways fer the boys to 'muse 'emselves by makin' things out o' nothin'.

"We hadn't no babies to be learnt to cut teeth, but we did hev two growed-up girls an' three boys. It seemed an awful lot to get jest fer one dollar; so, dummed ijit thet I wuz, I up an' subscribed fer the paper.

"The fust number wuzn't long in comin'; an' when I see 'em all tryin' to read it at once, an' how pleased they wuz, I felt just like one o' them there pilanthropusts.

"Well, sir, there wuz a pictur on the very fust page of a thingumbob they called a cozy corner, an', blame me, if them women didn't go to work an' make one fer every last corner in the house. They made 'em of boards an' cracker-boxes, an' kivered 'em with ruffles of fancy calliker till they looked ez soft an' downy ez a snow-drif' in January; but if they'd 'a' made them there cozy corners of cast iron an' upholstered 'em with carpet tacks, *pints up*, they couldn't hev been much worse to set on. This here stone horse-block's a feather bed compared to them cozy corners. Thet's *one* reason I'm a settin' out here. 'Nother is I'm a-tryin' to get up a nappytite fer my victuals.

"Thet there paper hed picturs of all kinds of victuals did up fancy fer the table; an', by gum! them picturs looked good enough to eat. But the victuals themselves! Gosh! Fer instance, I'm real fond of plain b'iled Hubbard squash; but after readin' thet there paper an' seein' them picturs, nothin' 'd do but the hull blamed squash hed to come on the table, with the raw shell fer a dish, the stem fer the handle of the kiver, an' the inside all fixed up fancy with unknown ingrejents thet made a feller dream hijous dreams after he'd et 'em.

"But the way thet paper struck them three boys wuz the worst. Gee whiz! They wuz a feller writ a piece 'bout havin' a circus in the attic, an' if thet didn't jest hit them boys. Fer four days they wuz a-hammerin' an' a-sawin' an' a-riggin' up ropes. They stole all their maw's clo'es-line an' most of the neighbors' into the bargain, an' they



DANGERS OF BEING A COW

"WHAT AILS THE COW?" THE CURATE SAID. "ALAS, SIR, AND ALACK!
SHE STEPPED UPON A COWSLIP, SIR, AND FELL AND HURT HER BACK!"

did hev a circus. Then, jest as we wuz gettin' used to hevin' a raft o' boys racin' up stairs to the attic an' to hevin' chunks o' plaster drop off'n the ceilin' onto our unsuspectin' heads, another of them doggasted papers come along an' stirred things up again.

"There wuz recipes fer some more of them back-twistin' things, but they called 'em ingle nooks this time; some more pizen victuals fer the women to cook an' fer me to eat; an' fer the boys directions fer makin' a workshop in the cellar.

"Them dratted boys sawed the handle off'n the hoe an' th' pitchfork to make a tool-rack; cut up the barn door fer a workbench, an' spent all the money in their missionary box fer nails.

"Things went along that way fer about four weeks, an' then another one of them papers come. The women fell to makin' easy-chairs out o' barrels—I'm lame in ev'ry j'int from tryin' to set in the one they were kind enough to make fer me—an' I hed to send fer the doctor lickity-split before I'd et more'n a quarter of a page of the last dose of fancy dishes; but, as usual, it wuz the boys thet got th' most good from thet there fambly paper.

"This time there wuz nothin' less than directions fer makin' a menagerie in the back yard. Gee! how them boys did work. They made coops an' cages all the way acrost the lot, usin' up th' rest of the barn fer lumber. Then they went on a hunt fer live critters to put in 'em. If them boys left anythin' of the kind runnin' round loose I dun'no' what it could 'a' been. They got twenty-seven cats, eighteen dawgs, twelve rabbits, five rats, a cow, two calves, a pig, an' dummed if them boys didn't steal Dr. Korkemberry's two white hosses an' paint stripes on one of 'em fer a zebry an' spots on t'other fer a giraffe. It cost me $2 25 fer turpentine to clean the paint off them critters, an' it ain't all off yit.

"An' this number of the paper announced the next number would contain 'How to Build a $6000 House fer $345,' an' directions fer makin' piller shams which would be shammier than ever, an' etiquek lessons fer the girls, an' plans fer a houseboat fer the boys, an' directions fer a wife to make her husband's shoes. I read thet there paper, an' then I riz up like the worm when he's stepped on.

"Now this here's the biggest reason of all why I'm a-settin' out here dallyin'. This here is the day fer thet paper to come, an' the folks inside are all a-waitin' fer it. This here is the day thet thet paper *won't* come. After I read that last one I sent thet enterprisin' editor another dollar an' told him to stop his dingbatted paper. An' now I've got to go in an' break the news to them there poor cozy-corner, fancy-dish-concoctin' women, an' to them innercent amusement-lovin' boys—but I ain't hankerin' after my job."

CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

DEVELOPING POP-CORN

I HAVE never felt quite settled in my own mind as to what they were because I didn't see them—merely heard them—so, for all I know to the contrary, the one with the bass voice may have been taking the one with the tenor voice to some sort of an asylum, or—but there's no use in speculating. My state-room opened on the deck, and under the window there appeared to be a bench on which they came and sat down just after I rolled in as we were passing West Point. Says the tenor voice, evidently resuming a conversation:

"Yes, if my grandfather hadn't met with the accident he'd 'a' made his fortune, and I'd be a rich man to-day."

"Why don't you go ahead with it yourself?" inquired the bass voice, rather languidly.

"I'm too old to work it out. Besides, it ain't my line. Hosses is my line. But pop-corn was my grandfather's. He give it fifty years' thought, and then with millions right within reach—well, it's the way things go in this world. You see, it was his own idee—exclusively his own idee—nobody ever had it before nor since. It started when he was a boy watching the corn in the popper—just like Isaac Watts studying the tea-kettle and then going and inventing the steam-engine, you know. Both of 'em seen unutilized force going to waste, one needing intelligent application, and the other systematic development. That was the key-note of my grandfather's character—development. Said everything could be developed and its hidden possibilities fetched out."

"What was the old gent's idee with pop-corn?" asked the bass voice, with mild interest.

"I'm coming to it. It was the greatest idee that any man ever had. So he picked out the biggest and poppiest kernels and planted 'em and cultivated 'em careful, and the result was still bigger kernels and ones more poppier. Again he picked out the best and planted 'em, and hoed 'em, and watered 'em, and fertilized 'em, and what was the result? Further increase in size and poppiness. So he kept it up year after year, coming nearer and nearer to the goal of his ambition, as he called it. And that ambition, sir, that idee, sir, was—bum-shells!"

"Bum-shells, hey?" said the bass.

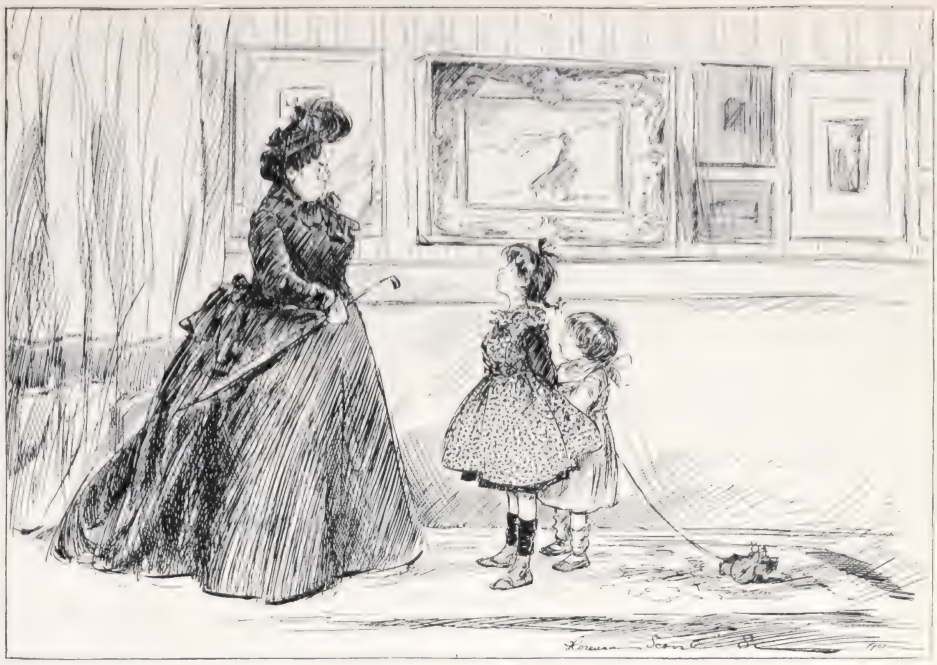
"Bum-shells! Pop-corn so big and all-fired rip-snorting that it could be shot out of a cannon, and when it hit the enemy it would explode from the heat it made by striking, and blow the fort or the ship all to flinders! And he was getting there with his idee, too, and was just going to ask the government to appropriate ten million dollars to buy it. Used his corn at the Fourth of July celebration at Sprakers one year, and I'll be hanged if you couldn't hear the explosions over at Can'joharie. Next year he had kernels big's a quart cup. But that was the last. His work was done. Got to examining one of them



SUGGESTED CHANGE

"THERE'S BROWN-MUDD, THE ARTIST, JUST GOING. DO YOU KNOW, HE'S EXTREMELY SUPERSTITIOUS—BELIEVES IN ALL SORTS OF SIGNS."

"WELL, IT'LL BE A GREAT DAY FOR ART IN THIS COUNTRY WHEN HE GIVES UP PORTRAITS AND GOES TO PAINTING 'EM."



THE POINT OF VIEW

"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT, LITTLE GIRL?"
"WHY, YOU SEE, MAMMA SAID YOU WERE SO NARROW IN SOME OF YOUR VIEWS, AND I WAS WONDERING WHAT VIEW SHE GOT!"

with a magnifying-glass when the sun was shining, and the thing got turned on the corn, and the heat made it blow up ker-bang, and my grandfather was scattered. Why, scattered wa'n't no name for it—he was just—"

"Come around out of the wind," said bass.

"—just sowed broadcast. Took all day to get him together. But my father had an idee, too. Better yet. His was to take about a million pounds of—"

Here they went out of hearing, and I lost trace of the interesting family.

STUART PATTERSON.

POP-OVERS A LA CHINOIS

OUR Chinese cook was very successful with a breakfast delicacy called pop-overs. A lady who was a guest of the family having one morning expressed a desire for the formula for their compounding, we called John in to impart the secret.

"You takee him one egg," said the pleased master of the kitchen, "one lit' cup milk. You fixee him one cup flou' on sieve, takee pinch salt—you not put him in lump. You move him egg lit' bit slow; you put him milk in, all time move. You makee him flou' go in, not move fast, so him have no spots. Makee but'ld pan all same wa'm, not too hot. Puttee him in oven. Now you mind you' business; no like woman run look at him all time. Him done all same time biscuit."

T. C.

THE APPRECIATIVE BOSTON LADY

MISS A——, who is a teacher of English in a school of high rank in her native State, Mississippi, and who, in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending the summer at the New York Chautauqua. Her flow of spirits made her the delight of the dining-table at which she was first seated; but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her landlady to another place. A lady from Boston, who had been sitting opposite the Southerner, expressed her regret at the change. "I am so sorry you are going to leave us," she said, with warmth, "we have all enjoyed your dialect so much."

M. A. B.

A WORTHY AMBITION

THE little girl was new to Sunday-school, but she became much interested, and was always ready at the appointed hour. One morning she was detected coming from the library dressed ready to start, with the latest magazine hugged closely in her arms.

"Why, Mary," said her mother, "you don't want to take that to Sunday-school."

"Oh yes, I do, mamma," she replied. "You know they sing:

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead
And a HARPER in my hand!"

H. E. B.

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BEAUTIES OF OUR CENTURY

BOSWELL. "AH, DOCTOR, DO YOU NOT WISH YOU LIVED IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY? YOU WOULD BE ENJOYING THE X-RAY, THE AUTOMOBILE, THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH, THE—"

DR. JOHNSON. "SIR, TRUE! AND SOMEBODY WOULD DRAMATIZE MY GREAT DICTIONARY, AND I WOULD BE DRAWING FAT ROYALTIES!"

APRIL RAIN

It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day
  And overwhelm the town,—
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy,
  A fig for him who frets,—
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining violets.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

A REASON FOR REFORM

A FERVID disciple of little Robert Reed, who had been making the welkin ring with his denunciations of Nicotine, dwelling with particular ferocity upon the baneful effects of Tobacco upon the health, was interrupted at last by a hard-visaged, wiry old fellow who rose from the midst of the audience.

"I know what you are going to say!" thundered the orator. "You are eighty-seven years old—"

"Ninety-five!" put in the man.

"You are ninety-five years old! You've smoked before breakfast all your life! You feel as young and well as you felt fifty years ago! Am I right?" The man nodded.

"Well, if you keep on this way"—and here the orator's voice was like unto the roar of a cataract—"you'll never die, and unless you die you can't get your name into the Hall of Fame!"

This point of view seemed quite new to the old man, for he dazedly sank back into his seat without another word, while the audience tumultuously applauded his discomfiture.

P. R. BENSON.

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